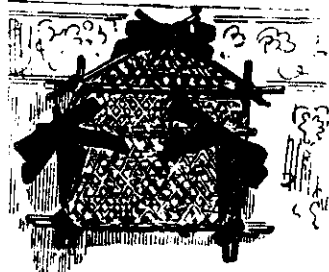


ally find it more comfortable to be able to reach my rubbish repository without making stray shots at it, which may or may not land at their destined end. For all these reasons I have mine hanging on a wall. It is large, and answers the purpose admirably, and withal is an exceedingly decorative little addition to my writing corner. In addition it gives one of my girl friends plenty of occupation to keep



A HANGING WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

me supplied at intervals with a freshly-made basket. It consists of a series of rings covered with double crocheted work in pale blue line muscane string, while little polished sticks, wired in the position indicated in the sketch, serve to form the frame-work. This latter is everywhere ornamented with bows of ribbon.

## 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 replies 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.

**Cannellons of Beef.**—Ingredients: Three-quarters of a pound of cooked beef, a quarter of a pound of ham, three ounces of bread-crumbs or potato, a dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, half a dessert-spoonful of mixed sweet herbs, pepper, salt, a beaten egg, some brown gravy. Chop up the beef and ham finely, and add to it the breadcrumb or potato, and the herbs and seasoning. Concrete it with the egg, leaving a small portion of this to brush over the cannellons. Bake in a slow oven for twenty minutes, and serve with rich brown gravy poured over them.

**Baroness Pudding.**—This is a dainty, cheap, and wholesome dish. Chop three-quarters of a pound of suet very fine and mix it with the same quantity of flour. Then stone three-quarters of a pound of raisins and cut them in half, or smaller, if you like. Add them, and a quarter of a tea-spoonful of salt to the flour, and suet. Mix them all together; lastly, add one egg and half a pint of milk, stir it well; tie in a pudding cloth, or put it in a greased mould and boil for five hours. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

**Salad for Supper.**—Few people know what an excellent addition a really good salad is to such festivities, and we are such a stupid nation over the preparation of dishes of this kind. Take for instance this *Salade à la Dumas*; what could be more delicious or more simple to prepare? Cut into coarse shreds or thin slices one small cucumber (previously pickled), one small cooked beetroot, three cooked potatoes, and four fresh tomatoes. Set these on one side, and prepare a dressing as follows:—Kiln one hard-boiled yolk of egg through a sieve into a salad bowl, add a table-spoonful of Tartare sauce, one small tea-spoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Mix well, and work in gradually two table-spoonfuls of salad oil, one of French wine vinegar, and a dessert spoonful of anchovy essence. Add the prepared vegetables and mix carefully. Dish up in a clean salad bowl in a raised form. Place the heart of a nice French lettuce in the centre, ornament with chopped hard-boiled eggs, chopped chervil and parsley, a few French capers, and you will have a salad of which any French chef would be proud to claim as his "chef d'œuvre."

**Crayfish Salad and Asparagus.**—Cut some asparagus into pea shapes, and mince roughly some crayfish tails, and toss

them in good mayonnaise, pile the mixture up high in the centre of a dish, and arrange round it some lettuce hearts alternately with halved plovers, pheasants, or bantams' eggs, and an outer ring of cold new potatoes, tomatoes, and cucumber, all sliced. All the vegetables should be tossed before using in a plain oil and vinegar salad dressing. Lobsters, crabs, or prawns, and even shrimps, are all excellent treated in this way.

**Preserving eggs.**—5 quarts boiling water, 3 1/2 lbs. lard, 1 oz. cream of tartar, 1/2 lb. salt. When cold pour over the eggs in jars. Cork tightly and stand in cool place.

## AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

### HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:—

From our children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

Always punish your child for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish him in anger.

Never let them know that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm; then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances at another.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

Accustom them to make their little rituals with perfect truth.

Never allow tale-bearing.

Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence. Practise the above.

## VARICOSE VEINS.

Varicose veins are always due to long-continued and unusual pressure of the blood within the blood-vessels, which causes them to stretch, both in length and in width. The stretching occurs at intervals, and is usually in an advanced stage before pain is felt.

The veins about the ankle or the calf are usually the first to be affected. A small, superficial part of the vein appears bluish and more prominent than usual, and may have a beaded outline. This condition may disappear for a time, but it returns with increased discomfort. The enlarged veins, unless cared for, are liable to a number of complications.

The tissue around an enlarged vein is poorly nourished, and is liable to infection and degeneration, with rapid formation of ulcers, which are healed only with difficulty.

The vein may become so enlarged at a point near the surface that the tissue over it may waste away and the vein be ruptured. The loss of blood is then considerable. Such a rupture is always alarming, and may be dangerous to life.

The hardened tissue often found around varicose veins is a result of exudation of the watery portion of the blood through their weakened walls.

The lower extremities are most prone to varicosities of the veins, but the same condition is frequently found elsewhere.

The treatment consists in early preventing their development. The circulation, especially in the diseased vein, must be toned up. Hygienic and dietary measures should be employed to improve the general condition. The vein must be supported by local means. An elastic stocking, an elastic bandage, or a common roller bandage does this effectively. The bandage must be tightly and smoothly applied, beginning at the toes, and by successive turns covering every portion of the surface.

While sitting, the patient should elevate the foot on a foot-rest. The foot of the bed should be slightly raised to facilitate the venous return.

Standing, more than walking, increases varicosities. Walking and cycling to excess may also increase the difficulty. After exercise, it is recommended that the affected parts be bathed in cold water, and the veins firmly rubbed in the direction of the heart.

Ulcers, hemorrhages, and other complications call for a physician's care.

## RUSSIAN PICKPOCKETS.

One day, while dining together, the French ambassador and a Grand Duke of Russia, were discussing the cleverness of the pickpockets of their respective countries.

The Grand Duke claimed that the Russian pickpocket was the more skilful. Seeing the ambassador incredulous, he told him he would, without knowing it, be relieved of his watch before leaving the table.

He then telephoned to the head of the police to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on.

The man came and was put into livery, and was told to wait at table with the other servants. He was to give the Grand Duke a sign directly he had done the trick.

But this was not given very soon, for the ambassador was very wary, and always kept on the alert, and held his hand on his hip, even when conversing with the most distinguished guests.

At last the Grand Duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket, and pulled out a potato instead of his watch.

To conceal his feelings he said he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff-box was gone. Then he missed his ring from his finger, and his gold toothpick, which he had been holding in his hand in its little case.

Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles; but the Grand Duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff boxes, etc.

His Imperial Highness then made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time that the French ambassador had been despoiled so craftily.

## SATISFACTORY ARITHMETIC.

A contemporary writer says, in regard to the Prussia of fifty years ago, that it had a state lottery, and in every town, large or small, was a collector, appointed to sell the tickets. One day a servant girl came to the collector in Hagen, and asked if she could buy No. 23. He had not that number in his possession, but as the girl seemed very much in earnest, and refused to be put off with any other, he tried to obtain it from some of the other collectors in town, and finally succeeded. The drawing took place, and Hagen rose to a state of feverish excitement when it was known that the girl had become a winner of a large sum of money. She found herself for a time the chief object of interest in the town. She was, of course, asked how she came to fix upon No. 23. Thereupon she gave this simple and lucid explanation:—'I dreamed one night No. 7, and a second night I dreamed No. 7, and a third night again. So I thought, "Three times seven makes twenty-three," and I bought that number!'

## ONE MAN'S COURAGE.

ALL Paris was stirred one day in August, 1869, by a deed of courage, which recalled the old legend of Horatius and his two comrades holding Lars Porsena's army at bay until the bridge across the Tiber had been cut down.

At a performance in the Hippodrome, Lucas, the lion-tamer, entered the cage where were two lions and two lionesses. Scarcely had he closed the door when one of the lions sprang upon him and seized him by the back of the neck. The sight of blood maddened the other beasts, and they, too, fell on their tamer.

Women screamed and fainted, men grew pale or shouted out impossible orders. The employes of the Hippodrome lost their heads, all save Lucas's attendant, Jose Mendez, a Spaniard. Arming himself with an iron weapon, he entered the cage, snote the lions by and thigh, and nearly killed them all. Then he dragged out his mangled master, who was immediately bandaged by a doctor.

## LACONIC.

An instance of prompt obedience to orders is reported by the 'Electrical Review':—

The president of an electrical railway company complained to his superintendent, a Hibernian named Finnegan, that his daily reports of trouble on the line were too long—too wordy. 'Cut 'em short,' said the busy president. 'The superintendent's next report of a car off the track satisfied all hands. It was:

'Offagin  
'Onagin  
'Awayagin.'  
'Finnegin.'

## DR. LAMONT'S STRONG FINGERS.

'I was afraid you were going to slip through my fingers,' said good old Dr. Lamont.

The writer was a boy of about 17 then. While a student at school, more than 300 miles from home, I was taken down with pneumonia. I had a tough time, and for two or three weeks my life was despaired of. But youth and good care won the fight, and one bright morning I was ready to go home with my dear father who had come for me. I was weak still, but well and happy clear up to the brim. Oh, what a ride. Oh, what sweet air. Oh, what a glorious world I had got back into; and what a reception from my mother and sisters at the familiar house. Oh, life! Oh, health! Oh, 'dulce, dulce domum.'

Such an illness, if one survives it, only makes the sense of existence and its blessings more keen and delightful. It is good rather than bad. Lucky boy, not to have slipped through the doctor's fingers.

But when a man with most of his days behind him has to write a line like this 'All my life I have suffered more or less from disease'—why that is another and sadder story. It is the odds between an occasional thunder storm and a sky always covered with clouds.

We quote what he says, reminding the reader that in this matter Mr William Hodgkinson voices the experience of millions. He says: 'I always had a bad taste in the mouth, no proper relish for food, and after eating had pain and fullness at the chest.'

These sensations are symptoms of acute indigestion. In the stomach there is marked loss of power. The food is neither rolled over as it should be so that the whole of it may be in turn presented to the digestive fluid, nor is it duly moved on towards the outlet into the bowels. As a result it ferments and gives off irritating acids and gases, hence the patient complains of pain, weight, distension, acidity, and flatulence in that region. Thence the poisons proceed to every other part of the body, and headache, vertigo, gout, rheumatism, depressed spirits, and a score more of evils follow; among them possibly, nervous prostration, progressive anaemia, locomotor ataxia, and more or less complete paralysis.

'Frequently,' continues Mr Hodgkinson, 'I was sick, and as time went on I became very weak and feeble. I consulted one doctor after another, and took various medicines, but obtained no real or lasting relief from any of them. This describes my general condition until the fortunate day when I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I was impressed by the statements others had made concerning it, and proceeded to try it. After taking one bottle I found relief, and was soon entirely free from my old complaint. Since that time, now eight years ago, I have enjoyed good health. Knowing personally of its virtues I have recommended this remedy to hundreds, and have never heard of its having failed to give relief. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in my grave years ago. (Signed) William Hodgkinson, Hollington, near Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, August 11th, 1893.'

Mr Hodgkinson is well known and highly respected. He is a local preacher in the Methodist Church, and by employment, a quarry master. Had he gone into the grave as he feared he should, he would have been missed and lamented by the community in which he has long been useful, and will live to be useful, we hope, for years to come.

Now let us repeat our leading thought. Short illnesses, even though sharp and dangerous, may result in good rather than harm. But a disease that drags its victim through decades of lingering distress—what shall we say of it? The trouble and suffering it inflicts is beyond estimate, and its name is indigestion and dyspepsia.

And the name of the medicine that cures it Mr Hodgkinson has done you the favour to mention with clearness and emphasis.

## A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s bottle. Made in London.—Advt.