



HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

To Clean Oil Paintings. Oil paintings may be cleaned by dividing a sound raw potato...

The Sunday Tea.

Have your Sunday supper wherever you happen to be in the drawing room, library or sitting room...

A Violet Room.

Every girl who makes any pretensions to being up-to-date has appropriated a special nover and perfume for her own use...

One pretty blonde school girl has recently displayed to her admiring friends a lovely violet room...

The faintest possible odor of wood violet is in the air, and the general effect is one of grace and beauty...

Philadelphia Record.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Spanish Hash Pie—Prepare pie paste in the usual manner, cut into large round cakes size of a large plate...

Fried Chicken—Cut up three half-grown chickens in small pieces, salt and flour well; have the lard hot and fry to a light brown...

Boston Tea Cakes—Beat two eggs in a teacup, fill the cup with sweet milk, turn into a bowl with one cup of sugar...

Fried Celery—Clean and wash a bunch of celery, boil until tender in plenty of water, drain and cut into pieces about five inches long...

The Popes. Forty-three Popes have belonged to the Order of St. Benedict, ten to that of St. Francis, and four to that of St. Dominic.

London's Big Reservoirs. London's new water reservoirs near Staines will cover eleven square miles. One alone will be as big as Hyde Park.

AMERICA'S OLDEST CITY?

It is asserted that Tucson was settled as early as 1533.

George G. H. Hilzinger, in his "Treasure Land," presents the facts in sprightly verse and prose.

"Ancient in years, but her long life well spent, she smiles serenely at the face of time, Springlike, she sat, while ages came and went."

The oldest city and the gentlest clime. "The struggle between Santa Fe and San Augustine on the question of priority of settlement has about worn them out, San Augustine pants upon her sandy shore, while poor old Santa Fe grins disconsolately from amid her ruins."

Mr. Hilzinger concedes, for the sake of argument, the claim of Santa Fe that it was settled in 1605. His description of the settlement of San Augustine is noteworthy for its sparkling originality.

In 1562 Admiral Coligni obtained from Charles IX. of France the privilege of planting a French Protestant colony in the new world, and finally succeeded in establishing one on the River St. Johns, in Florida.

Philip II. was then proclaimed monarch of North America, or whatever it might thereafter be called, and San Augustine (as it was then spelled) was founded with due pomp and ceremony.

Mr. Hilzinger gives the date of settlement of Tucson as 1555, some half a century earlier than the founding of Santa Fe or San Augustine. He bases his claim upon authentic documents, including a parchment discovered among the records of the old mission of San Xavier, dated 1552, when the settlement was ordered to be established, and attached to which is an account of the founding of Tucson.

Story of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." As a writer, as a poet, there were few in the literary world of London (in the forties) who had not heard of Sarah Flower Adams, the gifted woman to whom all Christendom to-day pays homage in its love for her immortal hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Maple Sugar Getting Power. "You will find this season's crop of maple sugar better than ever," said the man who dealt in such things to his friend, the real estate agent, as they rode into town for the day's business.

Electricity at St. Helena. The Governor of St. Helena in his annual report just published expresses the belief that when the new barracks are finished it would pay a small company to erect a plant for lighting Ladder Hill and the town by electric light, worked by windmills.

ODD PORTO RICAN WAYS

ALL THE ISLAND TOSPY-TURVY IN THE AMERICAN EYES.

The stacks of the houses really in front—All Window Traditions Violated—Natives Penniless and Happy—Dogs Wag Tails Up and Down.

Porto Rico is most remarkable for what it is not, but might be. It is an island of negation. Its people should be marked with minus signs.

Everything upon the islands, writes the Arroya correspondent of the New York Sun, is the result of a struggle against nature and natural methods.

The mountains alone seem to have finished their struggle. The other elements are still in the throes. Everything on the island is done in the wrong way.

The front yard in the back usually contains what is called a garden. This garden is paved with bricks or flat stones, and variety is gained by making raised concrete circles or squares.

The windows of the houses in this island violate all the traditional reasons for the establishment and existence of openings in the walls of dwellings for purposes of light and ventilation.

It is provided by law that the ceiling of every house shall not be less than thirteen feet high, and that each house shall have an open court yard one-quarter of the size of the building.

The window novelty has caused much discussion among the Americans and the arguments caused by the Porto Rican habit of keeping the front shutters closed when the wind blows have been heated and frequent.

"Say, Spiggotti, why don't you have windows in those rooms opening off the hall?" "The law forbids," replied the native.

"Why?" "The native shrugged his shoulders. "Why does it forbid having windows, Spiggotti?" persisted the American.

"Oh, I don't know. It's an old law." "But why is it law? What is to prevent?" "We might get through the windows on our neighbor's property."

"You don't know, eh? I guess that's no jest. If you'd put the rooms on this side and the hall on the other you'd have got light and breeze, wouldn't you?" "Yes, I suppose so."

AFTER-DINNER SPORTS

SOME FINE FUN FOR THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS.

A Drawing Room Steeplechase—Sitting on a Bottle—Balancing on Deceptive Broomsticks—A "Jap Fight" in a Drawing Room.

Age cannot wither the device of amusement, and whosoever amuses the world deserves the gratitude of all mankind.

You may have engaged the greatest comedians, the most noted society jesters whom money can procure, to amuse your guests, yet five minutes of the "Blind Man's Steeplechase" will do more to put every one in a good humor than any number of comic songs.

A drawing room steeplechase is done in this way: A narrow course is arranged down the length of the room, laid out with "jumps," varying in height, and at different distances from each other.

Some one—preferably an athletic young man who prides himself on his skill in hurdle jumping—must now be blindfolded, and it is required that he shall journey from end to end of the course, stepping over all, without touching any of the obstacles.

No sooner is he off than all the obstacles, quietly and stealthily are removed from his path. He advances a step or two, gingerly raises a foot, throws it out, and makes a giant stride over an imaginary jump—and as he goes along, so indescribably ludicrous are his careful efforts to clear the obstacles when not one is in his path, that long before he has reached the winning post he will be the only one who is not feeling tired from excess of laughter.

The men gamble when they have a few cents and they always lose. All of them lose. How they are all successful in this direction is one of the unexplained mysteries, but they all go broke and they are all happy in their perennial poverty and content to absorb malarial plasmodia and suck sugarcane.

The elderly lady marshaled the younger one through the library portal with some dignity, and swept with her over to the obliging gentleman who relieves the entering reader of his cane and overcoat.

"And it has some three hundred thousand volumes now?" "Yes, madam." "And he gave \$500,000 more at his death, and his son donated \$800,000 in 1881, I understand?"

Women Street Car Conductors. The charming black-eyed woman of South America are working as street car conductors. The new woman is there with a vengeance.

Herefore we barbarians of the North dreamed of the beautiful scenarios of our sister republics in the far South only as wonderfully fascinating creatures hiding behind veil and lattice work. The realism of the age, the tendency to give to woman whatever share she aspires to in the business world, seems to have worked greater havoc in South America than even here.

The change is reported to be a satisfactory one. The men are too gallant to be disagreeable, and the women passengers prove more tractable. The city being one of magnificent distances the gentle conductor has been provided with a seat on the rear platform, where she may read her newspaper in ease and comfort.

The hillside at Pacific Heights facing Nuuanu Valley is becoming a great resort for youngsters of all colors and of many conditions of prosperity. The "kids" flock to the place in droves. In emulation of the example set by their brothers of a colder clime these children, who probably have never seen snow, have constructed a coasting place down the steep incline.

noise he may have made when moving, raises his arm aloft and deals a mighty blow at it's head.

Possibly this terrible blow will fall feet away from the mark—possibly, on the other hand, the paper roll may descend with a resounding thwack on B's person; in any case, it is now B's turn for retaliation. "Are you there?" he calls out. "Present," answers A, and then B strikes with all his strength.

The rules of Jap fighting are not hard and fast—it is not essential, for instance, that the left hands shall be held. The main points to observe, however, are that each combatant must lie out at length on the floor and that it is not admissible to shield the head under the arm to avoid a blow or to rise up on the knees when striking.

There is a favorite deck game played with a clothes basket that proves immensely successful when adapted to a drawing room. A broomstick is passed through the handles of an ordinary clothes basket with equal projections at both ends. Two chairs are placed facing one another, the basket is lifted and the projecting ends of the broomstick are balanced on the seats, so that the basket swings freely.

Any one who is willing to give an exhibition of the art of balance now steps into the basket, sits astride the stick and with a walking stick knocks off the four coins from the corners of the chairs and steps to the ground again. Simple as this may seem, it is only necessary to attempt the feat to discover wherein the difficulty lies.

As a difficult as the feat of climbing a greasy pole is the drawing room sport of sitting on a bottle, and, with a candlestick in either hand, lighting the wick of one candle from the flame of the other.

An ordinary wine bottle is laid on the floor. On either side is placed a candle, and one of the wicks is lighted. Then the competitor sits on the bottle so that its neck points toward his feet. Putting his legs straight out he now places the heel of the right foot on the toe of the left, and, taking a candle in either hand, lights—or, rather, attempts to light—the unlit wick.

The fun is soon in evidence, for at every attempt to raise both candles from the floor over rolls the bottle and man, and down pours the grease. But after a few falls and a little practice there comes a moment of steadiness, and then both candles are safely lighted and are placed on the floor in their original position.

Unfailingly popular as a drawing room sport is a very pretty game played with a chair and a pin. The pin is inserted in the side of the chair on the seat's edge, in front of one of the hind legs. Some one then takes his seat on the chair, sitting sideways, with his feet on the same side as the pin. Suppose that the pin is stuck into the edge of the seat just in front on the right hind leg. The performer sits with his feet to the right side of the chair, leaning far back and raising his feet from the ground, he bends himself round the back of the chair and grasps the bottom of the right hind leg with his right hand and the top with his left hand.

This is a highly critical position. At the slightest shifting of balance the chair is liable to upset and to send its occupier rolling on the floor. Shifting his position very carefully, by degrees, therefore, the performer works himself so far round the back of the chair that at length he is able to withdraw the pin in his teeth. He must then work himself back again to his original position, his feet all the time to be off the ground and his legs resting on the seat of the chair.

It is delightful to see a man trying to preserve his balance while he cranes his head forward to grip the pin in his teeth; then, just when victory seems assured, and he is cautiously returning with the prize in his mouth, he falls to negotiate the corner, and over he rolls. The pin should be gradually shifted further round the side of the chair as the competitor's skill grows in the art of withdrawing it from the seat.

A "Jap fight" in a drawing room is one of the funniest sights imaginable. Two men are blindfolded, and are then laid out at full length on the floor, facing one another, each holding the left hand of the other, each carrying in the free hand a long, heavy roll of paper to act as a bludgeon. When A asks, "Are you there?" B must answer, but, having duly replied, he may change his position, and move his head to any place that he thinks will be out of range of A's bludgeon. A then, judging by the sound of B's voice, or by any slight

Signalling With Mars.

Apropos of communication between the planet, an Englishman writes thus to the Westminster Gazette:

"If our neighbors, the inhabitants of Mars, should ever be seized with a wish to communicate with us, a fire signal would probably be the means they would use—but they would surely make this signal in the form of some simple geometrical figure, such as a triangle, circle or square, the artificial character of which could not be misunderstood; we could then, if the expense were not prohibitive (a consideration which perhaps has no weight in Mars), make a return signal by reproducing the same figure in the same way."

"I think, however, that we shall have to wait for the initiative to come from Mars, whose people, it is thought (and hoped) may be greatly our superiors in every way—a supposition by no means difficult to entertain."

The Ideal Schoolmaster. "A schoolmaster should, above all else, be a man eminently just, absolutely true, and one who has been, is, and always will be, a boy at heart."

Killed a Giant Wolf. A giant panther-like wolf, measuring seven feet long and three and a half feet high, was shot by Lon Brown on the Griffith farm, six miles from Washington, Iowa. This animal has been prowling around the country for several weeks, giving rise to wonderful panther stories and narrow escapes from it. The wolf was discovered trotting ahead of a lot of cattle, making for the woods. As it crossed a hedge a bullet killed it.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Good Neighborhood. Brown had been living a month in Harlem when he met his friend Jones, who preferred a flat down town.

"How do you like it up there?" Jones asked.

"First rate, I tell you, Harlem is not half bad."

"Good neighborhood?" "Good! Why, man, we don't have to chain the doormat."—New York Sun.