HOUSEHOLD.

JELLY RECIPES.

Peach Butter.—To every pound of peaches, weighed after peeling and stoning allow one half pound of sugar. Pare and stone the peaches which should be very ripe and mellow cut in pieces and put through the press. Put over the fire in a porcelain kettle let the pulp heat slowly and cook, stirring occasionally until it is of the consistency of marmalade. Add the sugar, stir until it is dissolved and cook rapidly for 15 minutes. Place the kettle on the back part of the stove where the butter will not become cooled until it is quite solid. Pack in jars or tumblers while hot.

Apple Butter.—Pare and core the apples, cut in pieces and put through the press. To every pint of apple pulp take one quart of new sweet cider. Cider not more than two days old will make the best apple butter used with tart apples Boil the cider down one half; then measure using in the proportion given above. Add the apple pulp and cook very slowly stirring often. When it begins to thicken, sweeten to taste with brown sugar. Stir until the sugar is entirely dissolved; cook until the butter is the desired consistency—that of soft jam; pack in jars or tumblers while hot, and keep in a cool place. If preferred spiced, allow the following quantities: to every five quarts of apple pulp, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon.

Citron Preserves.—Three pounds of citron, two lemons, three pounds of sugar, one eighth pound of ginger root. Pare and slice the citron. Extract the juice from the lemons and cut them in slices. Bruise the ginger root slightly, tie it in a muslin cloth and cover with three pints of water. Add the slices of lemon and boil until the water is highly flavored; strain saving all the water. Add to this the sugar and juice of the lemons, stir until the sugar is dissolved, boil and skim until clear. IAdd the citron and boil until the slices are transparent, but not too soft to keep their shape. Put them carefully in glass jars, pour the sirup over them and seal while hot.

Coffee Jelly.—Half a box of gelatine, two cupfuls of boiling water, half a cupful of cold water one cupful of sugar, three fourths of a cupful of clear, strong coffee. Cover the gelatine with the cold water and let it stand for half an hour, dissolve in the hot water and add the sugar and coffee. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and strain. Turn into a mold previously wet with cold water, and when solidified serve with whipped cream.

Grape Catsup.—Five pounds of ripe grapes, two and a half pounds of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful each of whole cloves, cinnamon, and allspice, two cupfuls of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two blades of mace. Put the grapes through the press, add the sugar, vinegar, salt, and spices. Boil until thick as ordinary catsup. remove the whole spices and bottle while hot.

Chili Sauce.—Eight ripe tomatoes, three good-sized onions, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful ginger, one tablespoonful salt. pinch of red pepper, one cup sugar, three cups vinegar, cut tomatoes and onions in small pieces, add spices, vinegar, and sugar, and cook until as thick as you wish it, seal and it will keep any length of time.

Tomato Marmalade.—To two pounds of tomatoes add two pounds of sugar and the juice and grated rind of one lemon; scald the tomatoes and take off the skin; mix the sugar with the tomatoes, and boil them slowly for an hour, skimming and stirring; add the juice and grated rind of the lemon and boil another half hour, or till it is a thick, smooth mass.

SELECTED, TESETD RECIPES.

A New Mackerel Dish.—Thoroughly freshen two fish by soaking over night; wash in fresh water in the morning, wipe dry and squeeze lemon juice over the flesh side. Lay one of the fish in the bottom of a baking-pan, and cover with a thick dressing made of bread-crumbs well seasoned with parsley, pepper, salt, butter and some bits of thin lemon peel, the outside yellow part, Lay the other fish on this dressing and baste with melted butter and hot water. Bake until brown, remove to a hot platter without disturbing the layers, use a fish tin in the baking pan to make handling easy, and cover the top with bread-crumbs moistened in melted butter and baked to a pretty brown. Garnish with thin lemon slices and parsley.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup butter and lard mixed, one half cup sugar, one cup New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful soda scalded in one cup hot water, three teaspoonfuls ginger. Beat well and handle lightly. Roll out very thin, cut and bake in a hot oven. Bake on the slide, so that they will brown quickly without raising and be very brittle. This recipe is very fine. I make soft ginger cake by the same baking powder and using one half the quantity of flour—one and a half cups.

Currant Jelly Omelet.—Make a plain egg omelet, and just before serving, spread with currant jelly—considered a great delicacy either as a breakfast or luncheon dish.

DELICIOUS CRANBERRIES.

Cranberries are frequently served in a semi-liquid state, but are so much superior in taste and appearance when firm enough to be moulded that every housewife should learn to cook them in this way. It is the only way, indeed, in which they may be appropriately served with turkey or meat. Too long cooking impairs the flavor. Always cook cranberries in granite or porcelain. Metal will give them an unpleasant taste and a bad color.

To make cranberry sauce to perfection, allow to one quart of cranberries one cupful of cold water, and let cook 10 minutes, until the skins have begun to break. Then add two cupfuls of granulated sugar, and let boil 10 minutes longer, stirring frequently with silver or granite spoon, to prevent scorching. Pour into earthen or granite molds, and let set for 12 hours before serving, although in a cold place it will become firm very quickly if made as directed. Pint bowls make very good molds, and large-sized egg-cups make pretty individual shapes.

Cranberry pie is delicious, and a frequent dessert. To make it, wash and pick over one quart of cranberries, and place in a deep granite pie dish, with two cups of granulated sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Cover with nice puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven for three-fourths of an hour.

Cranberry tart, if nicely made, is as handsome as it is good. Line a granite pie dish with puff paste, and fill it with cranberries, lemon juice, and sugar, as for cranberry pie. Twist little strips of puff paste, and lay them across the top of the pie to form a neat lattice work. Bake in a brisk oven. Serve cold.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

For Summer Diarrhea — Listerine, one ounce; potass. carbonate, one dram; syr. rhei aromat., seven ounces. Half an ounce every four hours.

Varicose Veins.—Tincture collinsonia is a specific in the treatment of varicosed veins. Ten drops four times daily, all other conditions of the patient receiving proper attention, will produce prompt benefit.

Tonsilitis.—Let the patient wet his forefinger and dip it into powdered bicarbonate of sodium. The surface of the tonsil should be rubbed with the end of the finger every five minutes during half an hour, and afterward every hour during the same day.

Powder Stains on the Skin.—They may be removed by painting with the following solution: Biniodide of ammonium and distilled water, equal parts. Then dilute with hydrochloric acid to reach the tissues more deeply affected.

Infantile Diarrhoea.—At the onset give a tablespoonful of the following mixture: Oil of ricinl, one ounce; glycerine, two ounces; oil of cassiae, one drop. After it has operated freely give listerine combined with a small dose of Batle's papine.

Gargle and Mouth Wash.—Diluted listerine makes a pleasant and efficient gargle and mouth wash, acting kindly on irritated or inflamed mucous surfaces, and removing any unpleasant odors of the breath.

For Sore Eyes.—Bathe in weak solution of salt and water, before going to bed.

For Scald or Burn.—If only on the surface, make an ointment of sulphur and lard stiff and cover the sore.

Diphtheria Remedy. — Inhale the fumes of slaked lime, Put some lime in a small vessel and inhale with a funnel.

Onion Earache Cure.—Roast small onion until soft, dip it in sweet oil and insert in the ear. When the pain is relieved take out the onion and put raw cotton in.

Blackberry Cordial.— Secure ripe berries and crush them; to each gallon of juice add one quart of boiling water; let it stand 24 hours, stirring it a few times; strain and add two pounds of sugar to each gallon of liquid; put in jugs and cork tight. It may be used in two months.

Flaxseed Sirup for Colds.—Boil flaxseed until water becomes slimy, then strain, sweeten with powdered rock candy, and juice of fresh lemons. Dose wineglassful when cough is troublesome.

Cure for a Felon.—Take the yolk of an egg, an equal quantity of common salt and one tablespoonful spirits of turpentine. Mix well and apply poultice at bed time.

LITTLE THINGS

That led to Some of the World's Greatest Discoveries.

The rolling of cold iron was first suggested, it is said, by a workman who was placing a piece of hot iron in the rolls and carelessly allowed his tongs to be drawn in also. Noticing that the tongs rolled without breaking, he called the attention of the Superintendent to the incident. The matter was investigated, experiments were made, and it was found that cold rolled iron is equal to steel for shafting purposes.

A Nuremberg glass cutter accidentally discovered the art of etching upon glass. A few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles and he noticed that the acid caused the glass to corrode and soften. He at once took the hint, drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the aqua fortis and then cut away the glass from around the drawing. Removing the varnish, he found the figures that he had drawn raised upon a dark background.

Finiguerra, the master of early engraving, delighted in doing deeds of kindness. One day a washerwoman, in washing a piece of clothing in which a needle had been carelessly left, had the misfortune to run it into her hand. The needle broke, and more than half of it was left embedded in the flesh. It gave her much pain, and as soon as she could she went to Finiguerra's studio, put down the bundle of damp clothes that she was carrying to their owner, and asked the artist to help her. After much patient, careful manipulation with his fine tools he succeeded in extracting the broken needle.

The woman thanked him, and as she lifted her damp bundle to leave the studio Finiguerro noticed that it had rested upon one of his engravings and had received an excellent impression from it. The engraving, like all others of that time, was a metal plate complete in itself, and was regarded as a single picture. The impression made upon the damp cloth suggested to the alert mind of Finiguerra the possibility of producing an indefinite number of pictures from a single original. By experimenting he perfected his discovery, and eventually made it possible for all homes to have beautiful engravings, for, previous to his discovery, only the wealthy could afford them.

CARE OF CLOTHES.

Girls should be early taught the importance of caring for their clothes. With some neatness is innate, but many, if allowed to follow their own inclinations, kick off their shoes, drop their clothes in a heap on the floor, and in the morning "jump into them" regardless of appearance or of hygienic laws. Teach the girls and boys, too, to hang their clothing—undergarments especially—over the back of a chair, at night, where the air will circulate through them, for this is as important as airing the night dress and bedding in the morning. Stockings, if left in a heap where no air is stirring, will be clammy in the morning, especially if they were wet with perspiration at night. Those who perspire freely should hang their waists wrong side out to air and never hang them in a close closet. Undervests that are worn all day should not be worn at night. Old loose ones should take their place. In the summer, nothing but the night gown is necessary.

As a girl grows older she should learn to shake and brush her gowns and jackets, especially her best ones, before hanging them up; also, to sponge off any spots tighten the loose buttons and repair any breaks, so that the garments are in perfect readiness for instant use. It is annoying to wait for a rip to be mended or a button to be sewed on at the last minute, when the horse is harnessed and you yourself are ready. Gloves, shoes and hats are in the same category.

Floriculture.

LEGEND OF WHITE NARCISSUS.

In lace and linen and silken slippers
And sheen of satin they dressed the bride,
With a gossamer veil, and a wreath of blossoms
To crown her beauty, the day she died.
With rich perfumes of the rose and lily
They combed and plaited her locks of gold,
And under the tree where once she trysted
They hid her down in the frozen mold.
With sun and shadow and balmy breezes
Came the spring to her place of rest.
And a slender blade like an emerald arrow
Lifted the clouds above her breast.
Crystal dews of the purple twilight,
Silver rains of the morning cloud,
Coaxed the stem from its leafy shelter;
Drew the bud from its folded shroud.

Pale and pure as a pearl of ocean
It slipped the green of its dainty sheath,
Deep in its heart a hint of yellow
From the braided tresses that lay beneath.
So it was born, the bride's fair daughter—
The white narcissus that buds and blows,
Sweet and starry in silent places.
Over the grave of the winter snows.

ABOUT THE PRETTY CARNATION.

Do you know the meaning of the name of what many people consider the prettiest flower that grows? The word carnation means flesh color; not the pinkish yellow, commonly understood by that name, but the tints employed by portrait painters in representing faces. The carnations on a palette include all the reds and pinks and creams and whites, with their intermediate tones, tending to red, yellow and white.

It will thus be seen how appropriate is the name, as applied to a group of flowers whose petals display all the reds, pinks, yellows and whites, as they are seen in the human face. We may have pinkish white, and whitish red, cream white and yellow white, whitish yellow and pinkish yellow, all shown in the carnation family, and all veritable flesh tints.

The word carnation, as understood by florists, means a double pink, that is, a pink having an excessive number of petals. The pink, in its natural state, has five petals, ten stamens and two pistils. Through rich culture the stamens have developed into petals.

By a similar process all the numberless varieties of double roses that we have to-day were evolved from the wild rose, with five petals, and a great number of stamens. Many of our favorite flowers have reached their present stage largely through the agency of man.

The old botanists told us that a double flower is a monstrosity, and that a true naturalist prefers a blossom in its wild state. The new botanists are telling us something quite different. They say that all flowers are the result of development, and that man's agency must be taken into account, as well as any other factor. According to this view, double flowers and modern varieties have a rightful place in any system of natural history.

We all know what is meant by the color named pink; it is a red, lightened with white. There are as many shades of pink as there are of red,and these range from one almost as dark as garnet to one almost white, with the faintest roseate tinge. Yet, when we think of the flower "pink," we know that it is not necessarily pink in color; it may be a red pink, a yellow pink or a white pink.

Still, there is a reason for the color, pink, having the name of the flower, pink. The old-fashioned clove-pink, such as we used to see in our grandmothers' gardens, have five petals. This species is taken as the type of the pink genus. All varieties of pink are placed under the head of Dianthus. This generic name for the pink family means, literally, "flower of Jove," or "flower of the gods. From very early times the whole tribe has been admired for its beauty and fragrance.

CURATIVE QUALITIES OF COMMON PLANTS.

It is not a generally accepted fact that nearly all the plants grown have some curative virtue, but such is the case. And if the average man would only appreciate this statement at its full value he would give the preference to the plants which are certain to cure ailments if treated properly, as it costs no more to raise a medicinal plant than one purely ornamental. Take, for instance, the beautiful sunflower. If you get the leaves and stems and steep them in brandy, you have a tincture which has all the virtues of quinine. A small quantity will brace you up and give you a ravenous appetite. A larger quantity will cure your neuralgia, or allay your fever, if you happen to be suffering from typhoid. The sweet-smelling verbena makes an infusion which is a fine cure for sore throat, and it will also prevent your hair falling off. Fennel, which we grow in kitchen gardens to flavor sauces, makes a man strong, gives him courage, and adds a dozen years to his life.

Ferns have many curative qualities. If you are wanting in common sense the maidenhair fern will give it to you, and it has been known to make idiots into sensible men. Maidenhair fern tea is a splendid cure for a cold. And the tincture makes one's hair grow luxuriantly.

You can easily grow a blackberry bush in your garden, and from its leaves and fruit many useful medicines can be made. If you eat the young shoots they will harden your gums. If you make a decoction of the leaves you have a cure for whooping cough. For an ordinary sore throat nothing is better than blackberry jam. And if you boil the leaves in strong lye you get a liquid which will dye your hair a beautiful glossy black.

The cowslip can be very easily cultivated. It looks pretty, and it is very useful. If you cannot sleep, take some of the powdered root and it will send you into the soundest slumber. If you want to do some mountain climbing, and don't feel your nerves up to the mark, boil the roots in ale and take a few draughts of it. You can then stand on a masthead without a tremor.

Camomile is worth cultivating for the sake of its pleasant and refreshing odor. But it is also a valuable medicinal remedy. No finer stimulant can be found for a languid stomach than camomile tea. If you make a tincture with spirits of wine it will cure your neuralgia, while an infusion is an excellent thing to give irritable and restless children.

Coltsfoot, with its pleasant smell, is a cure for asthma. You can make it into cigarettes or fill your pipe with it and it will give you instant relief.

The lovely lily of the valley has the curious power of strengthening the memory. It also strengthens the heart, and is a splendid thing to take before going on a long cycle ride. And if you make a snuff of the dried flowers it will cure the worst headache.

The fragrant marigold, much used on the continent for flavoring soups, is a splendid thing for consumption. It also raises one's spirits in a wonderful manner. If you have measles there is nothing to equal a decoction of marigolds, while the pain of a beesting can be removed by rubbing a fresh flower to the painful spot.

Lavender makes the hair grow, it cures sprains and stiff joints, and a little oil of lavender will cure giddiness and palpitation.

The primrose is useful as well as ornamental. If you make an infusion of primroses you have as good a cure as any doctor can give you for headache, hysteria or sleeplessness.

No garden should be without an apple tree. A poultice of rotten apples will cure sore eyes. If you eat a few good apples every day you will be sure to escape the gout. And if you are inclined to have warts a raw apple rubbed on them will very quickly remove them.

SHELLFISH

Make a Curious Sound By the Closing of Their Shells.

Most seamen can tell of curious clinking sounds heard on calm nights at sea, and the origin of the noise seems so altogether unaccountable that it has often created some alarm among superstitious fishermen.

A distinguished naturalist made a careful study of the sounds on many occasions, and found that it was not a sustained note, but made up of a multitude of tiny notes, each clear and distinct in itself, and ranging from a high treble down to a base. When the ear was applied to the gunwale of the boat the sound grew more intense, and in some places, as the boat moved on, it could not be heard at all.

On other occasions the sounds resembled the tolling of bells, the booming of guns and the note of an Aeolian harp.

For a long time he was unable to trace the cause, but at length discovered that the sounds were made by shellfish, hundreds of them opening their shells and closing them with sharp snaps. The noise, partly muffled by the water, sounded indescribably weird. He was finally led to the conclusion that, as the shellfish made the sounds, they probably had some meaning, and that the clicks might possibly be a warning of danger when the shallow water was disturbed by the boat.

THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"If you like to call at the Langham Hotel, I shall be there for a fortnight," she answered, and his face lit up with a happy smile as he went off."

"Why did you do that, Carmela?" asked the Marchese in a vexed tone; "we don't want to see him in London."

"You may not; I do," replied Miss Dotoner, with calm contempt. "Shall we go on shore now, Sir Mark?" and without another word, she went off with the Baronet and his daughter, leaving him alone.

"So he has not given up the chase yet," muttered Vassalla, as he looked after the luggage, "well, we shall see."

Mrs. Pellypop, to her disgust, found no one to meet her, so went off to the Langham Hotel, and wrote a severe letter to the Bishop, which had the effect of bringing the prelate up to London next day.

And so they all went their different ways, and the happy family on board the "Neptune" was scattered abroad through the streets of London town.

Ronald saw the Captain before he left, and had a talk with him about Ventin's death, promising to look up his barrister friend on the morrow. Then he went with Pat to the Tavistock, where they had a capital little dinner, after which they patronized the Alhambra, followed by a supper at the Cavour. Then, though Pat was inclined to make a wet night of it—particularly as they had met several of the boys at the theatre — Ronald went to his hotel, and retired soberly to bed, first, however, posting his letter of introduction to Gerald Foster, of Middle Temple, so that he could call on him on the morrow, and speak with him about the mysterious death of his friend.

"I'll find out who killed poor Ventin," he said as he went to bed, "and then I'll marry Carmela."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Everything comes to those who know how to wait." What an excellent proverb for a briefless barrister! Let Mr. Briefless sit in his chambers, surrounded by his law-books crammed with learning, and ready to undertake anything—if he wait, will Fame come to him? Not she. Fame is a lazy goddess, except when she flies away, and then it is difficult for even the most industrious to catch her and clip her wings.

"He who would seek the wealth of the Indies must take out the wealth of the Indies." Is not that saying a true one? In order to gain fame, riches, and ease, must not one bring industry, perseverance, and knowledge? If Mr. Gerald Foster, barrister, of the Inner Temple, had adopted the motto of knowing how to wait, he might have done so till the end of the chapter, and then have been no better off at the end than the beginning.

But Mr. Foster was not of this fatalistic creed; he did not believe that what must be must, and that if a man is to be famous he will be so whether he idles at home or goes out into the world and works. No; he saw clearly that every day the prizes were fewer and the multitude of competitors greater, and so he did not rest idly on his oars after being admitted to the bar, but went in for hard study, both of men and books. Books, as he knew, are all very well, but according to Pope, the proper study of mankind is man and Gerald went out into the world and neglected no opportunity of getting fish into his net. He went into the theatrical world, and knew all the most famous actors and actresses in London; he went into the political world, and had all the burning questions of the day at his end of his tongue; he noted the rising and falling of shares on the Stock Exchange, and knew exactly how the money market stood, and he went into society and became acquainted with the follies of the hour.

All this work was for a purpose, for he was a young gentleman who never lost an opportunity, and his sprats were all sent forth to catch mackerel. As yet, in spite of his assiduity to work, and his cultivation of the follies and virtues of his fellow-men, he had succeeded but little, but then he was only twenty-eight years of age, and fortune is not a goddess to be wooed roughly, so he went on, keeping his brain cool, his eyes open, and his mind cultivated, and had no doubt in his own mind that he would succeed. With such indomitable perseverance Gerald knew he must win at last. Fortune, fickle though she be, becomes weary of incessant assaults, and yields in the end to the persevering suitor. So Mr. Gerald Foster, aged twenty-eight, with clever brains, good health, and plenty of tact, worked assiduously at his profession, waiting for the hour that would bring him fame and riches.

Not a handsome man, certainly not; that is, he was not an oiled and curled darling of society. He dressed well, because it was part of his business; but even his kindest friend could not have pronounced him handsome. A bald head, with a thick fringe of brown hair round it, a prominent nose, a clean-shaven face, with a thin-lipped mouth, and two brilliantly black eyes under bushy eyebrows, he would have been ugly, but for the wonderful charm of his smile. A most delightful smile, that changed all his features, and turned him from the ugly beast into the handsome young prince of the fairy tale. And, above all, his face was one that inspired confidence—an invaluable quality in a lawyer.

On the morning after the arrival of the "Neptune," he sat in his office in the Temple looking over his letters. Accurately dressed, in frock coat, black trousers and tie, and spotless linen, he was turning over his letters, when he came on that of Ronald's, and something in the handwriting of Mr. Monteith, senior, seemed to strike him, for he opened it first. Reading it over carefully, he gave vent to a low whistle of astonishment.

"Hum," said Mr. Foster, surveying the letter thoughtfully, "'friend of your father's—only son—first visit to England—would like you to look after him—exactly'"—laying down the letter—"a cub I expect, with no looks, and less manners, brought up in the wilds, and can't eat his food properly—a delightful aboriginal to introduce into London society. Well, I suppose I must. I love my dear old father too well to think of refusing to do a good turn to any friend of his. Confound it! I'm sure this son is awful. Well, perhaps he'll be rich, and that will cover a multitude of sins. We are fond of whited sepulchres nowadays."

He put the letter of introduction on one side, and proceeded with the rest of his correspondence, carefully answering each letter, and putting it neatly away. Then he rang for his clerk, and giving him a pile of letters, told him to post them and taking up the "Daily Telegraph," proceeded to read that paper and wait for clients. Of course, he went first for the money market; then he looked over the political news, glanced at the law reports, and read all the leaders, ending with the theaters. These principal items being finished, he glanced idly over the paper, and at last came on something that interested him.

"Hum," said Mr. Foster, thoughtfully, "a murder committed on board the 'Neptune.' That is the boat the cub came home in. Think I'll read it, that I may have something to talk about when he does come."

He read the article carefully, which told all about Ventin's murder, and the suspicions entertained by Monteith, after which he laid the paper down, and rising from his seat, walked slowly up and down the room with his hands behind his back.

"Don't think the cub can be so bad after all," he said, musingly. "Indeed, judging from his evidence, he seems rather a clever fellow. Queer case, and one I'd like to have a hand in; to unravel a mystery like that would make a fellow's fortune; but these things don't come my way, confound it!"

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the door, and his clerk, a red-headed boy, with a large appetite and fearful dislike for work entered, with a card held in his grimy fingers.

"Gen'lum waitin', sir," said the red-headed youth, who breathed hard in an apoplectic manner. "Ronald Monteith," read Foster on the card; "humf the cub—show him in, Berkles."

Berkles grinned, vanished, and shortly afterwards threw open the door, and announced "Mr. Ronald Monteith."

If ever Gerald Foster got a shock in his life it was seeing the cub of his fancy transformed into the handsome young man of reality. There he stood at the door, hat in hand, tall and noble-looking, quiet a distinct being from the ordinary lounger of Regent Street and Hyde Park. Accustomed to rapid observation, Foster took the whole of that stalwart figure and honest countenance in at a glance, and with the sudden liking of instinct advanced towards him with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Monteith, I believe?" he said, as Ronald stepped into the room.

"Yes," answered Ronald, grasping the proffered hand—and what an honest firm grip was that of the young Australian; "I sent my letter of introduction to you last night."

"It is here," replied Foster, pointing to the table, as Ronald took his seat.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Monteith; my father was a great friend of your father's—let us hope the friendship will be hereditary."

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Monteith, in some surprise, "I am quite a stranger to you."

"You are," answered the young lawyer, "but I am a student of Lavater, and I can read faces—therefore, I say, I hope we shall be friends."

"I'm certain we shall," said Ronald, heartily holding out his hand, which the other grasped again.

"'You had a pleasant voyage?' asked Foster, in a conversational manner.

"Very, except for one incident."

"Which I know all about"—pointing to the newspaper.

"I'm glad of that, because I have just called to see you about it."

"Eh!" said Foster, sitting up in his chair; "by Jove, I hope you'll put the case in my way. I was just thinking before you came in what a splendid chance it was to make a name, if one only had the case."

"Well, Mr. Foster," said Ronald, slowly, looking keenly at him, "I am very much interested in the case, as Ventin was an intimate friend of mine, and as no one that I can hear of is going to try and clear up the mystery of his death, I am going to take that duty on my own shoulders."

"I see," observed Foster, nodding sagely; "and you want help?"

"I do—your help."

"You shall have it," cried Foster, impulsively; "a subtle case like this is what I require to make my name. At present I am a briefless barrister, but give me the chance and I'm all right. Archimedes wanted a world whereon to rest his lever and move the earth. I am like the Greek. I have the lever—videlicet my brains, now I want a world, namely, a case—this as far as I can gather from the papers, will be an excellent chance."

"Then you shall have it," said Ronald, heartily, "and I am only too glad to think I have such an enthusiastic worker."

"So he it: now tell me the story in your own way: these newspaper accounts are so meagre."

Whereupon Ronald told Foster about the case, and his own suspicions regarding it, to all of which the young barrister listened carefully, then leaned back in his chair, and put the tips of his fingers together.

"Humf" he said, thoughtfully, looking up at the ceiling; "you have made out a very strong case against this Maltese wife I must confess; but the evidence is purely circumstantial."

"But who else would have done it?"

"A man might have committed the crime."

"But with what motive?"

"Because he was told to do so."

"But I don't see——"

"Of course you don't," said Foster, coolly; "but I will explain, from what you have told me, Mrs. Ventin—we will call her so as we do not know her real name—must have been a woman of very strong passions. Now is it likely that such a woman would remain faithful to her husband? No; I am sure she would not. Depend upon it, she had lovers, or else married again. In the latter case, she might have committed the crime herself, as husbands are not fond of endangering their necks for wives however pretty; but if she had lovers, depend upon it one of them committed the murder for her sake."

"That's all very well," said Ronald, impatiently; "we must not be content with vague speculations but get a clue. Now, how are we to start?"

"I think the idea of Captain Templeton is best" said Foster, thoughtfully, "to look up the divorce case."

"You do not remember it?"

"Not I; there are dozens of divorce cases every year—we are such a moral nation, you know. I can't keep them all in my head; but I will look it up."

"And then?"

"Then I will see the solicitors who had the case in hand, and ask all about Ventin; you knew the man, they knew him, and if your descriptions tally, we will soon establish his identity."

"So far so good," said Ronald, impatiently; "but what follows?"

"Then we must find out where this Maltese wife is——"

"In Malta," said Ronald, abruptly.

"She might not be, by the time we find out her husband's real name," said the barrister, coolly; "don't hurry, my dear boy; but when we discover where she is, we must set a detective on her to find out her movements on that night when the murder was committed; if she can account for them satisfactorily your theory must fall to the ground."

"But if she can't?"

Foster shrugged his shoulders.

"Then we must be guided by circumstances; we can hardly arrest a woman on the existing evidence; it is a very difficult case, and we must be careful."

"When will you look up this divorce case?"

"To-day, and let you know all about it to-morrow;—meanwhile, you had better come and lunch at my club."

"Thank you very much," said Ronald, blushing; "if you will let me away immediately afterwards I have to make a call."

"Certainly," replied Foster, glancing at his companion's tell-tale face as they went out. "I'll bet he's going to see a woman," he thought, looking at Monteith. "What a transparently honest man he is."

To be Continued.

EXCUSABLE.

Customer—Have you any dates.

Lazy clerk.—We ought to have some round here somewhere. I'll see if I can find 'em.

Customer, several minutes later—Haven't you found them yet? Surely if you have any you should know it.

Lazy clerk—I know I ought, lady, but I've got an awful poor memory for dates.

TRYING.

Dr. Gudun—What do you consider the most trying thing in the world on a man's patience?

Mr. Subbubs—Well, I should say it was trying to smoke the stub of a poor cigar and wash the dishes at the same time.

The Pains of Kidney Disease

Warn You Against the Most Dreadfully Fatal of Disorders. You Can be Cured by Promptly Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Pain is nature's signal whereby she warns man of approaching danger. Few diseases are so dreadfully fatal as disorders of the kidneys and few are accompanied by more severe pains and discomforts.

One of the most common symptoms of kidney disease is the smarting, scalding sensation when passing water, which is likely to come very frequently and at inconvenient times. Then there is the dull, heavy, aching in the small of the back and down the limbs.

When these pains are accompanied by deposits in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours you may be sure that you are a victim of kidney disease and should not lose a single day in securing the world's greatest kidney cure—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Take one pill at a dose, and in a surprisingly short time you will be far on the road to recovery, for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and promptly on the kidneys, and are certain to prove of great benefit to anyone suffering from irregularities of these organs.

Don't imagine that you are experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are almost as well known as his great Recipe Book, have made some of the most surprising cures of kidney disease on record and have come to be considered the only absolute cure for kidney disease.

Mr. James Simpson, Newcomb Mills, Northumberland County, Ont., writes: "This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the time for three years with kidney disease. I took several boxes of pills—different kinds—and a great many other kinds of patent medicines; besides that I was under treatment by four different doctors during the time and not able to work. I began to take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and since that time have been working every day, although a man nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Home

REASON IN THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

A child can not be well brought up either by continual caresses or perpetual bullying. Treat the child more as an equal, whose obedience you demand on reasonable grounds, because you are older and know more than he does. Compel his obedience by showing him the bad results of his disobedience. But at the same time let his personality have play, so that he may learn to do for himself as much as possible. Let him feel free, as long as he does right. As to punishments, it is not on record that any one was ever improved by barbarity. Depriving a child of his walk or making him study by way of punishment gives him a distaste for what he should like, or deprives him of the air he needs. It is no cure for nervous children to be so frightened that they tremble more at fear of punishment than from the tearing of their nerves. The truth is that the reasonable child treated reasonably requires little punishment. Rather talk to a child than beat him. Let him see that he was wrong to do what he did, and he will remember this better than the beating. The mistake generally made is that the parent seeks peace, not the reformation of the child. Utilize the self-respect, the affection of your sons and daughters for helping them to the right. Let them see that you are looking solely to their interest. Be firm and calm—and that is reasonable. Too much petting is bad for the children physically and mentally. Let them be self-reliant, and they will not be the less affectionate.

The general rule for the training of children is to use your common sense, to work in the interest of the child, to cure it physically, and then you reach the soul. Keep it healthy in body and mind, and you can not fail to have a good, if not a great son or daughter.

SPECIAL HELPS.

Borax and sugar will disperse ants and other insects.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ink stains and iron rust.

The white of an egg well whipped is an excellent substitute for cream.

Keeping Butter.—A good plan for keeping butter cool in the summer is to fill a box with sand to one or two inches of the top. Sink the butter jars in the sand, then thoroughly wet the sand with cold water. Cover the box air tight. It may be kept in the cellar and used as a table.

To Remove Black Ink.—If the stained article be washed immediately in several waters, or soaked in milk for several hours before washing the stain will disappear; or washing the article immediately in vinegar the water, then in soap, will remove it.

Mildew can be removed by dipping the spots in buttermilk and placing in the sunshine.

Starch will give a better polish and make articles stiffer if a teaspoonful of powdered borax is added to one quart of boiling starch.

Salt will prevent moths.

Kid gloves, boots; bags and rusty book covers are greatly improved by applying with a sponge one teaspoonful of sweet oil, two of black ink.

TOAST FOR INVALIDS.

Invalids the world over are given their bread in the form of toast, and there are many persons ignorant of why this is done. It is because toasting bread until it becomes brown largely converts the starch into dextrine. It will be found that the thinner the slices of bread and the more thoroughly they are toasted — not burned, but still changed to a deep brown color — it will be found to be still more easily digested than the ordinary toast.

TWO EASY SALADS.

Shrimp Salad. One can shrimps. Wash and cut in halves. Make a dressing of two eggs, whites beaten first then yolks added, one tablespoonful salad oil added slowly, one teaspoonful each salt and pepper, one half cup of vinegar and a little mustard. Stir on stove until it thickens and add chopped lettuce.

Sardine Salad. For one large box of sardines take six hard eggs, drain off the oil from the fish, remove backbone, tail and skin, and mix thoroughly with the eggs, minced fine; season with pepper and salt. Serve plain, with vinegar, or mayonnaise dressing.