

The Chronicle.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

The Boston Board of Education is going to abolish flogging in the public schools. About 20,000 pupils are flogged every year.

Of all the pests that afflict the South African farmer, there appears to be none to compare with the prickly pear. It fastens especially upon the good lands, and is officially reported to be at this moment destroying portions of the best and most fertile soil, both public and private, that the colony possesses.

In a report upon the cultivation of barley, prepared by M. Tisserand, Director of Agriculture in France, it is estimated that the world's annual production of this grain is 825,000,000 bushels, of which three-fourths are grown in Europe, and the remainder in the United States, Canada, Chili, India, Australia, Japan, Tunis and Algeria. The total value is estimated at about \$800,000,000.

A New Yorker, who has recently spent some time in the literary circles of London, says that there must be at least 100 biographies of Mr. Gladstone already in manuscript, awaiting the event of his death, at which time they will be ready for publication in book form. Beside these manuscripts, there are to be found in the pigeon holes of all the newspaper offices sketches of the aged statesman's life, in readiness for the dispatches announcing the end of his career that may be received at any time. It is said that Mr. Gladstone has seen some of these biographies and sketches, and he himself has prepared memoranda for the use of some of his biographers.

The census returns show, muses the *Boston Cultivator*, that, like the Indian and the buffalo, range cattle are becoming a thing of the past. With the constant encroachments of the homesteader and the farm, the mining towns and cities that are springing up all over what was once the almost boundless "range," the days of the vast herds, and to a great extent of the cow-boy, are numbered. Thus the evolution goes on; first the savage and the native buffalo, then the half-wild cattle with their half-civilized attendants; and then the farm, the city, and civilization. Where the vast territory in its wild condition supported the few, millions under civilization will lead peaceful and happy lives. "Ring out the old, ring in the new."

In the estimation of *West Shore* "the barbarity of the dark ages never produced a more revolting scene than that witnessed in the capital of Spain a few days ago, when the body of a woman who had suffered death by garrotting was left, a horrible and repulsive spectacle, exposed to the vulgar gaze of the public for ten hours. A people that can employ such a brutal method for executing prisoners and maintain such a hideous custom of exposure after death to the gaze of the populace, can not expect to make much progress as a nation or as individuals. It is to eliminate as much as possible from legal extinction of life all that is brutal in its nature and demoralizing and embroiling in its effects upon the people, that electric execution is urged so strongly by men of sound thought in this country. To give a criminal a painless death is far less necessary than to give him a mode of dispatch that shall help to lessen the brutish and savage instincts in our nature as a people. For the welfare of those outside of jail, rather than for those inside, the hangman's noose, the guillotine, the garrotting collar and the knout must go where the red hot iron, the rack, the wheel and the headman's axe have preceded them."

Distinctly suggestive, observes the *New York Sun*, is the lawsuit which has been brought under Benjamin Franklin's will, probated in 1790. This good year of grace is 1890. The sum of \$100,000 is held under the will to be lent to young mechanics to aid them in setting up in their trades. The conditions of industry have so changed that young mechanics can no longer set up in trade in the way contemplated by the testator. So the purpose of the trust fails, and his descendants claim the money. But suppose another 100 years or 200 years to have passed, and who shall say that we may not have attained to the pressure of Chinese life and that we, too, may not inhibit the use of "power," and get back to the handicraft? Then who shall take the endowments of our technical schools whose occupation will be gone? And at such a day B. Franklin's fund would resume its function. In the past 100 years it has multiplied twenty-fold, namely, from \$5000 to \$100,000. At the same rate of increase the coming century would see it swollen to \$2,000,000. And this would be a pretty sum to help young fellows start in life at a time when a steam engine should be a misdemeanor and a railway a public nuisance.

DRIFTING DOWN.

Go the ripple and the rushes
Of the love-songs of the thrushes,
Gone the roses in the cresses of the garden,
and the blushes,
Of the shy verbenas creeping,
By the old south wall and steeping
All its sweetness in the sunshine of the sleepy
summer hushes.
And ever o'er it all in a gold and crimson
pall.

Over mignonette grown lawny, and o'er grass
a bronzing brow,
With a rustle and a whir, and a sad and solemn
stir,
The leaves are drifting down, dear, oh, the
leaves are drifting down.

Come the mornings gray and chilly,
Come the nights serene and stilly,
Come an airy midnight fairy, tracing fern,
and rose, and lily,
On the window panes that glisten,
While in dreams the children listen
To the swing of skates that ring, and shouts
that echo shrilly,
And ever, ever still, in the hollow on the
hill,
By the roadside, where the sun-flower lifts
aloft a ruined crown,
Like the dear old dreams of youth, dreams
of honor, fame and truth,
Forever falling from us—to the leaves keep
drifting down.

Let the summer set in splendor,
Let the summer tribute render,
Bridal-like beauty, bride-like duty, every charm
divine and tender,
To the conquering king, who loudly
All in trumpet tones and proudly
Tells the story of his captive, and her pas-
sionate surrender,
And with the leaves that fall, in a rich and
royal pall,
O'er the rose-heart's crumpled crimson and
the grass grown dull and brown,
Let the bitterness, the strife, all the little ills
of life,
So drifting, drifting down, dear—with the
leaves go drifting down!

—Kate M. Cleary, in *New York Ledger*.

CAPTURED BY MALAYS.

I saw in a Singapore paper the other day the statement that no less than five trading vessels hailing from that port were long overdue from the Java Sea, and that there were grave reasons to fear they had fallen into the hands of the Malays. Such a statement has an odd sound to the reader who is not well posted in the locality and its surroundings. The Java Sea, which separates Borneo from Java, contains over a thousand islands, great and small. Macassar Straits, to the east of Borneo, contains almost as many more. From Batavia, looking north, the Chinese Sea is studded with islands for 2000 miles. It is an old saying among sailors:

"When nature created Borneo she meant that every man who ever lived on the island should be a pirate."

That four-fifths of the coast people have for the last 200 years been engaged in this business, no one doubts. The Malays hold the sea front, while the Jaks and other tribes hold the interior. While piracy by organized fleets no longer exists, every Malay craft stands ready to do business on its own hook. I was captured by a single craft, and a small one at that, and will now give you the particulars.

The English firm of Warner & Hill, at Batavia, employed three or four small trading schooners to cruise among the islands after fine woods, furs, shells, hides, roots, dyestuffs, etc. I was left in Batavia off an English steamer, my father having died on the voyage, and the firm spoken of gave me a berth on the Orient, one of their schooners. She was of ninety tons burden, and carried a Captain, mate, cook, two foremast hands and a boy. The Captain stood his watch turn and turn about, and the cook was on call as a sailor. This gave us three hands to a watch, which made handling the craft an easy matter. We took out axes, hatchets, powder, lead, hoes, seeds, shoes, and various trinkets, and more or less money, and as an armament we had seven or eight good muskets. This was my third trip, and we left Batavia for an island called Anello. This is situated about forty miles south of the southeast point of Borneo, and at that time was an island containing about 1200 people. We reached it after a pleasant run, and for the next week were anchored in a bay on the north side. In this time we had secured about half a cargo, and at the end of the week were ready to up anchor and sail for another island to the south.

The King of Anello wanted to prove his friendship for us, and therefore made a banquet to which all were invited. No doubt all would have gone, but that afternoon I accidentally cut my foot, and it pained me so much that I begged to remain aboard as shipkeeper. All others went ashore at sundown. We lay within 200 feet of the beach, and the village was right there. Several large fires were built, and I could see and hear most everything. It was a warm, balmy night, and after a while I lay down on deck, and, despite the noise on shore, went to sleep. When I opened my eyes again some one was tying my wrists, having already neatly performed that job on my ankles. As I tried to sit up I received a smart tap on the head from a club, and a voice which I knew belonged to a Malay warned me to be quiet. I had picked up enough of the lingo to understand what he meant, and as I caught sight of five or six other figures on deck, and also realized that the schooner was in motion, I lay back and kept quiet.

The craft was in the hands of the Malays. They had sneaked into the harbor under cover of darkness, cut her hempen cable, and she had drifted out with the tide. She must have been a mile off shore when I awoke, for they now proceeded to get her head around and give her sail. In about an hour the leader of the gang approached me and cast off my bonds, and motioned me into the cabin. I was glad enough to go, for I was in a terrible fright. I had seen Malays about Batavia often enough, but had been told that the real residents of Borneo were a cruel and savage lot,

and that an Englishman unfortunate enough to fall into their hands could hope for no mercy.

There was a fine and favorable breeze, and the fellows on deck knew how to handle the craft. She was kept going all night, and so flustered was I that my eyes did not shut for a minute. About 8 o'clock in the morning we ran into a harbor on the south side of the island of Laut, which is on the southeast coast of Borneo, and separated from the mainland by a narrow channel. As the anchor went down I was ordered on deck. We were in a land-locked harbor, and not over 100 feet off the beach. Right opposite was a large village, and several hundred people had rushed down to the shore to yell and cheer. A dozen sampans were soon alongside, and into one of these I was placed and taken ashore. A white man was no great curiosity to the natives, even at that day, and I was scarcely noticed as I was conducted through the crowd to a hut in the centre of the village. There was only a mat hanging at the door, but they well knew that no guard was needed to keep me there.

It was noon before they gave me anything to eat or drink, and then I was told that I might walk about the village if I desired. I didn't care to take advantage of the offer, but sat in the door of my hut and saw them haul the schooner ashore and land her cargo. There were over two hundred men engaged about her. While some broke out the cargo, others went stripping her of sails and cordage. Before dark there was nothing left but a bare hull and two masts. The bowsprit and topgallant masts were sent ashore, and everything was taken out except the ballast. I don't think they left a foot of rope or chain, and every board or beam they could get at was taken away. The last thing was cutting away the masts. Soon after they went overboard the hull floated off the sand, and they then towed her out of the bay and scuttled her.

As fast as the cargo was landed it was taken to two large storehouses in the centre of the village, and had our Captain arrived at sundown in pursuit of his craft he would have found nothing whatever on the beach to tell him what had occurred. About dark a woman brought me food and drink, and seeing that I was in pain with my foot she brought brought water and washed it and then bound it up with some bruised leaves of a soothing nature. She quite won my heart by her kindness, and I was led to hope that my lot might not be so wretched after all. As far as I could see no guard was placed at the door, nor was any one appointed to watch me. There were as many as fifty sampans on the beach in plain view, and one night's paddling to the south would have brought me to an island. They reasoned correctly, however. I did not have the nerve to risk it. A boy at sea in a canoe without food, water or compass would be as badly off as among the Malays on shore.

Next morning, after breakfast, the head man set for me. He was a chap of great dignity and evil look, but the capture of the schooner had put him in good humor. He asked me where she belonged, how long she had been out, and many other questions, by which he sought to ascertain what sort of an investigation might follow. He examined my foot, which was now almost well, and then called in an attendant, who conducted me to the storehouses. The hoes, axes and hatchets were without handles, and I was now given to understand that I must go to work and fit them up. I wasn't much of a mechanic, but was pleased enough with the job. I overhauled the carpenter's chest for tools, and then started into the forest to search for timber. A dozen or more half-grown boys followed me, and while some of them were inclined to play me tricks to get up a laugh, they offered me no violence. Indeed, at the end of half an hour we were all on a friendly footing. I found a tree which is called "back ya" in Borneo, but which has the grain and fibre of English elm. There was one axe with a handle, we having used it on shipboard. This I had brought along, and I now proceeded to fell the tree, which was about a foot thick and very straight and tall. The boys were astonished beyond measure at my way of handling the axe. The Borneo use a hatchet, and strike while squatted on the ground. It would have taken a man two hours to accomplish what I did in fifteen minutes.

I found the wood easy to rive, and that day began a task which occupied me for the next three months. During this time I was fairly well used, though given none too much to eat. The man who had first planned my work for me continued to be my boss, and once a day, at least, came around to see me. As none of the Borneo would use a crooked handle in an axe, I had to make them all straight.

The village was very compact, the houses almost touching each other, while about twenty acres of land to the north of it was under cultivation. It was the village garden, and one day after I had finished my job and was working in this garden the woman who had exhibited such kindness on my first arrival came out to me and told me that I had been sold to the ruler of another island to the east of us. And hour before her coming I had seen a large native craft put in, and could not doubt that she belonged to my new owner. The woman's object in warning me was that I might take to the woods, but I hesitated to go. I knew the forests to abound with venomous reptiles and savage wild beasts, and I would be defenceless. And, too, I had heard that the Dyaks and other interior tribes were as bad or worse than the Malays, and to cut and run would mean walking into their hands. It was in the afternoon when the woman came out. I continued work until almost sundown, and then decided to hide out and see if I could not steal a sampan during the night and be off. Our ruler was giving a feast to the other, and revelry ran high. It was owing to this fact I made the move I did, hoping I would not be missed.

It had come ten o'clock at night, and I was about to quit my hiding place and

go to the beach when there came a sudden, an awful explosion. I was on my feet and was thrown down, and during the next minute the air seemed to be choked with flaming brands, while many boards and sticks fell around me. When I stood up and looked down into the village I saw only a great heap of debris, and that was on fire. I at once hastened to the spot. A few people were rushing around in a crazy way, and others were lying on the ground and shouting over the pain of their injuries. I could not see one single hut standing. I soon figured out what had happened. The liquors and the powder were kept in the same storehouse. Some one had been sent for more drink, and his carelessness had caused an explosion. No one paid the slightest attention to me, and after a few minutes I ran down to the beach. There were plenty of sampans there, and I selected one and hastily shoved off. The big craft was at anchor below me, and when I had passed her it occurred to me that her crew were all on shore, and that I could board her and secure provisions. I put about and ran alongside. She was taking care of herself, and, as I felt her tugging at her anchor, and realized that the tide was going out, the thought came to me to take her. I didn't wait to reason about it, but ran forward and began sawing away at the hempen cable with the old pocketknife which I had brought with me to the island and carefully guarded ever since. It soon parted, and as the vessel drifted out of the bay I worked her around with her head off shore. She was what is called a Kampung, fitted for both rowing and sailing, and, boy that I was, I gave her enough of the big mainsail to send her off shore at the rate of four or five miles an hour. When daylight came I could not see the island from the deck, but before sunrise I was alongside of a Java trader coming up from the South and among friends. It was three months before I got back to Batavia, and it was only then that the firm knew how the schooner was lost. Captain and crew had believed that she slipped her moorings and drifted out to sea to be lost. A year later a Malay, who had a brother in the village destroyed, told me that not over a dozen people escaped death or serious injury. There was at least a ton of powder in the storehouse.—*New York Sun*.

Congressman Allen's One Lie.

This is Private John Allen's latest cloak room story:

"You know I never told but one lie in my life," said the Mississippi Congressman. "That cured me. It was back in 1862, a day or two after the second battle of Manassas. I was a small, bare-footed soldier boy, about fifteen years old, marching with Lee's army toward Maryland. My feet became so sore from marching over the rocks that I had to fall out of line, and became separated from my command, and consequently from all commissary stores on which I could draw. The country had been so often raided by both armies that it was difficult to get anything to eat. I was very hungry, and thought I should starve, when I suddenly spied a house away from the road, which seemed to have been missed by the soldiers. The family was just sitting down to a good dinner, and at my special request they invited me in. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed a dinner so much, and, not knowing when I could get anything more, I tried myself and ate a very big dinner. In fact, I took on about three days' rations. I left this house and had gone about half a mile when I saw some nice-looking ladies going toward a hospital with a covered basket. I was sure they had something for the sick soldiers, and while I did not feel that I could eat anything more then, I thought I had better make some provisions for the future, and that I might get something to take along in my haversack. I was small for my age, and a rather hard-looking specimen. You would never have supposed I would have developed into the specimen of manly beauty you now see before you. I approached these kind-hearted ladies, and, putting on my hungriest and most pitiful look, said:

"Ladies, can you tell me where a poor soldier boy, who has not had a mouthful to eat for three days, can get something to keep him from starving?"

"You should have seen the look of sympathy on their faces as they said:

"We must not let this poor boy starve," and opening their baskets, in which they had two pitchers of gruel, they began to feed me on gruel out of a spoon. Now, when I was a child they used to feed me on gruel when I was sick, and I disliked it above all things eatable, but, having told my story about the hunger, I had to eat it. Well, I never was so punished for a story as I was by having to eat that gruel on my dinner. But, I have often thought that maybe it was a fortunate thing for me. It broke me from telling stories. I have never told one since."—*New York Sun*.

What Mustaches Tell.

There is a great deal of character in the mustache. As the form of the upper lip and in the regions about it has largely to do with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, malice, vanity and other qualities that give self-control, the mustache is more particularly connected with the expression of these qualities or the reverse.

When the mustache is ragged, and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the mustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or display. When the curl turns upward there is generally, combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not unaccompanied with gloom.

It is worthy of remark that good-natured men will, in playing with the mustache, invariably give in an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.—*Northwest Magazine*.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Wasp waists are losing in favor.

Torquoise is to be very fashionable. Flounces of point d'aiguille are \$75 a yard.

Jackets are the garments now in demand. Very little trimming is used on cloth dresses.

The newest shoulder capes are lined with fancy silk.

Black and gray astrakhan cloakings are in great demand. Vulture feathers in the natural tints are used for boas.

Willow green is to have a run of popularity this winter.

Walking dresses are very plain and skirts train slightly.

The newest fishnet veils are irregularly dotted with "beauty spots."

Long cloth ulsters are trimmed in military style with braid or frogs.

A great many silver belts are worn in New York, with street dresses.

Lady Randolph Churchill is clever, both as an artist and a musician.

White silk mourning handkerchiefs are embroidered in white or black.

There is a furor predicted for bands of trimming made of ostrich feathers.

Dresses button on the left side just over the shoulder and under the arm.

The yearly income of the Princess Frederick is reported to be \$350,000.

Mourning handkerchiefs have transparent black borders dotted with white.

Rolling linen collars will be worn with cotton and plainly made woollen gowns.

Plaids, when used for dresses, are made up on the bias and finished with a broad arm.

"Necklets" and "throatlets" are two words coined for use at the present moment.

Jeweled belts will be a conspicuous feature of feminine attire the coming season.

Fifteen-dollar silver rattles for aristocratic babies are in the New York market.

Small scent bottles to carry in the palm of a glove are of silver, with gold tracery.

A new shade for a lamp is a straw hat deprived of its crown and decorated with flowers.

Black passementeries come in sets, consisting of sleeves, skirt trimmings and collar.

Queen Victoria, who is a connoisseur in china, particularly admires the Menton ware.

Very little plush will be worn this winter, but a rich texture of velvet will take its place.

Reception dresses are made of figured silk and the front of the skirt opens over a velvet petticoat.

The first Mrs. Dion Boucicault was an English widow, who died three years after her marriage.

A Henri II. ruff ornaments the neck of every finished dress sent out by a fashionable dressmaker.

For slight mourning a robe of dark gray serge, brocaded with gray soutache and worsted, is very appropriate.

One of the daintiest bits of feminine finery for winter wear is the feather bonnet, which reaches to the hem of the skirt.

Some of the chateaux watches are done in white enamel. On this delicate field sprays of wild flowers are planted in fine stencils.

Blue or brown for the street dress, black for the jacket and prune or magenta millinery is the law of color among ladies' tailors.

The "lady managers" of the World's Fair are Mrs. Lloyd S. Brice, Mrs. Mrs. Bourke Cockran and Mrs. Dominique F. Verdenal.

"Carmen Sylva," otherwise Her Majesty of Rumania, is forty-seven years old. When at home she affects the picturesque costume of the Rumanian peasant.

Bridal sets of lace consist of a flounce for the skirt, narrow edging for the bodice, a handkerchief, a case for the handkerchief and a cover of lace for the prayer-book.

Miss Minerva Parker, of Philadelphia, who is not yet twenty-four years old, is the architect commissioned to erect the pavilion for the Isabella Exhibition at the World's Fair.

Norwegian women are said by travelers always to look sad and bent over. They have low foreheads and high cheek bones, and walk about with their eyes cast on the ground.

A young woman who has a dressmaking establishment in New York city, makes her rent by storing furs, wraps and winter dresses for her customers during the warm weather.

Last year the American ladies imported 2,000,000 dozen pairs of kid gloves from France, 12,000,000 dozen silk, lace thread and cotton gloves from England and Germany.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, who is to make a statue of Queen Isabella for the Woman's Department at the World's Fair, will submit a wax model of her work to the committee in December.

The two daughters of the Spanish Queen are nine and seven years old, respectively. They talk Spanish, French, German and English fluently and are strong, healthy-looking children.

Butterflies are to be the next victims of fashion. Fans are decorated with the beautiful wings of these insects, caught in hundreds for the purpose, the body, antennae and legs being sketched in afterward by an artist.

Elizabeth Comstock, the Quaker preacher, now aged and infirm, living at Union Springs, N. Y., has in her lifetime visited 123,000 prisoners, 195,000 sick and wounded soldiers, 85,000 inmates of poorhouses and almshouses on both sides of the water.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUES.

Six ounces sugar, two and a half ounces chocolate powdered, three whites of eggs. Whip the whites very stiff, then lightly stir in the sugar and chocolate. Bake them on a sheet of thin white paper in a moderately heated oven.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Boil the heart in salted water till tender, but not too soft. Then drain well, and set in a cool place, or on ice, first pulling the leaves apart so that no wet lurks within. Make a dressing with the raw yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a saltspoonful each of mustard, salt and pepper. Chop the cabbage, add to the mixture, and garnish with slices of tomato.

GIBLET SOUP.

Ingredients.—Four sets of chicken giblets or two of turkey, one onion, carrot, turnip, a little parsley, a leaf of sage, a little lemon juice, two quarts strong chicken or beef broth. Cut up the vegetables, brown them in a stew-pan with a piece of butter the size of an egg. When they begin to brown add a teaspoonful of flour and the giblets. Fry them quickly for a moment, watching them carefully that they do not burn. Now cut the giblets and put all into a soup kettle, with salt, pepper and the stock. Let the soup simmer for four or five hours, then strain it. Thicken with a little flour, and add one of the livers mashed. Season highly and add the lemon juice. Pour into tureen over the yolks of hard boiled eggs, one for each person.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

HIDDEN PUDDING.

Cure and peel enough tart, well flavored apples to cover the bottom of a round porcelain pudding dish. Put about half an inch of boiling water in the dish with the apples. Cover them with a plate and set them in a hot oven to cook for twenty minutes. At the end of this time the apples should be tender and nearly cooked. If any water remains it should be gently turned off, but so as not to break the apples. Prepare an unsweetened custard of five eggs and a quart of milk which has been brought to the boiling point. Add the eggs to the hot milk, carefully beating them in. Season the mixture with a saltspoonful of salt, and pour it over the apples. It should cover them. Replace the pudding dish in the oven without a cover, and bake the custard and apples till the custard is firm in the centre. The oven should not be too hot.—*Boston Cultivator*.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Powdered ammonia is considered excellent for cleaning silver.

Butter is tainted by any strong smelling odor. Therefore it should be kept by itself.

Have coffee pulverized. A third less will be required and the quality much improved.

There is no economy in cheap soap. Get the best; when half the quantity will be needed.

To cleanse knit and crochet articles rub in a pan of flour until clean and shake thoroughly.

Camphor ice is made of one ounce of lard, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of camphor, one ounce of almond oil, one half cake of white wax. Melt all together and mix thoroughly.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

Creamed sweetbreads, creamed fish, chicken in cream sauce, and hot crab meat may all be served in paper cases. Each case should be placed on a pretty dish and served immediately after being filled with the hot mixture.

Newspapers soaked in water, then squeezed quite dry and torn into little bits should be sprinkled over a dusty carpet just before sweeping it. The paper collects the dust, and there is no danger of its staining the carpet.

City people can make "country sausage" by taking six pounds of lean pork—tenderloins are best—four pounds of chine, fat, four ounces of salt, two of pepper, and the same of mixed sweet herbs, savory, sage, thyme and marjoram.

When hot grease has been spilled on a floor the best thing to do is to throw cold water over it instantly. This will harden the grease and prevent it sticking into the boards. It can then be easily scraped off and the spot scoured with soap and water.

The remnants of plain boiled lobster may be made into croquettes by being chopped or pounded fine, and mixed with bread crumbs, and a little melted butter seasoned. Form them into balls, roll in egg, then powdered bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

Chinese glass starch is made of two tablespoonfuls of borax dissolved in one and one-half cups of cold water. Dip the thoroughly dry unstarched ruff collars and bosoms of shirts in this, then roll them up tight and let them remain a few hours in a dry cloth, then rub off and iron.

FOR THE HANDS.—Mutton suet, well rubbed in at night, drawing on a pair of white cotton gloves to sleep in, and washed off the next morning with a few drops of ammonia in the water, is better than glycerine and rose water, both of which are, in result, too drying for the hands.

A gargle for sore mouth and throat is to take four large spoonfuls of cold elder vinegar, four of water, a teaspoonful of red onion salt, and a very small quantity of castor oil, gargle every hour. It is worth more than any other gargle of potash in the count, and cannot harm you.