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How to Prevent Moldiness.

Nearly all the essential oils tend to prevent moldiness, such as oil of lavender, tansy, cloves, peppermint, etc. Russia leather is preserved by being scented with the tar of the birch tree and it is so effective that books bound with it often prevent moldiness in other books placed next to them.

How to Pronounce Some Ordinary Words.

Again—a gen, not as spelled. Alien—ale-gen, not a-lye-n. Apostle—apos-el, without the "t." Bade—bad. Because—be-cause, not be-cos. Been—bin. Beloved—as a verb, be-loved; as an adjective be-luv-ed. (Blessed, cursed, etc., are subject to the same rule.) Beneath—with the th in breath, not with the th in breathe. Buoy—bwoy, not boy. Caprice—capreece. Catch—as spelled, not ketch. Chaos—ka-oss. Chasm—kazin. Chasten—chaen. Choir—kwire.

How to Remove Freckles.

In these days when outdoor sports are happily in vogue for both men and women young ladies do not have the horror they formerly had of sunburn and freckles. Sometimes, however, it is desirable to remove the freckles, and in such cases this wash will be found efficacious: Take one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax and a half a drachm of sugar; mix and let the compound stand in a glass bottle for forty-eight hours. Then rub it on the face occasionally, and lo! the freckles are gone.

How the Turks Make Coffee.

The Turkish way of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical sauceman with a long handle and calculated to hold about two tablespoonfuls of water is the vessel used. The fresh roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a dessertspoonful is put in the minute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water and thrust among the embers. A few seconds suffice to make it boil and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup which fits into a brass socket, much like the cup of an acorn and holding the china cup as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling and swallow the grounds with the liquid. It is always taken plain, as sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it. Europeans after some practice prefer it to the clearer infusion made in France. In every but these coffee boilers may be seen suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry are always ready at hand.

How to Prevent Doors from Creaking.

Take lard, soap and black lead in equal parts and apply to the hinges. Soap alone is effective for a time; the other ingredients make it more lasting.

How to Make Old Clothes Look New.

If a suit of clothes be of good material and be well made it can be made to last with some care a very long time and do a great share of service. It is best when clothes are not in use to fold them carefully and put them away where dust will not get at them. Hanging clothes in a wardrobe is not nearly so satisfactory. At the end of a season when a man lays aside an old suit he sees the shining elbows and the bulging knees and the grease spots here and there, and says to himself, "Well, this is the end of them!" Go slow, good man, have a little patience. Brush the old garments carefully; sponge out the grease spots with a little ammonia and then carefully fold up the old "duds" and lay them away. When the next season comes take them out, send them to be pressed and when they come back you will be surprised. The shining elbows no longer glisten in the light the knees are once more in shape and you have a suit of clothes almost as good as new—better than new, in that they have been tried and have been found trustworthy, not so good as new because, alas, you cannot go on performing this operation indefinitely.

How to Grind Small Tools.

Use a large stone with plenty of water and grind rather slowly. The street knife grinder often seriously injures cutlery by grinding rapidly with little or no water.

How to Avoid Catching Cold.

Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be followed by a good deal of rubbing with a wet towel. This has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin and maintaining a proper action in it, and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold and sudden changes of temperature. Sir Ashley Cooper, the celebrated English physician, said: "The methods by which I have preserved my own health are temperance, early rising and sponging the body with cold water immediately after getting out of bed, a practice which I have adopted for thirty years without ever having taken cold."

How to Keep Bedclothes Over Children.

Most restless children fling the clothing away from the head and shoulders first. To meet this difficulty sew tapes eight inches long on the upper corners of sheets and coverlets, and fasten, after the child is put to bed, to the slats of the upright sides of the crib. If fastening is needed at the foot also, the outer cover can be pinned securely after being folded under the mattress. The tapes should be doubled before being sewed, leaving each string four inches in length.

How to Restore the Color of Glass.

When long exposed to sun and rain the window glass takes on a yellowish or whitish hue. Rub it with diluted muriatic acid and then clean with moistened whiting. Glass of any kind that appears smoky may be cleaned and restored at once by applying diluted nitric acid. Water and ammonia is also effective.

Mr. Carr Ahead. He was standing on the corner of Hastings and Gratiot streets when another young man about his age came along, and the first one said: "Look here, Mistah Carr, I want to gin yo' a few words ab advice." "Well, sah?" "Yo' seems to be payin yo' tenshuns somewhat to a young lady named Miss Perkins." "Yes, sah—yes, sah." "Bin buyin her boxes of candy an sendin up bokays, I understand." "Jes so, sah." "Well, sah, in order to save yo' further bodder an expense I will inform yo' dat I am duns engaged to marry Miss Perkins in de nigh futer." "Zactly, sah, zactly; an in order to save yo' furder bodder an expense I will inform yo' dat Miss Perkins dun becum Mrs. Carr last evenin at 8 o'clock! Weddin strictly private! No keards!"—Detroit Free Press.



Tragedy. He—Why are you so sad, darling? She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening we could be together till tomorrow.—Life.

Drawing the Line.

I was sitting with the sheriff in front of the town court house, when he suddenly stood up, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across the street, and then called out: "Heah, yo'! Is that yo', Jim?" A colored man, about fifty years old, who was slouching along on the other side, came across the street and replied: "Yes, Mars Renfog, dis am me!" "And what ar' yo' doing heah?" "I'ze jist walkin out, sah. I dun thought I'd drap down an see my darter." "How did yo' get out?" "Jist made a hole frew de back wall, sah." "Look-a-heah, Jim," said the sheriff, as he sat down and picked up a stick to whittle on. "I ain't gwine to stand this fussin no mo'. This is nigh about seven times yo's broke out o' jail." "Yes, sah, nigh 'bout seven times, sah, but doan' be hard on me." "Yo's got out by the doah, the windows, the floor, the ceiling and the walls, and yo's put me to trouble and the county to expense. Now, yo' can't go back that' no mo'." "Please, sah!" "No, sah; yo' can't do it! I've given yo' a fair show, and yo' can't expect no mo'. Yo' kin jist take yo'self off!" "But, Mars Renfog, I'ze dun bin put in jail on a hog case, an I'ze got to stay dar' till de cote house meets," protested the man. "I know you were arrested and examined and bound over, and all that, but I've got tired of the fussing. I ain't going to stand by and let nobody damage the jail. Yo's got out and come back, and got out and come back, and now I won't abide it no mo'! Jist take yo'self right off and don't come back to my jail again unless yo' want to be hard used. If I find yo' break in I'll shoot yo' shore's yo'r born." "Won't yo' try me jist once mo'?" pleaded the prisoner. "No, sah! I've drawn the line, and now yo's got to go and take keer of yo'self. I'm tellin yo' to scatter befo' I make yo' torn to and stop up that last hole in the wall!"

Plenty of Time.

The man "scattered" in a discouraged, dejected way, and as he was lost to sight down the street the sheriff growled: "Durn a nigger who don't know when he's being used like a bo'n gentleman!"—New York World.

Aid to Memory.

"Tod" Walters is a ten-year-old boy in whom the spirit of mischief and the spirit of investigation are developed to an unusual degree; at least, his suffering grandparents entertain that opinion. Tod made them a short visit a few months ago, and although they are fond and proud of their grandson, it cannot be denied that their principal feeling when they said goodby to him was one of relief.

To All Appearance.

To all appearance Tod did not notice them, either, until the last day of his visit. Then he announced in confidence to his grandmother: "I'm afeard, grandma, that I've made some marks on the baluster rails with my Waterbury, but you see I've always run down so fast that I never noticed them till this morning!" "With your Waterbury, Tod?" echoed his grandmother in a surmount. "Why, yes'm! I've waded it by pressing the window on the rail, you know, every morning since I came; it was such a splendid place, and saved such a lot of time, because I could do it as I ran down to breakfast. And always going it that way, of course it kept me from forgetting to wind it, you see!"—Youth's Companion.

A Puzzler.

Little Girl (De Fashion Flat)—Is that my new brother? Ain't he cute? Did the angels bring him? Mama—Yes, my dear. Little Girl—Did they have flaming swords? Mama—No. Why? Little Girl—I don't see how they got past the jantor.—Good News.

Great Stage Jewels.

Reporter—I suppose the jewels worn by Signor Hanfatti cost her a great deal? Manager—Yes. A few days ago she stepped on one of the large diamonds which broke it to atoms and cut her foot. She'll have to pay doctor's bills for at least twenty-five dollars.—Jewelers' Circular.

Her Favorite.

"Breakfast," said Miss Pensee, "is my favorite meal." "Naturally," retorted Miss Perte; "one is younger at breakfast than at dinner."—Harper's Bazar.

THE LAST STRAW.

An Incident from Chicago Showing How the Worm Will Turn.

"Lemuel Finkenbinder, it is time to get up!" "Afar in the east the gray dawn of a frosty November morning had faintly impressed itself on the reluctant and unresponsive horizon, and the darkly frowning sky had begun to look as if it felt streaked with premonitions of a coming day that should reveal everything it had been trying to hide. No sound stirred the sluggish atmosphere save the harsh, fuzzy, perfumatory whistle of a distant locomotive that either had the asthma or found it hard work to achieve the proper pucker on account of the cold, and would not have whistled anyhow if it hadn't been compelled to do it by the regulations of the soulless corporation it was working for. "Lemuel Finkenbinder, it is time for us to get up! I have told you so five or six times!" "Er-yah-ab-leigh-er-um!" responded Mr. Finkenbinder vaguely. "What is it, Fan? Wha—"

And with a soft snore he relapsed into slumber. "Lem!" "Get up! It's time you were building the kitchen fire."

He shook him and shouted in his ear again, but he felt not the jerking and her voice sounded like the soft murmur of the waves that wash the shore of the land of dreams.

Again he wandered down the happy valley, hand in hand with his heart's idol, as of old. The gentle breezes sighed through the trees above their heads, and the grassy carpet beneath their feet waved to and fro in fantastic billows, as if stirred by the wings of passing fairies. Again he looked into the melting blue eyes, in whose soft answering glances he read the story of trusting girlhood's deep and fearless devotion, and his heart swelled with pride and joy.

"Lem!" "Er—ah—what—wha—"

"Lemuel Finkenbinder, wake up!" "Y—yes. I—what are you doing?" "I'm shaking you. Are you going to get up?"

Back from fairyland came Lemuel Finkenbinder—not all at once, but by jolts and bumps.

He opened his eyes. His cherished wife, the partner of his joys, sharer of his sorrows, loving carter to his gastronomical whims and disburser agent of his treasury department was trying to push him out of bed into the cold, cold air that came freely in through the open window.

He sat up in bed. A full realization of his dignity as a man, his position as head of the Finkenbinder family, its champion, bulwark and defender came upon him. Memories of the past, with its errors of judgment, omissions of duty, and overt acts and transgressions for which he could find no adequate excuse rose vividly before him. It was not too late to shake off his lethargy, assert his manhood and vindicate himself.

"Fan," he said with iron firmness, as he lay down again and composed himself to slumber, "if you want that blamed old fire built you get up and build it yourself."—Chicago Tribune.



Stuffer—I suppose I shall see you at the Twilling Thanksgiving dinner at 1 o'clock tomorrow, shan't I? Dasher—Yes. But I thought you were going to take your Thanksgiving dinner at the Wimples. Stuffer—I am, but they don't dine until 8.



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