



# HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

### Suggestions For the Finishing Touches of the Artistic Home.

Sage green is most popular in the cameo ware. This ware must not be confused with Wedgwood, as it is not English at all, and in contradiction is known as cameo ware.

A new shape, low, shallow and decidedly graceful, is observed among the newest finger bowls. The new cuttings in these are very handsome. Others, inlaid with gold are quite attractive too, and still others show delicately tinted green or rose color. But really pure white glass is in best taste for table ware.

Among the latest showings of Rockwood, just returned from the Paris Exposition, a nasturtium and a chrysanthemum pattern are particularly striking. A lipped pitcher design not unlike an Oriental water-bottle in shape, is most graceful among the shapes.

With pottery of all nations one is bewildered to keep track of each style. The Dutch is possibly the most familiar. Now the Swedish is making its way into popular favor. The effects, colorings and designs are quite characteristic and just what one would suppose would come from that northern land.

Lacquered metal, for instance, brass candlesticks lacquered to make them easy to care for, is disdained by artistic house furnishers. The dulter brass the better liked, only never tarnished.

Cut glass handles with silver blades, while still seen, are not nearly so favored as a season or two ago.

A quaint jug-like shape is a feature of many of the latest pitchers. This effect is largely produced by the size and shape of the handles.

So-called Pompeian copper and bronze bowls are fashions latest fancy for flower holders. Their odd shapes are modeled after the antique.

The majority of the newest and smartest pieces of cut glass are so much lower than the shapes formerly used as almost to seem squatly. This is particularly noticeable in the much shortened stems of goblets, coupe dishes, etc.



**Fruit Biscuit.**—Mix together two cups of flour, one-third teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoons of butter, creamed, add to flour and mix well; add one-half cup sugar and two-thirds cup of milk, with two well beaten eggs mixed in it; add one cup of currants or raisins. Drop from spoon and bake on greased pans in good oven about twenty-five minutes.

**Banana Cream Custard.**—One pint of milk, one cup sugar, two eggs. When cold, add one pint of cream and six bananas cut in slices (add a little lemon juice, if the bananas lack flavor), sugar to taste. Put in a freezer and pack with ice and salt. When the cream is frozen remove dasher. Stir well and pack down in bottom of can. Let it stand an hour at least, to ripen.

**Spice Drops.**—Cream one-half cup of butter and one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sweet milk, the yolks of three eggs and three cupsful of flour in which has been sifted three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a salt-spoonful of ground nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon, and flavor with the grated rind of a lemon. Drop in small spoonfuls on a tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in a "quick" oven.

**Berry Muffins.**—Mix two cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon salt and two rounded teaspoons baking powder. Cream one-quarter cup, butter with one-half cup sugar, add well beaten yolk of egg, one cup milk, the flour and the white of an egg beaten stiff; stir in carefully one heaping cup blueberries, which have been picked over, rinsed, dried and rolled in flour. Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes.

**Tohato Ice Salad.**—Put a quart can of tomatoes in a saucepan over the fire with half an onion, a slice of green pepper, if convenient, three cloves, two bay leaves, a sprig of parsley, a teaspoonful of sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. Cook until the onion is tender, about ten minutes, remove from the fire, press through a sieve and enough to retain the seeds. When cold freeze as water-ice and mould, a melon mould is very pretty for it; pack in salt and ice in the usual way; turn it out in a nest of crisp young lettuce and serve with a mayonnaise dressing in a sauceboat.

## BURIED BY TWO HUSBANDS.

Remarkable Case in England Recalled by One in America.

Appropos of the remarkable instance of conjugal devotion which has recently been displayed by Mr. Cannon, of Cincinnati, in bringing his wife's body from America to her native place in this country for interment, says the London Globe, it is interesting to recall a somewhat similar, but even more romantic story which is recorded of Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of James, second Earl of Rosebery. This young nobleman, who died in 1755, met in London some years previously a lady with whom he fell violently in love and whom he persuaded to marry him. The marriage, though concealed from the relatives on both sides, proved to be an extremely happy one, the pair living together in the greatest harmony until the lady was overtaken by a mortal illness. When assured that she was dying she asked for a pencil and paper and wrote the following message: "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex. My maiden name was C. Cannon, and my last request is to be buried at Thorpe."

In what circumstances she had departed her husband does not appear, but Lord Dalmeny protested that he knew nothing of her former marriage, and immediately set about fulfilling her last wishes. He had the body embalmed and enclosed in a chest, and then, under the assumed name of Williams, he brought it to England, landing at Colchester. Here the chest was suspected by the customs house officers of containing smuggled goods and was opened by them, to the great distress of the bereaved husband, who grew almost distracted under the darker suspicions which arose when its real contents were revealed.

However, after infinite difficulty, he succeeded in conveying the body to Thorpe, and when it had been placed in the church on an open bier, took his seat beside it, evidently absorbed in grief, the scene having reminded a bystander of "Romeo and Juliet." At length he gave a full explanation of the circumstances of his marriage, and Mr. Gough was sent for to come and identify his wife, which the latter gentleman did without a moment's hesitation. The meeting between the sorrow-stricken young and the indignant husband was described as a most moving one, but neither seemed inclined to waive his right to the other, though of the two Lord Dalmeny was the most anxious to do honor to the deceased. He had a splendid coffin made for her, and followed her body to Thorpe, where he was met by Mr. Gough, and in their presence the burial was performed with all due solemnity; thus probably furnishing the only instance on record of a woman being attended to her grave by two husbands at the same time. Immediately after the ceremony Lord Dalmeny left for London, apparently inconsolable at his loss. In the passage he is described as unmarried.

**Manufacturing Artificial Silk.**  
Artificial silk can be made out of glue, thus demonstrating that our ancestors were not so foolish and ignorant as we like to think. So far as we can judge there was no reason why they should not have made the proper use of a cow's hoof. But they didn't say that. They used another simile. They were smart enough. After taking all the trouble to make a proverb they did not propose to have science get the laugh on them by making silk out of cows' hoofs and horns. The gelatine is dissolved in water to the proper consistency, dyed and forced through tiny glass tubes as with the cellulose silk. It is really an animal product like the silkworm silk, but the manufacturers have not yet been able to get the appliances for water-proofing the thread with the vapor of formaline that the silkworm has which secretes the same drug for the same purpose. Also, it is quite difficult to dry the thread quickly on the carrying belts, for you can easily see that they cannot be made very long. I suppose every one that reads this will instantly think it would be easy to dry the threads if the room were made warm, but, unfortunately, warmth and moisture together have the property of making the glue softer. Another difficulty is that the silk must be dyed before it is spun, and as gelatine has a way of not being the same shade for the same quality of stickiness, it is pretty hard to tell what color you will get till it is dry. If the spun threads are soaked in the dye-pot the stuff thinks that this is a new way of making wine jelly, and makes all possible haste to change itself from dress goods into dessert. Still, it makes a very pretty silk if you don't wear it out in a rainstorm.—Ainslee's Magazine.

## AN EARTH WORM'S VALUE

Turns up the soil and thus helps vegetation along.

Boys think it is created for the particular purpose of bait, but there are other uses—play an important part in the world's history.

After a spring rain hundreds of earthworms crawl across the pavements and through the lawn grass. Then they are most conspicuous, but they may be found any time by digging into the ground. They are nature's lowliest gardeners, and perform a tremendous amount of work in the world. Boys think them created for the particular purposes of bait. It was owing to a boy's forgotten jar of squirming worms that his family became interested in the creature, and the boy himself says that he now feels like taking off his hat to every earthworm that wriggles out of his way.

A two-quart glass fruit jar was nearly filled with earthworms and earth from the back yard. The earth was there to keep the worms comfortable until fishing time. Company came into the household, however, and the boy was not permitted to go fishing, and as the cook was preparing vegetables for dinner he threw onion chips and scraps of cabbage into the receptacle as food for the worms. They did not appear distressed about their captivity, and began to make themselves at home in their new surroundings. Both cabbage and onion were devoured, and the long slimy creatures set about making burrows which could be quite plainly traced through the glass.

When the boy took the jar on his worm hunt it contained about two inches of white sand belonging to the canary birds. He had neglected to throw this away, and black mold and worms were placed on top. The cook set the jar on the window sill among her plants, and, as a matter of convenience, put dried leaves and twigs from the flower pots into it. The worms set to work to keep their small domain in order. Burrows ran from top to bottom. The white sand from the bottom veined the soil to the surface. Twigs and leaves were gnawed into pieces and dragged to the depths. Some small chicken bones thrown to the worms were buried.

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The Roman city of Urisonum, Rouleau Abbey and various other ruins in England have been buried through this agency alone. The worms find their way through cracks in concrete, disintegrating it, and have been known to destroy both bricks and tiles. While they are responsible for landslides, they also heap ridges which are the beginnings of ledges on the hillsides.

Darwin's volume on "The Formation of Vegetable Mold" is devoted to the work and private character of these modest members of creation. Any boy or girl may find out the same facts by inducing a colony of earthworms to make a home in a glass fruit jar. They will plow, dig, bury and carry to the surface any leaves, twigs and bits of gravel given them.—Chicago Post.

**Severe Treatment.**  
The noise made by the burglar in the Ferguson pantry, slight as it was, disturbed the light sleeper in the bedroom not far away, and the midnight marauder was surprised a moment later to find himself covered with a big revolver in the hands of a determined looking man in a long white robe.

"I ain't done nothin' but eat a few cold victuals, mister," stammered the burglar.

"I see," sternly replied George Ferguson, "you have been eating the remains of a strawberry shortcake my wife made for dinner last night. Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

"Turn me over to the police, I s'pose," gasped the helpless thief.

"Worse than that," said Ferguson, with a ferocious grin. "I'm going to make you eat a quart of health food. It's a new kind my wife heard of and fixed up for us yesterday, and it's pretty dry eating, but you'll eat every particle of it or I'll bore six holes through you. There it is, in that big bowl. Turn yourself loose on it!"

With grim determination the indignant householder stood over him until he was finished, after which he picked up the luckless scoundrel, who had fallen exhausted to the floor, and threw him out of the open pantry window.

"It may kill him," soliloquized Mr. Ferguson somewhat remorsefully, as he crawled back into bed, without disturbing the rest of the family, "but a man who breaks into another man's house takes his life in his hands anyway."—Chicago Tribune.

**Peculiarities of Some City Streets.**  
Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, is said to be the longest street in the world, extending, as it does, for seventy-one and one-half miles. The shortest street is the Rue Ble, Paris, which is thirty feet long. Havana has the narrowest street in the world in the Via Sol, which is only three and a half feet wide. Main street, Denver, is believed to be the highest street and Main street, Georgetown, Demerara, the lowest street. The most crowded street is probably the Rua do Ouvidor, in Rio de Janeiro. This narrow thoroughfare is so crowded at all times as Nassau street in the busiest portion of the day, and no animal or wheeled vehicle is allowed to enter it. It is lined with houses painted white, blue, pink, yellow and other colors, and opening off the street are the shops of the dealers in diamonds and other precious stones, the workers in silver and gold and the beautiful shops of the feather workers, who manufacture the most exquisite feather flowers and fans.

For crooked streets it would be hard to find one to beat Pearl street, which beginning at State street, which practically is Broadway, wanders aimlessly about the lower portion of the city, to end again in Broadway.—New York Press.

**Leprosy in the United States.**  
Investigation has been going on at Washington for several months, with a view to learning the extent of leprosy in our country. It reveals that there are about 275 cases in the United States. It is thought probable that the real number may be nearer a thousand. Seventy-four of the known cases are in New Orleans, chiefly among the Italian population. There are twenty-three in Minnesota, mostly Scandinavians in the rural settlements. There are fifteen cases in North and two in South Dakota. Chicago has five cases and New York six. It is noteworthy that nearly all the reported victims seem to be foreigners. The Scandinavians seem peculiarly susceptible. They either had it when they landed in America or contracted it shortly afterward. Every one of the cases in the Dakotas and Minnesota is located in the country, in localities rather remote even from small towns. The disease seems to be spreading most rapidly in Louisiana, and for several years there has been an agitation there in favor of efficient supervision and control of all leprosy patients, either by the State or by the general Government.

**Heard His Own Funeral Oration.**  
A few weeks ago at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of the Department of the Pas-de-Calais, France, one of the members was astounded to hear his own funeral oration pronounced by the president.

"M. le President," he exclaimed, starting to his feet, "I beg your pardon, but I think there is some mistake. I am the dead man!"

When the roars of laughter that followed this announcement had subsided the President, with many apologies, explained that the mistake had arisen through the annual report of their proceedings that had been forwarded to the man having, through some error of the postoffice, been returned with the word "Deceased" marked on it.

## SWIFT INDIAN RUNNERS

A Curious Race by the Strange Tauri Mauri Tribe.

It Was 120 Miles Long, and, Incidentally, the Racers Threw Wooden Balls Before Them by Means of Their Toes—Their Swiftness Surprising.

Most tourists in Mexico see little of the strange Tauri Mauri Indians, writes the Chihuahua correspondent of the New York Sun. The first Tauri Mauri we saw was a mail carrier among the San Lorenzo Mountains about 120 miles south of Chihuahua. This Indian makes two round trips over a distance of eighty-five miles twice a week, making a total of some 340 miles a week on foot. Several times, when the Government had reasons for rushing mails to their destination, he made even three round trips in seven and a half days. The route leads from Guachichic to San Jose de los Cruces over as rugged a mountain trail as ever tried a mountaineer's muscle.

The Indian mail carrier was bareheaded and barelegged, his attire consisting of about three yards of narrow cloth woven out of goat's hair. On his back was a mail sack, that, with its contents, weighed forty pounds. This was supported by a strap across his forehead and another across his chest. He came trotting down the hill smoking a cigarette and moving as easily and gracefully as if just starting out, instead of having some twenty miles already to his credit that morning.

As he reached the level ground in the valley he dropped a ball about the size of a baseball on the ground, and, catching it deftly on his toes, gave it a throw forward and reced after it with the speed of a deer, picking it up on his toes and throwing it forward again without in the least, so far as we could see, checking his speed. As he overtook us the ball was placed in his armpit, and he trotted along by the side of the mules, chatting quite socially.

The Tauri Mauri Indian carries one of these wooden balls with him everywhere, tucked under the armpits until he is in a hurry; then it is thrown forward, and away the owner rushes after it. It is their way of keeping in training for all the time, and of hurrying themselves over the ground. It is always thrown from the toes, and never from the hand.

There are some 35,000 Tauri Mauri Indians in Mexico. Twice every summer they meet for a sort of tournament. It is a custom centuries old. It was the writer's good fortune to be present at one of these periodical assemblies among the San Lorenzos, about twenty miles southwest from Chihuahua.

The Tauri Mauris are long-limbed and slender, giving the impression of being over the average height. There is scarcely any muscle on their puny arms, but their chests are deep, and their backs broad, and their limbs as trim and muscular as a greyhound's. They look as if created for speed.

The great contest of the tournament was a race. The wagers of the rival towns were piled up in the centre of the plaza, and consisted of strips of goat's-hair cloth, bows, arrows, sandals, goats, chickens, and sheep, with two wooden plows for high prizes; but there were thrown far in the shade when some American visitors added a couple of copper coins, a gaudy lithograph, and a water color painting of a cross surrounded with flowers. Such prizes had never been offered in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the runners swore that it should be the race of their lives.

In the afternoon they asked us to look over the course. To our astonishment we found that it was twelve miles long and that the circuit was to be made ten times. A royal race, indeed, of 120 miles. The race was to be run in the night and concluded in the cool of the next afternoon.

About five o'clock in the afternoon everything was ready. Ten athletes stood on the right side of the plaza and ten on the left. To each side one wooden ball was allotted. The racers were dressed in native trunks of goat's hair cloth, and many of these were discarded before the race was over.

At the word both of the balls were thrown forward and the twenty bounded forward at a speed that it would tax a bicyclist to keep up with. We thought that such a burst of speed would soon tire them out, but it was meant only for the start of three miles straight away across the valley. Before reaching the other side of the course the runners began cutting off the corners and racing ahead on the oval course so as to receive and carry on the ball of their parity. The ball was pitched forward by the foot of the first one and that side to reach it, and if a rival could reach it first it was thrown back on the course. The purpose was to get the ball around the prescribed course, no matter how, so long as it was touched only by the foot of the players. To touch it with the hand was to lose all bets.

Tripping, crowding, and all the rough work of football players were permitted to prevent an opponent from reaching or throwing the ball. Runners were permitted to cut across the valley at a jog trot, and so be ready to receive the ball as it came along and then spurt with it. Umpires and judges were stationed all over the route to see that the ball was kept along the designated track. By seven o'clock the moon came up and the valley was nearly as light as day. Yells as fierce as any that greet an audience at Yale or Harvard greeted the bronze Stags of Glauchochie as he hurled the wooden sphere through

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A successful Kansas farmer declares that he feeds nothing to his fattening hogs but ear-corn and cold water, and that he cleans the feeding floor after every meal.