DRESS-UP THE PORK CHOPS FOR "COMPANY" DINNERS

If your taste and budget call for pork chops, cram them full of delicious all-bran stuffing and surround them with slices of pineapple and sauteed apple. It's amazing what a wonderful looking platter it makes! Better have a good supply of chops, though, for they taste even better than they look! Here's what the recipe says:

STUFFED CHOPS

4 double thick pork, veal or lamb chops
Salt, pepper
1 recipe all-bran stuffing
1 egg
1 tablespoon water
4 cups corn flakes
Fat

Slit chops through the middle to form a pocket. Season inside with salt and pepper. Fill with stuffing and fasten opening with skewers or sew together with coarse string. Beat egg and mix with water. Crush corn flakes into fine crumbs. Dip chops in egg and then in crumbs. Season with salt and pepper and brown on both sides in hot fat. Cover and place in moderately hot oven (375 F.) for about 45 minutes or until meat is cooked through.

Yield: 4 servings.

ALL-BRAN STUFFING

12 cups ¼ inch bread cubes
1 cup all-bran
3 tablespoons minced onion
½ cup fat
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1½ cups stock or water

Combine bread cubes with all-bran. Saute onion in fat and add to bread mixture. Add seasonings and stock which may be made by dissolving 2 bouillon cubes in 1½ cups hot water. Mix well.

Use with poultry, crown roast or press into baking dish and bake in moderately hot oven (400 F.) about 20 minutes.

Lost Kingdom . .

by OREN ARNOLD

CHAPTER XXIV

Mary Melissa was on the fourth rung down when Honey Bee darted forward. The slim ladder teetered outward!

'Lissa screamed in terror.

Below, Bob had a very narrow footing. It was not enough from which to exert a counter-balance on the ladder; to try it would send both people crashing down.

He leaped instantly to a rocky knob a short way up, dug one toe and both hands into cracks there, and with his free foot reached out and steadied the ladder, swung it back to the cliff. It was a miraculous move, a matter of seconds at tremendous risk.

"Slide down, quick!" he shrilled. "To the ledge."

From above Honey Bee had seen only that her first attempt was a failure, that the ladder hadn't fallen.

She stepped again to the rim, leaned to take the ladder in her hands and literally throw it and the white girl down to destruction. She was crouched for the determined thrust when—

BANG!—a shot roared nearby.

The ladder went over this time—and with it went Honey Bee herself!

* * *

FROZEN IN HORROR

Mary Melissa had slid down as ordered, clung now with Bob on the rock shelf no bigger than a table top. They stood frozen in horror at the drama before them.

Both the ladder and the Indian hurtled in wierd windmill fashion. Once, twice, three times, each of them struck rock protrusions on the way down, sliding and crashing out of sight finally into the mass of tree tops and broken stones at the cliff base.

'Lissa's involuntary reaction was a low, shuddering moan. Bob gripped her tightly, his muscles tense. The whole tragedy, from the first kick of the ladder until now, was but a matter of seconds.

"She tried to kill you!" Bob breathed, relaxing a little. "She pushed you, the ladder! Then a shot—"

READY FOR MURDER

"YOU ALL RIGHT DOWN THAR?" A familiar voice shouted down at them.

"Hades!" cried Bob. "Oh! . . Oh! Hades! . . . Hades! Yes! 'Lissa's trembling a little, b-but I'm all right. I—I—here, 'Lissa, darling, sit down, don't stand. Slowly. Just sit down on the ledge and try to relax. It's all right now. You're safe. It's all over. It's terrible. I—"

Bob Barry was a strong young man. Strong in heart and strong of muscle. But he had been 'through a great deal in the past week. He had weathered enough crises to last most men a lifetime. He needed white men's food and rest. He had a right to be jittery there on that eagle's eyrie of a ledge, clinging fiercely to the girl he loved.

"Fust time I ever had to shoot a Indian squaw," remarked Hades Jones from the rim, conversationally, "but by dads she had it comin' to her! She'd a murdered you, Miss M'lissy, ef I hadn't shot her."

"Yes! Yes, Hades." Bob looked his gratitude. "I'll never forget it. You saved her life. You were there! Thank God, Hades."

'Lissa herself was still speechless, appalled by the event, and Bob wasn't yet entirely rational. He thanked Hades in a strained, unnatural voice.

"Jest set tight thar and blow a spell," Hades counseled. "You'll git back yore nerve quicker'n a jackrabbit jumps.

Hades was as calm as the cliff itself. His assurance brought Bob

"But don't let it bother you none. Why every trip usually has to have its trouble. This'n just got it over with early. Now we c'n go on with our work, diggin' in this old ruins here and collectin' whatever pots and such truck as you're after. Ain't nothin' else likely to bother. I c'n feel it."

"Thank you, Hades. I—I want you to be top boss of our next expedition. The commander. I'll just do the archaeology. I'll let you do all the thinking when we come back, and—"

"How's that? You figgerin' on leavin' now? We ain't hardly got nothin' done yit." Uncle Hades was incredulous.

"We're Going To Be Married"

"No, no, Hades! Of course, there's the work. But I have something else extremely important to do. We'll have to go right in today. I—we're going to be married. 'Lissa and I, Hades."

'Lissa was much calmer now. She smiled up at the old man. She would have spoken, but—

"I know all about that, young feller! You been sweethearts ever since the day I seen you both in Blanco Canyon. You young fools jest ain't had sense enough to know it. Waal, ef it wasn't for th' license, I could marry you right now, myself. I took out preachin' papers 20-odd years ago."

"Oh, Uncle Hades!" 'Lissa beamed up at him. His grizzled old head protruded over the rim in comical fashion. He was lying prone to talk to them. "Will you marry us? You shall! He's got to, Bob! I won't marry you unless he does."

Bob grinned. "You hear that, Hades. It's war if you don't."

The Reverend Zachary "Hades" Jones was shining happily, and apparently none of the three gave thought to the amazing circumstance, the position they held, clinging there on the sheer face of a great mountain like so many birds. Either Bob or 'Lissa could have stepped four feet outward and fallen nearly 600. But the second ladder top protruded there, steady and safe, a short distance down.

Climbing Down Again

"Th' old Territorial law allowed people to marry and git th' to his senses.

"You're right, Hades," he interrupted. "We'd be dead but for you, and your quick mind. I hope I can think as fast and move as fast when I'm your age. But—this is terrible."

"Shore 'tis," agreed Hades. license later, as I recc'lect," said Hades, "but that thar required a witness and we ain't got none. We got to hire more help."

"Where's Scott Holliman?" demanded Bob, suddenly remembering. "I'm not sure he'd do, but—"

"Oh, him!" Hades paused to expectorate, generously and contemptuously. "Why he ain't here no more. I—I discharged him."

"What for?"

"Why, he talked too free. He expressed some opinions—I better make the de-tail report to you in private, Bob—and he took out his pistol. Waal, the fact is, I shot his gun outen his hand, give him a canteen, and told him ef we ever see hide nor hair of him ag'in I'll shoot his fool head off, and by dads I will!"

"I—I don't doubt it, Hades! Thanks for settling that, too." Bob was amused in spite of everything. "I suppose, sweetheart, there's only one thing to do now. If you feel like it, we'll start climbing down. Hades, there are ropes up there; you can tie one to a rock and slide down to this point".

"I would be strong and ready, Bob, if I had one more thing," declared Mary Melissa. She raised her face toward his.

He gave it to her. Twice, three times, soundly on the lips.

THE END

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

More About Peaches

Last year we went into the different canning methods for fruit rather thoroughly, hence I have been saying little about it this year. However since I have received so many letters complaining about fruit not "keeping," I feel duty bound to write a few remarks on the subject, for conserving fruit is of vital importance this year.

I have no desire to sound boastful, but all fruit which I have canned is in perfect condition and once again I will repeat my favourite method. It is true we have had a very wet season; your personal selection of fruit must be done with the utmost care, never buying after heavy rains; all this is most important. However, there are other matters very important. Be sure that your jars are all well scrubbed with a soft brush and soap and water,—every corner and crevice, rinsed thoroughly and if possible dried in the sun. Then just before placing your fruit in the jar, rinse with boiling water (be sure you know the trick how to protect your jar). These first steps are the most important to obviate all danger of spoiled fruit. Those of you who have filed an article from this column last year "Hints on Canning" refer to it; for those who have not these helps I might say I consider the next most important thing is to be sure the cloth you are using (for wiping your jars top and elsewhere) cloth is sterile.

Having tried kettle boiling and the different "pack methods" I much prefer this type, it is simple, sterilizes and cooks the fruit perfectly but not to a breaking-up stage:

CANNED PEACHES

Choose ripe (not over-ripe) fruit without blemishes. Dip in boiling water, remove peels, dip in cold water and place in jars in this manner. First a layer of sugar, then peaches in proportion:—½ measure sugar to one of peaches for medium syrup; for heavy syrup ¾ sugar to one of peaches. 1 tablespoon of corn syrup added greatly enhances the flavor. Fill jar with cold water to point of overflowing. Now place on glass tops, then the screw tops; place in steamer or other arrangement for oven. Now loosen tops 2 turns to the left; steam 20 minutes. Remove from steamer, screw tops tightly, test for leakage. The next day steam for 12 minutes, follow steps for steaming as for the previous one, and be sure and test for leakage before storing in a cool and dry place. Never use a jar or glass tops that is cracked or chipped or damaged any way.

PEACH CONSERVE

15 large ripe peaches
1 lemon, 1 orange and 1 grapefruit
1 teaspoon almond flavoring
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup blanched shredded almonds
Sugar equal quantities for peaches.

Peel and slice peaches, add orange, grapefruit and lemon. Cook for ½ hour then add sugar and cook for 45 minutes until a marmalade consistency. Add nuts and flavorings; cook 5 minutes. Pour into sterile glasses; when cool seal with paraffin. If desired ½ cup chopped maraschino cherries may be added.

CANTALOUPE AND PEACH CONSERVE

4 cups peaches
4 cups cantaloupe
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange
1 tablespoon chopped citron peel
½ cup of blanched and shredded almonds.

Cook all the fruit for ½ hour. Add sugar and cook 12 minutes, stirring constantly; add nuts and cook 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterile glasses. When cool seal with paraffin.

READERS WRITE IN!

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Home Hints

Repair that sagging wire mattress by threading a length of expanding curtain wire through the mesh from end to end and from side to side, pulling the wire taut and securing to the frame with the hooks and eyes provided with the wire. Remember that if you want to beat furniture in a room, a damp dustsheet flung over the chair will absorb the dust and prevent it from flying. Remember that a piece of oiled cotton-wool placed in the corner of the clock and closed up inside for a week will clean it beautifully.

Grease stains on artificial silk can be removed as follows: Get some scraped pipe clay on to a clean piece of white paper and lay the greasy part on it. Then put some more powder over the stain itself. Cover with a thin white cloth and press with a warm iron. The powder, which will have absorbed the grease, can be brushed off.

An old, shabby carpet always has some good parts; before discarding it, cut these out in oblongs or ovals, tack down on to canvas that is larger all round by four inches, and sew firmly with carpet thread. And then, with your rug hook and plain colored wool, work a border all round the piece of carpet to cover the canvas. In this way you can make delightful hearthrugs at very little cost.

It is worth remembering that a little salt in your rinsing water will preserve the color of your dainty pastel summer frocks. This goes for lingerie too, but don't use much salt for these.

A warmed-up joint often loses its moisture. If you wrap it in grease-proof paper that has been greased heavily before you put the joint in the oven, it will reheat a better flavor and be jucier than if heated in the ordinary way.

Would-Be Thief Says He's Sorry

It must have been all a mistake. At any rate the person who broke into and ransacked the house of Maj. N. J. Shupe, in Pasadena, Cal., left a note saying, "Please forgive me. I didn't take a thing. A stranger."

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