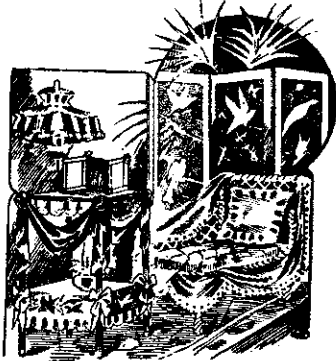


WORK COLUMN.

WHAT a dear soul the little housewife was. How she enjoyed doing these things, how she would take the biggest hammer for tin tacks, and persistently use her husband's best chisels as screw-drivers, which is a distinct trial to the masculine mind, even in the very early days of married life. We were always in such a violent hurry, too; every venture which was undertaken in "George's" absence had to be finished before his return. I think he would have felt it to be almost an act of infidelity if any of our projects had been witnessed in an unfinished condition. I particularly remember this kind of flurry taking place during the ornamentation of a certain table which was so effective and pretty in its way that I give it here, in case any of you should like to emulate our decorative enthusiasm. It was a square, uncompromising four-legged deal table, with a lower



shelf as well as its top. It was so plain that it suggested all sorts of possibilities in the way of ornament, so varied, indeed, that it was a long time before we could make up our minds at all what particular course to pursue. However, we were chiefly guided by the materials we had at hand. 'I have some bits of embroidery,' she said, which were made for brackets, and I don't like them on brackets, so they shall go round the bottom shelf,' and they did, with a nice little fluffy frill of silk immediately below. The table legs themselves were neatly covered with mahogany-coloured velvet and a kind of handkerchief drapery, the ends of which fell in cascades of the same material, was festooned round the top, revealing as it fell, a three-inch wide flounce of deep, butter-coloured lace. It was a pretty table, and we were immensely proud of it on its completion. On it we placed a photo frame, also of our own manufacture, combining to make quite an artistic piece of furniture.

ELONGATED UVULA.

ABNORMAL elongation of the uvula, or palate, as it is erroneously called, is oftenest associated with chronic inflammation of the throat, although it may follow any disease, like diphtheria, in which the muscles which normally support the uvula have become paralyzed. Relaxation of the muscles of the throat, due to the fatigue attending unusual vocal efforts, may also be responsible for the drooping of the uvula.

The results are essentially the same in either case, but the different forms of the disturbance call for different methods of treatment.

A very common cause of elongation of the uvula is the abuse of the voice during acute or chronic catarrh of the nose and throat, when the entire surface of the upper respiratory passages is weakened through inflammation. The condition is also to be found among the long train of evils caused by the pernicious habit of mouth-breathing. The tobacco habit, alcoholism, breathing in crowded rooms and in dusty atmospheres are also often responsible for this condition.

In well-marked cases of elongation of the uvula, there is a constant feeling as if there were a foreign body in the throat, something that cannot be coughed up, although efforts to do so are continual. The cough may be very severe, especially on lying down at night and on rising in the morning, and may even end in vomiting. If the uvula is congested, it is liable to bleed in the effort of coughing, and the sputum under such circumstances will be streaked with blood.

Constitutional disturbances of a varying degree may result from the continual coughing and vomiting.

As an instance of the degree to which the constitution may suffer, there is quoted the case of a man who previous to his admission into an English hospital had been for a long time treated for consumption, a disease of which he presented every sign. He was very feeble and emaciated, and an examination of his lungs showed every evidence of the disease. He was treated at the hospital, however, for elongated uvula with the result that all appearances of disease rapidly disappeared, and he gained three pounds in weight during the first two weeks.

'I believe a woman barber who made a speciality of cutting children's hair would get rich,' writes a lady. 'The mothers of little ones—boys in particular—are often really desperate trying to find a place where their darlings may be shorn without being disfigured. The ordinary barber transforms a pretty child into a monkey-fied-looking creature with his stupidity and shears. A woman who would equip herself, set up in a shop, decorated with pictures and photographs of children whose hair had been cut in different and becoming styles, so as to assist customers in deciding what would be suitable, would do a thriving business, and be a benefactor into the bargain.'

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

RULES.

No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.

No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

RECIPES.

RUCHES A LA MILANAISE.—Some small beehive-shaped moulds are necessary. Boil some spaghetti—which is very fine pipe macaroni—till tender, without being too soft; drain, and lay it on a clean cloth, keeping it in as long lengths as possible. Butter the moulds, and line them with the macaroni, laying it round and round quite closely, so that when turned out each mould will represent a miniature beehive. Fill up the centres with a ragout of cold chicken mixed with ham or tongue, minced mushrooms, truffles and brown sauce, cover with macaroni, and steam them for an hour. When turned out, pour brown sauce round them.

JELLIED CHICKEN.—Boil a chicken until the water is reduced to a pint; pick the meat from the bones in fair-sized pieces, removing all gristle, skin and bone. Skim the fat from the liquor, add an ounce of butter, a little pepper and salt, and half a packet of Nelson's gelatine. Put the cut up chicken into a mould, wet with cold water; when the gelatine has dissolved, pour the liquor hot over the chicken. Turn out when cold.

CITRON PUDDINGS.—Flour, one spoonful; sugar, two ounces; citron peel, two ounces; a little putmeg; cream, half pint. Mix them together with the yolks of three eggs; put them in teacups and bake them in a quick oven.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—One of the chief obstacles to the preservation of butter is the water which it contains, and it can be shown by almost any analyst that an ordinary sample of good butter has in it a much larger proportion of this element than it ought to have. Everyone knows that water promotes decomposition through the medium of the oxygen and hydrogen it contains, and this result is the rancid taste which is so objectionable. Butter which has been absolutely dried—which, in fact, has had the whole of the water eliminated from it—can be kept equally as well as lard if it is prepared in the same way, but its flavour is not so delicious, although it is perfectly sweet. In the ordinary way water cannot be extracted from butter, and therefore, if it is intended to keep it must be salted, and in order to keep a long period there is no plan equal to that of brining it when it is in its granular form, so that the salt permeates almost every particle; thus there is a complete intermixture, decomposition is checked, and the flavour is developed. It is quite common for the consuming public to ask a butter dealer for mild butter. In other words, they want a sample which has been properly salted, but flavour maintained, and in which the development of that disagreeable taste which is consequent upon decomposition is not to be found. Salt has another effect, in adding firmness and improving the texture of butter, for it will be readily seen that as the particles in a mass dissolve they attract the water which the butter contains, and thus make it drier than it was before the salt was added. Professor Stewart, who has made a number of experiments in salting butter, says that he can recommend pure white finely pulverised sugar which had been mixed with three times its weight of fine salt, 1oz of the mixture being used for every lb of butter. This improves both the flavour and the keeping quality if the salt and the sugar are completely dissolved. We endorse the professor's opinion that the best salt for use in a butter making dairy should be as fine as flour, and that then, indeed, it should be sifted in order to abstract all the objectionable grains and foreign matters which it may contain.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

HAPHAZARD FEEDING.

'THE poor little thing did nothing but nurse and vomit, nurse and vomit until she died! We couldn't tell what was the matter with her,' said a mourning mother to me recently. 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away,' said a friend who sought to comfort her. I did not quote the Bible, but I did long to quote the 'doctor.' One-half of the deaths of infants are caused by irregular feeding. I refrained, however, as it was too late to do any good in that case; but I wish those words might be written in letters of fire on the walls of every nursery. Mothers who would never think of taking their own meals at any and all hours of the day and night, knowing that dyspepsia would certainly result, will subject their babies to that treatment, and then try to allay their suffering by more feeding, 'perhaps ending the drama,' to quote from Mrs Stanton on this subject, 'with a teaspoonful of soothing syrup; and having drugged the sentinel, and silenced his guns, she imagines the citadel safe.'

'Two hours' interval at first, gradually lengthening to four, is about the right time, and I know whereof I speak, as I have tried it. Anyone who will try the plan honestly for one month will never return to the old haphazard way.

THE COLOUR YOU SHOULD WEAR.

ONE of the very latest commands of Mme. Fashion is not without a touch of poetic feeling. She wills it that until further orders the gems that women wear in their jewellery shall match the colour of their eyes. The turquoise is to be de rigueur with light blue eyes, and the sapphire with the darker tint 'that shames the iris and rivals the violet's hue.' The topaz is to go with the hazel eye, and the black pearl with those deep, dark, unutterable eyes, 'with down-falling lids that are full of dreams and slumber.' It is to be presumed that the green eye is ruled out of consideration, since no one likes to claim that colour. Yet there are eyes of beauty that might invite association with the emerald, and there is hardly a more fascinating gem than the cat's eye. Fashion has a large way of averaging things, and possibly generalises the eye as blue, grey, hazel, and black; so that variations of these shall have choice of the other coloured stones. Ladies who have odd eyes will have the privilege of variety in jewelled decoration. Those who are willing to acknowledge green eyes will, perhaps, be more 'in the swim' than all the rest, for the new stone of the season, the rival of the opal, is the olivine, a beautiful green gem. It is so much like the emerald that it cannot be distinguished from it except by experts. As a rule, though, it is lighter and clearer than the emerald. It is found in Siberia in much the same formation in which the emerald is found in Central and South America.

WILL THE WEDDING RING GO?

FOR 2,000 years, ever since the Romans plighted their troth with a small iron band, the magic circlet has kept its hold upon the world. But will its hold be as firm in the future? The wedding ring after all is only a symbol. Originally the ring was adopted as the outward and visible sign of power and authority. In the olden days, when messages were sent by word of mouth, it was the custom, in order to prove the authenticity of the bearer, to intrust him with the signet ring of the sender, as 'The Daughters of Babylon,' now on at the Lyric, will remind you. When a man took unto himself a wife, whom he placed at the head of his household, that delegated authority was made visible to the world by conferring upon her the important ring, the only distinction being that the woman wore her ring on the left hand, as being the inferior hand of the two, while the man, as master, carried his upon the right or superior hand.

The Duchess of York substituted an engagement bracelet for the conventional ring of betrothal. She did not, however, decline the 'mystic symbol of the union of hearts,' presented by the Welsh people to the Duke of York; her refusal of the engagement ring was simply because she had before worn that given her by the Duke of Clarence.

THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER'S RETURN.

THE lonely life of a lighthouse-keeper calls for stern, unswerving devotion to duty, and sometimes for real heroism. A story is told of the Irish wife of a lighthouse-keeper of Chicago which shows that the heroism is not always confined to the keeper himself. The light which this keeper tended is at a place called the 'Crib,' two miles out in the lake, and surmounts the massive masonry at the entrance of the tunnel which receives the water supply of the city.

One day in early winter the keeper went ashore for supplies. Night came, and he did not return. A wild storm had swept suddenly down, and it was impossible for a boat to cross the lake; but though the keeper was not there, the light burned steadily and the wife kept her lonely watch, tending the light and looking for her husband.

It was two or three days before he came, and even then the waves ran high and the wind roared. She stood at the window of the tower waiting for him, with a rope ready to draw up the small cargo. It was soon safely housed, and the rope descended for the keeper.

Just as he grasped it the waves swept his boat from under him, and carried it away beyond his reach. His safety depended on the strength of his wife's arm, and he trusted himself to it. Slowly, very slowly, he was drawn up, till he reached the window's edge, but before he could grasp it a heavy gust of wind struck him, and he was hurled back into the water.

Once more the rope was thrown within his reach, and inch by inch he felt himself ascending the rough wall of the stone tower, tossed to and fro by the force of the wind. Would the strength of the wife hold out till the final effort was made, or would the wind triumph and send him back into the raging water?

It seemed impossible that the woman could sustain such a weight so long, yet he slowly ascended till the critical spot was reached, and with a long, brave pull the ledge was passed, and he climbed in at the window.

Then, and not till then, did the brave woman's endurance give way. As her husband touched the floor she fainted. It was no wonder. He found her clothes worn through where she had braced her knees against the stone wall, and her left arm was torn and bleeding. The sudden jerk when he fell had wounded her arm and disabled it, yet she had not given in.

Paris has a woman's club where homeless women can spend their evenings and get their meals. There is a good library, and for 60 francs a year a woman may become a member. All the employés about the place are women.

A gentleman has recently expressed admiration for the delicacy and skill with which a lady dentist in New York treated him. He believes that lady dentists will in future be numerous, for timid people, he surmises, will more readily consent to be operated on by a pretty, tasteful and expert woman than an awe-inspiring individual such as are many male specialists. 'Her touch was exquisitely soft,' he relates, 'and I was more than sorry when the operation was completed.' Lady dentists are springing up like mushrooms in America.