

# The Lawrence's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Lawrence's charming little dinner parties were considered by the set as "the best set" in the town or country, was, of course, competent to pass judgment. Mr. Lawrence was a most perfect host, and was only surpassed by Mrs. Lawrence as a hostess; their house was most perfectly arranged and managed; Mrs. Lawrence dressed with most perfect taste; in fact, they were in every way the most charming people imaginable, and their whole existence was existed in the superlative case. Mr. Lawrence was a fine man, handsome in features, and almost courtly in ease, and grace of manner, intensely proud with the pride that is good in a man, thoughtful and rather reserved. Mrs. Lawrence was small, vivacious, brilliant, with marvelous black hair, gray eyes and charm of manner. When she was 35 and her husband 45—with the exception of the quick march of time—life seemed to hold nothing for them but pleasure and happiness. A year later the climax of their popularity and fame and the beginning of their downfall were reached in the same week. They entertained a royal duke at lunch one day, and heard the next of the loss of a large slice of their income. Their loss of means made little apparent difference. The dinner parties continued, though fewer in number, and smaller, and if anything, more select. Mrs. Lawrence's dress was just as perfect, though less costly and varied. The footmen disappeared, but their places were filled by perfectly-matched, trim maids, the matching of whom was a source of pride and amusement to Mrs. Lawrence. A bad match jarred on her nerves unbearably. After this, smart maid-servants became the fashion.

It was during a temporary disarrangement in the household that Clara Lang was engaged; in fact, the housekeeper, after much tribulation of spirit, caused by the lowliness of the girl's stature, engaged her while Mrs. Lawrence was in town for a few days. There was a dinner party coming off in the evening, and they were one maid short. "Better an inch or two less than none at all" said the worried woman; so Clara was engaged, and was not even seen by her new mistress until she was waiting at table in the evening. Soon after they were all seated Mrs. Lawrence's keen eye fell on the new maid; it was barely a glance that she gave and the shade that passed over her face was no more than a passing shade. But presently her eyes fell on the girl again, and then the momentary wrinkling of her forehead showed the annoyance she felt. Clara waited most perfectly, but she certainly was much shorter than the others.

The next day Mrs. Lawrence interviewed the delinquent Clara, who was intensely anxious to keep the situation had recourse to tears. "I am short, ma'am, I know, but my character" says I can wait till the perfect."

"Ah, yes, I dare say," said Mrs. Lawrence, with a quick little shake of her head and a deprecating movement of her hands, "but you spoil the effect in a room. I really could not have so ill-matched a set."

The argument did not console Clara, and dry her tears. She wept on. Mrs. Lawrence could not bear to see any one miserable, and she agreed to consider the matter. Clara said for a month, but at the end of the month Mrs. Lawrence dismissed her.

"I cannot be so jarred upon at every meal," she said, plaintively. "I am really very sorry to part with you, and will do my best to get you another place. You are a good girl, and a capital parlor maid; but—if high heels or raising your hair would do any good I would keep you; but you have heels so high now that they spoil your walk, and you must wear your hair as the others do, and I could not endure any but those French you all wear."

So Clara had to go, and every one was sorry. Mr. Lawrence liked the good-tempered, cheerful little maid, who was so attentive and obliging; so different from the supercilious, uninterested maids his wife generally had about. He gave her a £5 note when she left, and told her he was sorry to lose her; she wept bitterly again at this mark of favor. Her mistress she admired, her master she worshipped. So Clara went, and a week later the great part of the Lawrence's money went. The well-matched servant maids were dismissed, and were not replaced this time; the dinner parties ceased, and soon all exchange of civilities ceased. A little later scarcely a soul in that "best set" remembered that they had ever known the Lawrence's. After that their existence became more and more negative; they had no servant, no friends; soon they had not even a little maid-of-all-work, nor a house of their own. Then they drifted into cheap lodgings in the meanest part of the town, and fresh horrors surrounded them—course, conversation, evil-smelling streets, close rooms, everything about them frowzy, dirty, shabby; coarse, common food, badly cooked and served; and, almost worse than all, the coarse familiarity of their neighbors. A lack of sufficient food and an entire lack of comforts were the least of their troubles. Every refinement in their nature was jarred upon and violated their instinctive delicacy of mind and body was bruised and wounded incessantly; everything most distasteful they had to descend to.

Mr. Lawrence's proud old spirit grew more and more crushed; the squalor, meanness, and discomfort of his life were unbearable to him. What they were to his dainty, refined little wife no one ever knew, no one cared to think; but the more depressed and gloomy he grew the more unendurable these life became, the more gay and

cheerful Mrs. Lawrence appeared. Her life during that time was one long, never-finished piece of acting. She became one of the most perfect actresses the world ever knew, but her only audience was her husband, and her acting was so perfect that he did not guess it was acting. By-and-by, when they were quite old, and broken, and weary, the climax came. The few shillings a week they possessed went as well, and they were left absolutely penniless. The erst courtly, genial host and his brilliant, fascinating wife were paupers. Of the hospitality they had lavished so unstintingly, not a crust were they welcomed to in return. Many of their old friends were dead; many were afflicted with such malingering and memory to which mankind is so prone. Old Mr. Lawrence, tottering along one day on the sunny side of the road, leaning on his wife's arm, instinctively lifted his hand to raise his hat, when old Lady Payne's carriage rolled by them, but his wife, with a little gasp of rage, seized it and held it firmly in both her own. "How could you dream of doing such a thing, Ferdinand?" she cried, after the carriage had passed them; "how could you lower yourself to speak to such a woman?"

"The poor old things are getting so mazed as they go," said the old man who led them to their room. "He's as cracked as can be, and she isn't much better, she seems quite child-like, always singing and giggling. 'Tis time they was put somewhere where they could be looked after. I can't keep 'em no longer. I've fed 'em for more'n a week, if you can call it feeding—they lives on dry toast and tea-water, 'tisn't the food as I can't find, but 'tis the 'ouse-room I've got to pay my rent by my lodgings, and they owes me a matter of £4 a'ready."

Their next move had to be to the workhouse. There was no help for it. The guardians waxed indignant when the case came before the board, and no outdoor relief could be wrung from them. So the Lawrence's had an order for the "house."

"It won't be for long," said their landlord, trying to comfort them; "this is only a temporary embarrassment, I'm sure."

"No, it cannot be for long," said Mrs. Lawrence, quietly. Her words and manner deceived the old man; he thought she expected help from some one.

"I'll be bound you'll be out again in a week, and she said she hoped so; but presently she looked up at him with a sudden horror in her eyes.

"Will they—will they separate us?" she asked, scarcely able to hear the answer.

"Well, yes," he answered, "they have that rule."

For the first time she wept hard, scalding tears that burned to burn fresh furrows on her cheeks.

"I—I thought I might have been spared that," she said.

They were to go in at 12 o'clock the next day. Mr. Lawrence apparently did not realize what was about to happen; his wife alone thought he felt more than he showed any sign of. All that day they could scarcely endure to be out of each other's sight; the few moments she was away from him she spent in eagerly asking for information as to the life and treatment of the men in "the house;" for herself she did not seem to care.

"Shall I—have to—sleep in a ward with all—the others?" was the only question she asked with regard to her own future; and she shivered when they spoke of the coarse, harsh clothing the women wore. When she was with her husband her spirits, apparently, never flagged. She sang to him her drawing-room ditties and old ballads, she told him all the laughable stories she could think of, and laughed and joked about the handleless cups and their one knife at breakfast the next morning, though she knew it was the last they would ever take together; and the tears that forced their way out and trickled down her cheeks she pretended were tears of laughter.

Mr. Lawrence smiled feebly. As long as his Adele was happy he cared for nothing else. He talked of old times and how pleasant it was to have a few days to themselves and no social engagements.

"Quite like our honeymoon over again, dearest," he said, stooping and kissing her on the forehead.

"Yes, yes, quite. O, my God, I wish we had both died then!"

But he only heard the first words and the little laugh at the end of them. Presently looking up at her suddenly she caught her staring with wide, grieved eyes, blankly in front of her, a fearful anguish on her face. He had never before seen her look like it, and it frightened him.

"Adele, Adele, my love, why do you look like that? For heaven's sake look at me and smile. Surely you are not repenting already?"

His mind was still full of the honeymoon. Her expression changed in a flash. "I can never repent my husband, I was—I for one instant was thinking what would life be without you."

That morning at 11 they started for the workhouse. She refused to be driven there in a closed carriage or to have their arrival there in any way concealed.

"No," she said, "I will walk there, walk in as I use when I went to sing to the poor old dears, and wonder if any one will come to sing to me."

As they passed in through the heavy iron gates Mr. Lawrence seemed to shrink and wince, even through his apparent passive insensibility. Adele for one instant staggered as though the gates had fallen against her, then, with a fearful effort she drew herself together. "We must not be late for dinner, dearest," she said, with a little laugh, ghastly in its forced mirth; "you know how rude we used to think our guests when they came late. Poor old boy, how angry you used to grow!"

caressing finger on the golden and brown heads. She was passionately fond of flowers, as of all things pretty. "Once I despised you, you pretty things," she said, gently; "I thought you humble and coarse; but now—you thrive here and bloom as well as in any other place, but you—you have no memories—O, my dear, my head! when shall I be at rest?"

They had gone nearly half the distance, when footsteps sounded behind them. Adele turned. A little insignificant-looking woman was running quickly after them, evidently trying to overtake them. Adele stopped, and, stopping, recognized Clara, the despised little parlormaid. Ferdinand turned, too, but he made no other sign, nor did he notice the newcomer.

Clara was breathless, heated, fearful. "Missus, missus, stop! Oh, don't go no further! O, that place, that awful place and for such as you, too! And my dear master—O, how could they let him go there? and you both so good! O, master, master! and missus, too!" She turned to Adele lest she might see her. "Come away, ma'am, do please, before anybody sees you. I've got something to say, I've only just heard about—about it a, and I was afraid I was too late. I want you to come home with me, ma'am, if you won't be offended at my asking. I've got a best bed-room and a parlor that is spoiling for the want of using and me and father is comfortably, I mean, I am, wash would be proud if you and mister would come and stay with us until—until—"

Adele took in all the poor soul's goodness, and for one moment while Clara spoke her eyes gleamed, her whole face brightened with relief and hope, but only for a moment; in that time her resolution was made up.

"There is no 'until,' Clara," she said, sadly, "except the end." The tears still gattered on her shabby cloak, their course still gleamed on her cheeks; she had been afraid to wipe them away, lest he should see the action. "My dear, good Clara, it is too much—it is too good and noble of you; one of us too good for the other. We may live for years and we are past doing—much work. But—but, O Clara, take him—take him away from this! The horror of it has killed him, to all intents and purposes. O, my love! my love!" She turned to him, and clasping her hands on his shoulder bowed her head on her hands.

Ferdinand stood beside her, motionless and impassive; for the first time her endearments called forth no response.

"He will not miss me now," she cried, while the tears again poured quickly down her poor worn cheeks; he will be happy; only laugh and talk cheerfully to him. O, my God, and he, too, is taken from me! Lead him away, Clara; he will be little trouble or expense. I must go in now. Good-by, my darling," she said, turning to her husband. "Clara will see you home. I am going in here to—to sing to my old—paupers;" and before the weeping Clara could stop her she had turned and walked swiftly to the door of the workhouse.

## RUSSIAK PEASANTS.

To settle in Manitoba—First Party Arrived in New York on Saturday—Gigantic Men and Women.

A party of Russiak peasants, the first, as far as is known, that ever came to this continent, passed through New York on Saturday, on their way to Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, where the British Government has granted them an extensive tract of land, says the New York Herald. They were dressed in their national costume. The Russiaks, or Ruthenians, as they are also called, are the inhabitants of the semi-independent duchy of Bukovina, of which the Emperor of Austria is the hereditary Archduke. The duchy lies on the extreme south-eastern corner of the Austro-Rumanian Empire, bordering on Russia, Roumania, Galicia, and Moldavia. The language of the people is a Slav dialect, which is almost identical with little Russian. Their religion is a form of Rumanian Catholicism.

The party, which passed through New York on Saturday, consisted of nine men, ten women, and twenty-five children, all of magnificent physique. Not one of the men was less than six feet tall, and two or three were more than seven feet. The women were also tall, and well formed, and their features seemed to be healthy and intelligent.

None could speak English, but the leader of the party, Constantine Cosovan, could speak a little German, and through an interpreter, he said that the members of his party were

FARMERS AND GOAT HERDERS, and that they came from the neighborhood of Czernowitz, the capital of Bukovina. They were induced to emigrate by an agent of the British Government, who held out golden promises to them of wealth and freedom from taxation in Canada.

The men wore their hair long, and clipped across the forehead in an old-fashioned "ban" style. They wore tight-fitting trousers of coarse white spun-wool, tucked into rawhide boots, the tops of which were turned down, and heavily embroidered.

They wore shirts of the same material, and a sheepskin coat, or "shuba," with the hair inside, and laced in front with rawhide thongs. The hat was a bunch of cock's feathers stuck in the left side. Each man wore a wide belt of leather, embroidered in geometrical designs, from which hung three or four pouches of untanned leather, containing food, tobacco, and water. A long sheath knife was also hung from the belt.

The women wore sheepskin coats just like the men's, and their only other garment was of linen, with embroidered edges, and reaching to half-way between the ankle and knee. The legs were bare, and on the feet were heavy rawhide shoes. Their headgear was that worn by Turkish women, and with a long veil flowing over the shoulders. Most of the children were barefooted, and they wore only a single sleeveless garment of white linen, which looked more like a flap bag with holes cut in it for hands and arms than anything else.

# A HERO OF THE MUTINY.

STIRRING EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF LARRY DONOVAN.

He Was One of Those Who Scaled the Walls of Delhi—Graphic Picture of the Siege—Looting the Palace—This Brave Soldier Was Also at Magdala.

Larry Donovan is something of a name in Canada. There is not a barracks in the Dominion where they don't know him—Larry Donovan of the Sixty-first foot.

Of all the brave lads that marched in '49 from Calcutta to Simla and the Punjab—1,800 miles through the jungle—there is hardly half-a-dozen now living, and Larry Donovan is one of them, says the Detroit News.

If you are walking along West Sandwich street, Windsor, some sunny afternoon, you are more than likely to see the veteran of the Sepoy rebellion, sitting in the spring sunshine on the front stoop of his little cottage, puffing his little "dudeen" and gazing out pensively across the wide and placid expanse of the river in the direction of the big, smoky city. More than likely, too, he is seated bare-headed quite unmindful of the heat. After one has tramped for ten years, through jungle and city, under India's broiling sun, he doesn't notice a little mild northern sunshine.

If you step inside the yard and sit down beside Larry and get him started upon that fascinating story of his days in India, with its endless adventure and its picturesque gleams of oriental life, you, too, will forget the heat of the afternoon—forget everything, in fact, but Larry's delicious Irish brogue and the story.

## THE ROMANCE OF INDIA.

And what a story it is! The mysterious terrors of the jungle; the long marches by night and the fevered sleep by day; the piquant glimpses into the quaint life of the Indian village; the marches past deserted cities, their crumbling granite and marble still gleaming white in the midst of the jungle and their ruined palaces inhabited only by wild beasts; the perils and hardships of camp life and the desperate chances of battle—all this and much more make up the chapters of Larry Donovan's story.

One listens and dreams and at length, somehow, out of these tales of fabulous adventure there is conjured up in one's mind a vision of that indomitable English army, surmounting discouragement, defeat and death, triumphing over every obstacle and gaining victory at last by sheer force of its unconquerable courage.

Larry gained a medal at Delhi. He gained another in Abyssinia, and another in China. When he left the army in 1870 at Halifax, after twenty-one years of marches and battles, they gave him a medal for long service and good conduct.

## A RUGGED VETERAN.

You must think of Larry as an old man now, sixty-seven years old next December, with iron-gray hair and big, loose-jointed hands, and a face rather severe for an Irishman—a face still rugged and healthy—and a memory that pictures Cawnpore and Meerut as vividly as though it were but yesterday that Delhi fell instead of forty years ago.

Larry was at Ferozepore when the mutiny broke out. Ferozepore, almost the first of the cantonments in which the rebellion showed itself, was at that time one of the largest arsenals in Upper India, and, as Larry puts it, "The key at Punjab."

Larry had enlisted eight years before in Kilkenny, where he was born. "There was quite a bow-wow out in India at that time," says Larry. "The Sikhs broke out in the Punjab and there was a lot of the bys goin', ye mind. There was about sixty or seventy of us around Kilkenny that enlisted."

I remember well that march, 1,846 miles from Calcutta. It took us six months to get there and when we arrived the war was over, do ye mind. The Sikhs were all quiet."

In 1854 the war with Russia broke out, and a year later Donovan's regiment got their route for the Crimea, so they marched from their station in Upper India to the coast for embarkation, sleeping by day, marching by night, following the narrow post-road along the railways, where the camel riders, carrying the mails, passed swiftly up and down.

"Wild beasts did ye say?" says Larry. "Didn't we have to light fires to keep them off'n us? Mony a toime I've looked out into the woods, seen their round eyes gleamin' or heard them roarin' by night in the jungle."

And thin there's the hyenas in the bushes for ye. There's the murthern shay 'n' crane. The hay wans laughs and there's the reptiles and the fly'n' bugs and all the kinds of crapp'n' things that God ever made."

And so making its painful way back to the coast the battalion came at last in sight of the spires and minarets of Calcutta, only to hear the boom of the guns announcing the fall of Sebastopol, was over. The war in the Crimea.

Then came the frightful revolt of the Bengal army in 1857.

"It was all along of the grassed cartridges," said Larry, explaining the cause of the mutiny. "The chief padre was the cause as it. He baked a cake and he sent pieces of it all over India, and he told the Sepoys that the English were goin' to turn them all to Christians, and he told them if they bit the grassed cartridges they would break their hearts. Ye know in those days if ye didn't have your front teeth ye were on fit for service! Ye couldn't pull the cartridges from the rifles."

There was a plot in our cantonment to burn the church and chapel on Sun-

day morning, when we were all assembled there, but a Sepoy drummer told Capt. Jones of the Sixty-first, and we did not go to church that Sunday, and remained and guarded the magazine."

## STORMING OF DELHI.

That is Larry's vivid but fragmentary story of the beginning of the great mutiny which resulted in the most desperate war that a civilized nation ever fought. In the terrible drama thus begun the slaughter of Cawnpore, the siege of Lucknow, and the storming of Delhi were the chief incidents.

It was at the storming of Delhi, the capital city of the insurgents, containing the palace of the last of the Moguls, where all the fabulous wealth of India was gathered and where the old king lived as his ancestors had lived before him, a life of luxury and vice, that Larry gained his medal.

It was on Sept. 14, at sunrise, that the army stormed the city. It had been for months outside the city, waiting for the siege guns to arrive, themselves more besieged than besieging. Thirty times the rebels had poured out of the city to the attack, but every time had been defeated. But at last the siege guns arrived and battered at the walls until there was a breach near the Cashmere gate. The walls of Delhi, according to Larry, were pure granite, and you could ride around on the top of them.

The attack was to be made at day-break, but during the night the Sepoys had filled up the breach in the walls with sand bags, and it was necessary to use the guns again to clear the walls and break down the obstructions.

Larry was a member of the attacking party.

## FIGHT ON THE WALL.

"The Fifty-second was sent out to cover us," said Larry. "But they went under cover, and when we ran forward with the little bamboo ladders they were so thick on the walls that we brushed them off with the butts of our guns, and the officers cryin' 'Save your powder and give them the steel.' There were three men killed below me on my ladder, and I got that long sabre cut you see there across my forehead and a bullet in my shoulder. But Andy Baker climbed up on the wall and ran up the Union Jack and it was all over in half an hour."

Inside the city, however, the condition of the English was no better than it had been outside, for English soldiers have no taste for street fighting, and the houses were filled with Sepoys ready to fire from roofs and windows upon the men in the street. What was worse, the Sepoys, knowing the soldiers' weakness for liquor, filled the streets with bottles.

"They pizened the bread," said Larry. "They pizened the bread and the flour, and they threw bottles of rum full of powder into the streets. But we cut our way through the houses with our bayonets, makin' direct for the palace."

## TREASURES OF INDIA.

"Ah, lad, the palace was magnificent. Two peacocks of solid gold, mind ye, on each side of the throne. Diamonds and jewels everywhere. You could go into the treasury and help yourself. When the Sepoys came into Delhi to gather around the king they brought all the treasure of the country with them. It was stored up there in camel sacks. The lad that stood guard over 'em used to make holes in the ground and put a brass chutney, something like a spittoon, full of charcoal, under them, and with the charcoal they'd very soon burn holes in the sacks and the gold would run out."

"They found the largest amount of treasure in the Selimghar behind the palace. It was a scavenger showed them where it was buried, and after they dug it up they threw him into the hole. There was nine hachery loads of loot, and look man, at the cashmere shawls and the diamonds!

"Why, there's a diamond in the tower at London, now, which belongs to the Queen, which would take the wealth of a Rothschild to buy. Of course we got our prize money, £8 12s first, £4 4s next, and £2 2s last."

"I mind the day that Hodson and his Goorkhas brought the old king in from where he had been hiding in from tombs in Old Delhi—an old man in his dooly, with a long white beard. We locked the old Mogul up in his own dog kennel."

Larry remembers well the massacre of Cawnpore, where the blood was a foot deep in the slaughter pens, and he saw the well into which General Wheeler's daughter jumped after she killed a score or more of them.

## STRINGENT FOOD LAWS.

France knows how to protect the rights of her people. Anybody who doubts the genuineness of an article of food that he has purchased from a Parisian tradesman may take it to the municipal laboratory for analysis. It will cost him nothing to have it analyzed and the fact determined whether it is unadulterated, or adulterated, and if the latter the law deals with the offender without further action on the part of the purchaser. The shopkeeper is liable to be heavily fined and imprisoned in his shop window or on his door for a year a large placard bearing the words, "Convicted of Adulteration."

## BY ASSIMILATION.

Robly always strikes me as an inflated creature with a very elastic conscience. I attribute it to association. He handles bicycle tires exclusively.

## REASON ENOUGH.

Peterbee—What on earth has given Smitherton such a bicycle face? He doesn't ride a bicycle. Smythe—No; but he had to buy three bicycles for his family to ride.

Queen Margherita of Italy considers flattery as "an impertinence only acceptable to idiots," and always evinces an intense dislike to a compliment which is not truthful. Upon one occasion when a lady was offering her felicitations on the approaching marriage of the Prince of Naples, she spoke of him as a "handsome youth."

"No," replied the queen frankly, "my son is not handsome, but he is good. And he is far too sensible to desire to have qualities ascribed to him which he is fully aware he does not possess."

# THE HO

HOUSEWIFERY UP  
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And the sodium alkali  
For I'm going to make  
I'm going to make a  
For John will be hung  
And his tissues will  
So give me a gramme  
And the carbon and

Now give me a chunk  
To shorten the therr  
And hand me the ox  
And look at the the  
And if the electric oil  
Just turn it on half  
For I want to have a  
As soon as John  
Now pass me the meat  
And rotate the mixt  
But give me a sterili  
And the oleomargar  
And the phosphate, too  
The new type-writ  
And John will need  
food  
To help his brain

## SUMMER C

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## CUST

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fruit. For the  
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as little water  
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well, and bake,  
is almost equal  
half cupful of  
whites of eggs  
pies.

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and sweetene  
Cover with a  
the oven.  
Strawberry  
custard, add  
Cover with d  
A plain str  
marshing, swee  
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one-fourth cu  
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Lemon Cust  
low rind, the  
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