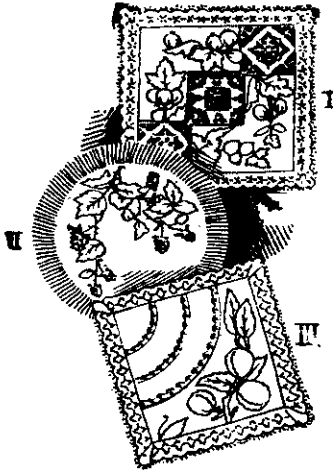


d'oyles are treated in the same way, the latter being further ornamented by a torchon lace edging. The effect is an exceedingly happy one, with just that amount of solidity that one likes to see about dinner-table accessories.

While I am about it I may as well continue on the same subject and give another group of d'oyles, somewhat different to these. Number one is also made on linen with three squares running across it diagonally of drawn thread work, the plain pieces in the opposite corners being filled up with Mount-mellick work done in very fine thread. Next to it is a d'oyley of this Indian silk, carefully fringed out all the way round; in the centre is a group of blackberries worked with foliage, and a very pretty set for dessert might be made by working a different fruit on each d'oyley. The background, too, might be varied; take for instance white for strawberries, pale brown for blackberries, pink for cherries, mauve for plums, and so on. Pieces of work like this should never be sent to the wash, but either be carefully manipulated at home or else placed in the hands of a



PRETTY D'OYLES.

really good cleaner. The other d'oyley is of Tussau silk in its natural shade, and the three curious curls on one half of it are worked with gold thread, the spray of plums and foliage being lightly outlined in their natural tints. I am glad to say cut-glass is coming much more to the fore than has been the case for some years. It requires careful cleaning and rubbing after being washed in order to make it look its best, but well repays the trouble thus bestowed. Another matter connected with the table is the important question of lighting, which nowadays scarcely ever receives the attention it merits. Of course to those who can command the luxury of electric lighting I have no advice to give, but few know the beautiful effect of ordinary candles. A Pagoda shaped rush basket looks extremely pretty if a tiny row of pretty candle lights are arranged so as to hang round the projecting edge of the roof, they must, however, be well shaded, or tired eyes will be the result.

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.

TINNED SALMON.—Tinned salmon, if eaten as it is turned out of the tin, is usually coarse and unpalatable. It is better if some vinegar, which has been boiled up with whole peppercorns, is poured over it hot.

BAKED BANANAS.—Select perfect but not overripe fruit, wash it thoroughly, and cut off the ends. Place in a shallow dish (an earthen one is preferable), and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. When it is done the fruit will be thoroughly soft, and most of the juice will be retained within the skins. If baked too long, or in too hot an oven, the juices will have evaporated, and much of the flavour will be lost. Serve hot, with or without cream or custard.

ONION PIE.—This dish is wholesome, substantial, and cheap—in fact, one of the very cheapest dishes which can be placed upon the tables of those with small purses and big families. On a baking-board place a quantity of whole wheat meal and some good salt butter, in the proportion of two ounces of butter to one pound of meal. Put in a very little salt and a very little carbonate of soda. Add buttermilk, or skimmed milk, or even

water; and mix till of a pasty consistency. Roll out thin, and cut to the size of an ordinary dinner-plate. Make ready two pieces of pasta for each plate to be used. Lay one piece on the plate, and reserve the other piece to be placed on the top after the onions have been put in. Then prepare the onions—about eight ounces to each pound of meal—by peeling and cutting very small. Stew the onions by themselves in a very little water for half an hour, then place on the plates, flavouring with a very little salt and pepper. Cover up with the remaining piece of pasta, wetting the edges to make them adhere; and make a little opening in the top to let out the steam. Place in a moderately-heated oven, and bake for one hour.

RICE CREAM.—Ingredients: Four ounces of rice, a pint of milk, a strip or two of lemon peel, a teaspoonful of whipped cream, an ounce and a half of gelatine, some seasonal fruit, a pound of sugar, half a pint of water, a little lemon juice. Boil the rice in the milk with the lemon peel, and sweeten to taste. After, remove the lemon peel, and stir till almost cold; add the whipped cream, the gelatine dissolved in a little water; put into a plain round cake tin and stand a small jar or jam tin in the centre; let it cool. Remove the skin and stones from the fruit, cook it gently in a syrup made by boiling the pound of sugar in the water till reduced to half, and flavour with a little lemon juice and serve with the cream.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It has just been discovered by an eminent American doctor that in cases of typhoid the banana is invaluable as food, the percentage of nourishment in it being 95, while there is no waste in the food to irritate the inflamed and ulcerated intestinal walls.

Cement for mineral-oil lamps: Boil three parts of resin with one part of caustic soda and five parts of water. The composition is then mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris, and set firmly in from half to three-quarters of an hour. It is very adhesive, and excellent for attaching the brass-work to mineral-oil lamps.

PERFUMED FUMIGATING PAPERS.

The paper to be used, whatever the perfume afterwards employed may be, is first converted into 'touch paper' by immersing it in a cold solution of potassium nitrate and drying it on strings. Unsized paper, such as ordinary filter paper, should be used. It is perfumed by dipping into any of the following essences and again drying. **Papier de Arménie.**—No. 1. Musk, ten; otto of rose, one; benzoin, one hundred; myrrh, twelve; powderedorris root, two hundred and fifty; strong spirit of wine (sixty-four per cent.), three hundred parts by weight. No. 2. Benzoin, eighty; balsam of tolu, twenty; storax, twenty; yellow sandal-wood, twenty; myrrh, ten; cascarilla, twenty; musk, one; alcohol (sixty-four per cent.) two hundred parts by weight. **Papier de Orient.**—No. 1. Oil of cloves, thirty; oil of cinnamon, thirty-six; oil of bergamot, forty-eight; oil of lavender, forty-eight; simple tincture of benzoin, four hundred and twenty parts by weight. No. 2. Balsam of Peru, fifteen; oil of cloves, thirty; oil of bergamot, thirty; acetic ether, thirty-six; essence of musk, six; essence of vanilla, sixty; tincture of benzoin, one hundred and sixty; tincture of cedar wood, thirty. Other aromatic combinations may be made on similar lines.

'CAN A WOMAN DRIVE A NAIL?'

THE happiness of a New Zealand household has recently been destroyed by a most unfortunate occurrence, and the white winged dove of peace has folded her wings like a cabinet bedstead and vanished.

Mr Baldwin Smathers resides in Auckland, and the conjugal bliss of the Smathers family has been undisturbed until last Friday afternoon. Mrs Smathers has long been noted among the neighbours for an astonishing talent in making preserves. Indeed, the fame of her pickled peaches, raspberry jam and canned pears reached at least two blocks away. Every season she puts up a generous supply of fruits, and to be presented with a jar of Mrs Smathers' preserves was a mark of extraordinary esteem.

Last week the canning season was formally concluded with quinces, and the family moved to another house. The sixty-nine jars of preserves received especial care in transportation and were carefully stowed away upon the top shelf of the pantry. On returning from business Mr Smathers found his wife endeavouring to drive a nail in the wall above the plate shelf to hang up some herbs. She had placed a stool on a chair, and perched on this combination was struggling with the hammer and nail. Her husband watched the combat in patronising silence and then said: 'I never saw a woman yet who could drive a nail. Get down off the chair, Martha, and let me drive your tacks.'

Mrs Smathers climbed down, and grasping the hammer, her husband was soon in position on the stool. He accomplished, however, considerably more than he intended. Giving the half-driven nail a vicious dig to pull it out and begin over again, he loosened a cleat that supported the shelf, and the results were appalling. There was a frightful crash that resounded from cellar to roof, and Mr Smathers, the chair, and the stool disappeared from view. The air was filled with broken glass, flying peaches, pears and plums, and canned cherries, pattered about on the floor like big red hailstones.

On Mrs Smathers' upturned countenance the contents of a jar of strawberries settled down gently. Two damsons and a label decorated her back hair, and on every part of her dress that offered any inducement there nestled jellies and jams, quinces and plums and blackberries in artless confusion.

Dazed by the sudden crash she stood for a moment or two mechanically endeavouring to remove the strawberry juice from her countenance with a small pocket-handkerchief. Just then there was a struggle amid the

glass and the debris in the corner, and Mr Smathers came slowly to his feet, still grasping the hammer. He was a most astonishing sight. There was enough broken glass on his person to astonish the boldest cat on the Smathers back fence. His moustache was strewn with pineapple marmalade, and a stream of red juice and another of white united on his back and fell in a syropy cascade from his coat tails. A quince did duty for a scarf pin, and the Smathers' hair was occupied by two braided peaches and a pint of juice, which gave him an anti-prohibition odour for three days.

'You horrible, horrible brute,' said Mrs Smathers, choking her anger, as she extracted two more strawberries from her hair. 'Just see what you have done,' she said hysterically.

Her husband seemed somewhat in doubt just what to do in his tutti frutti condition. 'I would rather not discuss this matter just now, Martha,' he said timidly, as he removed some apple jelly from his left eye with his coat sleeve. 'The back of my head is crystallizing, and unless I am wiped off soon I shall be a maroon glaze in ten minutes.'

HOW TO HAVE THEM JUST RIGHT.

ALTHOUGH in these days not even the greatest of epicures imitates the luxurious old Roman whose costly feasts included eggs in great variety of kind and preparation, yet everyone likes to have his eggs cooked 'just so.' You can spoil the breakfast of one who prefers hard boiled eggs by giving him one underdone, and he who prefers them soft cannot find a hard-boiled egg eatable.

It seems that Frederick the Great was a very ordinary, if not a small, man when eggs not properly cooked according to his ideas, were placed before him. On such occasions a tempest raged around the coffee-pot, so history tells us.

But prevention is better than cure, and that very original man, John Randolph, invented and carried out a method of securing eggs just right which worked to a charm. As is the case in most country homes in the South, the kitchen was in a separate building at some distance from the house, and servants were plenty.

When the 'sage of Roanoke' took his seat at the breakfast-table there was a line of servants from the dining-room to the kitchen. A watch was in the hand of the mother.

'In' exclaimed the statesman, and the word 'In' was passed from mouth to mouth until it reached the waiting cook, who dropped the eggs into the water. After the requisite number of seconds the holder of the time-keeper signified that the cooking was done. 'Out!' went forth the word in like manner, and the eggs were quickly removed.

The system required six or seven servants to cook one egg, but Randolph was accustomed to declare that this was the only way he could get it cooked to suit him.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. is bottles Made in London—(Advt).

'ANSWERS TO PRAYER.'

MR HUGH PRICE HUGHES, in the March *Sunday Magazine*, gives some of the results of his experience of answers to prayer. One of the examples he cites may be mentioned. Not long ago the West London Mission was greatly in want of money. He invited his principal colleagues to meet him near midnight, and they spent some time 'imploping God to send us £1,000 for His work by a particular day.' In the course of the meeting one of their number 'burst forth into rapturous expressions of gratitude,' as he was convinced that the prayer would be answered. Mr Hughes confesses that he did not share this absolute confidence, but 'believed with trembling.'

However, the day appointed came, and Mr Hughes went to the meeting at which the sum total would be announced, and he says:—

'It appeared that in a very short time, and in very extraordinary ways, £990 had been sent to the West London Mission. I confess that as a theologian I was perplexed. We had asked for a thousand, there was a deficiency of ten. I could not understand it. I went home trying to explain the discrepancy. As I entered my house, and was engaged in taking off my hat and coat, I noticed a letter on the table in the hall. I remembered that it had been lying there when I went out, but I was in a great hurry and did not stop to open it. I took it up, opened it, and discovered that it contained a cheque for £10 for the West London Mission, bringing the amount needed for that day to the exact sum which we had named in our midnight prayer meeting.'

'Of course,' adds Mr Hughes, 'this may be described as a mere coincidence, but all we want is coincidences of this sort. The name is nothing, the fact is everything, and there have been many such facts.'

She: 'And now, Charles, I suppose to-morrow you will have to speak to papa about this.' He: 'Yes, dearest, I suppose I must.' (After a pause): 'Has your father got a telephone?'

'I hear that you are in business for yourself now.' 'I thought I was; but from the little I got out of it, it appears that I am in business for other people.'

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 1s.6d., everywhere—(Advt)