FROM FLASH FICTION.

France and Paris Owe Their Sad Reputation Here to Yellow Novel Writers.

It appears that Paris has a shocking reputation in America. Such is the discovery made by M. Gaston Deschamps, the literary critic of the Temps, while touring through the states, where he had been invited to lecture at a number of universities, says the Pall Mall Gazette. M. Deschamps gives an amusing illustration of the sad repute in which our capital is held in the land of Tammany and express divorces. When he reached New York he was at once the prey, as became his celebrity, of the interviewer. Thinking to be polite, he worked off a neat reference to the many persons he had met on landing whose acquaintance he had previously made in Paris. He remarked that it was impossible not to feel at home among so many old friends, and as a supreme compliment he affirmed that he had scarcely left the steamer before he enjoyed the pleasure of a genuinely Parisian conversation. To his surprise, a friend at his elbow who was piloting him through the ordeal of his first encounter with the American reporter started off in evident alarm on a flood of explanations tending to set forth the exceeding innocence of the delights involved in a "genuinely Parisian conversation." M. Deschamps was naturally astonished at the necessity of this precaution, but it was explained to him that in American parlance, a Parisian conversation is a euphemism for small talk of the order to which hardened ears are alleged to listen in the smoking-room.

Indications abound, M. Deschamps found, of the low idea which prevails in the states of Parisian and more generally of French morality. The preachers are never tired of inveighing from their pulpits against the iniquity of the modern Babylon, which is denounced as a sink of untold corruption. Good Americans may go to Paris when they die, but if they visit the city in their lifetime it is in spite of the most urgent warnings. Nor are the gentlemen of the cloth alone in their belief in the shameless frivolity of the French capital. The critic of the Temps was assured that to confess you have returned "from the gay Paris"—as he quotes—is to provoke the leers of your listeners, and to expose yourself to being treated as no end of a gay dog. People dig you in the ribs, grin, and are persuaded that you have been in the wildest mischief. M. Deschamps ascribes the deplorable reputation of Paris in America to the French novel. As depicted by the writers of boulevard fiction, French men and French women would seem to have no other occupation than the breaking of a certain commandment. Americans accept these pictures as representing the truth. They fancy every Frenchman to be a professional Don Juan, and they put the women down as incorrigible baggages. They are unaware that the French novel has presented of late years, with rare exceptions, the most grotesque caricature of the national life. It may be added that the novelists are paying the penalty of their misguided predilection for the unsavory. At home nobody reads them. Every publisher will substantiate that the novel in France is in as bad a way as possible; there is no sale for the indigenous production, and the public is falling back on translations. As to the more limited point of the reputation of Paris, it is the curious fate of our capital to be symbolized for the average tourist by a choregraphic establishment. As there was ample opportunity of observing during the exposition, Paris for the international multitude is the city of the Moulin Rouge. It would have been as just that London in days gone by should have been known to the universe by the Cremorne gardens.

An English Prizefight in 1860.

Men not so very much past middle age were startled by the change of manners when they were reminded of the anniversary of the prize fight between Sayers and Heenan, which came off on April 17, 1860. Only those who are old enough to remember it, or who turn up a file of papers of the period, can imagine the excitement it created. Even the Times, under the direction of the great Delane, devoted three columns of close print on the page opposite the leaders to an account of it, the remaining columns on the same page in larger type sufficing for the foreign correspondence. One sentence in the description strikes one as delightful. "In the outer ring were gentlemen of all ranks—members of both houses in plenty. Authors, poets, painters, soldiers and even clergymen were present." One hopes that even the clergymen went in mufti.—London Chronicle.

The Rod and the Child.

Once upon a time there lived in Chicago, Ill., a little boy who would not go to school.

Instead of beating him, his parents appealed to his civic pride.

"Unless you go to school," said they, "you won't be counted in the school census, and the school census is often used as a basis for estimating the population of our beautiful city!"

At this the little boy went to school so assiduously that his mind became affected.

"Alas!" cried his parents, for now when it was too late they perceived the unwisdom of sparing the rod.—Detroit Journal.

Merely a Day Dream.

Rev. Preacheus—I see that the Chinese have to pay $100 apiece for old sermons they have destroyed.

Mrs. Preacheus—Yes, and I remember when I urged you to accept a call to Peking.—Baltimore American.

FAMOUS WEEPERS IN HISTORY

Andrew Lang Discusses Tears as an Expression of Feeling by Great Men of Past.

The heroes of Homer, great, strapping fellows, weep on the slightest opportunity. Menelaus cries when he is wounded—not badly. Mr. Kipling, I think, writes Andrew Lang, in London Post, is my authority for saying that everyone cries when he is shot in the hand. The foot seems less apt when injured to cause tears. I lately met a young gentleman who, after adequately bayoneting a Boer, was himself shot in the foot. But, from his description of the sensation, it was as if somebody had thrown a stone at him, and he did not weep.

At any emotion Homer's men cry, without any of our false modesty. In one place a hero is described by the great poet as "weeping like a waterfall," which to us northern people seems rather absurd. The heroes of the old French epic, "The Song of Roland," cry; the whole army, without exception, blubber when they think of sweet France during a peninsular campaign. On the other hand, I do not remember a single instance in which the tough warriors of the Norse sagas weep. Our early Norman kings, hard-bitten men, rolled on the floor and gnawed at straws instead of crying, and they also swore terribly, especially at William Rufus.

Now, if you come to think of it, the Romans, and still more the Greeks, appear to have been practically ignorant of profane swearing. Homer never tells us that "our men swore terribly in" Troia. They would curse, I admit, but to curse was rather an elaborate affair (usually resorted to by injured mothers), not a mere explosion of irritation. No Homeric hero, however angry, exclaims, "You go to Tartarus." They had not even a word for our brief popular expression of hostile interest in the future life of an irritating person. Fielding makes the village boys say to Phaethon, the son of the sun: "You, the sun's son, you rascal—you be d—d!"

But here the learned author of "Tom Jones" permits himself to enjoy an anachronism. The inference from these considerations is that the early Greek warriors cried so much because they did not know how to swear, a practice far more military and manly. Swift tells us that when all London expected the last day the officers of her majesty, Queen Anne, swore even more than common, lest their men should think that any occasion, however serious, could daunt a gentleman who wore the queen's uniform. The intention, by itself, was excellent, but Achilles and Agamemnon would have sat down and cried, a thing detrimental to discipline.

The next best weepers known to history are the philosophers of the eighteenth century. Their great idea was to return to a state of nature, which was presently done in the savage ferocities of the glorious revolution. But before blood was shed in rivers the philosophers returned to a state of nature by weeping like waterfalls. Rousseau, especially, outdid Job Trotter, Mr. Jingle's servant in "Pickwick," a gentleman whom this lackey genius greatly resembled.

Rousseau tells us that he used to walk along the road weeping when he thought what a fine old fellow the earl marischal was. Even Agamemnon would not have cried at the reflection that Nestor was a fine old fellow. On the Scottish shoulder and velvet coat, adorned with yellow butterflies, of Mr. David Hume did Jean Jacques also shed the tears of sensibility, greatly disconcerting Mr. Hume. A daisy, a pretty girl, "a bird in the branches, a flower by the way," were enough to set the lachrymatory glands of the philosopher at work. "He went out on the main and did the briny." The practice became fashionable, as the novels of the period show, if we can trust the novels of the period.

King Edward's Queer Clock.

There is a clock now in the possession of King Edward VII. at Marlborough house to which a somewhat curious story is attached. It was presented to the then prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to India, and was said to have been made by a priest of the greatest sanctity. It was so constructed as to show the hours in Sanscrit figures, the changes of the moon and other things. After it had been brought to London the clock remained quiescent for some years, and, eventually the prince desired that it should be put in working order. When it was taken to pieces there was found on the interior of the case which covered the mainspring the name of a Clerkenwell firm.—N. Y. Tribune.

Result of His Study.

"I suppose you have made a study of human nature," remarked the friend.

"I attribute my success in life to that fact," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Were you never tempted to give the world the benefit of your observations; to put them into book form as a human comedy, or something of that sort?"

"My dear sir, it wouldn't take a book to do it. I have figured on the problem of human nature until I know the answer. I should just say: 'Human nature loves money,' and let it go at that."—Washington Star.

Sure of It.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon, and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called.

Tom—How do you know but what you left it at the first place?

"Because that's where I got it."—N. Y. World.

A QUESTION OF INTENT.

How a Subchief Obeyed His Superior's Orders to the Very Letter.

In one of the executive departments not a thousand miles from the Star building, a young man fresh from the plains of the southwest was appointed a subchief in one of the divisions, says that Washington paper.

He had a misunderstanding with one of the clerks a few days after his advent, and he was instructed by his superior to discipline the clerk, as the latter happened to be in the wrong.

"You must discipline him. Not harshly, but sit down on him properly," said the chief of division.

"I don't like to do that," replied the Texan.

"We can't take our likes and dislikes into consideration in government service in the administration of our duties," advised the chief. "Give him a gentle dressing down, and then sit down on him quick and hard."

"I hate to do it."

"Can't help it. It's your duty. He is in a room by himself. No one will hear or see you. It will be good practice for you, as you will have to do it often. He's a little fellow, too."

"That's the worst of it. If he were my size, I'd like the sport better than branding and roping steers. However, having been a deputy sheriff, I know what my duty means. When I was told to go out and get a cattle rustler or a bad cowboy, I usually got him, even if he came back to the courthouse feet first. You're boss, so here goes. I hate to do it."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the chief. "It's nothing. Report to me what he said."

About a half hour later the subchief entered his superior's room. His face was scratched, and his clothing apparently somewhat rumpled. Otherwise, his usually serious demeanor was unchanged.

"I sat on that clerk for 15 minutes," he said, quietly.

"What?" shouted his chief.

"I sat on him for 15 minutes by the clock. For a little fellow he put up a stiff fight. I bucked him, bound him and almost branded him from force of habit. But it was easy."

"My God!" gasped the other man. "You said to be gentle with him, you know."

"Holy smoke!" cried the chief, nearly fainting. "You obeyed my orders literally! I meant for you to sit on him figuratively."

"You didn't say a word about figures," responded the ex-cowboy, sullenly.

"I didn't say for you to sit down on him literally."

"You didn't say at all where I was to sit down on him, but I sat there all right," said the former cowpuncher, desperately.

"No, no, you don't understand," said the chief, when he had recovered his breath. "You must not take everything in a literal sense in Washington. You are not chasing cows or frontier bandits, and you mustn't be so serious. When you are ordered to 'sit down on a clerk' it means in a figurative sense only, and you should give him, to be thoroughly explicit this time, a good talking to with your mouth. You mustn't actually sit on him. If this gets out, we will be the laughing stock of the office. I must fix it up at once."

It was "fixed up" by sticking patches of soothing plaster on the little clerk's wounded body and feelings by the positive promise of a promotion to the next vacancy occurring in the division if he kept quiet. The ex-cowboy squared himself by treating the clerk and his chief to lunch for a fortnight. It was at one of these lunches that they told a Star man all about it, and the joke is too good to keep.

New Taffeta Silks.

Flowered taffeta silks are in much more subdued colorings than last year, but are much more artistic. They are used for evening as well as for reception gowns, and, oddly enough, are combined with plain silk. An exceedingly smart gown that is a favorite model of the season is of a light tan silk, with bunches of pink roses. The skirt itself is strapped with bands of plain tan silk, finished with black taffeta and hemstitching in heavy black silk. The waist is of the silk, in a blouse shape, trimmed to match the skirt with the bands of plain silk, and showin in front a yellow lace, over which are strips of black velvet, fastened with rhinestone buckles. The belt is a narrow pointed one of black taffeta and the collar a black taffeta stock. A most original design has been carried out, and the touch of black against the light tan and pink is marvelously effective. There is in the black, blue, prune, green and white an endless variety of design and coloring. The blue is a bright china blue, and is the smartest, the prune more fashionable than the blue and the green deliciously cool-looking; but red is the newest of all.—Harper's Bazar.

Chiffonade Salad.

This is a combination of all the salad greens and vegetables in season, or of as many of them as you fancy. The idea is to get a fine color effect in the blending. Tomatoes and cucumbers are cut in thin slices, while the beets may be cut into fancy shapes and celery into narrow strips like tiny straws. Make a dressing with a hard-boiled egg yolk mashed fine, add eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of minced chives, three tablespoonfuls of oil and two of vinegar. Add this to the salad and serve at once.—Indianapolis News.

OCEAN SAILING MATCHES.

Arrival of Winning Racer in England Recalls Some Interesting Reminiscences.

The recent arrival of the Muskoka, the winner of the race which is reported to have taken place from Portland, Ore., to the United Kingdom, serves to remind us that the days of quick sailing are not yet ended, says the London Shipping World. In the friendly test of skill which has just been concluded the competitors were the North German Lloyd's cadet training ship, the H. S. Charlotte, the Glasgow ship Marion Light, and the Glasgow ship Ardencraig. The winner, under the command of Capt. Crowe, made the run from Portland to Queenstown in 101 days 20 hours. Satisfactory as this latest sailing record is, it pales before the doings of some of the oldtime "cracks," many of which also performed their speedy voyages with almost clocklike regularity. The Donald McKay, the celebrated "Black Ball" liner, was not only the largest clipper in the world, but was also accounted one of the fastest sailers ever built. Upon one occasion she took 1,000 troops from Portsmouth to Mauritius in 70 days, and her average time for six consecutive voyages from Liverpool to Melbourne was 83 days, and only once it exceeded 85 days.

The details of the famous race between the three China tea clippers in 1866 are too familiar to need mentioning here, but the fact that a speed of over 16 knots an hour has been made by a sailing ship may not be so well known. The British clipper ship Hurricane during the course of one of her voyages home from Melbourne attained this rate of sailing on several days, her best run being 270 knots in 16½ hours. But it was after the "sixties," and indeed well on into the "seventies," when some of the best sailing records were made. And it is doubtful whether the performance of the Sir Lancelot, when she covered 14,000 miles in 89 days against the prevailing monsoon, has ever been equaled; certainly there are no authentic statements to show that it has been surpassed. The voyage was made in 1869, from Foo-Chow-Foo to London, and her best day's run was 354 statute miles, while crossing the Indian ocean, the average for one week being 300 miles a day. This was essentially a voyage under adverse conditions. Perhaps the fastest passage between England and China was that made in 1857, when the celebrated American clipper Pride of the Ocean did the run out from the Lizard to Hong-Kong in 69 days.

THE FLOPPER.

Peerless Left Fielder Patsy McGoozie's Sad Fall from His High Estate.

The eyes of the nation were on Patsy McGoozie, the peerless left fielder. He received a salary that was bigger than a college president's and fully equal to that of a French cook. Patsy would have been an ideal ball player if it hadn't been for his unfortunate propensity to flop. No sooner was he in one league than he wanted to be in the other. No sooner did he receive advance money from one side than he wanted advance money from both sides. And so he see-sawed back and forth and nobody knew where he would remain over night. And yet neither side wanted to antagonize Patsy, for he was a great player and very sensitive, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At last one league thought it had him. He practiced with it, and wore its uniform, and finally went on the field for it in the first great game of the season.

It was a remarkable game. First one side led and then the other. Finally, in the first half of the ninth inning Patsy cracked out a liner that brought in two runs and left his side one run ahead. Then the other side went in, and one man got his base on balls, and two men were put out, and then the fourth batter hammered a tremendous long fly over toward deep center.

But Patsy was there.

Nobody could run like Patsy. He was down the field and ahead of the ball and waiting for it.

At that moment a fat man with big diamonds waved a red handkerchief at Patsy. The ball was rapidly descending towards the great fielder's outstretched paws. The game seemed cinched. But Patsy had caught the gleam of the red handkerchief. He spread out his hands, the ball dropped to the ground with a dull thud, and the peerless fielder started on a dog trot for the fat man with the diamonds.

"Flopped again!" roared the crowd in towering disgust, as it scrambled down from the seats.

But nobody dared to say a word to Patsy, because he was sensitive, as well as great.

Faithful to the Last.

The careless cyclist had run down the boy.

"Are you hurt?" asked the cyclist.

"No-o!" groaned the boy, "but did you ring?"

"Certainly!"

"Then is it a pitcher of icewater or a cocktail?"

"I don't understand."

"Why, I'm a bellboy."—Chicago Daily News.

A Misfit.

"That engagement of young Mr. Dolley and Miss Kittish is broken off."

"What was the cause?"

"O, Dolley put his foot in it, as usual."

"How?"

"He was trying to pay her a compliment and said she'd been looking real pretty the last few days."—Detroit Free Press.

SPIDERS' WEBS.

An Interesting Study in Araneid Architecture and Its Purposes.

I am not going into a complex description of how the spider lays off her web except to say that when it extends across any considerable distance she has stood on her head as nearly as she could and emitted a thread which the wind blew till it caught on something, says Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's. Then she took in the slack and bit it off and threw it away. After the line was taut she crept out on it, always keeping in touch with the home plate, till she got to the further end, which she made good and secure. Then back to the middle again, where she dropped on the end of her line to the ground and made fast there. After that she worked according to the way her people have done since the days when the wood was growing that we now call coal. If it be an orbed snare, then all the outer crossbars are gummed with beads of tanglefoot for careless flies. There is a comparatively open space around the center, so that the scuffle that always takes place when there is fresh meat for supper may not wreck the web too vitally, and right in the center itself is usually a nice, neat little mat for her to sit on, made of dry, unsticky silk and woven like a crazy quilt or one of these hit-or-miss stained glass windows. Sometimes, instead of plain radii she cards her silk into a flocklike ribbon and zigzags it down one compartment of the web. Some spiders make an all-round snare; some make a snare like a pie with a piece cut out, and one kind makes a snare shaped like the piece of pie that has been cut out. This last sits there with the slack of her web drawn up tight between her feet and waits. A fool fly bumps into the line. She lets everything go by the run, and the sticky slack falls over the fly. She spreads her spinnerets and drops a flat ribbon of threads over it. The more it kicks, the more it tangles itself. When she can safely do so, the spider bites her prey till it gives up. Then she sucks the juice out of it and sits chewing on the torn silk till she gets all the gum off it, when she throws it away and begins to repair the web.

Other spiders set their web flat-wise over hollows on the ground, a favorite location being near a path. All the flying and jumping things get out of the way when a man comes along, and, not looking where they leap, they make business good. Of course, the man often spoils the web, but, la! that doesn't worry the spider any. There's plenty more where that came from, and, anyhow, she has to spin to pass away the time. By the way, most of their spinning is done at night. In the daytime they take little naps when there is nothing doing. Of these flat-webs some are spun in bushes with a labyrinth of threads running up two or three feet among the twigs over a sort of umbrella-like disk, under which the spiders wait. Other little spiders are often permitted to make use of this labyrinth for their own needs, or perhaps it is too much trouble to stop the poaching. There is a good deal of that kind of broad-minded charity in the world.

TOO MUCH POSTAGE.

Jones Had Stamped Himself and the Judge Called Him Second-Class Matter.

"The old judge was one of the kindliest of men," said an attorney of this city, speaking of a distinguished member of the local bar, who is now dead, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but his temper was as warm as his heart, and when momentarily exasperated he had a tongue like a razor. When I was studying law in his office we had a copying clerk who was known about the place as 'the late Peter Jones'—a sobriquet he acquired by being always behind time. He was a slow, abstracted, dreamy kind of fellow, with his mind generally a hundred miles from his business, and he was continually working the judge up to the point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of his desk and grazed his cheek, making a slight scratch several inches long. Being very busy at the moment, and wishing to protect the abrasion from the air until he could get some courtplaster, he slapped on three or four postage-stamps and went on with his work. A little later on he had some papers to take to the United States court, and, forgetting all about his peculiar decoration, he put on his hat and sallied out. He must have created a sensation on the street, but, as usual, his mind was elsewhere, and when he returned in half an hour or so, he was still in blissful ignorance of his Mardi Gras aspect. The three stamps happened to be of different colors, and he looked like an Apache chief made up for a ghost-dance. As he entered the office, the judge raised his head and fixed him under an astonished stare. Poor Jones quailed under his eye. 'Anything—er—wrong, sir?' he inquired, tremulously, when the silent scrutiny became unendurable. 'Yes, sir!' thundered the old gentleman; 'you are carrying too much postage for second-class matter.'"

A Bloodhound Man.

A bloodhound man has been discovered by a German doctor; this is an individual whose sense of smell is so keen that he can recognize his friends at a distance of several feet, and when he is blindfold. One scientific fact resulting from this highly developed sense is that all the members of a family have a characteristic odor, and that each family has its distinctive odor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE SEASON'S NECKWEAR.

Stocks Still Prevail, But the Tendency Is to the More Dainty Modes.

Neckwear has no rival this season so far as variety is concerned, for there is every conceivable kind of stock feminine fancy can devise, besides most of the neckties heretofore enjoyed by men as their exclusive property. What the women cannot find in their own bewildering province they seek in the men's furnishing stores, where they get the sort of necktie which belongs to the linen collar, says the New York Sun.

This instrument of torture, unfortunately, is still among the modes, but it is encouraging to note that the tendency is all toward transparent stocks and soft ties of lawn, lace and chiffon. For the simple stock to wear with the strictly plain shirt waist there is the tucked white Indian lawn, with the narrow hemstitched or embroidered band turning over the edge, and a tie three or four inches in width, with a colored lawn hem, pinned with an open work stitch.

Colored batiste dotted with white is used very effectively for the hems, and also for stocks in very narrow bands, pinned with cross stitching or bands of narrow lace insertion. The tie is attached to the stock at the back, where it crosses and is brought around to the front and tied in a bow or a four-in-hand knot.

The Heiser stock is one of the novelties among the more severe kinds of neckwear. It is made of silk, line and pique, both embroidered and plain, with a contrasting tie narrower in front than at the back. This is carried through a gilt buckle, one of the harness variety being most generally used. White stocks of this sort have a tie of pongee colored linen or silk, as you fancy. Persian silks are also used, and if the buckle is not desired then a small bow fills the place.

Some of the fancy transparent stocks are worn without a bow and fastened to the skirt band with a pretty pin at one side. One of the endless variety of the latter sort is made of white linen with motifs of heavy white lace scattered over it, the linen being cut out underneath. Some of the fancy waists are furnished with four-in-hand ties of the same silk.

In addition to the multitude of stocks there is a great variety in dainty scarf ties of mull, striped, dotted and plain, and of thin white silk with oriental embroidery around the ends. Liberty gauze and thin crepe de chine also enter into the construction of these novelties which are begun. Heiser Barathea silk is another material in the neckwear department. Dainty little stocks to wear with the silk shirt waists are made of point d'Alencon guipure and Venetian lace sewn around with three or four rows of narrow ribbon velvet.

A SEASONING STOCKPOT.

An Excellent Means of Keeping the Flavors and Herbs Handy.

The difference between palatable and unpalatable food is frequently a mere question of seasoning, said a woman whose own cookery is above criticism. Nor is the barrenness of market or garden any excuse for flavorless dishes—it is all a question of keeping seasoned vinegars on hand, says the Washington Star.

Now, when mint grows on every grocery bush I get a quantity of the fresh, green shrub for a few cents, put in a quart preserving jar, and fill the jar with good cider vinegar. The mint market may then rise or fall without causing me alarm.

Few people who enjoy a salad of tomatoes know how vastly they are improved by the addition of a little thyme. This may be added in the form of the powdered leaves spread on the tomatoes and allowed to stand in the ice box for a few hours, or if fresh thyme leaves are to be obtained they may be thrown into a preserving bottle, covered with vinegar and allowed to stand for a few weeks. After the aroma has been taken up by the vinegar it is best to strain it off, and for the purpose of keeping the aromatic vinegar old beer bottles, the kind that have attached rubber tipped corks, are very good.

It is now considered an accomplishment either for man or woman to be able to make a good salad. The following recipe will give a flavored vinegar which will insure a good salad on short notice, even in the remote mountain camps: A quart of vinegar, one dozen tarragon leaves, half a lemon peel, three heads of garlic from which the skin has been removed, half a green pepper. Let it stand for ten days and strain, using in heavy dressing in the proportion of three parts oil to one of vinegar. Equal parts of summer savory thyme, sage and mint will give a vinegar; a tablespoonful of which may be added to the thickened sauces to be used with roasts.

Favorite seasonings for sweets can be expressed and stored against a lean occasion in the same manner, substituting sherry for vinegar. Bits of orange and lemon peel from which the inner skin has been removed, a sprig of mint, a cinnamon stick, as one happens to have an extra bit of flavor from time to time, thrown into the jar of sherry, will give an added zest to gelatine jelly or a flavor to punch at a time when the housewife may be rather short of supplies.

Insect Stings.

Syringa flower water is used as a preventive lotion. Diluted solution of ammonia will allay irritation caused by such stings. If the irritation is very severe, cover the part with diluted carbolic acid, one part; fluid extract of coca, one part; glycerin, one part; water, 12 parts.—Washington Star.

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