

### How to Darn Stockings Well.

The secret of successful darning lies in "running" the thread of the darning cotton so far on each side of the hole that it does not immediately fray and pull out the goods. Take a long thread of darning cotton to begin with, and run it at least half an inch along the goods on each side of the hole. Continue this until the hole is snugly covered. Now cross the threads in the regular darning style, taking care that the same precaution is observed. A stocking darned in this way will wear, as far as the darning is concerned, just as long as though no hole had ever existed.

To darn very large holes, such as are apt to occur with even the most careful steppers when shoes are loose at the heels or are ill-fitting, something more than a thread of darning cotton is necessary. A case like this requires a patch. Such holes almost always occur in the heel, so that in treating of the method of mending them it is safe to take the heel for a model.

From the leg of an old stocking, such as is sure to be found in your basket, cut a kite-shaped piece of goods about five inches long and four inches across. Turn the stocking wrong side out and lay the kite upon the heel so that the long-pointed end runs up the back of the leg and the lower rounded part is at the base of the heel. "Run" down the centre of the kite with a stout linen thread, taking rather large, loose stitches. Now "run" in the same way across the kite shaped piece, letting the thread be very slack. The next step is to sew the patch tightly to the heel, which is done by stitching it around the outside. If deftly done there will be neither wrinkle nor crease to tell the wearer that so important an operation has taken place upon the heel of a stocking.

Patches that are made of material other than bits of old stockings are apt to be harsh. And it is by their use that the patched stocking has fallen into disrepute among comfort-loving people.

But, let the housewife give this simple little method a trial and she will live to rejoice that such a useful bit of knowledge has been added to her list of household facts.

### Not True of all Women.

Says the New York *World*: The fact that men of learning have swung open college doors and men of business the doors of counting-houses to her, has not really changed the sweetly confiding and diffident nature of woman. It is doubtful if the possession of the much-demanded ballot itself would. She still has implicit trust in the knowledge and power of man, and sometimes she shows it in a most amusing way.

There was a woman of dignified bearing and apparent intelligence standing at a Broadway post-box the other day. Near by a policeman looked upon the scene with the high and indifferent air common to potentates. She had dropped in several letters and gazed hesitatingly at a small package which she held. She glanced about for assistance in her problem and her eyes lit upon the policeman. An expression of relief came upon her face and she advanced with her package.

"I beg your pardon," she said sweetly, holding the package up for his inspection, "but do you think that there are enough stamps on this to carry it?"

And such is the chivalrous attitude of man towards perplexed woman that the policeman said promptly, without making even an attempt to weigh the package in his hands:

"O! 'm shure there's enough, ma'am."

Her doubts banished by this statement and the lady dropped her bundle and went on her way rejoicing.

### The Gardener Helped the Queen.

Says Polly Pry in the N. Y. *Recorder*: I hear that Queen Victoria, when a little girl, was fond of climbing trees and walls whenever she could find an opportunity which wasn't often.

On one occasion she had escaped from her attendants, and, climbing a particularly high tree, sat there and enjoyed herself while she watched her chaperons running around, wildly seeking her. As soon as they were out of sight she started to descend, but became frightened at the height, and drew back. A young gardener named Davis happened to pass at this time, and she attracted his attention. He ran for a ladder and soon had her on terra firma. She gave him a guinea as a token of her gratitude, and he had it framed, and still shows it to visitors as he tells the tale.

Victoria has done some lofty climbing since then, and the splendid eminence that she now occupies must possess a great attraction for her, for she seems to feel no anxiety about getting down. I wonder if the Prince of Wales wouldn't gladly run for a ladder to help her descend, if she would only do it? His reward wouldn't be a guinea, of course, but it would be a crown!

### As Others See Us.

It is often well to see ourselves as others see us. The following is clipped from an English paper:

No Englishwoman can fully appreciate the jealousy existing between New York and Chicago girls. New York girls say that Chicago girls would be all very well in their way if they had not such large feet, and declare that the rhyme of "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" originated thus. A New York girl married, as second wife, a Chicago widower and was blessed with three arrivals of twins. Not knowing what to do with them, as she lived on a small flat, she kept them in the first wife's shoe. The first wife was a Chicago girl. Another story is told by the New Yorkers to the effect that when a Boston woman wants to stop a train she waves a book, the Western woman whistles, the New York woman signals with her parasol or umbrella, while the Chicagoian merely put her foot on the line!

### Notes.

Corsets have been found upon the waists of Egyptian mummies.

"What is pluck?" asks some one. Eating two pieces of your wife's Christmas pie. That is pluck.

The British government has made Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery national property, paying £3,000 for it. Fifty years ago it was sold for £345.

Three hundred thousand dollars has been given to charity by the Duke of Portland since his marriage, in fulfillment of his promise to his wife to devote to that purpose all the money he should win on the race track.

Miss Wananiaker counts among her various accomplishments the unusual but decidedly healthful one of boxing. Her tutor in great measure, and the one with whom she most frequently tries her skill, is her father, the Postmaster General.

One Majajie, a mysterious chieftainess whom a traveler in the Transvaal lately met, claims to be original Rider Haggard's "She"—an ancient dame, strangely decrepit and with white complexion, bright blue eyes and snowy hair. He was unable to elicit anything of "She's" personal history.

An unknown girl saved a train with two hundred and fifty passengers from destruction in Oregon. She was on her way home from a party, when she discovered that a rail had been removed on a high trestle, and she procured a lantern and signalled the approaching train. She then went modestly on her way and never waited for thanks.

Seven girls were having a confab over their embroidery the other day when some one suggested that each girl tell what she wanted most for Christmas. "Wait!" cried another one. "Let's find out how much we think alike." Slips of paper and pencils were passed around and each girl was requested to write the name of the article of wearing apparel she coveted above all others. You should have heard the outcry when the slips were read aloud! The only girl who hadn't written "Mackintosh" was she who had bought a new one just the week before. Strange to relate, there was not a seal-skin jacket in the list.

### NEPHI PLASTER OF PARIS WORKS.

Utah's fame as an agricultural district has long been heralded abroad. She now claims acknowledgment on the score of her manufactures. And her right to such a claim can not be disputed. Prominent among the latter industries is the manufacture of plaster-of-Paris.

Situated about a mile from Nephi City, at the mouth of Salt Creek canyon, are the Nephi Plaster and Manufacturing Works. The factory proper covers about 60 by 75 feet. Annexed to this building is a cooper shop 14 by 30 feet. Here the barrels in which the plaster is shipped are made. This entire plant is operated by one hundred and twenty horse water-power under eighty five feet head.

The largest deposit of gypsum in America is located within four hundred feet of this mill. The process of manufacturing into plaster is not intricate, though it is somewhat lengthy.

The rock is conveyed from the quarry to the mill by means of cars. It is then thrown into a large iron crusher, where it is broken into pieces not much larger than a pigeon's egg; then conveyed to another machine which grinds it to a powder.

Thus reduced it is transferred to a large iron kettle under which is a hot fire. During the boiling process, which occupies two and a half hours, it is kept in motion by a mechanical contrivance. The drying is done by a centrifugal machine. Every particle of moisture is driven out by the rapid rotary motion.

The process is now completed. The plaster is ready for packing and shipping.

The most striking peculiarity of the plaster is the fact that as soon as the