

JOSEPH FERRONE HAD SEIZED OTHER GIRLS.

Police Trying to Fix Mamie Cunningham's Murder on the Italian Boy.

Find That He Did Not Sleep at Home the Night After Mamie Was Killed.

IT IS BETWEEN HIM AND M'CORMACK.

Latter's Wife Explains How His Clothing Was Torn, but His Niece May Know Something—Other Suspects Let Go.

The police are now working on the theory that the murder of Mamie Cunningham, found strangled in her home, at No. 315 East Thirty-seventh street, just one week ago to-day, was committed by either Edward McCormack, a prisoner in the Tombs, or Joseph Ferrone, the lad on whose evidence the former is held. Yesterday developed much that was creditable to the lad in a general way, but nothing bearing directly upon the case. What was considered an important detail in the evidence against McCormack was explained away by his wife, who is slowly dying. When arrested his shirt was found to be torn on the side. The police thought this might have been one of the results of the struggle with the girl.

"When my husband was dressing on Saturday," said Mrs. McCormack, "he noticed a piece of the shirt at the seam hanging down. He attempted to tear it off, and tore a strip up the seam past the armpit."

She declared that in her weak and excited condition, when confronted by the police, she had forgotten this fact, but the recollection of it came clearly to her later. Inspector Brooks, nevertheless, declared last night that his detectives have found the most important link missing from the chain of evidence against McCormack.

Mamie McCormack, the suspect's niece, who was sent away from the police shortly after the murder, has always been considered an important witness, despite the repeated declarations of her mother that she knew nothing of the murder. The suspicion that she was the girl who ordered Ferrone to bring ice to the house was also stoutly combated, and the belief of the police that she could tell something has been shaken.

Joseph Ferrone said he spent the night of the murder at home, and had no recollection of the murder. The police found that he went to Fort George and slept in the woods that night. He appeared at his father's coal cellar, at No. 321 Third avenue, at 5 o'clock Sunday morning and worked until the place was closed.

"Joe" has not a good reputation in the vicinity. Not long ago he seized in the hallway of No. 517 Third avenue, three doors away, the daughter of Christopher Barlett. She screamed and fought him off, and her father afterward thrashed the lad. Two months ago he seized little Irene Porter in the hallway of No. 517 Third avenue. She is the daughter of the barkeep and was rescued by Edward Kirby, who lives on the third floor, and who kicked Joe downstairs. James O'Connell, alias "Bum Rafferty," was arraigned in Yorkville Court yesterday and discharged for lack of evidence. Their alibis were considered satisfactory by the police.

PICKPOCKET RAN A MILE FOR FREEDOM.

Dropped His Booty and Jumped from a Bridge Over Railroad Tracks.

Mount Vernon Police Pursued and One Imitated His Daring Leap.

HEADED AT THE END OF A CUT.

Snatched a Pocketbook from a Woman Who Was Watching a Circus Parade, but Could Not Escape an Officer Who Saw Him.

Mount Vernon had a double sensation yesterday. The Barnum & Bailey show paid its first visit to the town and the police captured a pickpocket after a mile's chase down the New Haven & Hartford Railroad track.

The pickpocket was John Macey, nineteen years old, and he followed the circus from Tonkers to Mount Vernon. He was in the crowd of men, women and children on Sixth avenue near First street, watching the animals go by. Patrolman Vollmer in citizen's clothes was ten feet away. Vollmer saw Macey grab the pocketbook from Mrs. Rosher, whose husband has a grocery at Union avenue and East Third street. Mrs. Rosher yelled "Stop thief," and Macey fled, dropping the pocketbook which Mrs. Rosher recovered.

The policeman ran. He is feet, but the pickpocket is a spry little fellow. Macey ran down First street and on to the Sixth avenue railroad bridge, which is twenty-five feet above the railroad track. Part of the procession was crossing the bridge at the time. The hub and cry so frightened the thief that he leaped over the bridge railing to the embankment and ran along the track.

Vollmer went over the railing after him. From the railing to the stone wall was a jump of ten feet and from the wall to the ground fifteen feet more. In making the second jump Vollmer fell. This added 100 yards to the thief's lead. But although Vollmer was bruised by the fall he pickpocket continued in pursuit.

Patrolman Grant was informed about the theft and ran along a street parallel with the track to head off the pickpocket. After running a mile to where the track comes almost to the level again the thief turned into Grove street. At High street Patrolman Grant overtook and arrested him. A few minutes later Vollmer came up with them. The prisoner was locked up in the station house.

Found 21 Pounds of Dynamite. Patrolman Prince, of the Twenty-second Precinct, found a wooden box in a vacant lot on Fifth street, between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues, Thursday night. It contained twenty-one pounds of dynamite and he carried it to the station house. It is supposed that the dynamite was left in the lot by a man named Jackson, who cannot be found. It will be sold by the authorities.



DANGEROUS SPOT AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE APPROACH.

Four persons have been injured there within a week by objects falling from the spot shown by the dotted line. The list is: May 29—Thomas Noonan; injured by a falling beam. May 29—Charles Becker; injured by a falling beam. June 2—Mary Otten; injured by a hammer. June 5—Frank Miller; injured by a piece of scantling.

CADETS MAN MONSTER GUNS.

Heavy Artillery Drill at West Point Shows Excellent Practice.

West Point, June 5.—The Military Academy cadets fought a mimic heavy artillery battle to-day for one hour. The big fifteen-inch smooth-bore gun and the five eight-inch rifles mounted in sea coast battery stormed and battered the crest of Crow Nest, 2,150 yards distant. For miles around could be heard the reverberations of the monster cannon.

Cadet Hancock, Henry, Extor, Gowen, Craig and Newbold were the gunners, while members of the graduating class were chief of detachments. The imaginary enemy was a white spot three feet in diameter, painted on the crest of the mountain. Cadet Hancock, who manned the fifteen-inch smooth-bore, opened the engagement, and the 150-pound shell discharged from his piece struck the mountain and exploded in close proximity to the painted enemy. Then the smaller rifles were fired in succession, and the bloodless conflict ended by the six pieces being fired simultaneously.

Senator Gray, of Delaware, and General Wilson, president of the Board of Visitors, witnessed a drill and were surprised at the accuracy of the cadets' aim. The Academy board are rapidly finishing the examination of the graduating class. Cadets Lott, captain of the baseball team; King, the celebrated football player, and Dullam, the champion weight thrower, were examined to-day in ordnance and gunnery. The noted athletes displayed unusual skill in handling their subjects. A large crowd gathered to hear these popular men discuss the mechanism of modern gunnery.

LUNCHEON FOR STEVENSON.

Vice-President Visits the University of North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C., June 5.—Vice-President Stevenson and General Cox arrived here at noon, and were escorted from Chapel Hill by a committee of the University of North Carolina trustees, to the Tarboro House, where the Vice-President was given a public reception, and he and a party of fifteen took lunch. They were later entertained by the Capital Club.

The executive committee of the State Agricultural Society held a special meeting and invited Mr. Stevenson to make an address at its fair here next October. The Vice-President left at 4 p. m. for Washington. His daughter, his two nieces and the Misses Hardin, of Kentucky, who accompanied him from Washington, remained at the University, where a grand ball will be given in their honor.

POISONED BY A SWEETHEART.

Amateur Druggist's Error Kills Burton E. Frazer.

Ellsworth, Me., June 5.—Burton E. Frazer, aged twenty-seven, died yesterday of an overdose of morphine, prepared by his friend, James Clough, and administered by Miss Nellie Newell, his sweetheart. Frazer, who was suffering from acute rheumatism, asked Clough to get him some morphine powders.

Clough went to the druggist's, put up the powders himself, and made another package of morphine for future use. He left the wrong package at Frazer's house. On reaching his own house he discovered his mistake and hurried back to rectify it, but was too late, his friend having swallowed the poison five minutes before.

TWO CHARGES AGAINST THIS THIEF.

William Shias, alias Jones, alias Evans, whose picture is in the Rogers' Gallery as a professional satchel thief, was held in a \$1,000 bail in Jefferson Market Court yesterday for stealing a satchel containing \$150 worth of silk gowns from Mrs. Lillian Dougherty, in the Grand Central station, on May 30. Shias was also held in \$1,500 bail for stealing a tray of rings valued at \$350 from E. Moosler's jewelry store, at No. 847 Eighth avenue, on May 19.

FASHIONS IN FLOWERS.

Forget-Me-Nots the Favorite Blossoms of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Notable Society Women Whose Preferences Have Decided the Fate of Rose and Chrysanthemum.

There is always a fashion in flowers, as well as in bonnets or gowns.

Certain women prominent in society set the floral fashions, and just at this present moment it is the reign of the forget-me-not.

The young Duchess of Marlborough made this modest, dainty flower the rage by using it for decoration upon all possible occasions, notably the luncheon she gave her bridesmaids.

Each morning for some weeks before her marriage a bunch of these charming flowers arrived from her fiancé, who declared that the gardens at Blenheim House should grow forget-me-nots in luxuriant profusion—such forget-me-nots as never were seen before, not even in a Persian garden.

The young Duchess is also fond of roses, and a combination of forget-me-nots and red roses—the Meteor variety—has a large place in her affections.

It was Mrs. August Belmont who took up the beautiful and generously proportioned Magna Charta rose and made it the fashion, while the popularity of the Gloire de Paris rose is due to Mrs. Phelps Stokes's preference.

It is well known that the La France is Mrs. William Astor's pet flower. Her charming daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jack Astor, prefers the American Beauty, and it always plays a conspicuous part in the floral decorations at her entertainments.

A cluster of violets, say a thousand or somewhat less, with a single American Beauty rose in the centre, Mrs. Astor considers an ideal bouquet.

Appropos to the American Beauty rose, \$200 was once paid for a single blossom of this variety. It was all in the name of sweet charity, and Mrs. John Kellard was the recipient. When the Press Club fair was in progress, Mr. James Gordon Bennett sent his check for that amount "to buy a single rose," so he wrote, which was to be given to any one whom the person in charge of the flower booth might select.

At the same time Mr. G. W. Childs sent \$50 for a rosebud. This became the property of Mrs. Suro, of the Art Committee of the fair.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is devoted to chrysanthemums, and at recent flower show she gave a silver cup for the best new seedling chrysanthemum. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, naturally prefers the chrysanthemum which bears her name. It is a large, white flower, shaded with pink.

Among other ladies who own to an affection for this Eastern flower are Miss Helen Gould, who prefers the white one, and Mrs. Ogden Mills, who always chooses those of yellow hue and luxuriant growth. Mrs. Henry Claws admires the whole family of chrysanthemums, without referring to their color; she likes the flower, she declares, because it is fabled by the ancients to have the power of conferring immortality.

Mrs. Morgan's affections naturally turn to the tea rose which bears a new rose, a variety of

THE LARGEST KITCHEN IN THE WORLD.

The largest kitchen in the world is in the great Parisian store, the Bon Marche. The tiniest thing there in the kitchen line holds one hundred quarts. The largest one holds five hundred.

Each of the fifty roasting pans is big enough for three hundred cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds two hundred and twenty-five pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare 75,000 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone, sixty cooks and one hundred assistants are always at the ranges.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW. The Poor One—It seems so vulgar to wear jewels in the forenoon, don't you think? The Rich One—But hardly so painfully so as not to wear them in the evening, do you think?

THE RETORT FEMINE. She Who Has Wed Wealth and Age—Yes, the house is built in old colonial style. You know, I adore antiques. Her Friend—So every one said when you were married.

TO CLEAN HAIR BRUSHES. Ammonia and water have long been regarded the staple cleansing fluids for hair brushes. But this treatment, though satisfactory enough as far as cleaning is concerned, is injurious to the bristles, softening and eventually destroying them. A better method is to rub them in dry Indian meal until the oil and dirt are completely removed from the brush.

COFFEE SETS. Among the novelties designed to make coffee life even more attractive than usual are coffee sets. The coffee set consists of a long, narrow tray of silver, with a narrow rim, and handles by which the tray may be lifted. There are depressions in the tray, in which may be placed a sugar basket, a cream jug and a small coffee pot. It holds also two cups and two cordial glasses, and nothing more to add to the delight of after-dinner coffee can be imagined.

MAKING A CRITIC. It was at an art show, and the tall, aesthetically looking girl was walking about in a bored manner, while the short one in serge draped over everything. Finally the latter remarked, apologetically: "I know my ravings seem crude and undiscriminating to you; Cousin Nell says you're such a connoisseur. How did you ever get to be?" The tall girl yawned. "It's very simple," she said. "One merely has to dress for the part and call everything which one understands at all 'hopelessly mediocre.'"

CURRIED TOMATOES. One quart of stewed tomatoes or one quart can; 1 cup of rice; 1 teaspoonful of curry powder; salt to taste. Wash the rice through several cold waters; add the curry powder and salt to the tomatoes; mix well. Put a layer of the tomatoes in the bottom of a baking dish; then a layer of uncooked rice, then a layer of tomatoes, and so on until all is used, having the last layer of tomatoes. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs, place a few bits of butter here and there over the crumbs and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.

ARABIC FIGURES were not invented by the Arabs, but by the Indians. Some one has said, "People sacrifice the next world to this," and are proof of their credence.

COSTUMES WORN AT THE ENGLISH RACES.

Next to the Queen's drawing room, the English races are the English woman's most glorious opportunity of displaying her gowns. Ascot and Derby days are her outdoor festivals, and the opportunities which Her Gracious Majesty gives loyal subjects of kissing her hand, are the indoor ones. The family jewels may not blaze upon the race gown, nor the justly famed English shoulders be displayed above décolleté frocks, foaming with chiffon. But, except for these two trifles the Derby gowns are fastened to the skirt by buttons of deep purple stone. The bodice was charming in its simplicity. A deep, somewhat narrow, yoke of cream-colored cloth was its main feature. The waist proper was slightly blouse-like in effect. On the shoulders were lines of buttons. The sleeves were remarkable in that they were made of cloth exactly like the rest of the gown, except that the plum-colored lines were broad and distinct. A high collar of the plain broadcloth, with an upstanding frill of

elbows. The Dresden ribbon was made into pert bows, which fastened the gown in front, perched over the pockets and on the puffed sleeves. Equally gorgeous was a frock in broadecolored moire mohair of a very heavy quality. The groundwork of the gown was gray, and big, pale pink roses were scattered over it. The skirt was very full, trimmed at the bottom with a ruche of plain gray, which made narrow randykes at the seam. The bodice was of gray chiffon, gathered below



often as splendid in their tailor-made effect as the Buckingham Palace frocks. One of the simplest costumes "constructed," as they say technically in dressmaking circles, for the English races this year was of biscuit-colored ladies' cloth, barred by fine lines of plum, and combined with plain cream-colored broadcloth. The cheeks formed by the lines of plum were large, but the lines themselves were scarcely more than hair stripes. The full skirt had narrow panels of the cream cloth, extending from the waist to the hem, and broadening slightly at the foot. They seemed to be

a narrow yoke of pink-flowered Dresden silk. A corslet of black velvet, embroidered in silver, gave emphasis and distinction to the bodice. The sleeves of chiffon were puffed almost to the elbow and gathered in mousquetaire effect. A most demure gown for the races was of light chocolate-brown cloth. The full skirt was braided from the waist to the foot with silver, in a Greek pattern. The old-fashioned, tight-pointed waist of ashe-of-roses raffia, had a full Bohu of lace, fastened securely over the shoulders and chest.

white chiffon, finished the waist. Very different and more elaborate was a gown of black satin, very heavy, two-colored lace and Dresden ribbon, a trio of materials which only a genius could aesthetically combine. The full satin skirt had a deep band of the lace laid on it plainly, with the edge upturned. Two widths of the lace formed a panel down the centre of the skirt. The jacket was a loose frocked one, cut open in the front to the chest. The broad revers were covered with lace. The puffed sleeves had a deep cuff, covered with the lace and reaching to the

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MECHANICS' LIEN ON A STATUE OF GRANT.

Sculptor Partridge Sues to Recover \$6,085, Balance Due Him for Work.

City of Brooklyn and Union League Club Are Made Defendants.

WAS ONLY RECENTLY UNVEILED.

Distinguished Officials, State Militia and Grand Army Veterans Took Part in Ceremonies—Benjamin F. Blair's Statement.

The magnificent equestrian statue of General Grant, which was recently unveiled in front of the Union League Club house on Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, is under the cloud of a mechanics' lien for \$6,085.

The lien was filed in the County Clerk's office yesterday by Appleton Morgan, counsel, representing William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor, who is an invalid at his Summer home in Massachusetts. A suit for the amount has been instituted against the city, which now owns the statue, and Benjamin F. Blair, of the Grant Memorial Association of the Union League, which gave the statue to the city.

In his deposition Mr. Morgan says Mr. Partridge is unable to come to Brooklyn and make affidavit. The lien states that the claim is for services and materials in making and furnishing the bronze work. The amount named is \$6,085, an unpaid balance of \$7,000 promised.

Mr. Blair said in behalf of the Union League Club that it was originally arranged that the statue and pedestal should cost \$27,000. Subsequently the city agreed to supply the granite pedestal, which relieved the club of an expenditure of about \$5,000. Mr. Blair also claims that the club paid Mr. Partridge the following amounts at intervals: \$3,500, \$3,000, \$2,000, and finally \$3,000. It was also agreed to pay \$3,000 when the statue was placed on the pedestal. Mr. Blair said this:

"The contract stipulated that the club should not be responsible for the money, but would assume a moral responsibility for the \$7,000, and pay it as fast as the subscribers gave their money. Further than that the club does not figure in any way. The money paid thus far has been raised by members of the club, who number about 1,000. General Stewart L. Woodford is president.

RAGE AT YALE OF NO AVAIL. Faculty Says the Woolsey Statue Site Selection Must Stand.

New Haven, June 5.—A member of the Yale Corporation said to-day that the statue of ex-President Woolsey would be put in front of the Yale fence, despite opposition by the students. He said it would be dedicated on Monday, June 22, the address to be delivered by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford. There is still intense feeling on the subject among the undergraduates, who declare they will not give up their playground.

SHE ATE FROM THE PET DOG'S DISH.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclagan Fined for Cruelty to Their Twelve-Year-Old Servant.

Neighbors at Park Ridge, N. J., Said Little Frankie Walterman Was Half Starved.

BODY WAS COVERED WITH BRUISES.

Prisoners Admitted She Shared the Household Pie's Dinner, but Say They Did Not Maltreat Her.

Park Ridge, N. J., June 5.—John W. H. Maclagan, former editor of the Borough Bugle, was arraigned with his wife before Judge William B. Smith this morning charged with ill-treating Frankie Walterman, a twelve year old New York girl in their employ.

Constable Charles Durfee aroused the Maclagan family out of bed this morning shortly after 6 o'clock, and took them before the Justice, not waiting for them to get their breakfasts. A hearing was given them which lasted until nearly 4 P. M. without intermission. The court room was crowded with neighbors who charged that the girl was poorly clad, half starved, forced to do laborious work, deprived of schooling, and beaten and abused.

The Maclagans alleged the girl was incorrigible, dirty and slovenly in her habits, needing frequent correction and denied any violence or cruelty. Doctor Eugene Jehl, who examined the girl, found her back and limbs covered with bruises. These, she alleged, came from whippings, but the Maclagans say they were caused by her falling down stairs.

Maclagan admitted the girl had eaten from his pet dog's dinner dish. He said she frequently robbed the dog of his dinner after eating twice as much as Maclagan did at the table. The defendants were convicted and fined \$10 each. Maclagan is a New York salesman for Mittag & Volger, manufacturers of typewriter supplies, and lives in a fine mansion on one of the best streets of the town.

The girl was taken from the Maclagans by order of the court and is now at the house of Mrs. Colson, a neighbor, pending instructions from Judge Van Valen, of Hackensack.

Their Jobs Gone for Good. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, in a decision handed down yesterday, sustained the action of Commissioner Brookfield, of the Department of Public Works, in discharging Acting Inspector of Paving James Brady. Brady claimed that, as a veteran, he should not have been dismissed without a hearing. The Court held that he had a hearing and that the charge against him of neglect of duty was proved. In a similar proceeding brought by Joseph Q. Young, formerly inspector of street opening, the Appellate Division refuses relief, because Young delayed too long proceedings for reinstatement.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

In order to prevent syrups and jams from fermenting add a small piece of sulphate of potash.

To keep kid gloves soft and in good condition put them in a tin box with a piece of ammonia, which, however, must not touch the gloves.

Very serious illness may often be traced to sleeping in a damp bed. To test it lay between the sheets a hand mirror. If it is all blurred or misty take off the sheets and sleep between the blankets.

If the leather valises, the reticules and the other paraphernalia of travel are dull or streaked they may be restored to their original lustre by rubbing with the well-beaten white of an egg. Leather cushions and seats may be renovated in the same way.

Children's stockings generally wear into holes at the knees first. A good way to prevent this is to take a piece of muslin, vellum, put it inside the knee, and herring-bone it round to keep in place. This will strengthen the stocking and make the knee last much longer.

A novel and delicious dessert is called stone cream. To make it dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a little water and add a pint of sweetened milk in which lemon peel has been boiled. As soon as it is cold pour over a layer of jam in a deep glass dish. When the mixture sets stick strips of blanched almonds into the cream, place on ice and serve.

Vegetables possess medicinal qualities which, if properly understood and applied, will often prevent the need of drugs. Celery is invaluable in cases of chronic rheumatism and in all forms of nervous trouble. Lettuce is useful in nervous troubles also, and is especially recommended for insomnia. Peanuts are good for indigestion, especially when they have been pounded and made into soups. Onions are the best of all nervines, and are excellent remedies in cases of colds and influenza.

Charcoal is one of the best friends of the housewife. All sorts of utensils which have become musty through disuse or impregnated with the odors of strong vegetables through constant use may be purified by rinsing with water in which powdered charcoal is sprinkled. Charcoal placed in the compartments of a refrigerator in which strong-smelling foods are kept will prevent the odors from reaching the butter, milk and other odor-absorbing foods.

Now that the cherry season has come, the children of every well-regulated family should be treated to that dainty known as cherry-and-batter pudding. To make it break two eggs, without separating the yolks from the whites. Beat well, add one cupful of milk, and when thoroughly mixed add two cupfuls of flour. Beat until smooth and light; then add one teaspoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of soft and beat again. Lastly, add one teaspoonful of baking powder and a cupful of fresh ripe cherries, cut in halves, and turn into a greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours and serve hot with foamy cream.

WOMAN'S YEAR. A society woman said that a woman's life could be divided into four seasons: Spring—When she dances but does not dare to waltz. Summer—When she dances and dares to waltz. Autumn—When she dances but prefers to waltz. Winter—When she no longer dances. A Frenchman said, at eighteen a woman adores, at twenty she loves, at thirty she desires, and at forty she reflects.