

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Fruit as Meals.

As a rule, a fruit dessert in the evening and after a mixed meal ought only to be lightly indulged in, for the average stomach will but rarely tolerate a heavy influx of such cold and usually watery aliment as fruit. This is not the case if the fruit is eaten before or between the meal courses. A ripe melon eaten with salt or butter, before or immediately after the soup, can be freely indulged in. Experience teaches us that stewed or raw fruit may be largely taken between courses. In many parts of the continent this custom prevails; the Germans eat stewed fruit with many meats, and in warmer climes such fruits as grapes, plums, figs, melons and sweet lemons are habitually eaten with all kinds of dishes, or as palate refreshers between the courses.—Food.

Stale Bread.

It is generally supposed that the fact that bread grows stale arises from the bread becoming actually drier by the gradual loss of water; but this is not the case. Stale bread contains almost the same proportion of water as new bread after it has become completely cold. The change is merely in the internal arrangement of the molecules of the bread. A proof of this is, that if we put a stale loaf into a closely covered tin, expose it for half an hour or an hour to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and then allow it to cool, it will be restored in appearance and properties to the state of new bread.—Chatter.

Value of Tea.

When one is fatigued tea is efficient restorative. It forms an agreeable, warm drink, which is neither heating to the blood nor oppressive to the stomach, particularly if taken slowly when one is sitting quietly. Large quantities, however, induce nervous disorder.—Exchange.

Mix Salt and Cornstarch.

There are new homes starting every day where some would be glad to know how to prevent salt from hardening in the salt cellar. A small quantity of corn starch, say a quarter of a teaspoonful to a heaping tablespoonful of salt, will be a delightful surprise. Whether you like salt or not it will be a positive pleasure to use it after the struggles caused by its hardening.—Boston Letter.

Announce for Silver.

Silver washed after each meal in very hot water with sometimes a little ammonia in it, will be bright and shining for a long time without any other cleaning. When a more thorough cleaning is necessary use any good silver polish, being sure to rub lightly, as the bright luster soon wears off, if it be plated soon wears off.—Exchange.

Pearly Smoke for Beauty's Hair.

Should you see a tiny silver brazier in my lady's boudoir, like a bonbonniere, filled with burning incense, from which pearly clouds of smoke are rising slowly through her long hair as she spreads it out, do not think she is performing some pagan rite. She has probably just bathed her face in buttermilk and washed her hair in bay rum and borax, and is now only drying and perfuming it in that mystic way. The faint scent thus dried in will last a week and may be obtained from burning joss sticks, in like manner, at a less expense.—Boston Globe.

An Ancestral Petticoat.

A marvelous example of time needlework has found its way into one of the exchanges for women's work in this city through the impecuniousness of the family in which it has long been cherished as an heirloom. It is a piece of the quilted work which has become one of the lost arts in these days, and was the border of a petticoat worn by some richly clad German dame 140 years ago. The strip is half a yard in width and about three yards in length. It consists of two thicknesses of fine white cotton with a soft interlining. It is quilted all over with an exquisite medley of flowers, foliage and arabesques, into which is wrought every variety of stitch known to expert needlecraft. In those days there were no other ornaments nor any devices for stamping. The patient fingers that fashioned such work also made their own designs, drew them with a needle, free hand, as they went along, and so this petticoat border was the work of an artist as well as a clever needle woman. The fabric is stiff with stitches—there are billions of them—and the surface puts one in mind of a piece of fine repousse work in white silver.

The woman who is now compelled to part with it has a pitiful story. She and her husband in their advanced age were forced by reverses to emigrate to the far west, where in an unsettled country, three days' ride from a human habitation, they "took up a claim." The wife, unused to hardship, finally lost her health, and in the hope of regaining it came east last autumn, leaving her husband alone. The severity of the winter killed all their stock, and the old man

finally met with an accident that laid him up with both legs broken. He is helpless and penniless and alone, and his wife is helpless and penniless, here, unable to reach him. She had sold everything available before she had made up her mind to part with her ancestral petticoat. It is a rare and interesting piece of work and ought to be in a museum.—New York World.

Women Tramps.

Two female tramps have just reached Luzerne county, their birthplace, after being on the road for nearly three months. They started from Kansas City, and the greater part of the distance they traveled in cattle cars. They became tramps through force of circumstances. They are sisters, and two years ago married railroad men and went west. One of the husbands died, and the other, who proved a worthless fellow, soon disappeared. The sisters now found themselves in the midst of poverty and among strangers. They could not get along, and they pined for their old home in Pennsylvania, but could not raise the money to pay their fares. One evening they hit upon the novel idea of dressing in made attire and tramping home. They deliberated long, and finally came to the conclusion that this was the only way they could get home. They accordingly made preparations for the journey. They were well up in the ways and doings of railroad brakemen, as they had often heard their husbands talk "shop." One morning early the sisters donned suits of clothes that had been worn by their husbands. They were black, greasy and dirty, and in every way in keeping with a tramp's outfit. The women then cut their hair short and greased and blackened their faces and hands and made their long journey.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Couldn't Dance.

A prominent society girl was attending a dancing party, and among the men introduced to her was a college student—a tall, fine looking fellow of athletic build. While they were conversing the orchestra struck up a gallop, and he said, "Shall we promenade?" "I don't gallop," they walked and talked for a few seconds; then Miss Rosebud, whose little feet were fairly aching to fly over the smooth floor, said with a beseeching glance, "That music is so lovely. Don't you think you could gallop if you tried? It's very easy, you know—just four slides." The upward look through the long lashes must have been hard to resist, but the response was crushing and incontrovertible: "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Rosebud, but really and truly I can't dance. Broke both legs playing football." And poor little Miss Rosebud took the remainder of her promenade in fear and trembling not feeling at all sure that he might at any moment crumble and fall all to pieces.—Detroit Free Press.

The Sash is a Sensible Thing.

New Yorkers suffered from the heat in the summer for a great many decades before they got down to common-sense hot-weather clothing which so many of them now wear. It was the commonest thing in the world for New York men, including many who were wealthy and whose tastes in dress were exceptional, to struggle through the hot term in black broadcloth, heavy beaver hats, black boots. At the time, however, the latter-day hot-weather attire was unknown, for the delicate fashions of summer fabrics now in vogue have come from the manufacturers within the past few months. Pongee, flannel, silk, and canvas shirts, low, thin, and cool, russet leather shoes, and the masculine sash were unknown in those days. The sash by the way, is by no means a vain and affected garment. It is, on the contrary when kept within reasonable bounds, one of the most sensible innovations in man's dress that has been noted of late. The straps which men wear over their shoulders ordinarily do more toward making the heat unendurable than the coats or waistcoats.—New York Sun.

A Trifle Too Cool.

"Doctor, just an instant, please," exclaimed a caller at the office of a man of physic as he caught sight of the physician disappearing into his private office.

"I'll see you shortly, sir," was the curt reply.

"But a second is all I want," persisted the caller.

"I'll see you directly, sir," with sternness.

The visitor took a seat in the general reception room, read the afternoon paper, looked at the pictures and played with the dog. After thirty minutes or more had passed the medicine man came out of his den and, with an air of condescension, said to the visitor:

"Well, now, sir, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," was the reply, "I just dropped in to tell you that just before I called I saw a couple of men clearing your garden of those flowers you had put in yesterday; that's all."—London Tit Bits.

Village Small Talk.

Farmer Carrofoot—Is that the old suit of clothes you had when you first came here?

Farmer Squashhead—No; it's the new suit I bought in the spring of '90.—Epoch.

A Plucky Woman.

There is a little actress now playing modest parts who is not well known and who may never be known to the public. But she is an example of the plucky American girl who has to make her living and perseveres in her work. The writer was told of her case by a theatrical manager who was telling of the rough paths a company has often to tread when on the road. It was in a town out west where the company was to play only three nights that three of the actresses fell ill. One of them played the leading part, and while the troupe was on the road there was only one understudy—the one for the leading lady.

The leading lady had been ill for several days, but she hoped to appear that evening as usual. Toward evening, however, she sent a message that her physician had insisted on her going to bed. This threw her part to her understudy. The manager was thrown into a panic a few minutes later by getting word that two more of his actresses were severely ill, as this left the three principal parts without those who regularly played them, and there was only one understudy.

But a theatrical manager is accustomed to facing hard tasks at short notice, and he at once set to work to reconstruct for one night his company. A woman who took a minor part was hastily rehearsed for the second role in point of importance. She did not make a success of it, but the manager breathed a sigh of relief when he had satisfied himself that she could stumble through her lines in a fairly decent fashion.

"Now," he said, having disposed of this knotty problem, "I must make some arrangement for the third part."

A little woman who was standing on the stage came forward and said firmly: "I would like to play that part."

She was one of those women who are to be found in every play, one who is a lady-in-waiting in one scene, a part of the mob in another, and perhaps one of a garden party in another—one who walks a great deal, changes her gowns many times, but never says anything. When she volunteered to try the part the manager was vexed.

"Why," said he curtly, "you have never had a line, have you?"

"Not many," she answered simply.

"You haven't two hours to learn the lines."

"Oh, I know them very well. Won't you rehearse me?"

"Well," said the manager, doubtfully, "I suppose I must. We have got to do something. Come, let's try it."

As the quiet little woman with the serious eyes went over the lines a pleased smile spread over the manager's face. He nodded his head approvingly as she continued, and she, encouraged by his friendliness, lost her first shyness and ended with a fire and spirit which called forth from the worried manager a hearty cry of applause.

"Good!" he cried. "You do better than Miss M—, who is going to take the second part. Ah," he added, a shade of disappointment darkening his face, "if you only knew those lines."

"But I do," she said, delightedly.

"You do?" Then rattle them off just as fast as your tongue can wag."

So they went through those lines, the manager becoming more and more cheerful. Miss M—, glad to be relieved of her responsibility, was rehearsed in the lines of the third part. The curtain was a few minutes late in rising that night, but it was a smiling and grateful manager who watched a little woman, whose name he had not thought to ask, save the company in so graceful a fashion. When the curtain came down on the last scene he asked her how she happened to know the lines.

"I learned them," was the happy reply. "I know all the lines in the play."

"But you rehearse so well?"

"Oh, I used to rehearse myself in my room after the play. I thought I could do it," she said, with a proud smile on her face.

The actress whose place she had assumed did not appear on the next night. She had been sent home seriously ill. When the play opened in the next town there was a new name on the programme—a name which had never before been on any programme, and the little woman whose pluck and intelligence had saved the company played that part for the rest of the season.—New York Tribune.

Throw Away Your Curling Irons.

If rough use of the comb or brush be deprecated, what shall be said of many of the methods of curling and crimping the hair by the use of hot irons and other appliances, in which the life is roasted out of it, gloss and beauty destroyed, and its growth paralyzed in order to produce a supposedly "charming effect?" "It is the fashions!" is an answer which admits of no argument. But the fact remains that if the real beauty of the hair is prized the hot iron and its kindred accompaniments should be pitched out of doors, for the benefit of the first wandering, rag, bag bearing Italian.—Good Housekeeping.

Summer colds are the worst of all colds sometimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A ten-day dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a buckaw.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's text was taken from Acts iii, xv. "We are witnesses."

Standing amid the hills and groves of Kentucky and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to London, having made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ocean; but no sooner had they proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard and the Inman and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Prof. Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now the news of the wide world, put in your hands morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, and the heart and liver and lungs have ceased to perform their offices the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive, but no sooner had they proved this man the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard his voice and talked with Him and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wisemen of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages. There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through the throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, 'We are witnesses!'"

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. I put then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if 500 men, or 1,000 men, or 5,000,000 men, or 5,000,000,000 men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We are witnesses. There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this.

But why go so far to find evidences of the gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We are so proud that no man could have humbled us; we ate so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, and power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gargias, the heathen, who went into the prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Saviors!" and for eleven years preached the gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace." Oh, it was free grace!

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cry, "We are witnesses!" And as they tried to sing the old gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

I shamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, let this my shame;
That I no more reverse His name.

Again, I remarked "we are witnesses" of the gospel's power to comfort. When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now let your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is up turned the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it. They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot spot thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business? Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build a Corlies engine. I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna." I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this, go out and breathe the fresh air, plunge deeper into business?" No; there was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, in finite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and face of the dear one and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has comforted by poor heart."

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm house where the bereavement had come and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? What's that? Why those black tassels at the top? And after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

Now, in courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my own examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged: "We are witnesses."

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No. I never tried it, but I don't believe that there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then await!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Prof. Henry of Washington discovered a new star, and the tidings spread by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories or Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where?" How can I find it? Look along by the cross of the Son of God. Do you see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep sorrow then may vitalize,
Dumbstruck I ceased the tide to stem,
When sudden a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
Oh, hearers, get your eyes on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mrs. Sontag began her musical career she was biased toward the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steiniger

who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madam Sontag, in her glory, was rising through the street of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steiniger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mrs. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she never sung before. Until the day of Amelia Steiniger's death Mrs. Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of the song did for her enemy. But oh, hear a more thrilling story, still, blind, immortal, poor and long thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hie thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

A Persian Story.

A hunter finds some honey in the fissure of a rock, fills a jar with it, and takes it to a grocer. While it is being weighed a drop falls to the ground, and is swallowed up by the grocer's weasel. Thereupon the huntsman's dog rushes upon the weasel and kills it. The grocer throws a stone at the dog, and kills him. The huntsman draws his sword and cuts off the grocer's arm after which he is cut down by the infuriated mob of the bazaar. The governor of the town, informed of the fact, sent messengers to arrest the murderer. When the crowd resisted, troops were dispatched to the scene of the conflict, whereupon the towns people mixed themselves up in the riot, which lasted three days and three nights, with the result that 70,000 men were slain. All this through a drop of honey.

Manna.

The "manna" which fell from the sky during a shower near Merdui and Diarbekir, in Asia Minor, last August, and was baked into bread, has now been examined by French men of science. It is in the form of little balls or hailstones, yellow outside and white within, and is identified as a lichen. This lichen is found in Algeria, but is common on the arid mountains of Tartary and Kirgiz Desert. The traveler Parrot brought some specimens to Europe in 185, which had fallen in Persia. He was told that the ground was covered with it to a height of two decimeters, that animals ate it greedily, and that it was collected by the people.

Results of Imbibing.

Dr. Shorthouse has been diagnosing the effect of various intoxicating liquors on different parts of the cerebellum when imbibed not "wisely but too well," and the tendency of the result of his investigations is to indicate that inebriety can be reduced to an exact science so far as its subsequent demonstrations are concerned. Dr. Shorthouse finds that good wine and beer indiscreetly imbibed have the effect of making a man fall on his side, whisky, and especially Irish whisky, on his face, and cider and perry on his back, these disturbances of equilibrium corresponding exactly with those caused by injury to the lateral lobes and to the anterior and posterior parts of the middle lobe of the cerebellum respectively. Should the soundness of Dr. Shorthouse's theories be established the future labors of the statistician and the scientist in determining the popular use and abuse of spirituous liquors will be materially lessened by the testimony of the city policeman.

An Old Relic.

A most singular relic was exhibited at a meeting at Calcutta of the Asiatic society of Bengal, consisting of a piece of cable, the rubber covering of which had been pierced by a blade of grass. The discovery was so complete and the contact with the copper core so perfect that the efficiency of the cable was destroyed.

DREAMS.

A New York doctor has studied 4,000 of his dreams, and finds that evening and nocturnal dreams are connected with events of the day; but the latter have more of the terrifying element. The pleasantest, and most remarkable dreams are those of the morning, after the rest of the brain. Fancy is then at her best, and gives the clearest visions. In this connection it will be remembered that many famous men have thought over their imaginative problems in the early morning.

In Japan.

Washing was and is still done in Japan by getting into a boat and letting the garments drag after the boat by a long string. It is an economical habit of traveling Japs to get a large amount of washing thus accomplished by a steamboat excursion, and has given rise to the story that once a year they travel to wash. They have no instinct for laundry work like the Chinese, and think it is complete when the soap is in the garment, and will not wring it out.