Dollars saved by Bovril

Bovril used in the Kitchen means dollars saved in the Bank.

It makes nourishing hot dishes out of cold food which would not otherwise be eaten. But see that you get the real thing. If it is not in the Bovril bottle it is not Bovril. And it *must* be Bovril.

S.H.B.

Her Housebreaker

By Florence Morse Kingsley.

CHAPTER V.

She was glad to the point of foolish tears and turned to go into the house, blind to the swift approach of Cousin Almira Biddle.

"Well, I declare, Mary Brett!" said that lady's penetrating voice, "I didn't expect to find you entertaining company so soon."

The reproach conveyed in the spinster's greeting appeared lost on Mrs. Brett as she welcomed her unexpected guest.

"Who in creation was that young man?" inquired Miss Biddle, as she divested herself of a voluminous green veil. "I saw him waving you good-bye; then I saw you leaning over the gate and waving back. A person might have supposed it was your own George—if they hadn't known George was gone to where he'll probably never come back. I declare, Mary, I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of you. I says to Sister Jane, 'Suppose a burglar should break in?' I says, 'with her all alone in that house?' So I brought my ammonia pistol and came right down to stay with you. I wouldn't dare touch a regular revolver for fear of its going off wrong end foremost. But these 'ere ammonia pistols would blind a burglar quick as scat, so't you could knock 'em down with a poker easy, an' telephone the police. But you didn't tell me who the young man was."

Mrs. Brett smiled with sweet tolerance.

"I don't think you've ever met him, Cousin Almira. His name is Daniel Maitland. He's going to live here this winter.

Miss Biddle eyed her hostess searchingly.

"Daniel Maitland!" she repeated, evidently thinking hard. "I'd ought to have known him, if he's a family relation. Why that was your father's name, Mary."

Mrs. Brett stirred the sleeping fire to a livelier blaze.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of tea?" she inquired hospitably.

But Miss Biddle was already as intent as a terrier upon the subject of the unknown young man who bore her mother's brother's name as was ever terrier intent upon a rat.

"There ain't a Maitland living I don't know all about," she declared. "How did he happen to come here, Mary?"

Mrs. Brett stated truthfully that the young man had spent the day with her. And that she expected he would return the day following. Then she fled to the kitchen and laughed self-consciously into the roller-towel behind the door. She was a truthful woman but there appeared to be occasions when even truth itself must be concealed from prying eyes.

"Well, anyway," Miss Biddle said as Mrs. Brett reappeared with tea, "if that young man is coming back tomorrow, as you say, I'll have a chance to find out just who he is and what relation to the Maitlands. You don't seem to be very clear in your mind, Mary. But then, you seldom are!"

In the meanwhile, the subject of Miss Almira Biddle's strained curiosity had bought himself a railroad ticket and was flying back over the miles he had traversed in misery of mind and body, the stolen money scorching his pocket. To all outward appearance he was now a prosperous young business man: he was well, even handsomely dressed; there was a roll of bills in his pocket and at his feet reposed a suitcase containing various small gifts for the Van Auken children. Mrs. Brett had insisted upon the suitcase and its contents. She had forgotten nothing for his help.

"There may be things you will want to bring back," she said. "And the children will be sure to miss you, after your living there all these years."

He stared out of the window at the flying landscape, his thoughts busy with the astonishing events of the past few hours.

"Daniel Maitland!" he repeated to himself. But even his new-found name was as nothing to him compared with thoughts of his "Mother." He dared to call her that in his heart, with a passionate adoration which forced hot tears to his eyes. If—as she had said—that other shadowy mother knew what was doing in this world, she would be glad that at last he had found someone to love. It was all like a dream—one of those rosy dreams of unimagined happiness, from which Poorhouse Danny has so often awakened in his narrow bed under Van Auken's counter.

He stepped down from the train at last, carrying the suitcase, and uncomfortably aware of the astonished scrutiny of the telegraph operator, who chanced to be looking out of his window as he passed.

"Hello, Dan!" the operator hailed him. "Where have you been?"

Dan, conscious of his new-found dignity, answered the question briefly: "Out of town."

"So it seems," drawled the operator. "Well, they've been looking for you. Guess you'd better dust right along. Maybe you haven't heard the news about——"

But Dan had not waited for further information or advice; the telegraph operator whistled slightly as he gazed after his rapidly retreating figure.

"That ain't Van Auken's Dan, is it?" inquired the station master, pausing beside the window. "I didn't get a good squint at him."

"Looked like him to me," replied the operator, turning back to his instrument.

Daniel Maitland striving to lift his perturbed spirit to the unfamiliar Presence—her Friend, henceforth to be his—determined to go straight to the store and "have it out" with Van Auken. He glanced at the silver watch Mrs. Brett had given him at parting. It had belonged, she said, to her son, his first watch and still a good time keeper. Van Auken would be preparing to go home to supper and there would be few customers about. He must think what to say—how to inform his one-time "master" that he would remain his bond-slave no longer.

He resolved to confess his theft first. It was possible Van Auken had not missed the money.

As he walked rapidly toward his destination he became conscious of faces he knew, of glances cold or curious. Of his own altered appearance he had thought little; it was a part of the marvelous change which had begun to transform his whole life. Even the familiar streets, in their wonted sordidness, looked strange to him. He might have been absent for years, instead of hours.

Thus, his thoughts keeping pace with his purposeful feet, he came at length in sight of the shabby, unpainted building, bearing across its front the sign: Van Auken's General Store: Provisions, Flour and Feed.

He looked to see its proprietor lounging according to habit in the entrance which was seldom closed by day, summer or winter. To his surprise the door was fast shut. Then he noticed that the barrels and boxes which stood at the door filled with miscellaneous provisions, which it had been his duty to house at closing time, had disappeared.

Something which stirred listlessly in the wind hung from the worn latch. The boy's heart contracted with sudden fear as a nearer view made plain to him two long streamers of rusty black, sparsely enlivened with white. He stood staring at the mute symbol of death, deaf to the approach of shuffling feet behind him.

"Hello, Dan; that you?"

He turned quickly: the weak, shambling figure of the old man who now addressed him had been a familiar presence about Van Auken's store, hovering over the red-bellied, air-tight stove in winter, cooling himself with his tattered straw hat in summer, while he munched dried apples or crackers, filched from the open boxes on the counter.

"I s'pose you heard the news, Dan, an' that's why you come back?" offered the old man. "Sudden, wa'n't it?"

He waved his hand toward the limp streamers.

"Who—who is edad?" stammered Dan. "Not—not——?"

"Yep," confirmed the old man, with senile enjoyment of the other's shocked face. "Van Auken's gone. Why, I was in the store only day b'fore yisterday, an' he was settin' up to the desk lookin' over his figures. He'd jes' found out you'd lit out, an' he thought mebbe you'd helped yourself——"

The old man interrupted himself with a fit of coughing.

"Tell me," urged Dan, in a curious, muffled voice: "he was looking, you say, to see what I had—stolen?"

"Jes' so!" crowed the old man, in a high quavering voice. "Van Auken was a close man! He grudged me a morsel o' dried halibut to eat along with m' crackers. I didn't blame you none for running off, Dan. I says to Van Auken: 'I could 'a' told you long ago,' I says, 'that boy ain't a-goin' to stay here—a-workin' fer his board an' keep, with wages riz to wartime prices,' I says. 'Why, the's painters an' carpenters in this 'ere town,' I tells him—"

"Tell me how he died—and when!" cried Dan in hot impatience.

"Why, 'twas that same night," quavered the old man. "Van Auken, he went home to his supper, mad all through 'cause you wa'n't on hand to keep open whilst he was gone. He hauled in them boxes an' barrels, swearin' somethin' fierce. Said he'd sue the County fer your services; said he'd break your head, when he ketched a-holt of you next time? Oh, he was some mad, Van Auken was. I guess you seen him like that a heap o' times; ain't you, Dan? I'll bet he took it out o' your hide more'n once, when you was small. I rec'lect when he first got you from the poor farm: a little bit of a white-faced shaver, you was. Workhouse Danny, they used to call you. But you sure have growed up fine, since them days. Where'd you go, Danny, when you runned off? An' where'd you git them clo'es? Say! L'me git a good squint at ye!"

(To be continued.)

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CLARK'S

Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce and Cheese is really delicious.

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Woman's Sphere

How To Do Things.

Sweet peppers should be skinned before using for seasoning. The skin peels off easily if the peppers are dropped for a moment into boiling water or heated in the oven.

Keep cider sweet by putting grated horseradish, a tablespoonful to a gallon of juice, into the cider while it is fresh; then bung it up tight. The horseradish gives a pleasant tang.

Frankfurter sausages are popular cooked thus: Pare large potatoes, and with an apple corer make a tunnel through each and draw a sausage through the tunnel. Put into a baking pan with a slice of fat salt pork or bacon over each potato, pepper lightly and bake until the potatoes are done, basting occasionally with the drippings and a little hot water.

Peanut cookies are nice for school luncheons. They require one-half cupful of sugar creamed with four tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one cupful finely chopped peanuts, one heaping cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Drop from a teaspoon on buttered paper and place two half peanuts on each. Bake in a slow oven.

Corn which is too old to boil will make good chowder. Cut the corn from six ears and put it, along with six potatoes, an onion, and a sweet pepper, through a food chopper. Brown two tablespoonfuls of chopped meat in a little fat, add a tablespoonful of flour, then the minced vegetables, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Barely cover with boiling water, or stock in which meat has been boiled, and simmer gently for an hour; then add a cupful of milk and bring to a boil. Serve hot.

Mint apple jelly: Steep a cupful of mint leaves for one hour in a cupful of hot water (don't boil), then press through a cheese-cloth bag. Use green, unripe apples and cook them in enough water to keep them from sticking to the kettle. Add a teaspoonful of the extract of mint to one cupful of apple juice (strained), allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. Cook for about twenty minutes, then pour into molds or glasses. This makes a clear, delicately colored jelly, very pleasing to the eye and most appetizing with a roast of meat.

Tomato chowder makes a meal in itself: Dice salt pork to make four tablespoonfuls; put into a hot frying-pan; brown with it two chopped onions. Add a quart of boiling water, a quarter of a cupful of rice, a quart of canned or freshly stewed tomatoes, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a sprinkle of red pepper. Cover and let cook slowly for an hour, or until the rice is soft. If not quite thick enough add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, mixed with water, and stir until the cornstarch is cooked.

Macaroni with minced ham affords an opportunity to use left-overs. To one cupful of macaroni, use a cupful of minced cooked ham, a cupful of corn (canned, fresh or left-over cooked corn), half a cupful of bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful butter or butter substitute, salt and pepper. Cook the macaroni in a large amount of boiling salted water, drain and rinse in cold water. Arrange macaroni, ham and corn in alternate layers in baking dish, cover with the crumbs mixed with the butter, and bake in a hot oven until brown.

Serve cucumber loaf with hot or cold roast meats. The loaf is made thus: Into two cupfuls of boiling water turn six pepper corns, a blade of mace, one-half of a bay leaf, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt and a slice of onion; steep twenty minutes; drain and add to the liquid three-fourths of a box of gelatin dissolved in a little cold water; strain and add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cover the bottom of a mold to the depth of a half inch with the mixture, add a layer of sliced cucumbers and repeat the layers until the dish is full. Serve very cold on a bed of water-cress.

Heavenly jam is all that the name implies. It calls for five pounds of Concord grapes, four large oranges, one pound of seedless raisins, four pounds of sugar. Wash the grapes thoroughly. Remove the pulp from the skins, saving the skins. Heat the pulp and run through a sieve to remove the seeds. Wash the oranges. Pare the skin very thin and grind it in a meat-grinder. Take out the juice of the oranges. Chop the raisins fine or run them through a meat-grinder. Put the grape skins, the grape pulp, orange juice, ground orange skin, chopped raisins and sugar together in a granite pan, and let the mixture cook slowly until a syrup is formed. Be sure that the grape skins are well cooked. Chopped nuts may be added to the ingredients, if desired. Put in jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

The Home Dispensary.

A mother cannot hope to cope successfully with little ailments and mishaps unless she sets up a family medicine chest, which need not be either elaborate, expensive, nor a thing of beauty. If her husband is a handy man he might knock one together for her; if not, then she can make use of a small wooden or even a tin biscuit box.

Either will serve her purpose admirably, but if it contains poison, she would be well advised to place it on the topmost shelf, as far as possible out of the reach of the children.

One of the commonest troubles of child life, perhaps, is the cuts and bruises which they get in falling on hands, knees, legs and faces. The injured parts should be at once bathed in warm water to which a few drops only of carbolic acid has been added. The correct proportion is one in forty. If the skin is not broken, then arnica may be applied; if it is broken, boracic ointment, compounded of one ounce of vaseline and one drachm of boric acid, is excellent for healing and cleansing wounds.

In the case of burns the great thing is to exclude the air, and flour, starch, be used with good effect. Blisters soap, and the white of an egg may should be pricked with a needle, and lint well soaked in Carron oil, a mixture of equal parts of lime water and olive oil, put on.

Castor oil, in addition to its medicinal properties, is a splendid emollient, and even if the disease is to be found in the innermost layer of the skin, the effects of the oil penetrate to the root of the evil. A very little dropped into the eye rids it of an obstruction, and cools the eyeball at the same time.

A milder medicine than castor oil for delicate children is magnesia, either fluid or calcined, and ginger essence is useful in cases of flatulence.

Where children are liable to croup, ipecacuanha wine is indispensable. A teaspoonful should be administered on the first sign of a crow, and the dose should be repeated every five minutes until the cough is relieved.

Whooping cough is relieved by a large tablespoonful of glycerine in a glass of hot milk.

Linseed meal must be included in the list of contents for the medicine chest, as it is necessary for poultices. No less important is mustard for an emetic in case of poisoning, choking, or for a hot bath in case of convulsions.

Permanganate of potash, besides being one of the best disinfectants, is very good as a gargle for sore throats, or for a sufferer from diphtheria. It should be used in the proportion of four grains pure permanganate of potash to eight ounces of water.

The bite of a dog or the sting of an adder is rendered innocuous by the immediate application of lunar caustic, which should be well rubbed into the wound for about ten seconds.

Lime water, for use in cases of weak digestions or sickness or stomach troubles, is easily made at home. Put a piece of quicklime the size of both your hands in a basin, and cover with two quarts of cold water, stir well, and leave for six hours. Without disturbing the sediment, strain the liquid part through a double cheesecloth. Bottle, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place.

Before using this, pour a quantity off the top if it has been kept for any length of time. A teaspoonful to a tablespoonful is a dose, and should be given in a glass of milk.

Strips of bleached or unbleached cotton and linen, muslin or flannel, from half a yard to one and a half yards in length and four inches wide, should be reserved and kept rolled up for bandages, also a bundle of clean rags for binding up wounds and cuts, and for poultices, fomentations, etc. Adhesive and court plasters are also needful.

Here is a short list of necessary articles for the medicine chest:

Arnica, boracic ointment, boric acid, Carron oil, castor oil, cod liver oil, camphorated oil, court plaster, ginger essence, ipecacuanha wine, lime water, lunar caustic, linseed meal, magnesia (fluid and calcined), mustard, permanganate of potash, and vaseline.

A man who is inherently good deserves a lot of credit for having selected such excellent ancestors.

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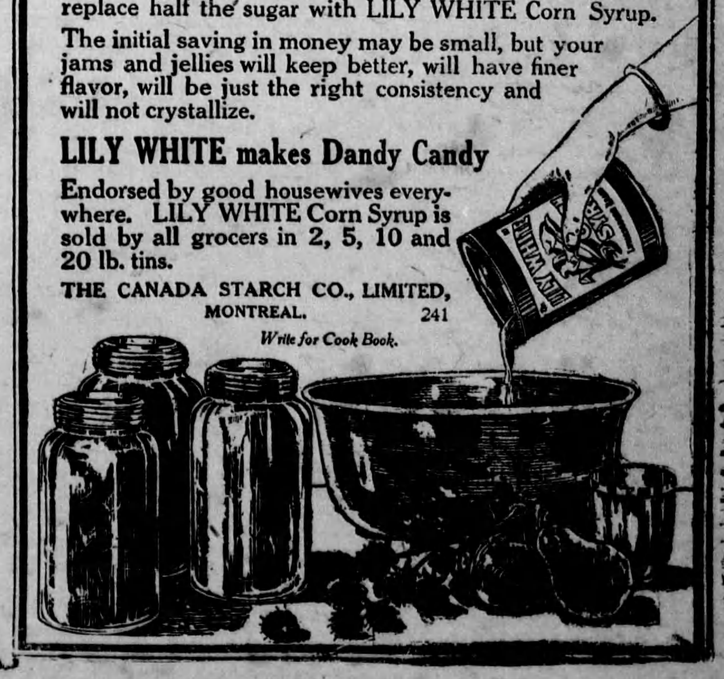
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