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"SALADA"

IS THE CHOICEST TEA GROWN ON THE ISLAND OF CEYLON —clean, whole leaves—with the delightful flavor of the fresh leaves brought to your table by the sealed lead packages.

BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED 053

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER II.—Cont'd)

Two strong arms lifted the slight, trembling form out of the surging waters up to his throbbing breast, tightening their clasp about her before he took the perilous leap back into the water with his clinging burden.

"Little Gay," he whispered hoarsely, resting his white handsome face for one brief second against the girl's dusky cheek—"I have come to save you—because—I love you! You are all the world to me! If you were to die my life would be wrecked. Yes I love you, Little Gay."

He clasped the little white arms close around his neck, commanding her to cling to him and not to let go, for he was going to breast the mad waves with her.

"Will you trust your life to me, Gay?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes," she sobbed faintly, catching her breath with a shudder, her clasp tightening round his neck.

"If we perish, we perish together, my darling," he said solemnly, straining her to his heart.

The next instant he had plunged back into the roaring waves with his lovely, terrified burden, striking boldly and bravely out for the beacon lights that lined the shore, where a vast throng had gathered.

How the people anxiously watched the two forms that were struggling at the wild mercy of the waves and the storm, which the fitful flashes of lightning revealed to their strained eyes.

"Oh, God! would it be life or death with them?" was the terrified cry that rose to every lip. Mothers knelt down in the pitiless storm and prayed for them. Strong men cried aloud, weeping as they had never wept in all their lives before. Young girls held their breath in piteous suspense.

They dared not cheer the noble hero, or utter any cry lest it might unnerve the brave swimmer and cause him to drop his burden.

Five minutes—ten—that seemed almost an eternity to the breathless watchers—passed. Now he was near enough to catch the rope that was flung out to him. Strong hands pulled with a will, and amid rousing cheers, Percy Granville gained the shore, and laid his lovely, drooping burden in her joyful sister's arms.

One instant after poor Gay had struck the water she had lost all sense of her deadly peril, falling heavily back in his arms in a deep swoon.

The sun was shining brightly in the small room the two sisters occupied, when Gay opened her dark, dazed eyes the next day. Hazel was standing over her with a white, scared face.

"Oh, Gay, my darling, I thought you would never come to," sobbed Hazel, sinking on her knees by the white couch, and tenderly stroking the brown curly head.

"Then it was not a dream, after all?" Gay whispered, in a low, hushed voice. "I really stood on the window-ledge with the cold, dark water rising higher and higher around me, and he came to my rescue—he saved me?"

"Yes, Mr. Granville saved you," responded Hazel. "Oh, Gay, how grateful we must be to him through life—good, kind noble Percy Granville, the true friend of the dependent working-girls."

Gay's face, which she had quickly in the white, ruffled pillow, flushed burning hot.

Should she tell Hazel what he had said to her when they stood face to face with death, together, and the cold, dark water oddying around them?

Should she tell Hazel that he had whispered to her that he loved her—yes, loved the little working-girl who earned her bread in his father's mill—she, Gay, that might one day be his wife?

It is hard to tell the sweet love-secrets of a girlish heart even to a sympathetic tender-hearted sister, like Hazel. Gay wanted so much to tell her, but a tender bashfulness sealed her rosy lips.

Handsome Percy Granville had been the hero whom she had always worshipped from afar since first she saw him, and could it really be possible that he cared for her?

* * * * * *

The Passaic mills would not be in a condition to resume work until the following Monday morning. Hazel was thankful to have that much time to devote to nursing her sister back to health and strength.

Gay was possessed of youth and wonderful vitality, and despite the shock and the chill, she was almost as well as ever when the sunlight crept into their little room that afternoon.

She seemed wonderfully happy, too, Hazel thought, as she watched her while she busied herself about preparing their frugal supper.

Hazel was just about laying the snowy cloth when a loud knock upon the door startled both.

It was one of the mill-boys bearing a huge bouquet.

"From Mr. Granville, with his compliments to Miss Gay," he said, handing it to Hazel.

She wondered why Gay flushed so, and why her little hands trembled.

If Gay had made a confidante of her sister, whispering to her of the new sweet dream of love that had crept so suddenly into her girlish heart, if she had but told her, a terrible tragedy near at hand would have been averted.

"How kind of Mr. Granville to send you such a superb bouquet," exclaimed Hazel, admiringly; "white rose-buds and forget-me-nots; oh, aren't they fragrant.

At that moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard in the street below, coming to a full stop before their humble lodgings. A proud, imperious voice was heard inquiring for the two sisters; there was a swish of a silken skirt on the stairway, followed by a tap on the door.

Hazel answered the summons, blushing and courtesying in confusion, for she saw that their visitor was Miss St. Claire, the heiress—a tall, handsome blonde—who lived in the great stone house on the hill.

"I have come to inquire about your sister," she said, in a voice that had a haughty ring in it. "May I be permitted to come in?"

"Certainly," replied Hazel, in embarrassment; "Gay will be pleased that you have taken such a kindly interest in her recovery—she is feeling very well this afternoon, thank you."

Evelyn St. Claire followed Hazel into the inner apartment, taking in every minute detail of those plainly furnished rooms girlish fingers had so tastefully decorated. Gay sat in the sunshine by the window; she turned and started slightly as her visitor entered, and in that moment the eyes of these two girls—whose paths were to cross so cruelly, and who were to be such bitter foes for love's sake—met.

The cold, steel-blue eyes of the haughty heiress gazed intently into the dark, velvety eyes of Little Gay, and the thought that flashed through her mind as she clinched her jeweled hands tighter, was: "Heaven! this girl whom Percy Granville risked his life to save, is as gloriously beautiful as a dream."

And a jealous pain, swift and sharp as death itself shot through her heart.

"I am glad to find you so nearly recovered, Miss Esterbrook," she said coldly, taking the seat that had been placed for her, and shaking out her violet silken skirts. "You have had quite a narrow escape from a terrible fate."

"Yes, Mr. Granville saved my life," responded Gay, her crimson lips quivering, "and I shall be grateful to him as long as I live."

Evelyn St. Claire's face darkened, then turned a shade paler.

"You must not express your gratitude to Mr. Granville in that earnest way," she said quickly; "I am sure he would not like it at all. He feels that one ought not to be praised for purely doing one's duty—I advise you not to annoy him with such profuse thanks."

Gay crimsoned painfully. Miss St. Claire noticed her heightened color—then her cold eyes fell on the superb bouquet Gay held in her hand.

A sudden suspicion shot through her heart.

"Mr. Granville sent you these?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes," faltered Gay, blushing still redder, her pretty dark eyes drooping shyly.

"I requested him to do so," remarked Miss St. Claire, without a single quiver in her voice at the audacious falsehood she was telling; "you may thank me for them, Miss—Miss Esterbrook."

From that moment the white rose-buds, and golden-hearted forget-me-nots, that had seemed to infold such sweet messages in their fragrant petals, lost all charm in the eyes of Little Gay.

A few moments later Evelyn St. Claire took her leave. Gay watched the elegant equipage out of sight.

"She sent me those flowers, Hazel," she said, calling her sister from the other room; "it was quite a mistake believing they were from Mr.—Mr. Granville."

"No doubt; she is his sweetheart," returned Hazel; "I have often seen them riding together. Did you notice the big gleaming diamond she wore? More than likely it's an engagement ring. She is an heiress, and lives in the big stone house on the hill. Oh Gay, my darling, how I would like to see you dressed like that—you would look like a little queen," she went on enthusiastically.

Then she remembered that it was not right to put longing notions for silks, laces and jewels in the romantic head of Little Gay, for such luxuries were not for struggling factory girls, were they ever so lovely.

The fair sunlit beauty of the day was lost upon Evelyn St. Clair as she bowled swiftly homeward in her natty, plush-lined basket phaeton. She could see nothing—think of nothing but the dark, dimpled, gypsyish face of lovely Little Gay.

"I—hate her," she cried. "Something tells me that girl will come between me and my love," she muttered hoarsely. "If she does, let her beware, for as sure as fate I would kill her."

The next moment she laughed a wild, mirthless laugh that startled the birds in the green leafy trees above her head.

"Why should I, an heiress, fear a miserable little factory girl because she has a pretty face?" she cried aloud. "What madness to imagine even she could ever be a rival of mine! She would not dare aspire to the love of Percy Granville, even though he did save her life. I—I hate her! I almost wish she had died in the dark waters that night."

CHAPTER III.

A week later, life had fallen into the same old rut again in the Passaic Cotton Mills. Hazel and Gay were once more at their looms in the weaving-room.

Everything was progressing just as it was before the thrilling episode narrated in our previous chapter had transpired.

There was, however, a great change in Gay Esterbrook. The beautiful little maiden of the mill was not so hoidenish, so saucy, or so mirthful; and, as the hours of each day rolled on her eyes, with a strange light in their dark depths, would turn toward the counting-room door.

More than once handsome Percy Granville had walked home with Gay from the mills, and soon the forked tongue of scandal-mongers began to whisper lightly the name of Little Gay.

"Of course," they said with a knowing nod, "the girl ought to know better than to encourage his attentions—he was so far above her socially. He had no thought of marriage; when it came to choosing a wife, he would certainly never think of mating with a factory girl though she were beautiful as an houri."

One afternoon Miss St. Claire had met Hazel going home along from the mill, and to her she repeated the story she herself had been the means of circulating—the story which she said the people were telling of Little Gay.

Poor Hazel was horrified—indignant—bowed down with the bitterest shame.

"It is, unfortunate, a very natural thing of a free-and-easy young man like Mr. Granville to admire a pretty face," Miss St. Claire went on glibly, "but for your sister's sake and your own, I advise you to remove her as quickly as you can from his influence, lest her life be wrecked and her heart broken."

"I have no place to take her," replied Hazel, weeping; "we could not make as much anywhere as we make at piece-work in the Passaic Mills; besides, I have no money."

"If I should furnish you with the money required, would you take her so far away that Mr. Granville would never hear of her more?" Miss St. Claire asked quickly. "Remember your sister's future is at stake. In return for my kindness to her, I should exact a solemn promise from you that there should be no correspondence between them; they must be severed as completely—forever—as though one of them were in the grave. Do you understand?"

"Yes," murmured Hazel, faintly.

"I would advise you to place her in a convent," continued Miss St. Claire; "even were he inclined to attempt to trace her he would never think of looking for her there; the young ladies placed in those institutions are strictly prohibited from writing to or receiving letters from any gentleman.

"Remember, you must take her away from here suddenly, and without warning, so suddenly that she will not have time to acquaint Mr. Granville of her intended departure or her destination. Do you quite understand?" she asked again.

"Yes," sobbed Hazel, covering her face with her hands.

"I am Percy Granville's betrothed bride," she went on, "and for that reason I should be sorry to see harm befall your pretty sister through him."

The terrible falsehood did not burn her lips as she uttered it. What were a few spoken words to the desperate, haughty heiress when love and happiness were weighed in the balance?

If this girl Hazel repeated them it would be easy enough to deny it; who would credit the assertion of a working-girl against her word?

"Come to my house to-morrow evening and I will give you what money you will require for the journey," said Miss St. Claire.

Poor Hazel was profuse in her tearful thanks, and Gay's cruel enemy, who had so deliberately set about wrecking two lives and thrusting two hearts asunder, was glad to break away from Hazel's thanks, she was blushing so guiltily.

Hazel walked on to her humble lodgings like one dazed.

People spoke harsh things of Little Gay, who was as tender as a white dove, and as guileless as one of the white angels in heaven.

Oh, how dared they do it!

Yet Little Gay must never again come home with Miss St. Claire's betrothed lover.

Yes, she would go to-morrow night and accept the money to take Gay away. She must do it for Gay's sake!

Her sister should not know her intentions until they were safe on some outgoing train, speeding far away from the Passaic Cotton Mill, and from handsome Percy Granville forever.

She gained her lodgings, and had scarcely laid aside her wraps before Gay burst into the room, her face all aglow with excitement, her pretty dimpled cheeks flushed, her red lips smiling and her splendid dusky eyes shining like stars.

"Oh, Hazel!" she exclaimed breathlessly, "there's going to be a ball at the Highland House to-night, and I'm invited. Don't object, Hazel, dear. I have set my heart on going. Yes, I must go; I have never been to a ball in all my life, you know, and I am nearly seventeen years old."

Hazel gazed carefully into the beautiful, flushed, dimpled face.

"Who invited you?" she asked uneasily.

"Her—Mr. Granville," replied Gay, blushing furiously as she corrected herself; "he's on the committee. He's to call for me at half-past eight."

"You cannot go," said Hazel, slowly, stroking the brown, curly head.

Gay started back in bewildered dismay; she could never remember a time in all her young life that her sedate sister, who was more like a mother to her, had deliberately refused her anything!

"But I have set my heart on it, Hazel," she cried. "I want to go to a real ball, see lights and music, and enjoy myself just for once in my life, as other girls of my age do. Oh! it would be like a glimpse of heaven to poor little me."

The next moment two soft, white arms stole caressingly and coaxingly around Hazel's neck, a soft glowing cheek was laid against hers, and two irresistible, dark, velvety eyes were looking appealingly into her own.

"No," said Hazel, determinedly, hardening herself to the task; "you would be out of place, my darling, among those fine ladies, who are all so wealthy and so haughty in their satins and jewels."

Gay threw her head back with a merry rippling laugh, her roguish eyes dancing.

"I knew you would say that, Hazel, so look here: I was telling one of the girls that I could not go, for I had nothing fit to wear; my old white muslin dress was too badly patched and darned, and—wasn't she very, very good, Hazel?—she was kind enough to loan me one she wore last summer. I brought it home with me, and it's a perfect beauty. I tried it on, and it looks just lovely on me, and fits me perfectly by taking it in a little at the neck, and gathering it a little tighter at the belt."

And in a glow of triumph she flew to the other end of the room, and in an other moment was standing before Hazel, laughingly shaking out the glowing folds of a rose-pink tarlatan dress, with streaming pink satin ribbons.

"Now, you won't say no, you dear old Hazel?" she cried, laying her curly head coaxingly on Hazel's knee.

But for once in her life Hazel was firm—Little Gay's pleadings were all in vain.

"Write to Mr. Granville a short, polite note, and send it to him at once telling him you cannot go, or, I shall be obliged to call upon him with that verbal message," she said.

At last the little tear-blotted note was written, and Hazel herself went to deliver it, leaving poor wretched Gay drowned in tears and sobbing as though her heart was breaking.

How cruel it was to be kept from the grand ball—and a ball was a great event in the life of Gay Esterbrook.

(To be continued.)

What Queen's Clothes Cost Her.

For morning:	
Serge walking suit	$ 35.00
Walking shoe	12.50
Hat	30.00
Sable stole and muff	750.00
Gloves	2.50
Lingerie	100.00
Corsets	50.00
	$980.00
For the afternoon:	
Gown	$ 125.00
Hat	75.00
Sable coat	10,000.00
Shoes	10.00
Corsets	50.00
Gloves	2.50
Lingerie	200.00
	$10,462.50
For the evening:	
Court gown	$1,000.00
Shoes	25.00
Corsets	50.00
Lingerie	500.00
Gloves	5.00
	$1,580.00

Little Bessie's Prayers.

Little Bessie was visiting her grandmother, who was very devout. Calling Bessie to her, the old lady asked:

"Has your mother taught you to say your prayers, dear?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the little girl.

"And to whom do you pray, dear, and ask to forgive your naughty little ways?"

"Why," said Bessie, "sometimes I pray to mother's knees and sometimes to the bed."

The average girl is mighty careless to drop her hints carelessly.

There comes a time in every man's life when his summer underwear is too far gone to patch.

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THE VALETS OF KING GEORGE

ABOUT THE ROYAL GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMEN.

The Chief Valet Speaks English, French, German and Italian.

His Majesty has three valets—a chief and two assistant valets. The chief valet has been with his Majesty for the past twelve years. His duties are to superintend the care of the Royal wardrobes, to attend on the King in the Royal dressing-room, and to take all instructions concerning the King's clothes which may be given him either directly by his Majesty or by one of the private secretaries, says London Answers.

His Majesty's clothes are kept in a large room adjoining the dressing-room. The walls of the room are lined with wardrobes, which are divided into two sections—one section contains the King's uniforms, and the other his Majesty's ordinary morning, walking, and evening suits of clothes.

Overnight, the chief valet is instructed regarding the uniforms, if any, and the suits of clothes which the King will require for wear the following day, and these are placed by the assistant valets in the Royal dressing-room. Before a suit or uniform is sent into the Royal dressing-room it is inspected by the chief valet, to see that it is properly brushed, ironed, and ready for wear.

No Assistance Required.

Every morning the suits which the King has worn the day previously are brushed and ironed by the assistant valets.

The King, it may be noted, never wears the same suit two days running. As a rule his Majesty would not wear the same suit oftener than once in the week, and when it has been worn about two dozen times it would be put out of the Royal wardrobes.

The present King keeps earlier hours than did his late Majesty. King George customarily rises at seven o'clock, when he takes a cup of light coffee, which the chief valet brings him directly the King enters his dressing-room. His Majesty then has his bath, which is always a cold one; whilst the King is in his bath-room, the chief valet puts the links and studs into his Majesty's shirt, puts out an assortment of ties on the dressing-table, and places the boots or shoes the King intends to wear on a mahogany boot-stand, and then retires.

The King dresses himself without the aid of a valet, except when putting on a uniform, when the chief valet is generally in attendance. When the King travels, the chief valet superintends the packing of his Majesty's luggage, which is done by the assistant valets. A list of everything that is to be packed is made out by the chief valet, and on the arrival of the luggage at the King's destination the list is checked over by the chief valet whilst the portmanteaus are being unpacked.

"Trying-On" Made Easy.

The King's chief valet is a well-educated and very well-informed man. He is a first-rate linguist, speaking French, German and Italian, in addition to his native tongue, perfectly. He has travelled all over the world with the King, and is known and held in high esteem by all the great European monarchs, from whom he has received during their visits to England many tokens of their esteem. King George rarely or never tries on a suit of clothes, and seldom is seen by the tailors who have the honor of his Majesty's custom.

When the King desires to order any new clothes he informs the chief valet of the fact, who gets patterns for the King's inspection. When his Majesty has selected the patterns, the chief valet gives the order to the tailor, and the clothes, when ready for trying on, are fitted on a dummy figure of the King. The chief valet inspects the suit when it is fitted on the model, and gives the tailor all the necessary directions concerning it. A suit is generally fitted on the model three times.

What to Avoid.

The Tourist—"Which is the best hotel in this town?"

The Native—"There ain't no best. I kin only tell you which is the worst."

It is good to pardon, to be merciful, to be liberal; but it is better to be just.

When a man buys a new hat he wants one somewhat like the one he had before—but it's different with a woman.

Irate Father—"I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!" Young Man—"Not necessary, sir; I have just learnt!"

At the accession of Queen Victoria, the amount of the British National Debt stood at nearly £783,000,000, while at the end of last year the net amount of the Debt was about £678,000,000.

HOME

Tasty Dishes.

Rock Buns.—Take half a pound of flour, rub in 3 ounces of butter; add 4 ounces of currants, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 4 ounces of sugar, 1 ounce of powder, 4 ounces of sugar, 1 ounce of candied peel, and a pinch of ginger or spice. Mix thoroughly; add to it one beaten egg, with a little milk. Place in heaps on greased baking-tin, and bake for fifteen minutes.

Hermits.—One cup of butter, 1½ cups of sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cups of sweet milk, ½ teaspoon of all kinds spice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, ¾ teaspoon soda, 3½ cups flour. Cream, butter and sugar, add egg and milk, nuts, raisins, spices, soda and our last. Spread thin in long tins and bake. Cut in squares when done.

Cold Meat Shape.—Take half a pound of cold meat, cut into squares and place in a basin. Pour over boiling stock in which has been dissolved one ounce of gelatine. Season thoroughly and pour into moulds. Set aside till cold. Serve on a dish garnished with parsley. This makes a delightful supper, dinner, high-tea, or even breakfast dish.

Scotch Eggs.—Place two hard-boiled eggs in cold water till required, afterwards removing shells. Remove skins from four ounces of sausage, covering the eggs thinly with the meat, and using flour on the hands to prevent sticking. Egg and crumb them, fry from four to six minutes, then drain and cut in two. Serve up on rounds of toast. A very appetising breakfast or supper dish.

Minced Mutton and Tomato Toast.—Make three cups of good well seasoned tomato sauce, thickened with a heaping teaspoonful of flour, rubbed into one of butter. Keep hot in a double boiler set at the side of the range. Toast slices of bread, butter them, spread on a platter and put a tablespoonful of tomato sauce on each. Into the remainder of the tomato sauce turn two cupfuls of minced mutton, put the saucepan over the fire, stir until the meat is thoroughly heated, season to taste and pour upon the toast.

Creamed Eggs.—Boil six eggs very hard and lay them in ice water for an hour to prevent darkening. When you are ready to prepare them for table, have a cup of good drawn butter seasoned with paprika, salt and onion juice, and cut the eggs into sixths, white and yolks together, keeping the pieces as nearly intact as you can. Put the white sauce over the fire to get very hot; fill nappies, or a pudding dish, with the cut-up eggs; pour the sauce over them and set in the oven for a few minutes to heat the eggs.

Fig and Raisin Cake.—Run a cup of figs and a cup of seeded raisins through the food chopper. Sprinkle with a teaspoonful of baking soda and pour over all a cup of boiling water. Set to cool. Cream one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar, add a teaspoonful of cinnamon, two eggs, beaten light, and two cups of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the first mixture to this batter and bake in two layers. When cool put the layers together with a plain boiled icing.

For Tender Breaded Veal.—The secret of having breaded veal tender is in the cooking; this should be done very slowly. Season the crumbs with pepper and salt; brush the cutlet over with either beaten egg or milk, then roll in crumbs, and saute in bacon fat. When well browned, add a little water, and set the cutlet back where it will simmer, covered, very slowly for at least three-quarters of an hour. Just before serving, add flour to the gravy, for a thickened gravy. A little kitchen bouquet or caramel may be added to give it a rich brown color. Garnish with green.

Useful Hints.

Salt water extinguishes fire much more quickly than fresh.

Before chopping parsley wash it well and then squeeze dry in a cloth.

To relieve a cough try sipping a wineglassful of hot milk with a teaspoonful of glycerine in it.

Cracked eggs can be boiled if they are first wrapped in buttered paper and fastened with fine string.

Before putting currants or raisins into a cake rub them well in dry flour, and they will not sink to the bottom.

When washing fine flannel add a little powdered borax to every pailful of water. This keeps the flannel soft.

Wooden tubs which are not in daily use should have a little cold water left in them. If allowed to dry they will crack and fall to pieces.

A pinch of soda added to milk or cream when heating will keep it from curdling in custards, soups, cakes, etc. Much less sugar is required.

To prevent baldness rub vaceline into the scalp every night for at least six months. The hair will stop falling out and new hair will begin to grow.

The best and strongest plaster is made with dry mustard mixed to a thin paste with olive oil. Spread it on a piece of linen or cotton, and apply to affected part.

When one feels very warm dipping the wrists in cold water for a few minutes cools off the body. It is no doubt because many of the large blood vessels pass through this point.

Tailors double their thread used to sew on buttons, and make a knot and hold the knot in the teeth while they twist the thread, then they wax it, and that keeps it twisted.

The best way to keep your stomach clean, strong and healthy is by drinking a glass of cold water every morning immediately after rising, and just before retiring at night.

Every mother who has the beauty and health of her child at heart (says a writer), must remember that the prettier and whiter the set of teeth the freer from ill-health will be the little one.

To make beefsteak beautifully tender rub a little vinegar well into it half-an-hour before cooking. No matter how tough the steak may be this will make it tender, and add to the flavor.

Do not wash lamp chimneys. They are liable to break if washed, and it is not necessary, for, by holding them in the steam of a boiling kettle for a moment, the task of rubbing them clean with a cloth is rendered very easy.

A satisfactory way to prevent hand-buttonholed scallops from fraying is carefully to cut away the material from the edge of the finished scallop and over-cast, bringing the needle inside the purled edge, making very small stitches.

The teeth should be brushed at the morning toilet, and always at night just before retiring, because then the process of decay is more constant than at any other time, on account of decomposing food which may be lodged in the interstices.

When a seam becomes crinkled in sewing on the machine damp it slightly and press it on the right side with a warm iron, laying a piece of the same material over it, and pulling the seam gently as you run the iron over it. This will shrink the material, and the seam will become quite smooth.

To clean a copper kettle which has been blackened by the fire first wash well with soap and soda water, then make a paste of a knife powder and paraffin and scour well. Two or three cleanings may be necessary to restore it to its original brilliance.

MANY brands of Baking Powder contain alum, which is an injurious acid. The ingredients of alum baking powder are never printed on the label.

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"I'm right sorry, Mr. Jones," said the worthy man, "that ten on you the treasurer for another term. I've had many calls and worries, and far worse man than me to us but that was just [illegible]. We couldn't find him, in my opinion as he ain't to be [illegible]."

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