When Exposed to Air

tea loses its strength and flavor.

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TEA H664

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

Woman's Sphere

TOWEL-RACK TABLES.

Have you a wooden towel rack in your attic? I am sure you have, or even if it is in your bedroom alongside the proverbial wash bowl and pitcher you wouldn't mind substituting a modern rack in order to make a very useful and decorative table for your living room.

These old racks often were made of the beautiful walnut now mellowed by age, and when cleaned with a little varnish remover it is a revelation to find how really fine that wood is.

Now follow me carefully and you soon can have a charming little end table that will grace any living room. Saw off the three rungs nearest the top and that part of the standards which hold them, making your rack twenty-three or twenty-four inches high.

Next cut a board twenty-four inches long and about nine and a half wide, and bevel the edges Sandpaper this very smooth and attach it to your standards. If you happen to have any cast-off table leaves of walnut they make a surprisingly beautiful top. Rub a little walnut filler into the top, no matter what wood you use and then wax the entire table. You will find the result most satisfactory.

By taking your top boards to a planing mill you can have some of them cut oval and some kidney shape, which will make the tables still more decorative.

On the top of one of these tables I sank a chased brass ring about two inches in diameter near each end, and by these it can be picked up and moved alongside father's or grandfather's easy chair when they are smoking or mother's when she is sewing.

Towel racks make the most attractive kind of davenport end tables. You will find after putting them to these various uses you would not be without them. They are not only decorative but extremely useful, and you are putting in service something that long has been idle.

MONEY FROM MENDING.

A school girl who needed some extra money decided that she could make it by using the training that she had had in sewing. Her grandmother had shown her how to do fine mending; she could darn so that the stiches were almost invisible, "could set, a patch by a thread" and do other work.

She equipped herself with a large sewing bag furnished with all the mending requisites; then she called on those of her neighbors who had young children and asked whether she could help to do the family mending. The offer was gladly accepted by many of the mothers.

On the first day she gave her services; after that she arranged to charge twenty-five cents an hour for the work that she did. Thus, by working four hours every afternoon, going from house to house, she earned a dollar a day. If some mother needed her help urgently, she gave an hour or two in the morning or the evening besides the afternoon work.

In thirteen months she earned three hundred and fifty dollars. Her only expenses were for needles, cotton and thread.

A STYLISH "ENSEMBLE" COSTUME.

5003-4839. The most popular style of the season is here pictured. It combines in this instance Ladies Coat 5003 and One-Piece Dress 4839. Broadcloth, and a wool mixture in black and gray are used together. One could have satin or faille in two shades or in contrasting colors. The smartness of the "ensemble" depends on the combination that expresses harmony with just the right contrast. The Coat may be finished in the shorter length that is illustrated in the small view. The fronts may be buttoned to the neck, or rolled open as in the large view. The Dress is a simple one-piece "slip-on" model, with the fulness caught in rows of upright plaits or tucks.

The Coat Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Dress is cut in 7 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for Misses and 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure for Ladies. To make the Costume for a 38-inch size as illustrated in the large view, will require 2⅜ yards of the wool mixture and 2½ yards of the broadcloth, 54 inches wide with ¾ yard of contrasting silk for facings on the Coat, or the Coat may be lined entirely, the lining to serve as a facing. This will require 4⅝ yards.

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I GROW HERBS TO SELL.

We make money from our garden by growing common herbs and horseradish in it. Dry sage leaves also sell well for use in preparing meat. In two years we have sold about $50 worth from four small rows.

Dill, to use in preparing pickles, is easily grown. Sweet marjoram is used as a relish for soups and dressings. Horseradish roots can be bought from any seedhouse. The relish sells for a good price if put in small bottles containing a few ounces.

Rhubarb stalks sell well some places, and are fine used as sauce or "pieplant pie."

PUTTY FOR LEAKS.

A wash pan of graniteware which leaked badly was successfully mended by using putty, which was allowed to dry before the pan was put into service again. Soldering is difficult with graniteware, so I hope this suggestion may help some other housekeeper. —R. H.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER XXI—(Cont'd.)

"Not useless. We need the flowers and the butterflies and the things that adorn. . . . I wish Jean would give herself over to pleasure for a little. Her poor little head is full of schemes—quite practical schemes they are too, she has a shrewd head—about helping others. I tell her she will do it all in good time, but I want her to forget the woes of the world for a little and rejoice in her youth."

"I know," said Pamela. "I was astonished to find how responsible she felt for the misery in the world. She is determined to build a heaven in hell's despair It reminds one of Saint Theresa setting out holding her little brother's hand to convert the Moors! . . . Now I've stayed too long and tired you, and Augusta will have me assassinated. Thank you, my very dear lady, for letting me come to see you, and for—telling me about your sons. Bless you. . . ."

CHAPTER XXII.

The lot of the conscientious philanthropist is not an easy one. The kind but unthinking rich can strew their benefits about, careless of their effect on the recipients, but the path of the earnest lover of his fellows is thorny and difficult, and dark with disappointment.

To Jean in her innocence it had seemed that money was the one thing necessary to make bright the lives of her poorer neighbors. She pictured herself as a sort of fairy godmother going from house to house carrying sunshine and leaving smiles and happiness in her wake. She soon found that her dreams had been rosy delusions. Far otherwise was the result of her efforts.

"It's like something in a fairy-tale," she complained to Pamela. "You are given a fairy palace, but when you try to go to it mountains of glass are set before you and you can't reach it. You can't think how different the people are to me now. The very poor whom I thought I could help don't treat me any longer like a friend to whom they can tell their troubles in a friendly way. The poor-spirited ones whine, with an eye on my pocket, and where I used to get welcoming smiles I now only get expectant grins. And the high-spirited ones are so afraid that I'll offer them help that their time is spent in snubbing me and keeping me in my place."

"It's no use getting down about it," Pamela told her.—"You're only finding what thousands have found before you, that it's the most difficult thing in the world to be wisely charitable. You will never remove mountains. If you can smooth a step here and there for people and make your small corner of the world as pleasant as possible you do very well."

Jean agreed with a sigh. "If I don't finish by doing harm. I have awful thoughts sometimes about the dire effects money may have on the boys—on Mhor especially. In any case it will change their lives entirely. It's a solemnizing thought," and she laughed ruefully.

Jean plodded on her well-doing way, and knocked her head against many posts, and blundered into pitfalls, and perhaps did more good and earned more gratitude than she had any idea of.

"It doesn't matter if I'm cheated ninety-nine times if I'm some real help the hundredth time," she told herself. "Puir thing," said the recipients of her bounty in kindly tolerance, "she means weel, and it's a kindness to help her awa' wi' some o' her siller. A' she gies us is juist like tippence frae you or me."

One woman, at any rate, blessed Jean in her heart, though her stiff, ungracious lips could not utter a word of thanks. Mary Abbot lived in a neat cottage surrounded by a neat garden. She was a dressmaker in a small way, and had supported her mother till her death. She had been very happy with her work and her bright, tidy house and her garden and her friends, but for more than a year a black fear had brooded over her. Her sight, which was her living, was going. She saw nothing before her but the workhouse. Death she would have welcomed, but this was shame. For months she had fought it out, as her eyes grew dimmer, letting no one know of the anxiety that gnawed at her heart. No one suspected anything wrong. She was always neatly dressed at church, she always had her small contribution ready for collectors, her house shone with rubbing, and as she did not seem to want to take in sewing now, people thought that she must have made a competency and did not need to work so hard.

Jean knew Miss Abbot well by sight. She had sat behind her in church all the Sundays of her life, and had often admired the tidy appearance of the dressmaker, and thought that she was an excellent advertisement of her own wares. Lately she had noticed her thin and ill-colored, and Mrs. Macdonald had said one day, "I wonder if Miss Abbot is all right. She used to be such a help at the sewing meeting, and now she doesn't come at all, and her excuses are lame. When I go to see her she always says she is perfectly well, but I am not at ease about her. She's the sort of woman who would drop before she made a word of complaint. . . ."

One morning when passing the door Jean saw Miss Abbot polishing her brass knocker. She stopped to say good morning.

"Are you keeping well, Miss Abbot? There is so much illness about."

"I'm in my usual, thank you," said Miss Abbot stiffly.

"I always admire the flowers in your window," said Jean. "How do you manage to keep them so fresh looking. Ours get so mangy. May I come in for a second and look at them?"

Miss Abbot stood aside and said coldly that Jean might come in if she liked, but her flowers were nothing extra.

It was the tidiest of kitchens she entered. Everything shone that could be made to shine. A hearth-rug made by Miss Abbot's mother lay before the fireplace, in which a mere handful of fire was burning. An arm-chair with cheerful red cushions stood beside the fire. It was quite comfortable, but Jean felt a bareness. There were no pots on the fire—nothing seemed to be cooking for dinner.

She admired the flowers and got instructions from their owner when to water and when to refrain from watering, and then, seating herself in a chair with an assurance she was far from feeling, she proceeded to try to make Miss Abbot talk. That lady stood bolt upright waiting for her visitor to go, but Jean, having got a footing, was determined to remain.

"Are you very busy just now?" she asked. "I was wondering if you could do some sewing for me? I don't know whether you ever go out by the day?"

"No," said Miss Abbot.

"We could bring it you here if you would do it at your leisure."

"I can't take in any more work just now. I'm sorry."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Perhaps later on. . . . I'm keeping you. It's Saturday morning, and you'll want to get on with your work."

"Yes."

There was a silence, and Jean reluctantly rose to go. Miss Abbot had turned her back and was looking into the fire.

"Good morning, Miss Abbot. Thank you so much for letting me know about the flowers." Then she saw that Miss Abbot was crying—crying in a hopeless, helpless way that made Jean's heart ache. She went to her and put her hand on her arm. "Won't you tell me what's wrong? Do sit down here in the arm-chair. I'm sure you're not well."

Miss Abbot allowed herself to be led to the arm-chair. Having once given way she was finding it no easy matter to regain control of herself.

"Is it that you aren't well?" Jean asked. "I know it's a wretched business trying to go on working when one is seedy."

Miss Abbot shook her head. "It's far worse than that. I have to refuse work for I can't see to do it. I'm losing my sight and . . . and there is nothing before me but the workhouse."

Over and over again in the silence of the night she had said those words to herself: she had seen them written in letters of fire on the walls of her little room: they had seemed seared into her brain, but she had never meant to tell a soul, not even the minister, and here she was telling this slip of a girl.

Jean gave a cry and caught her hands. "Oh, no, no! Never that!"

(To be continued.)

Faggots.

I stole your faggots for my winter burning,
But give you back my candle's glow instead.
I cheated you of stones, that I might leave you
This friendly bread.

Your cloak I wore a little time, unbidden,
Your sandals borrowed for my weary feet,
And in the shielding dusk drank from your table
Warm wine and sweet.

See, now I offer carven bowls and flagons
Ivory pale, wrought through the lilied night,
Wrought through a lonely hour by moon-dipped fingers
For your delight.

My flame fills all your orange lamps at twilight,
My song upon your window curtain blows,
And where my tears fell on your garden trembles
Another rose.

—Joan Dareth Prosper.

GREAT INCREASE IN TEA DRINKING

The last few years have witnessed a tremendous increase in tea drinking. Production has fallen far behind demand. Tea now costs more than at any time in the last 75 years. It may even reach $1.00 per pound, for the price is expected to rise still further. When such profits are being made by the tea plantations, over production and a sudden drop in prices is bound to come. It may take a year or longer or the price might fall when least expected. Not even experts can foretell what will occur.

A Last Straw.

Emily is aged three. She is an only child, and she has a friendly, sociable disposition. She adores playmates, and it has been a great grief to her that she is so often debarred from playing with her little friends on account of bad colds, whooping cough, suspected measles, and what not.

Recently a new baby cousin arrived in her uncle's family, and Emily was enjoying the prospect of a speedy visit to the little newcomer. Her father casually remarked that the baby had dimples, whereupon Emily appealed to her mother in a tone of despair, "Oh, mother, can't I go near her if she has dimples?"

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

Answered.

Ellen (doubtfully)—"Am I the only girl you ever loved?"

Ralph (reassuringly)—"My dear, you are one in a hundred. Need I say more?"

"Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigley's"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home tonight.

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