A Loveless Marriage;

OR

A MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

April came and went, and summer succeeded it, and followed it to its grave and another Christmas whitened the world before Cecil Vereker returned to her home. It was indeed eighteen months since that terrible autumn, when she at last looked again upon the old Court.

Wild March had come in like a lion, had roared its loudest, and now lay crouching on the ground, old and beaten, and dying, and harmless as any lamb.

Sweet moist winds were blowing out of the south, driving baby showers before it. The rooks were building in the tall gaunt elms, and all the land was rich with swaying masses of yellow daffodils. Crocuses thousands, purple and white and parti-colored, made pretty groups here and there, whilst the pheasant-eyed narcissi and the scented jonquils fought for room with the tinier daintier tags.

Such a wilderness of sweets as the gardens were! Old-fashioned gardens some of them, where all these best of Nature's treasures were suffered to run wild.

"Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae."

Every passing wind bore on its wings perfumes delicately rich. In every hedge small birds were building their nests; their songs made countless melodies. Mingled with them was the wild, mad music of the rushing stream as it dashed over its stones, and by its sedgy banks, almost tearing the pale bunches of forget-me-not from their hold.

Cecil stood still and looked all round her. She could not deny to herself that a home spring was more distinctly exquisite than anything she had found abroad. She had travelled a good deal during these past eighteen months, a strange unaccountable restlessness driving her from place to place, and now that she had returned to England, she scarcely knew whether she was glad or sorry.

The old familiar landscape, the tender joys of the budding spring, the peculiar sense of life renewed that spoke to her in all around, touched her, and made her pulses throb in unison with it, but at heart she felt lonely and depressed, and full of a sick longing to find near her something or someone beloved.

Dorothy and her husband were in the North paying a visit to an uncle of Farquhar's, and Lady Bessy, whom she really liked in spite of her many eccentricities, was at her own place, for a wonder. As for—anyone else,—why she hardly cared for anyone else, and besides.—— Well, why should she not think of him? She asked herself this angrily—besides St. John was still in the East.

Even as she thought this she lifted her eyes, and saw him coming to her across the closely-shaven grass.

Her heart seemed to stop beating. For one moment she thought she was going to faint. Then once more life surged strongly, almost painfully, within her. Oh! how he recalled that past terrible time—her past terrible existence. She had hardly known with what a cowardly shrinking she had been looking round on this spot and on that—until he came. But now a full horror of this place made hers by a loveless marriage was full upon her.

"You!" she said. "I thought you were in Egypt."

"Well, so I was until a month ago," said he. He had come up to her and had taken the hand she had not offered. He was greatly bronzed, and, perhaps, a trifle thinner, but he was so strong, so good to look at. Delight shone in his eyes. "Bessy sent me word that you were thinking of coming home, so—I thought of coming too. You know you forbid me to seek you whilst you were abroad. And I obeyed you to the letter, though I refuse to say what it cost me. Have I not been obedient? Don't I deserve a reward? At all events, I have it," said he gaily; "I am looking at you now."

A charming thing to look at, too. A very lovely picture. She was the same Cecil he remembered, yet scarcely the same. The weight of many years seemed to have dropped from her, and she stood there before him in her white serge gown like the young girl that in reality she was. She was very pale, certainly, and nervousness was evidently preying upon her; but he noticed that the old miserable fear was gone from her eyes, and that the pretty oval of the face was rounded and warmer in tint. She was indeed beautiful.

"You are looking better, stronger," said he, with all a lover's glad solicitude. "These eighteen months have done you a world of good. Surely they were long enough to work a thousand cures. Did ever months drag so slowly I wonder? But now," with a triumphant uplifting of his head, "they are gone. Dead. Behind us!"

"When did you return?" asked she. "How strange that you should come here to-day. I, myself have only just arrived, but I told no one of my intention to be here." She regarded him earnestly. "Yet you knew!" she said, with a soft blush.

"Yes, I knew. Do you think you could be here, so near, without my knowing? And why should I not know? You have been a little cruel to me, I think. You brought your servants?"

"Only my maid, and Thompson. There are always people in the house. But I shan't stay here," she went on, hurriedly. "I couldn't. Even these few hours have convinced me of that. Every scene brings back the past. No, I could not live here."

"Well, you need not," said he, slowly.

She colored warmly, and hesitated for a moment.

"Of course, I understand what you mean," she said, speaking rapidly, as if to prevent any interruption from him. "That it is in my power to live where I will. But though I dislike this place, I have still a love for Brent. It really means home to me. Where one was born has always a claim on one I think. On one's affections. Dorothy lives here, and—all the friends I have ever known."

"You misunderstood me," said he. "I did not mean to suggest banishment from Brent. What I did mean was that you might make yourself a new home here, if you would."

"I think not. I can hear of no house in the neighborhood to be let or bought or——"

"Accepted!" questioned he. Then: "There is one," he said, slowly. He waited awhile for her to speak, but presently he saw that she would not. Her gaze bent upon the ground, and she was looking strangely troubled. That little touch of distress went to his heart, and sent him to her at once.

"Darling," said he, in a low voice, "will you dare to tell me that you do not care for me?"

"Oh! I care for you," cried she, impetuously. "It is not that, but——"

"You love me?" demanded he, drawing her into his arms.

"Yes. I love you. Oh!" she paused, and glanced up at him through eyes warm with tears, "when I saw you coming towards me awhile ago, I—"

"Yes?—go on! What then?"

"I knew," said she simply, "that I had never been quite happy before." A little tremulous smile broke upon her lips.

"My beloved!" said he. And then, after a pause, "Well you must try to be quite happy for the future. You have a long, long time to make up. And I love you so, Cecil—so deeply, so truly—that I am presumptuous enough to believe that I can make you so. What! tears! Why I will have none to-day. Nor any other day. We shall begin to be happy from this hour."

He kissed away the drops that would have fallen, and at that she laughed. It was quite a new thing to him that laugh—it told more than anything else could have done, that she had indeed, thrown off the spirit of bondage that had for so long oppressed her, and was once more imbued with the spirit of youth.

"What am I to do about staying here?" she asked presently. "I don't believe," blushing hotly and looking rather abashed at her own want of courage, "I could sleep here. It is all very well whilst you can remain; but after that——. The long dull evening and the night would kill me."

"Don't remain," said he. "Run up to town with me. My aunt, Mrs. St. John, will be delighted to receive you, and to-morrow I'll take you to Bessy. She is, for a wonder, in her own home now, at Wyats. By-the-bye, have you heard about her?"

"Heard what?"

"Why, her engagemen."

"Is she going to be married?" said Cecil, intensely interested. When one is going to be married oneself, it is really astonishing with what pleasure one hears of the intended marriage of others. "To whom?"

"Blair?"

"Mr. Blair!" With distinct disbelief. "Oh! nonsense."

"I wish she could hear you," said St. John, laughing. "It is Blair, nevertheless."

"Why, I thought they were always—always——"

"Why don't you go on? So they were—so they are. Always quarrelling; sparring is perhaps the proper word. But they seem to like it, and Blair, as you know, or perhaps you don't know, has been in love with her off and on for five or six years. They are to be married in June."

"It is the funniest thing," said Cecil. "Do you know," with all the air of one stating an unexpected fact, "I liked Mr. Blair. They will be very happy I think, and hope."

"Not so happy as we shall be. By-the-bye, when shall we be married? Next month?"

"Certainly not," with shy indignation. "There isn't any reason for haste. How could one be ready? This is just the very end of March, and—next month!"

"May, then?"

"Oh, no."

"June? That's the month in which Bessy and Blair have decided. The 29th is their day. What do you say to the 1st, eh?"

"Of course, one can't go on saying 'no' for ever," said she, with such an adorable attempt at reproach, that he caught her in his arms, and so put an end to that argument.

"'Not 'no' it must be 'yes,'" said he. "Say so, darling heart."

She said it.

THE END.

ROYAL MESSENGERS.

Strange Services Performed by King's Emissaries.

Very odd are some of the errands done by the royal messenger service in Great Britain. At an English seaport, for instance, a sealed packet which was being conveyed across the Channel to Windsor some time ago in the care of the British Foreign Office, became accidentally unfastened in the custom house, and a quantity of cigars fell out. As the packet in question was invoiced as containing "important confidential Government despatches," no little amusement was caused. Nothing serious, however, came of the accident, for it is a recognized rule that "the King can do no wrong," and neither, therefore, can the King's messengers.

Besides, it is well understood that the service is maintained for other purposes than the nominal one. During the late Queen Victoria's reign the messenger used frequently to carry to the continent, in sealed bags supposed to contain despatches, shirts and collars of a special make and pattern for one of the British ambassadors, hats and bonnets for Her Majesty's female relatives, all sorts of English knick-knacks for the late Empress Frederick at Berlin, and even barrels of native oysters for the embassies at Paris and Vienna.

For many years, moreover, it was the practice of the messengers to call each week on their way back to England at Brussels, where they received from the Court kitchens a box of special biscuits of which Queen Victoria was very fond and which she believed nobody could make as well as the head pastry-cook of King Leopold's kitchen. This box of biscuits was solemnly sealed up at the British legation with the official seal, and then conveyed with infinite care to Windsor by way of Dover and London.

The average length of reigns of monarchs is 19 years. Louis XIV., who came to the throne at 5, ruled for 72 years.

The name "California" is said to be derived from the Spanish words "Calicute Fernalla," meaning hot furnace.

AT THE BRITISH COURT

A MAGNIFICENT BUT NERVE-TRYING EXPERIENCE.

When Fair Women and Brave Men are Presented to the King and Queen.

It is in the ball-room, a majestic apartment in Buckingham Palace, that their Majesties hold their Court, standing on a velvet pile carpet emblematic of the British Empire, with a Royal red centre and a cream border woven with the English rose, and at the corners devices significant of the various colonies. There are no thrones in the apartment. The King of this vast empire and his lovely Consort stand from about half-past ten to midnight, while past them with deep obeisances file the beauty and chivalry of the realm.

At one end of the vast apartment is the Minstrels' Gallery, where the Master of the King's music conducts the famous orchestra, each man clad in the quaint uniform of his calling. A softened blaze of electric light suffuses the scene. Diamonds glint with a thousand vivid flashes of light, exquisite toilettes, a foam of lace, embroideries, and tulle, animated and eager faces, loyal and, speaking eyes, make the place a veritable parterre of beauty.

To all this are added the uniforms of the Lord Chamberlain, the Royal pages, the Gold and Silver Sticks, the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and the equerries, massed together, to bring about a sum total of sumptuous array, a quintessence of dignified grandeur, rivalled nowhere.

EXCLUSIVE—VERY.

Supposing a loyal subject of the King made up her mind to attend one of their Majesties' Courts, she would not be allowed to enter the portal of Buckingham Palace unless she bore in her hand an invitation card issued by the Lord Chamberlain under the King's direction, and for this she would have had to apply many weeks, perhaps months, beforehand.

Every member of the family who is to attend a Court receives a separate invitation, and all those individuals who are less than Royal have their cards delivered by post. Equerries are specially sent to each Royal personage with his or her invitation card, and drive in royal carriages to their destination; and on the night the Court is held these privileged individuals enter the palace by a special door.

It would be of no use to strike out an independent line in dress if you were going to attend a Court, even if you did so in the laudable hope that Royalty would signal you out for special notice. One young American, greatly daring, did at the first Court of their present Majesties' reign decorate her hair with pink feathers, instead of with the white or black ones demanded. She was informed of her mistake in courtly but very frank terms, and was given to understand that it must never occur again.

DRESSED TO ORDER.

With the full-dress evening toilette, cut quite low so that the neck and shoulders are visible, and finished with very short sleeves, must be worn a Court train, hung from the shoulders or the waist as preferred, of from three and a half to four yards long, white gloves, and in the hair three white ostrich feathers, and either lace lappets or a white veil. For mourning, black trimmings are permissible with the black toilette. The feathers absolutely must be visible from the full face front view of the wearer.

As the train is usually the most expensive part of the dress, or, at any rate, the one less easy to utilize afterwards, it is sometimes hired for the evening; and one dressmaker in Bond Street last season made quite a profit upon the handsome velvet and lace trains she loaned out at the price of £10 an evening.

A Court gown is considered very cheap at seventy-five guineas, even when the wearer's own lace is used, and the cost of some runs well into four figures.

Brides go in their wedding garments, and all the colored gown fabrics are chosen by the electric light at the great dressmakers to ensure

A GOOD EVENING EFFECT.

When the debutante with her mother, or whoever is to present her, finds herself in Buckingham Palace, whether it be that she has entered by the private entrance, where the wives of members of the Corps Diplomatique are permitted what is called the "entree," or by the "general company's" door in Buckingham Palace Road, she discovers that she is apparently a centre of attraction to all the perfectly-trained servants, as well as to the gentlemen ushers and Gentlemen-at-Arms who conduct her to the Presence Chamber.

A maid takes all the cloaks and wraps as the company arrives, and hands over a ticket number to each person. Then the gentlemen ushers direct the footsteps of the exquisitely-garbed company through the corridors. Satin and velvet, tulle and lace glisten and shimmer as their wearers walk; and the men who attend their wives and daughters, in their velvet tail coats and steel buttons, knee-breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes and white gloves, a cocked-hat under the arm and a handsome small-sword at the side, add to the splendor and pictorial value of the scene.

Now is the moment at which the debutante's heart goes pit-a-pat. She may be only a unit among a thousand guests; but she feels as if she were the only one.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

When the last ante-room has been left behind and the last corridor has been traversed, the crucial moment arrives, and the presence of Royalty is entered. Her card safely grasped in her hand, the debutante advances, handing it to the functionary at the barrier. Then her train is gently dropped and two Gentlemen-at-Arms arrange it in spreading, peacock fashion behind her deftly, beautifully, and in the twinkling of an eye. Meanwhile the card passes from functionary to functionary, and the debutante, too, advances, until, oh, moment of moments! the Lord Chamberlain himself receives the card, reads the name aloud after that of the chaperon, and lo! the courtier is face to face with her King and Queen.

Behind their Majesties cluster the Royalties, but only two curtseys are expected from each courtier, one to the King and the other to the Queen, instead of the eight or nine that had to be "dropped" at Queen Victoria's Drawing-rooms to the members of the Circle; neither is there any nerve-racking backing out to be performed. The King and Queen have altered all that.

SIC TRANSIT.

When the presentation is over, the debutante and her chaperon leave the ball-room and make their way to a further apartment, preparatory to the delicious supper that is served, with all the delicacies of the season and the most delightful beverages, including the King's famous hock cup, the secret of which is strictly guarded, and a full display of the unrivalled gold plate that belongs to the Sovereign.

Reluctantly the debutante yields to her chaperon's desire to make as early a start as possible from the Palace, for the night is yet young so far as its engagements are concerned. So the carriage, chiled up by telephone, comes instantly to the door, and the debutante is whirled away to further festivities.—London Answers.

WIVES WANTED IN WEST

FRENCH PLAN OF LONG AGO MAY BE TRIED AGAIN.

French Canadian Settlers of the Northwest May be Provided With Wives.

A cry for wives comes to the province of Quebec from the French-Canadian settlers in the Canadian Northwest Territories. A Roman Catholic clergyman in Alberta is contemplating trying a scheme suggested to him by the disconsolate bachelors of his parish for supplying them with wives.

Women, except squaws, are scarce in the Canadian Territories, and there is an absolute absence of young marriageable women of the same race and religion as the struggling settlers who have gone out there from the French parishes of the province of Quebec. The priests are anxious to see them married to wives of their own nationality and faith, so as to encourage the growth in the Northwest of a French speaking and Roman Catholic population. Judging from the wonderful natural increase of the French Canadian nation in the province of Quebec, the supplying of wives and mothers to the northwest settlers is all that is necessary for the early establishment of an equally populous settlement on the Western prairies.

THE NORTHWEST SETTLERS

are only too anxious to fall in with the desires of their priests in the matter of marriage. The lack of marriageable women in the Northwest Territories cannot be obviated by any efforts of their own. They cannot afford the fame, even if they could spare the means, to pay a visit to the province of Quebec to select wives for themselves.

But they are prepared to do so to a certain extent, by proxy. Provided a sufficiently large assortment is brought to their doors to afford them some little chance for selection, they are prepared to depute their priests to do the rest. The scheme has been discussed in the French-Canadian newspapers and the first party of candidates for matrimony will probably leave Quebec for Calgary in a few weeks.

The apparent novelty of the scheme has drawn down upon it a large amount of ridicule. These who are encouraging it argue that it not only does not savor of any impropriety, but also that not even the charge of novelty can be brought against it. They point out that a similar course was followed in France for supplying wives to the earliest

FRENCH SETTLERS IN CANADA.

Under the fostering care of Colbert, Louis XIV.'s great Minister of Finance and of the colonies, girls were taken from the houses of refuge of Paris and Lyons and sent out to Canada as prospective wives for the settlers. Mother Marie de l'Incarnation wrote in 1665 that a hundred had come that summer and were nearly all provided with husbands and that 200 more were to come the following year. In 1672 Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, wrote home to Paris complaining of the scarcity of the supply of young women sent out from France.

"If 150 girls and as many servants," he said, "had been sent out this year they would all have found husbands and masters within a month."

After some of the young women had been married at Quebec it was found that they had husbands at home. The priests became cautious in tying the matrimonial knot and Colbert thereupon ordered that each girl should provide herself with a certificate from the cure, or magistrate of her parish, to the effect that

SHE WAS FREE TO MARRY.

It is expected that the same qualification will be required of all those who are to be taken to the Canadian Northwest under ecclesiastical auspices. Instead of exhibiting them for the inspection of suitors for their hands, in imitation of the course adopted at Quebec two and a quarter centuries ago, these new candidates for matrimony will be encouraged by their conductors to accept places as domestic servants until sought out for wives by their future husbands.

Considering the loud call for wives in the Northwest of Canada the new arrivals will not have long to wait. Nor will it be necessary to entice or to drive the bachelor settlers into wedlock, as was the case with some of their forefathers in Quebec in the middle of the seventeenth century.

WELL IN ADVANCE.

"I would like to look at some household goods," said the tall brunette as she entered the big furniture shop. "You see, I expect to be married soon."

"Ah, indeed," smiled the polite clerk; "just step this way. We have special inducements for young couples just starting in housekeeping. When is the glad event to come off?"

"Well—er—the day hasn't been settled yet."

"Oh, I see; the lucky young man has just proposed and—"

"No, he hasn't proposed yet, but—"

"Ah, he is going to propose. How long has he been calling?"

"Well, he hasn't started calling yet, but——"

"What is the young man's name?"

"Really, I don't know at present, but mamma says she thinks some nice young man will start calling soon, so I wanted to be in time."

CONGENIAL SURROUNDINGS.

The best efforts to make a home attractive sometimes fail.

Recently a district visitor in the East End of London asked the wife of a notorious drinker why she did not keep her husband from the public-house.

"Well," she answered, "I 'ave done my best, ma'am, but he will go there."

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?"

"I'm sure I've tried 'ard to make it 'ome-like, ma'am," was the reply. "I've took up the parlor carpet and sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the corner. But, lor', ma'am, it ain't made a bit of difference!"

The Home

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

A Delicious Cookie Recipe.—Mix half a cupful of sugar with a piece of butter the size of a medium egg, one cupful and a half of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a little essence of lemon, and enough milk to make into a paste. Roll out, cut out with a small glass, and bake quickly. Any flavoring will do, but lemon is, as a rule, most popular.

Scalloped Meat.—Take any remains of cold cooked meat, sausages, and cold rashers, mince all finely, flavor with chopped shallot, lean ham, and tomato sauce, or any well-flavored thickened sauce. Butter a flat dish, sprinkle it thickly with breadcrumbs, and lay the meat over them, then cover with crumbs. Put bits of butter over, and heat in the oven.

Steamed Rhubarb.—Which is superior in every way to stewing, is prepared in this way: Put a good sized steamer on to a saucepan, and fit a pudding basin into it, fill this with rhubarb cut into convenient lengths, cover with a saucer and steam. When nearly done add a little lemon-juice and sufficient sugar to flavor. When served this will have a delicious flavor and be a good color.

Devilled Eggs.—Boil five eggs till hard and place in cold water; peel off the shells, and cut each egg in two, remove the yolks, which should be placed in a basin and rubbed till smooth, add best salad oil to the yolks of eggs, with salt, cayenne pepper, and make mustard to taste, then fill the whites with the mixture. Have croutons of fried bread ready, place half an egg on each, make all hot and serve with a garnish of watercress.

Saffron Buns.—Take one pound of well dried flour, and work into it six ounces of butter (or three ounces of lard and three ounces of butter), add four ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Take a little saffron in a piece of muslin, soak it well in some hot milk; when it cools, remove the saffron, add a well beaten egg, and mix with the dry ingredients. Beat well for five minutes, divide into small buns, and bake in a moderate oven. If fruit is desired in these buns, add three ounces of well cleaned sultanas and one ounce and a half of chopped candied peel.

Rhubarb and Ginger Jam.—Wipe the rhubarb and cut into pieces as for tarts. To every pound of fruit add the peel of half a lemon, cut very finely, and, if liked, four or five bitter almonds. Let stand all night in a pan to draw off the juice, then put all in a preserving pan with two or three pieces of root ginger (bruised), and boil fast for an hour. Taste, and remove the ginger if it has imparted sufficient flavor. Try the jam by putting a little on a plate, and, if it sets, it is done. Fill the pots while the jam is still warm, and tie over at once with egged paper.

Savory Minced Veal.—Take the remains of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts, and mince it finely. Fry a chopped shallot in one ounce of butter; when it is a light color, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock. Next stir in the minced meat, with a dusting of chopped parsley, lemon peel, salt, and nutmeg to taste; mix it thoroughly. Add more stock if required, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire. Just before serving take the pot off the fire, stir into the mince the yolk of an egg, beaten up with lemon juice. Set in a hot dish, place sippets of fried bread round, and a row of curled rashers of bacon down the centre.

COOKING WITH SOUR MILK.

Steamed Boston Brown Bread.—Three cups of sweet milk, three cups of sour milk, three cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one cup of molasses, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking soda; steam three hours. Bake one-half hour. (Add raisins if you like.)

Steamed Suet Pudding.—One cup chopped suet, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of raisins chopped, one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, a little nutmeg grated, and one-quarter of a teaspoon cloves.

Sauce.—One cup of sugar, one and one-half tablespoons flour, one pint boiling water, butter size of an egg; let come to a boil, one and one-half teaspoons vanilla, tablespoon vinegar, and three of wine.

Ginger Bread.—One-half cup of butter, one cup molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one cup sour milk, one egg beaten light, one teaspoon baking soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, little ginger, and cloves, two cups of flour.

Johnny Cake.—One-half cup butter, one-quarter cup sugar, one egg beaten light, one and one-half cups of sour milk, one-half cup flour, little salt, one cup corn meal, one teaspoon baking soda.

Spice Cake.—One cup brown sugar, three-quarters cup of butter, three eggs, one-half of sour milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoon baking soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg, one cup of chopped English walnuts; bake slowly for one hour.

Derik Food.—Two bars bitter chocolate, melted in hot water, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon butter, one egg well beaten, three-quarters cup of sour milk, one teaspoon baking soda, one and one-half cups of flour; bake in muffin or gem pans.

SIX SANDWICHES.

Chop a half dozen olives and a half cupful pecan meats fine; mix with a cake of Neufchautel cheese, and moisten slightly with mayonnaise dressing. Spread between two thin slices of buttered bread, trimming off the crusts.

Chop fine a cupful English walnut meats; moisten with a little thick cream and spread between a slice of Boston brown bread and one of white bread which have been cut in rounds with a biscuit cutter.

Grind boiled or baked ham fine; mix with a little chopped celery and mayonnaise. Spread between slices of thinly cut buttered bread.

Chop a cupful seeded raisins and a half cupful nuts fine. Spread between slices of whole wheat bread cut in fancy shapes.

A nice sandwich for a Dutch lunch is made by cutting in diamond shapes thin slices of rye bread. Butter and spread with highly seasoned cottage cheese, with a sprinkling of finely chopped olives.

Grate one-half cup cheese and mix smooth with a little milk or cream; add one-eighth teaspoonful salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful paprika. Spread on thinly sliced bread, put two slices together and saute or brown in a skillet with a tablespoonful butter. Serve hot.

USEFUL HINTS.

A couple of little red peppers boiled with the cabbage will keep the odor from going all over the house.

A piece of dried orange peel burnt on a shovel or tin plate in a close, stuffy room will sweeten the air immediately and leave a pleasant odor.

Carrots should be cut in slices instead of cubes, because the outside darker part is richer and better, and if cut in slices it is more equally distributed.

Rusty steel ornaments may be cleaned by being rubbed well with sweet oil, enough of the oil being allowed to remain on the article to soak in and loosen the rust.

To open windows easily after sticking with paint, wet weather, etc., brush over the inside of the frames with ordinary blacklead, when they will slide without the least difficulty.

A teaspoonful of salt and a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice answer the same purpose as "salts of lemon" for removing iron-mould from linen and is not a poison, nor will it prove injurious to the linen.

To keep cake from sticking to baking pans—after greasing pans well sift in some flour, shake the pan so that the flour will get all over grease, and then turn out what does not stick to the pan and put in your batter.

New flannel should be put into clean cold water and kept there for a day or so changing the water frequently. Wash well in warm water, using a little soap to remove the oil. Flannel thus washed does not harden or shrink.

As soon as the tin containing any kind of food has been opened, and so not rendered air-tight, the food should be immediately emptied out. Foods such as salmon, etc., should not even be carried from a shop in a tin after it has been opened.

It is said that patent leather may be satisfactorily cleaned without cracking by rubbing it well with a slice of orange after the dust has been removed. When the leather has dried polish it with a dry, soft cloth, and the result will be satisfactory.

The best way to clean an invalid's room is to rub the carpet all over with a cloth wrung out of ammonia diluted with a little warm water, raising and turning the cloth as the dust and dirt collect upon it. Change the water frequently. This is far better than sweeping, and raises no unpleasant dust in the room.

Never store food for any length of time in paper bags. The paper of such bags is manufactured from coarse and dirty rags, which are, however, to some extent cleansed and sterilized during manufacture, but the paste with which the bags are stuck is usually of the coarsest description. Good tins, or earthenware or glass jars with well-fitting lids, answer the purpose best.

Cut off the hands and save the arms of your long kid gloves. Use them for polishing silver, mirrors, cut-glass and jewels. Out of the tops of old tan or gray gloves you can make charming bags for carrying opera-glasses, etc. Cut the kid to the same pattern as is used for silk or velvet bags, line with silk of any pretty color, and trace your initials on the outside in water-colors or with embroidery silk.

Remember to wash all good pocket-handkerchiefs by themselves, quite apart from anything else. Soak them over night in cold water, then wash in hot water, using the best white soap; rinse in clear cold water, squeeze the water out of them, rub well with white soap, and boil for twenty minutes with a little dissolved borax in the water. Then rinse again, and if any spots remain wash them. Blue in the usual manner, and iron before they are quite dry with a well-polished hot iron. Handkerchiefs treated in this way will keep their color and wear well.

84,848 JAPANESE KILLED.

Japan's Losses in the War Made Known by Ceremony in Honor of the Dead.

One of the charges brought against the Japanese by the correspondents serving in the field with the Japanese armies during the late war with Russia was that the commanders of the Mikado's forces never allowed a correct list of the men lost by land and sea to go forth. Until recently outside nations have not known what was the loss in the land and naval engagements of the war, and now the true figures come out through a peculiar circumstance.

On May 1 there was celebrated at the Yasukupi shrine in Tokio the third and last ceremony in honor of the souls of the dead patriots of the war. Because the Emperor had decided that no man's soul shall be slighted because of politic paring down of the list of casualties the ceremony which took place on May 1 was all inclusive. It took in those to whom former honors were done, those that died of their wounds after the termination of the war and, by imperative order of the Emperor, those non-combatants who lost their lives in the discharge of their duties in both branches of the service.

A total of the souls worshipped at the three ceremonies gives the complete tale of the war as far as the Japanese war and naval officers have been able to verify the records. It is as follows:

	Souls Worshipped.
First ceremonial	29,550
Second ceremonial	30,877
Third ceremonial	24,421
Total	84,848

The worship in honor of the souls of the dead soldiers and sailors in Japan partakes somewhat of the nature of a Memorial Day. Sinto and Buddhist priests both conduct services of an impressive character, and usually high officers of the army and navy stand forth in turn before the multitude of worshippers and read eulogistic addresses to the spirits of the dead heroes, addressing them as if they were present and participators in the rites. At the last services Admiral Togo and the Emperor himself conducted one of the services, and the Empress and Prince Imperial lent the dignity of the imperial presence to the second.

No complete list of the casualties suffered by the Russians has ever been published. One authority has it that the Russian dead and wounded during the war amounted to 388,500, but of this number he does not specify how many were killed.

PROPER FOOTGEAR.

For a clergyman—Cloth.
For a tourist—Rubber.
For an explorer—Arctics.
For a Caucasian baby—White kid.
For a negro baby—Black kid.
For a milkman—Pumps.
For a book agent—Canvas.
For a waiter—Tipped.
For a collector of the port—Custom-made.
For country lovers—Over-gate-ers.
For a cheeky person—Bronze.

The Farm

SELECTING A FLOCK.

Gathering together a profitable flock of sheep is not such a simple matter as it may appear at first glance. Profitably the sheep is entirely free from faults, or are they any but poor in some important quality.

If the buyer of a flock of sheep depends entirely on his own judgment for judging of the sheep he will be more easily deceived in them than in any other class of stock; but by a little trimming it is possible to hide their faults and make them appear to the eye quite different to what they really are. To select a flock of sheep that will make up a good appearance one must be able to judge them by form as well as by their natural condition, rough coat and other dirt, but a little trimming by hand will soon make them appear straight and smooth with an outline. When buying the breed of sheep keep it open, as animal in the prime of life is otherwise of little consequence. Coming to the form of the wool, critically examine the head, observing the condition of the skin, the color of the head, the length of the neck, the shoulders, the breast, the back, the loin, the rump, the hind legs, the wool, the skin, the feet and the carcass, with a proper price and the carcass, with a selling to meet the wants of the market. The shoulders should be level and down to the chest to form the back, the back should be level and long, the loin should be broad and short, the rump should be level, the hind legs deep and wide with a full and wide leg, the wool should be of the same type as the cow. The ewes that milk well should be selected to raise the early lambs.

BITS OF DAIRY SENSE.

These warm days favor the development of germs which injure the quality of milk and butter. Get rid of them by treating butter and milk utensils with a boiling water process, which means first rinsing with water. If hot water is used first, instead of rinsing a tin vessel that has contained milk, we find it easy to scald the milk onto the tin and make cleaning difficult.

Too much exposure to the sun is not good for the churn, but the churn should not be thoroughly aired is apt to have a close, musty smell that will spoil the flavor of the butter. No matter how much other tasks are crowding, try to clean the churn and dairy utensils immediately after being used. If June butter made at this season has such a fine flavor if a woman behind it understands the art of butter making, and the farmer lends understanding to the care of cows. Good butter depends upon the men folks as well as the farmer's wife. Milk of good quality cannot be expected if the cows are not given plenty to eat, kept quiet, contented and treated kindly.

LIME WATER CLEANSER.

One of the best preparations to cleanse dairy utensils is clear lime water. This may be made by dissolving a pound of lime in water and when slacked add enough water to make six gallons. Let it stand until the lime particles settle and use the clear water on top to wash the utensils. This will be free from germs and bacteria of every kind and will be death to those with which it comes in contact within the utensils.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Though the first half of 1907 has not

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