A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"There is something in the water," she said! "something alive."

"It's a—yes, it's a dog," he said. "That is what you saw drop over the steamer. By George! the poor little chap looks in distress; seems as if he were clearly done. Can you steer?" he asked, sharply.

"Oh, yes," she replied, languidly. "Why?"

"Because I'm going for him, and it will help me if you can steer straight for him. He looks nearly played out."

"Why should you trouble—it's a long way off; it will be drowned before you can get to it," she said.

"I'll have to go for him anyway," he said cheerfully, and he began to row hard.

Distance is deceptive on a lake, and the dog was farther off than they thought; but Stafford put his back into it as hard as he had done in his racing days, and Maude Falconer leant back and watched him with interest, and something even stronger than interest, in her masked eyes. He had turned up the sleeves of his flannel shirt, and the muscles on his arms were standing out under the strain, his lips were set tightly, and there was the man's frown of determination on his brow.

"It has gone down; it's no use," she said. "You may as well stop and rest."

He looked over his shoulder.

"No!" He has come up again!" he exclaimed; it was noticeable that he called the dog "he," while she spoke of it as "it." "We shall get him in time. Keep the boat straight!"

The words were uttered in a tone of command, and they moved her as the touch of his hand had done; and she set her mind upon the task as she had never before set it upon anything. Reaching well forward, pulling with the long, steady stroke of the practised oarsman, Stafford sent the boat along like an arrow, and presently he drove it up to the spot where the dog strove in its death struggle. It was a tiny, black-and-tan terrier, and Stafford, as he looked over his shoulder, saw the great eyes turned to him with a piteous entreaty that made his heart ache.

"Turn the boat quick!" he cried; and as the skiff slid alongside the dog, he swooped it up.

The little creature gave a little gasping cry like a child, and closing its eyes sank into Stafford's arms with a shudder.

"Is it dead?" asked Maude Falconer, looking not at the dog but at Stafford, for his face, which had been red with exertion a moment ago, had become suddenly pale.

"I don't know," he said, absently, all his attention centred on the dog.

He wiped it dry as best he could with his blazer, then turning it in his arms, he opened his shirt and put the cold terrier in his bosom.

"Poor little beggar! he's like ice!" he said, in a low voice. "He would never have got out of this, you know, if I'd some brandy—we'll get some at the ferry. Can you row?"

"No," she said. "Yes; I mean, I'll try."

He held out his hand.

"Mind how you, Miss Falconer! Take off your glove—yes, or you'll catch your hands."

She obeyed, her face downcast. They exchanged places, and he showed her how to hold the sculls.

"You do very well; you can row as nearly as you like. Life's sweet, can feel him now! Poor little chap! Sorry to trouble you, Miss Falconer, but the only chance of saving him is to keep him warm."

She was silent for a moment, then she glanced at him.

"You don't—do you?"

"Why, of course," he answered. "Aren't you?"

"Yes, but I don't think I'd risk pneumonia for him. You were feverishly hot just now, and look at the little beast! as cold as a stone! I don't get hysterics or something, Mr. Orme."

"No!" the dog made a faint, scornful yelp. "Curling round, poor little beast! Here we go."

He reached for his coat and wrapped the terrier in it, and quite unconscious of the girl's wistful eyes, held the little black-and-tan head to his face for a moment.

"All right now?" he murmured. "You've had a narrow escape for it, old chap!"

With the dog under his arm, he helped Maude Falconer ashore and led the way to the hotel.

"Fear," he said to the waiter, "but bring me some brandy and milk first—and look sharp!"

Maude sank on to one of the benches in the beautiful garden in the centre of the lake and looked straight before her; and Stafford cuddled the dog up to him and looked impatiently for the waiter, grudging him when he came with

"What an infernal time you've been!"

Then he poured a little of the mixture down the dog's throat, and bending over him rubbed the dog three or four times; and presently the little creature moved its head, and opening its eyes looked up into Stafford's, and weakly putting out its tongue licked his hand.

Stafford laughed for the well-known reason.

"Plucky little chap, isn't he?" he said, with a moved man's affectation of levity. "He's made a splendid fight for it, and won through. He's a pretty little morsel—a well-bred un; wonder whom he belongs to?"

"To you—at least his life does," said Maude Falconer. "You couldn't have fought harder for it if it had been a human being."

"Oh, a dog's the next thing, you know," he said, apologetically. "I'm afraid it's been an awful nuisance and trouble to you. You haven't blistered your hands, I hope? Let me see!"

She stretched out her hands, palm upwards, and he took them and examined them.

"No. That's all right! All's well that ends well. You want a few lessons with the sculls, Miss Falconer, and you'd make a splendid boat-woman. Perhaps you'd let me give you one one two?"

"Thank you; yes," she said; and to his surprise with less of her usual half-scornful languor.

"Here's the tea. Any particular kind of cake your fancy?"

She said that the cakes would do, and poured out the tea; but he put some milk into his saucer and gave some to the terrier, slowly, methodically, and with a tenderness and gentleness which was lost upon the girl who watched him covertly, before paying any attention to his own tea.

"I wonder whether you could stand, my little man," he said, and he put the terrier on the ground.

It stood upright and shivering for a moment, then put its [illegible] paws on Stafford's knee and looked up into his face appealingly.

"Not to go your usual form yet, eh?" said Stafford, and he picked it up gently and put it on his knee.

Maude Falconer looked at him.

"Give it to me," she said. "Men have no lap. He'll be more comfortable with me."

"But he's wet still," he said. "He'll spoil that pretty dress of yours."

"My pretty dress was made to be spoiled," she said. "Give it to me, please, and get your tea."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, with a surprise which made her flush with resentment, and something like shame.

For reply, she bent forward, took the dog from him, and tried to settle it in her lap; but the mite looked piteously at Stafford and whined, its big eyes imploring him to let it come back. But Stafford stroked it and bade it sit still, and presently it curled itself up

"It has gone to sleep," said Maude. "It has soon forgotten its trouble."

"It's a way dogs have," said Stafford. "May I smoke? George! what a lovely afternoon!"

She glanced at him as he leant back in his chair, his long legs stretched and crossed before him.

"You look happy," she said, with a faint smile.

"Oh, I am," he said, with a sudden flush and a start; for now the dog was off his mind, it had instantly swung back to Ida.

"It's the reward of a generous action," she said, and again the mocking note was absent from her voice.

Stafford laughed.

"That's putting it rather high," he said. "They sat, on in silence; Stafford thinking of Ida, Maude looking down at the sleeping dog, and thinking that only a few minutes ago it had been lying in the bosom of the man who sat beside her: the man whom she had backed herself to fool; but for whom a strange sensation of admiration—and was it a subtle fear? was stirring within her.

"By George! we must be going!" he said, suddenly.

When they got to the boat he proposed to roll the terrier in his coat, but Maude shook her head.

"I'll nurse it going home," she said.

"You will? That's very good of you!" he said quite gratefully. "He's a lucky little beggar!" he remarked, after a while, as he looked at the black little mortal curled up on the pretty dress. "Supposing he isn't claimed, would you care to have him, Miss Falconer?"

She looked at the dog.

"Thank you," she said. "But what shall I give you in return. It's unlucky to give an animal without some consideration."

"Oh, give me another song," he replied. "There is nobody about."

She opened her lips, then checked herself.

"No. I can't sing again," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, all right. It isn't good for you to sing too much in the open air. I'll wait till this evening, if you'll be good enough to sing for us then."

They landed and walked up to the house. As they reached the bend leading to the entrance path, she stopped and held out the dog, which had been staring at Stafford and whining at intervals.

"Take it, please. It is fretting for you, and I'd rather not keep it."

"Really!" he said, and she saw his face brighten suddenly. "All right, if you'd rather. Come here, little man! What's your name, I wonder? What shall we call him, while we've got him?"

"Call him Tiny; he's small enough," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Tiny it is!" he assented, brightly. "He'll answer to it in a day or two, you'll see. I hope you haven't quite spoiled your dress, Miss Falconer, and won't regret your row!"

She looked at her dress, but there was a sudden significance in her slow, lingering response.

"I—don't—know!"

As she went up the stairs she looked over the rail and saw Stafford's tall figure striding down the hall. He was softly twitting the terrier's ears and talking to it in the language dogs understand and love, and when she sank into a chair in her room, his face with its manly tenderness was still before her, his deep musical voice, with its note of protection and power, still rang in her ears. She sat quite motionless for a minute or two, then she rose and went to the glass and looked at herself, a long, intent look.

"Yes, I am beautiful," she murmured, not with the self-satisfaction of vanity, but with a calculating note in her voice. "Am I—am I beautiful enough?"

Then she turned away from the glass with the motion which reminded Howard of a tigress, and, setting her teeth hard, laughed with self-scorn; but with some thing, also, of fear in the laugh.

"I am a fool!" she muttered. "It can't be true. So soon! So suddenly! Oh, I can't be such a fool!"

CHAPTER XVII.

If everybody was not enjoying himself at the Villa it certainly was not the fault of the host. Sir Stephen Orme. Howard, as he drew his chair up beside Stafford, when the ladies had left the room after dinner, said the gentlemen had decided to glance longingly at the rare Château claret and the Windermere port, made a remark to this effect:

"Upon my word, Staff, it is the most brilliant housepartly which I have ever dined; and as to your father in his character of host—Well, words fail to express my admiration."

Stafford glanced at his father at the head of the table and nodded. Sir Stephen had been the life and soul and spring of the dinner; talking fashionable gossip to Lady Fitzharford on one side of him, and a giddy girl of twenty on the other; exchanging badinage with "Bertie," and telling deeply interesting stories to the men; and he was now drawing reluctant laughter from the grim Baron Wirsch, and the almost grimmer Grüneberg, as he saw with one eye that the wine was circulating, and, with the other that no one was being overlooked, or allowed to drop into dullness.

"A most marvellous man. Nearly all the morning he was closeted with the financiers; in the afternoon he went for a ride with Lady Claster; he was in attendance at the solemn function of afternoon tea; he played croquet—and played it well—at half-past five at six I saw him walking round the grounds with the Effords and the Fitzharfords, and now he is laughing and talking with the abandon of a boy of five-and-twenty, while the boy of five-and-twenty sits there as grave and silent as if he had been working like a horse—or a Sir Stephen Orme—instead of fooling about the Lake with the most beautiful woman in the world."

"And his friend has spent the day in a deck-chair on the terrace," reported Stafford.

"At any rate, I have been out of mischief," said Howard. Then he remembered Ida Claster with Maude Falconer, and added rather remorsefully "At least I hope so. By the way, don't you echo my expression of opinion that Miss Falconer is the most beautiful woman here—or elsewhere?"

Stafford woke from the reverie into which he nearly always dropped when Howard was talking, and nodded indifferently.

"Oh, yes; she is lovely, of course."

"How good of you, how kind and gracious," retorted Howard, ironically. "So my prince deigns to approve of her? And you also condescend to admit that she is—or—rather clever?"

"I daresay," said Stafford. "I've seen so little of her. She seems to me rather blase and cold."

Howard nodded:

"Yes; but the worst of it is, you can't count upon that kind of girl; they are apt to warm up sometimes, and quite unexpectedly; and when they do—they—well, they boil like a geyser or a volcano: And then—well, then, it is wise to get out of reach. I once knew a woman who was considered to be as cold as charity—or a rich relation—but who caught fire one day and burnt up the man who ignited her. Of course this is my delicate way of saying: 'Beware, oh, my prince!'"

Stafford smiled. Miss Falconer's nature was a matter of profound indifference to him. There was only one woman on whom he could bestow a thought, and he was thinking of her now, wondering when he should see her, whether he might dare to tell her of his love again, to ask her for her answer.

Once or twice his father looked across at him, and nodded and smiled as if he loved to see him, and wanted to speak to him; and Stafford smiled and nodded back, as if he understood. When the men rose to go to the drawing-room, Sir Stephen caught him up at the door, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Harry, dear boy!" he asked in a low voice, full of affection, "I've seen scarcely anything of you. No, no, I'm not complaining. It was understood that you were to have a free hand—but—but I've missed you! Never mind; this crowd will have gone presently, and then—ah, then we'll have a jolly time to ourselves! Things are going well," he added, with a significant smile, as he glanced at Wirsch and Grüneberg, who, well fed and comfortable, were in front of them.

"I'm glad, sir," said Stafford.

Sir Stephen smiled, but checked a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, my little schemes are flourishing; but—he looked at the financiers again—they are rather a hard team to drive."

As Stafford entered the drawing-room, he heard Lady Gansford inquiring for Miss Falconer.

"We want her to sing. Mr. Orme, and I cannot find her."

Stafford went out by one of the windows, and saw Maude Falconer pacing up and down at the end of the terrace. She was superbly dressed, and as he looked at her, he involuntarily admired the grace of her movements. Mr. Falconer was walking with bent head and hands behind his back; but now and again he looked at her sideways from his sharp eyes. Stafford did not like to interrupt them, and withdrew to the other end of the terrace with a cigarette, to wait till they joined him.

"Young Orme has come out to look for you," said Mr. Falconer, without turning his head.

"I know," she said, though she also had not turned. "They want me to sing. I will go in directly. You have not answered my question, father: Is Sir Stephen very rich, or is all this only sham? I have heard you say so often that display very often only covers poverty."

Falconer eyed her curiously.

"Why do you want to know? What does it matter to you?" She shrugged her shoulders, impatiently resentfully, and he went on: "Yes, he's rich—confoundedly so. But he is playing a big game, in which he is running some risks; and he'd want all his money to help him win it."

"And you are joining him in the game?" she asked.

He looked at her with surprise. There was a note in her voice which he had never heard before, a note which converted to him the fact that she was no longer a girl but a woman.

"Upon my soul, I don't know why you ask! Well, well!"—she had repeated the impatient gesture. "I haven't made up my mind yet. He wants me to join him. I could be of service to him; on the other hand, I could—yes, get in his way; for I know some of the points of the game he is playing. Yes, I could help him—or spoil him."

"And which are you going to do?" she asked, in a low voice, her eyes veiled, her lips drawn straight.

Falconer laughed grimly.

"I don't know. It all depends. Which would you do?" he asked, half caressingly.

She was silent for a moment, then she said:

"You knew Sir Stephen some time ago—years ago, father?"

Falconer nodded.

"I did," he said, shortly.

"And you were friends, and you quarrelled?"

He looked at her with an air of surprise.

(To be continued.)

LORD CROMER.

How He Successfully Encountered Wily Egyptian Officials.

"The Living Sphinx of Egypt," such was the title once bestowed upon Lord Cromer, the great proconsul and maker of modern Egypt, who at the moment of writing is reported to be lying seriously ill at his London residence.

Lord Cromer used quick and daring methods in dealing with Egyptian risings. At one time Cairo was almost openly disaffected, and the British garrison was small. His lordship, however, caused it to be known that a regiment was on the way from India, but he was careful not to explain that it consisted of sick-leave and time-expired men and bandsmen.

All the able-bodied soldiers in garrison were ordered to parade all over the town in small parties, and the natives did not take in the fact that they were a sort of stage army—the same men over and over again. The last straw was when Lord Cromer coolly put on flannels and publicly played a game after game of tennis. This final piece of bravado nipped the threatened rising in the bud.

Several times during his early days in Egypt Lord Cromer's life was in danger. An English visitor who resembled him was found stabbed to death, having been killed in

Lord Cromer.

mistake for the great proconsul; while, on another occasion a dervish was found to have a knife concealed in a petition which he was about to present to his lordship.

And it was because he was always a man of deeds, not words, that Lord Cromer became known as the "Sphinx of Egypt." He made himself a power in Egypt which admitted of no rivalry, and, although in 1883, when he was chosen agent and Consul-General, highly-placed Egyptians told him it would be impossible to do away with bribery and the buying and selling of justice in the land, the answer was, "I am here to change all that."

Lord Cromer once went to the Khedive to demand the instant dismissal of a high official who was the Khedive's intimate friend. Enraged at the request, the Khedive refused point-blank to dismiss him. "Well," Lord Cromer replied, quite coolly, "unless I have an order of dismissal in five minutes I will go and cable to England at once that I am coming home. That will mean your dethronement." And before Lord Cromer left the palace he had in his pocket the order he had demanded from the despotic Khedive.

A Young Diplomat.

"Pa, would you be glad if I saved you a dollar?"

"I certainly would, my son."

"Well, you remember you promised if I brought a good report from my teacher you'd give me a dollar, and I didn't."

A Good Idea.

"That's a good idea, ma'am," said the new servant, having the soda and water mixed in them bottles with squirts. "I done the scullery floor in half the time, and there's three bottles left out of the dozen."

Midnight Vocations.

Cats are getting to be a nuisance."

"Maybe we could compel them to have licenses."

"I don't know that it would help much. But I think they ought to have to take out licenses to sing."

Money goes. Ever notice how three $20 bills will go like 60?

CLOWN IN REAL TRAGEDY

PLAYS JOKE WHEN GIRL LAUGHS AT HIM.

Romantic Tale Comes From Wandering Circus in Russian Town.

The romantic story of a clown's love for a beautiful equestrienne, her rejection of his ridiculous suit and his terrible revenge, has recently drifted to St. Petersburg. Mlle. Fleurette was the principal horsewoman, as well as the principal attraction, in an obscure wandering circus, which recently came to Kasau, a small town on the Volga. She was beautiful, graceful and an exquisite rider. No one dreamed that she would figure in a terrible real tragedy of unrequited love. Mirko Festelich was a clown in the same circus company. He was a plain, simple-hearted man, who looked seriously on fooling as the means of a living, and he was usually such an orthodox buffoon that no one had the remotest idea that he, too, would figure with the fair Fleurette in the tragedy which has shocked the townspeople.

The military officers of Kasan brought Mlle. Fleurette flowers, gave their cheers and offered her their hearts. She graciously accepted all their tributes, save the hearts. To all would-be suitors she was adorable but distant.

Treated It as a Joke.

Among the worshippers was poor Festelich. The man was too poor to give her flowers, and as it was part of his business to cast loving looks toward Mlle. Fleurette while she was performing, no one ever suspected the sincere love which lay behind the motley. His loud applause was never understood—not even by the equestrienne herself. The little services which he rendered her in the ring were regarded merely as absurd burlesque.

At last he summoned up sufficient courage to propose to her. She regarded his, stammering protestations with amusement. "You are a clown," she said; "your business is to joke with everybody, so I take your declaration as a joke."

Just then the bell rang for the performance. Poor Festelich, too heart-broken at his failure to notice the gibes of an attendant who had overheard his declaration of love, went into the ring—to make the people laugh.

A Madman's Joke.

He succeeded. He surpassed himself. There was madness in his brain. Caustic witticisms, such as he had never before uttered, poured from him. The people cheered him, thinking him a genius. Never had they heard such brilliantly pungent jokes. Never had he smacked the heads of the attendants—specially the head of the one who gibed him—with such zeal.

When he approached Mlle. Fleurette and bent as if to whisper in the ear of her horse, the people waited in tense silence for another of his brilliant jokes. But he uttered no word. Instead, the horse suddenly plunged forward and became unmanageable, even by the accomplished Fleurette.

Three times the maddened animal tore around the ring, then it turned a somersault, burying its beautiful rider beneath it, crushing the life from her.

Men ran to the rescue, but Festelich was there before them. He was laughing and dancing at the side of the dead Fleurette, and when he cried, "My business is to joke with everyone—even with horses," people knew him for a madman.

He had placed a lighted cigarette in the horse's ear. It was his last joke, for on the way to the police station he committed suicide.

THE WHALE DANCE.

When the Eskimos Select Husbands and Wives.

A very primitive custom of the natives of the Bering and arctic coasts of Siberia, a custom that has come down from generations of savage ancestors, is the annual celebration of the whale dance, when the Eskimos select their wives.

When the sun moves southward at the end of the short summer season, and the ice closes up the northern sea, the whales come down to open water. Then in celebration of the season's catch, the ice dwellers assemble for the whale dance, which lasts twenty-one days.

The great dance circle is prepared, and in the centre the dancers, both male and female, perform the most savage of evolutions and motions to the accompaniment of rhythmless beating of the tomtoms and weird chanting. The dance songs tell of the prowess of the hunters and of the history of the tribe. The movements of the women are surprisingly graceful, and they mean to show in their dance that, as daughters of a great people, they are possessed of all the qualities such women should have. The men execute pantomimic scenes of the hunt, and go through all the motions of the kill: they spear the ice bear, slay the walrus and seal, and finally, with extraordinary contortions, vanquish the mighty whale.

During the last days of the feast, when the time arrives for the selection of husbands and wives, the man performs his mate dance before the woman he has picked out. In pantomime he promises to provide her generously with the fruit of the hunt, both food and fur. If she is pleased with him, she walks out and dances her acceptance, and shows how she will look after the igloo. When they have danced before each other, they are married after the custom of the tribe, and he leads her off to his walrus-hide lodge.

During the dance they feast on whale. The skin of the baleen whale is about an inch thick, and looks like rubber. The solid blubber between it and the true flesh is usually about fourteen inches thick. The black skin and the blubber, the latter cut to the thickness of the former, is called mok-tuk, and is considered a great delicacy. It is eaten raw, and although it sounds repulsive to the civilized ear, is most palatable. It has a flavor something like that of cheatnuts.

Ignorant.

My ignorance perhaps I show
In springing this one but
This thing I'd really like to know,
"What does the cut worm cut?"

Nora's Reference.

Nora was applying for a place as cook and when asked for a reference presented the following:

"To whom it may concern:

"This is to certify that Nora Foley has worked for a week and we are satisfied."

HOME

Good Things for Picnics.

Lemon Cheese Sandwich.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons and the grated rind of two into a pan and allow them to become very hot until the sugar melts. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Then put it into jars and cover them and keep them in a cool place. Spread between slices of bread for a dainty picnic sandwich or for afternoon tea. This same lemon cheese can be used in layer cake or in dainty shells of puff paste.

Sardine Sandwiches. — Brown bread makes excellent sardine sandwiches. Make a paste of sardines, the contents of a can with one anchovy, one ounce of butter and cayenne pepper, salt and mace to taste.

Minced Meat Sandwiches. — A tempting filling for sandwiches is comprised of two-thirds minced chicken, and one-third minced ham and tongue, chopped together. Moistened with mayonnaise dressing and spread on white bread with lettuce leaves, it is a delicacy.

Gold Sandwiches.—Rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs to a paste. Add two tablespoons of olive oil, mixing with a silver fork. Now add a pinch of mustard, cayenne pepper and salt, and lastly one tablespoon of vinegar. When this is thoroughly mixed, add one cup of grated yellow cheese. Spread on white buttered bread.

Fig Sandwiches.—Between slices of buttered graham bread spread figs which have been chopped to a smooth paste. The bread must not be cut too thin and the sandwiches if they would be kept moist and palatable, should be wrapped in moistened tissue paper.

Where There Are Eggs.—Many persons do not know how to hard-boil an egg properly, and consequently have come to believe that because the white is tough and the yolk discolored the egg is indigestible. An egg should be put into warm water and left until the water is about 200 deg. Fahr. Then it should be left 30 minutes and dashed into cold water and peeled. After this process the egg will be mealy and the white will be hard and firm without being tough. Never let a hard-boiled egg cool in the water.

Sardines in Eggs.—Allow one sardine for each hard-boiled egg. Cut the eggs lengthwise and remove the yolks. Remove the skin and bones from the sardines. Make a paste of the yolks, the sardines, a little minced parsley, melted butter and pepper and salt to taste. Fill the whites of the eggs with this mixture and put two whites together. Garnish with fresh watercress.

Eggs with Ham.—Mince boiled ham and mix it with the yolks from hard-boiled eggs, with a little mustard and cream. Then fill the egg whites generously, rounding each off. Wrap in waxed paper to carry.

Beverages.—Grape juice, lemons, tea and fruit juices can all be used for delicious punches if there is ice and plenty of good water. Iced coffee, too, with whipped cream, is delicious. Children like raspberry shrub, which is made in this way: Take eight quarts of fresh berries, one pint of acetic acid and four quarts of water. Put these into a stone jar and let stand for 48 hours, stirring it occasionally. To one quart of the juice add one pound of sugar, boil 15 minutes and bottle while hot. When the liquid has cooled in the corked bottles open and refill them; pound the corks in very tight. If this liquid is to be kept any length of time, cut the cork off close to the bottle and dip it in hot wax to seal it.

Cold Meats.—Cold meats can be served as they are, or in sandwiches. A ham is almost essential to good picnic fare. Veal loaf, too, is delicious in sandwiches, and pressed chicken is one of the cold meats that can be carried and sliced at the picnic.

Baked Ham.—Soak a whole ham in cold water over night, remove and cover the lean side with a paste of smoothly mixed flour and water, taking care that it is of sufficient thickness to keep in all the meat juice. Bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes for every pound. Remove the case, then skin; cover the top with bread crumbs and brown.

Veal Loaf.—Three pounds of chopped veal, one-quarter pound chopped pork, one teaspoonful pepper, two teaspoonfuls salt, one cup bread crumbs, two well beaten eggs. Mix well, press in a square form and bake 1½ hours. For sandwiches a perfectly square mold cuts to the best advantage.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil three fowls until the meat comes off the bones easily. Remove all the bones and chop the meat up fine, add a piece of melted butter the size of a large egg. Season highly with salt and pepper. Take about one pint of the liquor in which the fowls were boiled, add to this half a box of gelatine and let it dissolve. Put the chicken meat into a saucepan and add the dissolved gelatine, and cook until the broth is evenly distributed. Put into a pan and under a heavy press until perfectly cold.

Ginger Snaps.—One pint molasses, one cup brown sugar, one cup butter and lard, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-fourth cup water, one tablespoonful ginger and flour enough to roll soft and thin. Bake in a quick oven.

Chocolate Cookies. — Mix one small cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one cup grated chocolate, three cups flour, one teaspoonful vanilla. Roll very thin, bake in a quick oven. If the chocolate is melted it will mix better with the batter.

For a layer cake fashioned [illegible] somehow a way [illegible] The receipt is [illegible] cup of chocolate, one cup sugar and one cup milk. Set this to dissolve, in the mixing bowl, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter, yolks and [illegible] white of egg, [illegible] teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon vanilla, and half cup of sweet milk. Add the dissolved chocolate, mix well, pour into three [illegible] from the stove. When cool [illegible] small jelly tins [illegible] with white icing.

House Hints.

To keep your [illegible] put a folded newspaper in the bottom of the can [illegible] emptied.

Boil a bit of [illegible] handkerchiefs in a violet sachet [illegible] delightful.

A good mixture for wash fabrics is [illegible] turpentine and [illegible] half a pail of [illegible]

Some cooks always add a crust of bread to the kettle when boiling rice, the flower is boiled and absorbs the odor.

A good [illegible] made by boiling [illegible] fine sago in [illegible] tender, [illegible] appear.

In making [illegible] eggs, to six eggs add a cup full of cornstarch and [illegible] of milk. The [illegible] place of [illegible]

If, when making [illegible] one has cooked [illegible] too long, and [illegible] ful of butter [illegible] creamy and [illegible]

If several [illegible] to clapper when not in use, [illegible] through it, [illegible] then there will be no rusting.

The reason why [illegible] lost from the [illegible] expand with [illegible] precious stones [illegible] forced open [illegible] them in place [illegible]

To prevent [illegible] summer the [illegible] thoroughly, [illegible] at least twice [illegible] best to dry [illegible] wards wiping [illegible]

If at any time [illegible] gathered [illegible] take a cap [illegible] a bottle until [illegible] tie it on the [illegible] will draw and [illegible] than a poultice.

When using [illegible] them from [illegible] tablespoonful [illegible] every pint of [illegible] use. This [illegible] light, and it [illegible] from rusting.

The bride [illegible] al initials on [illegible] own lace. [illegible] in her room, [illegible] ing wash cloth [illegible] embroidered [illegible]

In roasting [illegible] breast in the [illegible] the oven. By [illegible] run out of the [illegible] making it moist [illegible] juices from the [illegible] in the backbone [illegible] a bird is placed [illegible] pan.

Often in [illegible] bread or rolls [illegible] time planned [illegible] them in the [illegible]

Beware of Fake Baking Powder Tests

("THE SPICE MILL" (N.Y.), SEPTEMBER, 1913.)

Unscrupulous manufacturers of baking powder in order to [illegible] their product, sometimes resort to the old game of what is known [illegible] "the glass test." In reality it is no test at all, but in cases where [illegible] prospective buyer does not understand that the so-called "test" is a fake, pure and simple, the salesman is sometimes able to make [illegible] believe it shows conclusively that the so-called baking powder he is selling, and which of course contains egg albumen, is superior to other brands which do not contain this ingredient.

Bulletin No. [illegible] issued by Dairy and Food Bureau of the State of Utah, reads as follows:—

"The sale in the State of Utah of baking powders containing minute quantities of dried egg albumen is declared illegal. The albumen in these baking powders does not actually increase the leavening power of the powder, but by a series of unfair and deceptive tests such powders are made to appear to the unwary consumer to possess three times their actual leavening power."

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