CITY LIGHTS.

'Twas a splendid, luring city, and its myriad
of lights,
Show a glow upon the heavens to the country
boy o' nights.
"Come," they beckon o'er the valley,
"come to wealth and power and
praise;
It's for you the world is waiting," and
the country boy obeys.

Now the lights are thick about him, blinking, flaring everywhere,
Turning gloomy night the blacker, shedding down a sickly glare
On the hunted, haunted faces, on the folly
and the pride,
Raising miles of dismal shadow walls
where fear and failure hide.

'Twas a splendid, luring city when its host
of gleaming lights
Cast a glow upon the heavens for the country boy o' nights;
But its heart is like a cavern, and its face
is seared with scars,
And its sky so fills with gaslight that he
cannot see the stars.
—Newark (N. J.) News.

The Literary Niece.

AUNT PICKLEBURY was an old maid. Not that old maids need, of necessity to be in anywise different from the rest of the world. Only Aunt Pickiebury was different. She had, as it were, a vein of originality running through her. She liked to wear her broche shawl wrong side out, and to tie her ribbons askew, and to put the flowers on the right hand side of her bonnet, while all the world was wearing theirs on the left hand side. And she could afford to cultivate as large a crop of peculiarities as she pleased, for Aunt Pickiebury had money. It had been part of her peculiarity to emigrate West and buy lands just when all her relatives were located in a snug little Eastern town.

"Are you crazy, Melissa?" her married sister had plaintively demanded.

"No," Miss Pickiebury had answered, "but I want breathing room."

The lands had risen in value with almost fabulous rapidity; the Western settlement had grown into a young city, and Miss Melissa Pickiebury was rich.

She sat knitting, with a magazine open on her lap, one bright October morning, when Harry Hayden came in, the junior member of the firm of Hoyt & Hayden, who transacted Miss Melissa's legal business.

"Crying, Miss Pickiebury?" he exclaimed, cheerily. "Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Was I crying?" asked Miss Pickiebury, somewhat shamefacedly. "Well, you couldn't help it yourself, Harry, if you had been reading this story. It's by my literary niece—the prettiest little thing you ever saw."

"The story, or the niece?"

"The story, of course. I never saw my literary niece, but I dare say she is rawboned and sallow, with holes in the elbows of her frock and grease spots on her apron. But she writes well; there's no denying that. I read all her papers, and I almost always laugh and cry over them. It's a great talent, Harry."

"So it is," assented the young man, carelessly.

"I have written East for one of my sister's girls to come and stay with me," said Aunt Pickiebury; "I told them to forward her by express. She'll be here this afternoon. I want you to go to the office and meet her."

"The literary niece?" said Harry, laughing.

"Goodness forbid!" said Aunt Pickiebury, with a grimace. "I want no ink spots on my chintz bedroom furniture, and fine frenzies about sunsets and autumn leaves and things. I wrote to Polly to send me a homespun, sensible girl, that would be a companion to me; not a full-fledged fashionable young lady."

"All right," said Mr. Hayden.

Miss Pickiebury looked after the young man as he strode away over the dead drifts of yellow leaves that lay in the road.

"A nice young fellow, that," said she to herself, "with no airs and graces about him. I like him. Perhaps"—Miss Pickiebury was by no means free from the feminine trait of castle-building—"he will fall in love with my sensible niece. If he does, he shall have my blessing."

The niece by express arrived that night just as Miss Pickiebury was sitting down to tea. She was slight and graceful and dark eyed, with a clover pink complexion, and a laughing, dimpled mouth. Aunt Pickiebury liked the looks of her.

"What is your name, my dear?" she said.

"Clara," said the newcomer.

"You are very pretty," said Miss Pickiebury. "I think I shall like you."

"And I know I shall like you, Aunt Melly," said Clara with a great hug of the old lady's plump, cushiony form.

"Let me see," said Miss Pickiebury, "there are three of you—the literary one, the school teaching one, and the sensible one."

"I hope we are all sensible, aunt," said Clara, coloring a little.

"I hope so, too," said the old lady; "but I have my doubts on the subject. I am afraid of literary folks, and I don't like schoolma'ams. Can you sew?"

"Oh, yes, aunt dear."

"And darn stockings, and put on neat patches, and mend linens?"

"Of course I can."

"Can you cook?"

"I'll show you to-morrow, Aunt Melly."

"Oh," said Miss Pickiebury, "I've an idea that the literary one and the school teaching one are rather inefficient.'

"Indeed, aunt, you are quite mistaken. I——"

"Oh, well, never mind all that," said Miss Pickiebury. "Only I'm glad your mamma sent me the sensible one of the family."

Clara Courtenay plunged into the domestic details of Miss Pickiebury's establishment like a bee into a honeysuckle bell. She made preserves, concocted cake and reveled in jellies; she cleaned the house after a style that made Aunt Pickiebury open her eyes in admiration; she repapered the best room, and was discovered by Harry Hayden on the top of a step ladder, with her chestnut braids tied up in a towel, whitewashing.

"Isn't she charming, Harry?" Aunt Pickiebury demanded confidentially.

"Delicious!" the young lawyer answered with emphasis.

And so he came autumn evenings while Aunt Melissa hustled away in the corner and took shrewd and not unsatisfactory note of things in general.

"Tell me about your sister," he said one evening.

"Which sister?" said Clara, who was skillfully quilting together a marvelous mathematical silk quilt of her aunt's.

"The authoress?"

"Oh," said Clara, "Well, she is a good deal like me."

"As young?"

"Oh, yes."

"As pretty?"

"Now, that's nonsense," said Clara, seriously. "Of course, both my sisters are a great deal better looking than I am."

"I have read her writings, some of them," said Harry, "and if I wasn't afraid she was spectacled and inky I should almost be tempted to fall in love with her. Would she love me, do you think?"

Clara colored and bent closer over her work.

"I—I don't know whether she would or not," said she.

"Well, I shall not try," said Hayden, laughing. "To tell you the truth, Clara, I have always had a holy horror of authoresses."

"Very complimentary to my sister," said Clara, pouting a little.

And of course Harry had to pacify her, and just then Bridget called Miss Pickiebury into the kitchen, and when she came back the young people had great news to tell her. They were engaged!

"Ah!" said Miss Pickiebury, rubbing her nose with her knitting needle, "I'm glad to hear it. I knew my sensible niece would be appreciated here in the West."

Mrs. Squire Seaberry came to the office of Hoyt & Hayden the next morning.

"Oh, Mr. Hayden," said she, "such a star as I hope to secure for my reception to-night! A real, live authoress. And to think that she has been living incognito among us for so long!"

"Whom are you alluding to?" asked the puzzled lawyer

"Miss Courtenay, of course. Annie Courtenay, the authoress."

"Oh, you are mistaken," said our hero. "This young lady is Clara Courtenay."

"Annie Clara Courtenay," distinctly enunciated Mrs. Seaberry, wisely nodding her head. "Don't you see? Annie C. Courtenay—that's her invariable signature."

Harry Hayden went to the Pickleberry mansion as soon as he could decently get rid of Mrs. Squire Seaberry.

"Clara," said he, "what is your first name?"

Miss Courtenay colored scarlet.

"Annie," she answered. "Why?"

"Because," said he, dryly, "I have just discovered that Miss Pickiebury's sensible niece is also her literary niece."

Clara hung down her head.

"Harry, are you very angry with me?"

"Not a bit. Didn't I tell you I was almost tempted to fall in love with Annie Courtenay?"

"You see," pleaded Clara, "Susie has just commenced a course of German, and Marian couldn't leave her school, and—there seemed no one but me to come. And I thought aunt would forgive me even if I did write stories for the papers."

"I'll answer for her pardon," said Harry Hayden, laughing.

Miss Pickiebury was a little astonished at first, but with Clara's arms around her neck, she could only forgive the sly little diplomatist.

"Who would have suspected you of being literary?" said she.—Stirling Observer.

Exchanges Opened by Queens.

When Queen Victoria opened the Royal Exchange, in 1844, it was not the first time that a Queen had performed this office, says the London Chronicle. Queen Elizabeth opened the first exchange, founded by Gresham in 1570; and very quaint in comparison with any modern account of the Victorian ceremony is Stow's old description: "The Queen's Majesty, attended with her nobility," he writes "came from her house at the Strand called Somerset House * * * to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate street, where she dined. After dinner, Her Majesty entered the burse on the south side, and after that she had viewed every part thereof above the ground, especially the pawn * * she caused the same burse, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed from thenceforth, and not otherwise." The word "pawn," of course, is the German "bahn," the Dutch "baan," meaning "pathway." "Burse," of course, is the French "Bourse" and German "Borse."

What Gold Beaters Can Do.

Gold beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of 1500 volumes with 200 pages each.

Dinner After the Play.

Some one complained to Pinero, the London dramatist, that in the case of his latest success the curtain rose too early for those who dine at the usual fashionable hour. "Then postpone dinner until after the play," said Pinero. "Sit down to a square meal about 11. What dreams may come will be dreams of the play, and even night mare may prove an advertisement for me."

Pretty Things to Wear

New York City.—No coat yet devised is more generally becoming than the Eton jacket. This one is eminently simple at the same time that it is

ETON JACKET.

smart and includes a narrow vest, a yoke that is extended to form trimming bands at the front and the full sleeves that mark the season. The original, from which the drawing was made, is of old blue veiling with the vest of ecru lace applied over cream colored cloth and trimming of braid, but almost countless combinations can be made. Fancy braids are greatly used for the little vests, Persian bandings are exceedingly effective, genuine Oriental embroideries are handsome and both braiding and embroidery or silk or cloth are in vogue.

The jacket consists of fronts and back with the best, that is arranged under the front and neck edges, and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams with the single darts that are concealed by the trimming. Over the back and shoulders is applied the yoke, that gives the long shoulder line, and the band extensions serve to outline the bust. The sleeves are wide and full below the elbows and are finished with flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide, with one and one-half yards two inches wide for vest and eight and one-half yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

The Flat Bow.

There is no doubt about it; the flat bow is distinctly the thing this season. That is, for millinery. Because of its flatness it cannot be made of ribbon wider than two inches. You simply make four loops, two long and two short, place the short ones on top of the others and bind the bow in the centre with a piece of ribbon, in which there must not be the slightest crease. Then it is a fitting decoration for the under-brim of the modish chapeau.

The Lace Bolero.

The all lace bolero comes in nicely for bodices that have seen a season's service. The addition of a few velvet ribbon bows about the neck, front and sleeves make all the difference in the world in the appearance of the waist, and often it can be used for second best for another year after such treatment.

Some Odd Pockets.

Odd little pockets of plaid silk, lined with oiled silk, and having a flap like an envelope to be buttoned, are shown for traveling cases, with different compartments for the various toilet articles. Wash-cloth cases are made of the same materials. Some of these have the owner's monogram worked in tinsel cord.

A Plaided Scarf.

A plaided crepe scarf of pale green, with a design of peacock's feathers on the two ends on natural colors, is attractive. Along the sides there is a border of the eyes of the peacock feathers.

In Infinite Variety.

Of shirt waist material there is a variety to choose from. The flannels are much the same in color and design as last season's. Roman stripes, plaids, stripes and figures are seen. The heavy cotton materials are very pretty this season. They are mostly white, but a few good colored ones are to be had in small checks, stripes and plaids.

Latest Sateen Underskirts.

The top of the flounce and the dust ruffle of some of the latest sateen underskirts are boned to give the necessary flare now prescribed by fashion with the wider outside skirts, as it is claimed that the true Parisian swing can only be given the instep length dress skirt by the use of an underskirt, which is stiffened in some way.

Elaborate Stocks.

Stocks are always tempting. It seems as if the future season could not outdo the present. But it always does. Stocks this season are most elaborate, with embroidered stole ends of the same material that the stock is made of. Smart stocks in black and white embroidery on a white background with round steel buttons are new.

Lace Veils.

Long lace veils are becoming draped over hats and tied on the side. These are forty-six inches long, and only as wide as the ordinary tulle or net face veil. Dotted net veils of the same size are edged with lace, and are very pretty.

Misses' Blouse Eton.

The blouse Eton remains the favorite coat for young girls in spite of its rivals and is very generally becoming to girlish figures. This one is eminently simple and suits both the general wrap and the suit, but is shown in brown seeded voile and matching the skirt. The long shoulder line given by the extensions provides the droop of the season and the full sleeves are both stylish and comfortable over the big ones of the fashionable blouse, being loose and ample below the tucks. The model is trimmed with Persian banding, which is exceedingly effective, but the finish can be one of many things. When liked the fronts can be rolled open to form revers, as in the small sketch, the facing being plain silk, lace or other trimming as preferred.

The blouse is made with fronts and back and is elongated at the shoulders, the full sleeves being joined to the extensions. The lower edge is gathered and joined to the belt and the back can be made to blouse slightly or be drawn down smoothly as may be preferred. The sleeves are tucked and stitched with corticelli silk and are gathered into cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (fourteen years) is three and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and one-half

MISSES' BLOUSE ETON.

yards forty-four inches wide, or one and three-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, with two and one-quarter yards of banding.

A Late Design by May Manton.

Blondes Versus Brunettes.

That it is more difficult for a blonde to dress becomingly than a brunette is the dictum of a celebrated artist. He bases his opinion partly on the fact that blondes nearly always attempt delicate blues and presume to wear ivory white, whereas, "only blondes with perfect complexions ought ever to attempt pale blues," and "only the fairest and best cared for blondes should risk ivory whites. All others had best cling to cream tints."

Brunettes, it appears, have all the warm tones to select from—red, orange, yellow and a few of the purples and blues. Blondes must pick their gowns from the cool tones—the pinks, greens and violets, and black and white. Pink, which nearly every woman over forty seems possessed to wear, is "a shocking telltale, revealing the ravages of time in the cruelest way. Whenever the concealment of age is a consideration, it should be avoided."

Yellow is also a deadly color if worn near fair hair. It robs it completely of its color and lustre. Pink and red are both trying when worn in juxtaposition to the face, though of the two, it is preferable to wear them above the face rather than about the neck. Dark purples, blues and greens should be avoided by women who have a tendency to be haggard, with dark circles under the eyes and hollow cheeks. White and black gowns, when successfully designed, are about the most becoming gowns a woman can wear, this artist says in conclusion.

Smoothness of Complexion.

A woman desires smoothness of complexion as well as fairness. She can have neither without a thorough cleansing both within and without. Not only must face, hands, throat, neck and arms be thoroughly washed, but she should drink water, many glasses a day, that digestion may be aided, impurities carried off and the skin rendered free from blemish, says the Housekeeper. This water should be spring water or good pure drinking water. It should not be iced and should be taken between meals. At large sanitariums every patient is given a glass of warm water a half hour before meal time to aid digestion, and half of the virtue in the various spas lies in the fact that the visitors drink the water freely. To obtain hot water at a given time and to be methodical in drinking is not always convenient, but the woman who desires a smooth complexion will begin with a glass of cold water the first thing in the morning and will take four or five glasses before luncheon. A corresponding number should be taken in the afternoon and one or two glasses upon retiring. Water drinking is one of the latest cures recommended by physicians for rheumatism, but care must always be taken that the water is pure, not too cold and not taken at meal time.

Doing Away With Side Saddles.

Little Princess Victoria of Wales, granddaughter of King Edward, is being taught to ride horseback according to the "new style," which means that the cross seat has been selected for her. Royal patronage implies much in England, and the fact that it approves of the use of the man's saddle by women will eventually count for more in doing away with the side saddle than if a dozen of the most prominent horsewomen in the country should adopt the former. Princess Victoria's riding costume includes a kilted shirt and a double-breasted reefer, and when she is astride of her pony the skirt hangs neatly on both sides. The Prince and Princess of Wales are a very sensible couple, and it is not at all likely, says the Sportswoman, in the Illustrated Sporting News, that they would permit their daughter to ride astride if they did not wish it to be understood that the new fashion of equestration had their hearty approval. Following so closely on the appearance on Rotton Row of the divided skirt, the latter's vogue is assured.

Fresh Wedding Finery.

The bride is search of novel effects can borrow an idea from a wedding in New York City.

The cloudy tulle of the bridal veil and soft white draperies of the marriage gown were further enhanced by the treatment of the ivory-bound prayer book which the bride carried in place of a bouquet in the church. Her prayer book was equipped with double "markers," yards of wide satin ribbon, which hung down in two long streamers from the book held in her hand as she went up the aisle on her father's arm.

The bouquet was in readiness, but not used at all in the church, and was only assumed on regaining the maternal mansion. The bride held it in her left hand as she stood by her husband to welcome the guests who crowded into the marriage reception. For the church ceremony the prayer book with long and wide floating strands of ribbon was preferred to the longest.

Blue Roses Now the Fashion.

One of the astonishing millinery fancies of the year is the blue rose. Such a flower never sprouted on the earth's face, but built in shaded velvet, crimpy silk or even cleverly tinted muslin, it is bewitching on the summer hat of lace or maline.

The girl who likes to wear blue and is a-weary of ragged robins and forget-me-nots greets the blue rose with enthusiasm and uses it in profusion.

Another blue blossom which has made its appearance is the hyacinth but it must be used with discretion An imported hat in a peculiar shade bordering on navy blue, is trimmed with these hyacinths and ribbon which matches the bloom.

In a certain light, the entire confection turns to blue; turn it toward the sun and it shows violet tints.

For a Girls' Luncheon.

A somewhat extravagant but pretty way of serving the ice cream at a girls' luncheon is noted at Washington At the due time the waiters bring to each fair guest a pretty plate on which is lying a pink rose with abbreviated stem, cut off short so as not to drag the rose with its freight of the little platter.

Look closely and you will find that the fresh heart of the rose has been pinched out by the stern fingers of the presiding genius, and that the space gained is used as a receptacle for ice cream.

The roses are so large that they really may be made to contain a good helping of ice cream. The cream is frozen very stiff, so it stays within bounds. The roses must all match and the stems must be nipped off short.

Proper Dress Fastening.

No matter how swell a woman's garments may be, she is undone when they are not properly fastened. There are hundreds of not-a-hook, not-a-button, not-a-pin devices on the market for keeping plackets closed and waist and skirt together, but nothing yet invented does the work like a good strong, old-fashioned hook-and-eye says the New York Sun. The proper plan for her who would be firmly reefed together is to sew two strong eyes on every skirt band in the back step No. 2, sew two strong hooks on a very firm and stout webbing with a buckle on one end.

Strap this firmly on the outside of the shirt waist, fit the hooks over the eyes, and there you are, firm and taut and neat.

In Choosing Your Ha

How very becoming the big Gainsborough hats are to tall girls with good shoulders! One of the cleverest milliners in London once told me, says a writer in the London Truth, that when choosing hats for her customers to try on she was guided as much by the shape of the shoulders as by the face, head, complexion and hair. I have often thought of its since, for one sees so many mistakes made in this way A girl of five feet two in a Gainsborough hat has managed to choose the headgear that makes her look five feet only.

Demand For Feather Millinery.

In England the demand for feather millinery is very large. In this country it is not nearly so extensively used The influence of bird protection societies and the stringency of laws passed to prohibit the destruction of birds have caused a falling off in the wear of feather millinery.

Pay of English Nurses.

A nurse in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service receives an initial salary of $200 a year. When she becomes a sister she gets from $250 to $325. A matron's salary gradually rises to a maximum of $750

Fair Athletes of Berlin.

The women of Berlin have tired of the wheel and horseback riding, and are now devoting themselves energetically to athletic exercises.

A Feature of the New Belts.

Narrow velvet streamers, reaching to the bottom of the train, are a feature of some of the new belts.

The short sleeve is the correct thing for the dressy summer frock.

The double puff ending at the elbow in frills is a favorite and pretty style

The draped sleeves should not be used except with a soft or lace-like material.

Although we hear rumors of a plain and unadorned sleeve, it is too far in the future for us to worry over.

Sleeves may be slashed either on the inside or outside seam, and the slash filled in with tiny horizontal ruffles.

The angel sleeve is simply a very full and flowing sleeve, with the inside seam left open all the way up to the armhole.

Sometimes this is sewed down to the elbow and left free from there, the outside trailing in a long point almost to the ground.

Shirt waist sleeves are generally rather plain, though they are often tucked or pleated for some distance down from the shoulder.

With the elbow sleeve may be worn the silk glove. The mitt seems to be a bone of contention, all authorities seeming to differ as to its merits.

The pagoda sleeve is still with us, but is generally seen on the bolero Eton jacket. The effect is very harmonious and falls in line so nicely with the fullness of the bolero that it gives the effect of a cape rather than a coat.

Canadian Women Workers.

Wages of women workers in Canada have increased in recent years from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than men's.

Pudding Sauce.

One pound of sugar, four ounces of butter, one-half cup of water; boil, flavor with cinnamon or vanilla, and just before serving stir in the stiffly beaten whites of two or three eggs.

Pleasant Dessert.

Trim off the crust of stale bread, cut it in fingers two-thirds of an inch thick, dip each piece in melted butter and line the bottom and sides of small buttered molds. Fill the centre with stewed and sweetened rhubarb and cover the top with buttered fingers. Bake in moderate oven thirty minutes and serve with whipped cream.

Chocolate Bavarese.

Put one pint milk and one-half cup sugar in a small boiler over the fire. Melt one-fourth pound chocolate over hot fire, mix gradually with the hot milk and sugar. When well blended add one-third box gelatine soaked in one-third cup cold water until soft; stir until dissolved; strain, add one teaspoon vanilla, and cool; when it begins to thicken beat until nearly ready to mold, stir up lightly one pint cream whipped to a solid froth, turn into a serving dish, and set on ice until quite cold.

Seed Patty Cakes.

Cream together one cup of sugar and one-third cupful of butter. Add alternately one cupful of sour milk and two cupfuls of sifted flour. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful each of caraway seed and vanilla extract. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and, lastly, stir in well one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water. If the batter runs from spoon, add one-quarter cupful of flour; it should drop nicely from spoon. Fill pattypans scant half full and bake in oven suitable for bread. These cakes are very tender, and it is a nice way to use the sour milk.

Peaches For Shortcake.

Cover one-half pound best dried peaches with hot water and let stand an hour. Wash peaches and cut out hard and imperfect parts and strip off skins. If peaches are a good quality the skins will come off easily. Wash again, cover with warm water and let stand over night. In the morning put on to cook in the water already over them and simmer two hours, or until perfectly tender. Add one and one-half cups sugar and cook one-half hour longer. This makes a rich sauce. When the shortcake is made put the peaches back on the stove to reheat, mash them and add one-half cup more of sugar. Shortcake, to be good, should be served as soon as baked. Spread with the hot mashed peaches. Serve with or without cream.

Pressed Chicken.

Use the meat from half a boiled chicken; chop very fine and mix it with four skinned sausages; this should be chopped to a paste. Grate enough bread crumbs to make equal bulk with the chicken meat and have the sausage about equal also; that is, a third of each. Mix well and add pepper, salt and lemon juice to taste, with a pinch of grated nutmeg. Cover the chicken bones with boiling water, add three cloves, half a dozen allspice and a bit of garlic, boil about half an hour, take some of it to moisten the paste, then add three well-beaten eggs. A square tin mold with straight sides should be used; line the sides and bottom with strips of salt pork, covering every inch; pour in the paste, put more pork slices on top, tie a buttered paper on top and bake about an hour in a moderate oven. Set aside to cool, turn out, remove the slices of pork and serve the loaf on a bed of jelly. It may also, after cooked and cool, be molded in jelly and turned out, or it may be served plain.

Hints for the Housekeeper

Cretonnes and damasks are much liked for bedrooms, the latter being of more general usefulness.

Lettuce and green peas cooked together make a dainty spring dish. Few people know that lettuce is as good when cooked as spinach. Boiled with young peas the flavor is delicious. Also it is very wholesome.

There are magnificent Japanese embroideries on satin for those who can afford them. These are used on ceilings especially. Paneled with hard wood they are splendid. They are charming, too, in panels for side walls.

The secret of success in whipping cream lies mainly in the coldness of everything employed in the process. Chill the cream on ice, and if you have a syllabub churn—an upright glass egg beater will do the business—it should be chilled before the cream is put into it, and in warm weather, set in a bowl of ice while being operated. Beat steadily, but not fast. Rapid beating makes the cream greasy. One cup of cream will make a pint of whipped cream.

Palms will not do well unless they are kept free from dust; they should be washed as often as once a week during the winter, and a sprinkling with a hose every day in summer will do them no harm. Set the pots containing palms in a deep dish and water them from the bottom, placing the water in the under dish; this should be supplied with water every day for plants kept in the house during the winter. The palm will drink a great deal of water if it can get it and will thrive on a cold water diet.