CHAPTER XI. - (CONTINUED.)

The roses were in a cigar-box, and as long as they lasted they never smelt of anything but tobacco; but I began to think that perfume nicer than their own.

I was so happy that evening that I was glad when Mr. Rayner asked me to accompary his violin, and I was glad that he chose operatic selections again, for in the passionate and sweet music of Don Giovanni an i Il Trovatore I could vent to my feelings. felt that I had never appreciated the beautiful melodies so well, nor helped so efficiently to do justice to them as I did in accompanying Mr. Rayrer that night. He was so pleased with my help that he begged me to go on, with "Just one more" and "Just one more," until long after Mrs. Rayner had gone to her room. I was nothing loath; I could have played until midnight. I did not say much in comment between the pieces, when Mr. Rayner asked, "How do you like that?', But I suppose it was easy to see by my face that I was enjoying the music intensely, for he had just nodded and smiled and seemed quite satisfied.

The clock had struck the half-hour after ten, which was quite late for the household, at the Alders, when we finished playing " Vos che sopete."

"And how do you like that?" ; sked Mr. Rayrer as usual, only that this time he put down his violin, and, drawing a chair close to my music-stool, ran his fingers over the keys of the piano, repeating the melody. "Do you know the words? " Voi che

sapete che cos e amore," he sang softly. "Do you know what that means?" "On, yes!" said I, rather proud of show-

ing off my small knowledge of Italian. "You who know what love is.'

I drew my music-stool a little back, and listened while he sang it softly through. had never known a love-song to touch me like that before. I could almost have cried cut in answer, as I sat with my head turn. ed away, listening, almost holding my breath, lest I should lose a sound. When he had finished, he turned round; I did not move or speak, and he jumped up, walked to the shutters, unbarred them, and threw open the window.

"I am sufficeating. Oh for a Venetian balcony !" said he. "Come here, little wo-

I rese and obeyed. He threw a woollen antimacassar round my head und shoulders, and drew me to the window.

"Look up there, child, at the moon through the tree-tops. Wouldn't you like to be as Venice, listening by mocnlight to those sweet songs in the very native land of the love they sirg about ?"

"I don't want to be anywhere but here Mr. Rayner," said I, smiling up at the moon very happily:

But I could not tell Mr. Rayrer why. "I would give the whole world to be at this moment with the women I love.

could make her understand there!"

in vis voice, and suddenly made up my mind so te very bold. "Then why don't you take her there,

I was struck by the passionate tenderness

Mr. Rayner?' I said earrestly. As I spoke, smiling at him and speaking as gently as I could, though I felt terribly frightened at my boldness, his eyes seemed to grew darker, and his whole face lighted up in an extraordinary way. I saw my words had made an impression, so I went

on eagerly, pressing nervous'y the hand with

which he was helding mine, for I was still afraid lest my audacity should offend him. 11r. Rayner, forgive me for speaking about this; but you spoke first, didn' have so often wendered why yed didn't take her away. It seems so hard that you, who went sympathy so muchyou know you have often told me sosu that cave to live, as you say, a shut-up ..... account or the reathy of the woman t. wrem you are bound.

the ward to drink in the words as it they I marked an elinic; I could reel by nes and that he was actually trembing; and lyrev more assured myself.

"N w, if you were to take her away, although you might have a d flicuity at first perstading her to go, and force her, with the kind force you know how to use, to go among freen laces and see freeh people, I believe she would come back to life again, and see new much better you are than other husrands, and leve you just as much as ever, On she chulh's help it; you are so kind and so lood!"

Then my heart sank, for I saw I had gone tio far. As I spoke, from passionately eager, he hoked surprised, puzzled, and tren his race clouded over with a cold frown that chilled me with fear and shame. crew my hand cut of his quickly, and stepped back is to the room. He sollowed and teck my hand again, an , when I looked up, murmuring clumsy and incoherent spolo gies, his face was as composed and kind as usual; but I thought he looked rather sad.

"Never mind, little one; you have not offended me by speaking your mind out; den't be atraid. But you con't know, you cannot guess-how should a child like you guess' - how many or how deep a mau's cares may be while he is obliged to bear a brave front to the world. I think you would be serry for me if you knew them."

"I am sorry without knowing them," I said softly. He bent down over me and looked into my

eyes for a few moments. Then he raised his head, and laughed lightly. "You are a fraud. Great gray eyes

ought to be passionate, and yours are as cold as a lake on a still day. I believe you are an Undine! You have no soul."

"Oh, Mr. Rayner!" I said monrnfully, and I turned slowly to the piano to putaway the music.

"Never mind; I will do that," said he, in his usual tone. "I have kept you up long enough. Good night, Undine.'

was almost airaid he would again want to kiss me, and, after offending him once, I should not have dared to refuse. So I shook hands as hastily as I could, took my candle, and ran up-stairs. I was very angry with myself for having been cold and unsympathetic-I had not meant to be so at all.

But the fact was I had been thinking the whole evening of Mr. Laurence Reade.

CHAPIER XII.

I slackened my pace when I got to the top of the first fight of stairs, and walked softly services ban't be overpaid!" she hissed out. awakened by a very slight noise indeed, so inlet of every vice.

through the corridor where the nursery was, for fear of waking Mona; and, as I went slowly along the passage leading to the turret stairs, I began to think of what Mr. Rayner had called me, and wondered what he meant by saying I had no soul.

"It wasn't because I am not sorry for him, for he must have seen that I am, thought I. "I suppose I don't show my sympathy in the right away; but I could not very well say more about it without being disrespectful. And I must not forget that Mr. Rayner is not only much older that

but also my employer,' And so I crept up the turret stairs with

candle, and opened the door of my room. It was a calm night, and I walked in very slowly, yet, as I entered, my candle went cut suddenly, as if blown by a gust of wind; and I fancied I heard a slight sound as of a human breath blowing it. I stepped forward quickly, a little startled, and tried to peer into the darkness. But it was impossible to see, for my fire had gone out, the blinds were down and the curtains drawn, and not a ray of moonlight could get in. stood for a few minutes, still frightened, in the middle of the room, and then cautiously made my way in the direction of the mantlepiece, where I kept my match-box. I made a slight noise as I passed my fingers over the different articles there, and, just at the moment that I knecked over a china ornament which fell into the fireplace, above the noise it made as it broke to pieces in the grate I heard a sound behind the screen which stood between the bed and the door, and, turning quickly, I was in time to see a figure come swiftly round it and disappear through the | money-bargains? That chit, that Christie still open door. I could distinguish nothing; nevertheless, suppressing my inclination to scream, I rushed to the door and caught in the air at the figure I could no longer see; but I felt nothing.

Then I crept back into my room, shaking from head to foot, and hardly daring to move in this direction or that, for fear of encountering another dim figure. I closed the door behind me, sick with fear lest I should be shutting myself in with more unwelcome visitors; and, starting at the slight creaking that a board made here of mine." aud there under my own feet, I again searched the mantle-piece for the match-box. My hands trembled so that it was a long time before I could be sure that it was not there; and then I turned and felt my way back to t'e table; and, after moving most of the it was not there either. Then I groped my way to one of the windows - I had not | discovery that I reflected on what a dishonthought of that before-drew the curtains | curable thing I had done. and rulled up the blind. The moon gave only a fitful light, being obscured every only served to make shadows in the room which were more fearful to me, in my nervous state, than darkness itself. I had one find them even now.

It was out of the question to undress by sidering the eavesdropping governess tho such weird moonlight, fancying dim shapes | superior to the devoted servant. in every corner and noises behind me whichever way I turned; so I determined to conquer my fears and go down-stairs with my I reflected that enough moonlight would me see my way without making a noise.

I shut again quickly; the second was locked, but the key was in the door, and I softly but the moment I found this out, and gave rather have faced a dezen dim human figures than have felt under my foot the "serunch" of blackbeetle, I had to shut that door too as quickly as I had shut the

The only thing left for me was to feel my way back to the staircase, go down the pas-Mr. Rayner's study, and so into the hall, where I knew the exact position of the same. match-bex which stood on the hall table.

My only fear now was that I might meet left the house yet to go to his room. If I met him. I should have to account for my presfor his sharp eyes not to notice my pallor would be a search and an explanation, and I should get some one into trouble. For my fears had not gone beyond thinking that it was Sarah cr one of the other servants who -perhaps wishing to give me a fright, perhaps only all but caught in the untimely enescape detection, had blown out my candle,

hoping to slip cut in the dark unheard. However, I got back safely to the bottom | en it! of the staircase without seeing or hearing anything, and I was creeping along the passard I found that they proceeded from Mr. Rayner's study, the door of which I had to pass. I discovered by the thin thread of light it let out upon the passage that this door was ajar, at the same moment that I recognised Sarah's voice. She was speaking in a low sullen tone, and, as I drew nearer, I was arrested half against my will by words which seemed to apply to myself—"Against the stupid baby-face of a chit hardly out of the nursery herself. Governess indeed!"

"Is that all you have to say !" said Mr. Rayner very low, but in his coldest, most cutting tone.

"That's—that's all I have to say," said Sarah, with a choking sound in her voice. The woman was evidently unhapp; I almost pitied her.

"Then the matter is easily settled. You "I can go! I go! Do you know what

you're saying? Do you think you could replace me as easily as you can such as her?" | eyes. said she, forgetting all respect due to her master, as her voice, still low, trembled with rage.

"That is my affair. You wished me to choose between the services of an unpaid governrss and those of an overpaid servant. I have chosen."

"As long as you joined discretion to your undoubted good qualities, I paid you according to that estimate. Now that you let yourself be swayed beyond all bounds of prudence by trifling feelings of jealousy and spite, like a foolish girl, your value ruus down to that level. You are no longer a girl, Sarah, and your position is changed in many ways since then, in most for the better. If you cannot accept the changes quietly, you had better go.'

"And you would let me go-for a newcomer ?" said the woman passionately. "I cannot think of sending away any member of my household for the caprice of any other member of it, however valuable a

servant she may have been-" "May have been-may have been! My work is not over yet, and, if I don't work for you, I'll work against you," she broke out in a fury. "I'll-"Not so fast, not so fast," said he slowly.

"You will find that up-hill work when you have to deal with me, Sarah Gooch." He spoke in the hard tone I had heard him use once or twice before—a tone which always made me shudder. Then his voice

changed suddenly to a genial, almost caressing tone. "Now do you think you will be able

to get on without me as well as I can without you?" There was a pause. Then I heard Sarah burst into sobs and lew passionate cries for

pity, for forgiveness. "Why are you so hard? How can you have the heart to talk like that about my services, as if I was too old for anything but girl, that you put before me, will never serve you like I've done."

"The services of a governess are not the same as those of a servant. That is enough about Miss Christie, Sarah."

"Enough and welcome about the little flirt—a creature that keeps diamonds from one man in her desk, and wears round her neck a letter from another which she kisses on the sly? Oh, I've seen her, the little-" "Nonsense!" said Mr. Rayner, sharply. "And what if she does? It is no business

I heard him rise hastily from his chair and walk across the room; and I fled past like a hare. Trembling and panting, I found my way to the hall table, took out of the box there half-a-dczen matches, and scept guiltily, miserably up-stairs. I had listenthings on it, I at last satisfied myself that | ed, as if chained to the spot, to their talk, and it was only now that I had fled for fear of

If he had come to the door, thrown it open, and seen me cowering with parted lips other minute by thin driving clouds, and it against the wall within a few feet of it, how Sarah would have triumphed in the justice of her hatred of a girl who could be guilty of such meanness! And how Mr. Rayner's more search for the matches, but could not own opinion of me would have sunk! He would have seen how wrong he was in con-

I cried with shame and remorse as I stumbled up the turret stairs, shut myself in my room, and lighted my candle. I did left alone. candle and get a light below. There were | not teel a bit frightened now; I forgot even sure to be some matches in the kitchen, and I to turn the key in the lock; this last adventure had swell taway all remembrance of the come in over or through the shutters to let | previous one. When at last I began to think collectedly of what I had heard, I | felt my limbs grow numb and stiff; but I So I groped my way down the back stair- | felt no longer any doubt, from what Sarah | had not power to move, and I thought I case, which I had never used before, got | had said about the nature and extent of her safely to the bottom, turned to my left, and | services, that she was in reality the responfelt for a door. The first opened into a big sible guardian of Mrs. Rayner, and that, black cupboard where I left brocms, which I when she spoke of warking against her master if he sent her away, she meant to pub. lish far and wide what he had so long and turned it. This was indeed the kitchen; so carefully kept secret—the fact that he had a wife tottering on the verge of insana sigh of relief, I heard on the floor a sound | ity. I aid not wonder now so much as I which I knew too well to be the rush of | had before at the depth of her jealousy of myriads of black beetles; and, as I would | me. I saw how strong the woman's passions were and how deep was her devotion to her master, and I began to understand that it was hard for her to see so many little acts of consideration showered on a new comer which she, although her service had been so much longer and more painful, could not from her position expect. And I got up sage at the other side of it, which led past | from the chair I had sat on, trying to torgive her, yet hoping she would go away all the

As I rose, I caught sight of my desk, which I suddenly saw had been moved. Mr. Rayner, in the event of his not having | might have done that myself in my search for the matches; but it flashed through my mind that Sarah had told Mr. Rayner that once wandering about the house at this time | I kept the diamonds in my desk. But it was of right, and I felt that I was still too much | locked, and the keys were always in my discemposed by the fright I had received | pocket. However, I opened it and looked into the top compartment, where I kept Mr. and my quaking hands; and then I should Rayner's present. There it was in its case, have to tell him what I had seen, and there looking just as usual. Then I opened the lower corpartment, with the intention of reading through just once more, before I went to bed, those two notes I had had from Mr. Reade, one on that day and one on the day before, about the church-work. And the 'ast one, the one that had come with the joyment of one of my easy-chaits-anxious to cigar-box on that day, was not there! A suspicion flashed through my mind which nade my breath come fast-Sarah had tak-

It was Sarah then whom I had surprised in my room that evening! She had managed age when I caught the first taint sound of | by some means to open my desk, seen the I stopped, then went on again pendant, and, laving made a grievance softly, while the sounds became plainer, against me of the fact that I had received letters from a gentleman, had taken the letter out and probably shown it to Mr. Rayner on some pretence of having "picked it up," to prove to him by the direction in a handwriting which he knew, that I was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with Mr. Laurence Reade. And I remembered that she had al eady taken the first note to Mr. Rayner. Well, if she had read both the notes—for they were lying together in my desk-she must have seen that they were of a very innocent kind: but how was Mr. Rayner, who had not read them, to know this? I was annoyed and disgusted beyond measure; I could have forgiven anything, even her meanness in playing spy while I looked at the note which I wore round my neck, but stealing my precious letter. I shed some more tears at the loss of it, wondering whether she would ever take the trouble to restore it, polluted as it would be by having been read by her unkind

Then I went to bed, very tired and very unhappy; and at last I fell asleep, with my hands clasping the note that Sarah could not get at, which I wore in a case round my

Perhaps the excitement and agitation of the evening had caused my sleep ta be "Overpaid! My services overpaid! My lighter than usual. At any rate, I was

slight that I thought it must be the work of of my nervous fancy; and my sleepy eyes were closing again, when I suddenly became conscious that there was a light in the room not that of the rising sun.

Fully awake now, and cold all over with this new fright, I saw by the flickering on the ceiling that the light must come from a candle behind the screen; I saw that it was being carried forward into the room, and then I closed my eyes and pretended to be askep. My fingers were still clinging to the little case; but they were wet and clammy with horror. Was it Sarah? What was she going to do now? To put back my letter? I did not dare to look.

I lay there listening so intently that I could hear, or fancy I heard, each soft step taken by the intruder. Then they stopped; and from the effect of the flickering light through my closed eyelids I guessed that the candle was being raised to throw its light on my face. Still I had self-command enough to lie quite still and to imitate the long drawn breathing of a sleeping person. But then my that seemed to s and still, for I felt the light coming nearer, and I heard the faint sound of a moving figure growing plainer, until the light was flashed within a foot of my face. I could not have moved then. I was half paralysed. Then I noticed a faint sickly smell that I did not know, and a hand was laid very softly upon the bed-clothes.

Still I did not move, I had formed a sort ! last one had hit it, I commenced a course of plan in those deadly two minutes, which | his treatment, without, however, any bet seemed like two hours, when the light was | fit. Feeling that I was going down hill ve coming nearer and nearer to my face. The fast. I grew somewhat despondent, a hand crept softly up, and slipped under the bed-clothes close to my chin, till it touched my fingers clutching the little leathern case. It tried to disengage them; but my clasp on my treasure was like grim death. Then the hand was softly withdrawn. I heard the drawing of a cork, I smelt the faint smell more strongly, and a handkerchief wet with some sickening, suffocating stuff was thrown

lightly over my face. Then I started up with a shriek as loud and piercing as my lungs could give, tore the handkerchief from my face, and confronted Sarah, who drew back, her dark face livid with anger, but without uttering a sound. In her hand she held a little bottle. I tried with a spring to dash it from her grasp; but she was too quick for me, and, with a step back against the screen, she held it out of my reach. Then the screen fell down with a loud crash. My attention was distracted from the woman to it for one moment, and in that moment she made another spring at my neck. But then there was a sound outside which had as many terrors for her as her own hard voice had for me. was Mr. Rayner, caling sharply and sternly-

"Sa ah, come out here!" She started; then her face grew sullen and defant, and she stood like a rock before ma. Again Mr. Rayner ca'led.

"Sa ah, do you hear me? Come here!" And, as if a spell had been cast upon her which it was vain for her to fight against, she went slowly out of the room, and I was

I sprang from the bed, locked the door, and fell down against it in the dark and cold in a raseion of hysterical sobs that I could not restrain. Then they died away, and I must be dying.

Then I heard a fall at the bottom of the stairs and a woman's cry, and immediately after a voice outside roused me.

(TO BE CONTINCED).

## The Handshaking Art.

President Arthur is said to have suffered so much from the prevalent custom of shaking hands that he has made the sulject a study and has reduced it to a fine art. This art is simple in plan and surprising in effect, but incifensive. When the President sees a man coming at nim for the usual salutation he stands impassive, with his hauds at his sides, until his friend reaches him. Then the President, by a quick movement, seizes the extended hand, shakes it, and drops it before the handshaker is fairly aware what has happened. By this dexterity the President escapes having his hands wrung until the bones crack-a process which, repeated several hundred times a day

is naturally painful. President Arthur's plan of handshaking will doubtless be copied without credit by some other public men, but not generally. The most of them have larger hands than the President, and have not so much to fear a squeeze. For others the method is not coroial enough. Mr. Blaine, though he has a medium-sized hand, prevents its being squeezed by seizing his friend's hand in both his own, and is thus enabled to do what he chooses with it. President Garfield used to have the habit, also practiced by some others, of taking his friend's hand lightly, adroitly giving nim a slap on the back, and then withdrawing his hand before the victim had recovered from his surprise. As no visitor ever dared to slap back, this plan seemed to work very well indeed. It indicated sufficient cordiality, saved the President's hand, and at the same time the exercise of slapping kept hin in good

Mike Cuddihie and hi wife, living not far from Denver, Colorado, had a small girl in their family adopted from the Catholic Orphan's Home, of that city. The girl recently died suddenly and mysteriorsly, and it was afterwards believed that her death came about from cruelties inflicted by Cuddihie and his wife. They were arrested and found guilty of murder, but a band of masked men overpowered the sheriff, took his prisoners away and hanged them both It is said [to have been the first case of a woman having been lynched in the State.

Beware of that Cough! it may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

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Indolence is the rust of the mind and the

**MYSTERIOUS!** 

The Terrible Undertow that is Sween Away so Many-What Well-known Canadians Have to Say.

It is an unquestionable fact that thousand of people are to-day enduring the most is tense torture or are afflicted by the most p. accountable symptoms for which they assign no reason whatever. They have h quent headaches; are strangely languid; has a ravenous appetite one day and none who ever the next, and feel dull pains in various parts of the body, but they imagine it only a cold or some passing minor disord. Indeed, few people realize the presence grave and serious dangers until they; upon them. The following experiences well-known people in the Province are tin ly and valuable.

Rev. William J. Henderson, pastor of t Methodist-Episcopal church of Preson Ontario, says: "For a number of years a until recently, I had been gradually, steadily, declining in health. I was subject to the steadily, declining in health. I was subject to the steadily, declining in health. to severe pains in various parts of my boo shortness of breath, palpitation of the hear and a distressing, hacking cough. Io. sulted physicians, one of whom informed; that I had been 'carrying too many pour of steam.' Another stated that I was the eve of a general constitutional 'brea up;' another pronounced me as being ; gone in liver complaint, and feeling that finally resigned myself to an early dear At this jurcture I resolved to try Warne Safe Cure, and I may say that I felt alm immediate relief, and now I am nearly well as I ever was in my whole life. cough has disappeared entirely and I s dom teel any of my old symptoms. Iha always been somewhat disposed to prejud. against proprietary medicines, but I feel to be an act of justice to make this sta ment for the good of others."

John Evans, residing at 139 King stre London, says: For two years I have be troubled with gravel in my kidneys a have suffered untold agony. The passage the gravel from the kidneys into the ba der threw me into paroxysms of pain a completely broke me down. Upon ; recommendation of a friend I began the: of Warner's Safe Cure, which seemed dissolve the gravel and it passed from me the form of dust. I recommend Warre Safe Cure to everybody who is suffering all as I have suffered."

Mrs. M. Lemon, residing at 5 View avenue, Hamilton, says: "For ten year have suffered from female complaints a liver disease. I have consulted all the pri inent doctors in Hamilton, but none able to cure me. Six months out of ere year I was laid up in bed from nervous; tration and debility, and frequently ve working about the house I would faint a remain unconscious for more than hall hour. Hearing of Warner's Safe Curbegan its use and am now in good her All previous troubles have left me. It worked wonders in my case and I can rea

mend it to all the ladies in the country.

Mr Chas. M. Syme, foreman in W. Smith's saw factory, St. Catherines, sa. "Five years ago I began to be afflicted wi most distressing troubles which increased violence until I was compelled to remain bed. My symptoms were terrible and I ke getting worse and worse all the while. I doctors could not agree as to the nature my disease and I finally lost all hopes ever getting well. Learning of some casimilar to my own that had been helped Warner's Safe Cure, I began its use a commenced to improve from the first of and I am happy to say that I am now sound as a dollar and can do a day's W.

without it hurting me." Dictor Samuel T. Rodley, of Chatha says; "I have seen Warner's Sale C. used very extensively and have heard of: most gratifying results. I am convinthat it is an unequalled medicine for dis ders of the kidneys and urinary organs, a I can freely recommend it.'

Mr. A. J. McBiau, clerk of Crawin House, Windsor, says; "For several 762 I was afflicted with kidney difficulty and not know what it was to be free from exit ciating pains, which at times were so that I could neither stand nor remove: clothes. At that time I was conductor the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, and doubt the constant jolting aggravated : disease. Noticing an advertisement of "" ner's Safe Cure, I procured the medicinal from the first it acted like magic, ane it a completely and permanently cured me. cannot too highly recommend it, as I ki what it has done for me."

The above statements are from men of questionable veracity, and such as merit: greatest consideration. No one who is 5 fering from any form of physical disord can afford to neglect even the slight symptoms, which can be so readily contr. led if taken in time, and which are so di gerous if permitted to continue.

Catarrh-A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one three applications. Particulars and tress free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixor Son, 305 King-st. West. Toronto, Cani. If we build high, let us begin low !

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Discretion of speech is more than t

PERCHERON BLOOD WILL TELL. -A. Stein & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., handle horses annually, mostly heavy draft. say of the grade Percheron Norma 18: handle more of the Percheron-Normans to any other breed. There is more demand them. They give the best satisfaction matter how little of the blood there is in the Generally they have good feet and last ! ter on our pavements than the Clydesd or other breeds. Tell the far ners of her becoming West to keep their Percheron-Norman ms and breed them. Would advise breeding Percheron-Norman horses in preference any other breed."—Chicago Tribune. ly 1,400 Percheron Norman herses bave b imported from France and bred in purity by M. W. Donham, of Wayne, who, within the past few months has f chased 390 of them from the best breed iu France, particular attention being to pedigrees, an i Franch records.

LADIES

If the steam tion of meat less that is po During the p great deal of fattened on or pork in our o little beef that sider mutton in the meat lin ation of it has at our table,

never did re

Rural will gir

household colu

adopt it to cha to this most ticle of diet: Place a large plenty of boi deep tin or ea and receive quarter at one and pepper; ] tightly. Fron required to c steady fire and after an hour pend on the qu require more done.

When quite

from the stove.

with a little dredge the mea other parts su quick oven for Meantime the where the co which must be particle of fat ing a clear je from beef, an adapted to the and aged peop should be add the roast, also The remainder a variety of ve dition of peas, The fat may b with beef drip wander about in an article soup making : desire it with genius; the w poem; or you theory, and t within you is investigation s the stock as a when digging of fat adhering with the jellied stoutly affirmin in her soup, fo fat. 'But th stand soup, and lucid explanati Ravenous a meat not suita

prefer it to tha Girl's Life in Perp

sliced up cold

any condiment

very delicate.

fast rolls and

excellent morn

we do asparagu

soft, then add

with a spoonfu.

The day of h a palinquin, s her husband's l the spoiled per to be the little upon whom she she is to impli her what she is -what dishes cook them. I she will let the visit her mothe

little cat or dog or never any matter how cru can never comp thing his mot never take his sends to her da is to be cocke: children. Wi it on one large to her husband wishes, and the with what is le They sit toget the remainder forks, nor spoor

Of her husba

She is of no

is neverallowed The little gir years of age, a the child is man called a widow, ed to perpetual marry again. wear any jewel never sleep on af matting spre and sometimes, tween her and t ter how cold th no other cover she has worn in

She must ear that of the coa in two weeks hours. Then n of water or med even if she we sit down nor sp mother in law, do so. Her for apart from the disgraced, a de never even look ceremonies of fe omen for her to servant, may or not like to do. must ever speak her, for it is shows the slig

widow she will i melf. It is estima widows in India