

"Oh, but it was all for me!"
"All for himself, in my opinion!"
"You wrong him, warmly." "You indeed!"
To hear her stick up for Eyre in feeling established between them is not to be thought of for a moment. "Well, don't let us quarrel about him," says he, his tone lightening as his heart as heavy as lead. "What was uneasy about in especial?"
"About the—the lies he told you?"
"He? Who?"
"Why, poor Andy, of course! Who were you thinking of?"
"Of Eyre. Forgive me that."
"Nonsense," says Miss McDermott. "Why, airily, I've forgotten him, it is, Andy! You know he told you station, and, as I told you, I—"
"Is that all?"
"Yes. It was a great deal, and Andy is greatly put out about it. You—you are sure you don't think badly of him?"
"I think"—enthusiastically—"very highly of him!"
"Oh, do you really?"
"Why, how else should I think of him? Was he not trying to help you?"
"And you will say something lovely to him the very first thing in the morning?"
"No, I shall say something lovely to you then."
"Oh, Ralph. . . Well, good-night."
"Good-night again. . . Good-night, really, this time!"
(The End.)

A SERIOUS EXPERIENCE

PASSED THROUGH BY ONE OF BROCKVILLE'S BEST KNOWN MEN.

His Legs Gave Out and When He Sat Down He Had No Control Over Them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored His Activity.

From the Brockville Recorder.
There are few men in Brockville vicinity better known to the general public, and there is certainly no one held in greater esteem by his friends than Mr. L. deCarle, sr. Mr. deCarle came from England to Canada forty-four years ago, locating in the county of Glengarry. Eight years later he removed to Brockville and has made his home here ever since. He established the large marble business still carried on by his sons here, and is himself one of the most expert stone cutters in the Dominion of Canada. He is also well known as an artist of other lines and as a draughtsman by few equals and no superiors. Ample evidence of this is afforded in the fact that when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was begun, Sir Sanford Fleming, chief engineer of the great trans-continental road, requested him to join his staff. Mr. deCarle accepted the position at Sir Sanford's request and remained with the company for nine years, during which time he drew nearly all the profiles of the road and the plans of the bridges between Ottawa and Thurston. His work was commended as the best done by any draughtsman in the company's employ. Since leaving the company's service Mr. deCarle has lived a retired life, enjoying a well earned competence at his cozy home in the west end of the town. Mr. deCarle possessed a rugged constitution and had always enjoyed the best of health until the fall of 1896. Then he was stricken with an affection of the limbs which much alarmed him. Speaking with a Recorder representative the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon this event, and the circumstances connected therewith can best be told in his own words. "Last fall," said he, "my legs became in such a condition that when I sat down I had no power over them. I could not move them one way or the other, and was naturally much alarmed. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had read of their curing cases similar to mine, and so I decided to give them a trial. I purchased a supply of the Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. They had only taken them a short time when I found that I was regaining the use of my legs and could raise one up and cross the other with out much difficulty. I also remarked to my wife that the pills were doing me much good and she was both surprised and delighted when I showed her with what ease I could move my limbs. I continued taking the pills for about a month and by that time I had in fact was completely cured. I have never had a symptom of the trouble since and am now as well as ever I was. I attribute my cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact it must have been the pills for I took nothing else in the way of medicine and I cannot too strongly recommend them to anyone afflicted as I was."

ANSWERED.

Jones—I started to ask Newly whether two could live on what one could not.—
Brown—But what?
Jones—But he struck me for a tea before I could finish.

WILLING TO CHANCE IT.

And if I marry you, what then I asked.
Oh, come, said he earnestly, let's not borrow trouble.

TWO GOOD REFORMS.

Cumso—I am in favor of the more ment for more artistic coins.
Cawker—So am I, and more of them.

THERE IS NO MEAN.

Cumso—Fosdick has come back from the Klondike.
Cawker—Millionaire or pauper?

Abner's Wife.

"Well," said Abner Mullins, surveying the interior of the kitchen with evident disfavor, "a wife would come in kind of convenient just now!"
It did look as if a woman's hand was needed to bring order out of chaos. Boots, clothing, dishes and fishing tackle littered the floor. A basket of cleaned fish occupied the only chair while the table and sink were piled with an accumulation of articles too varied for description. As for dirt—dirt was everywhere!
"Folks say I'm untidy," continued Abner as he eyed the disorder. "But I ain't. It ain't that I like dirt; it's that I don't like cleaning up. I love to see things kept nice as well as anybody. I hate dirt worse than poison, but I hate getting rid of it a heap sight more," and he drew a long sigh as he set about his ungenial task.
"There ain't a doubt about it," he went on aloud, a habit which his solitary life had developed. "It takes more'n one to run a schooner, land or sea. It's been growing on me ever since I was hauled up in dry dock with rheumatism that I'd have to get a mate. She can lose the galley and I'll man the ropes. If there's foul weather, I can take to the dory till the storm's blown out." Here Abner attacked his breakfast dishes, a task he particularly detested.
"There will be a lot of things that ain't pleasant about it," he said, as he thought of his lost freedom. "But I'll take care what kind of a one I get. I don't want a master hand at anything but cooking and scrubbing decks. I'm captain, and I won't step down in rank for anybody."
The notion of getting married had been presenting itself to Abner for some time.
Not that he was lonely; he felt no need of a companion. His idea of a wife was one to keep his house clean, mend his clothes and cook his meals. No more tender emotions stirred in his breast.
He was getting along in years, and his rheumatism was increasing upon him. One of these days he would need some one to take care of him. His wife must be young, strong, capable and amenable; that was all he asked.
Abner Mullins had lived alone for many years. The hermit of Beachville was called by the young people, who regarded him with awe and suspicion, to their minds a mystery hung over his wife dwelling. Did they not hear Abner talking busily to some unseen listener?
The truth was, Abner, taciturn to all other beings, was fairly garrulous with himself, and his conversations were prolonged and emphatic.
His little, unpainted, shingled cabin stood on the rocks which rose high above the beach, and from the stone which served him as a step he had the range of the broad bay and of the open sea beyond. It was a fair view, but Abner's eyes scanned the blue water more often to discover signs of schools of fish than in the enjoyment or appreciation of its beauties; and the varying moods of the sky meant to him only phases of the weather.
Abner had not proceeded far in his domestic occupation when the cheap clock on the shelf struck ten. He dropped his dishcloth with evident reluctance.
"Less or no mess, those fish have got to be carried to the boat," he said, and took his basket on his arm, and went down the rocky lane to the village, and through the one straggling street bordered by houses, white painted with green blinds and gay little porches bright with flowers.
The street led to the wharf, admired by artists and by tourists with cameras, but which was regarded by the natives from a purely utilitarian standpoint.
An old schooner had been firmly founded, propped by stout piles, its cabin converted into a wharf-house, and a flight of steps out into its side led to the landing of passengers.
The Mary Ellen had made many a voyage, but now she lay at rest. Leisurely feet trod her planks, and the weather-beaten sides—a peaceful thing of a sea-tossed existence.
Abner sauntered along the shabby structure which bridged the space between the schooner and dry land, the steamer slowed up to make its landing, and a bevy of village boys flocked to the wharf to see the day.
The young women were in high spirits, laughing, shrieking and chewing gum vigorously. Abner's gaze was attracted by one of them.
"None of them for me!" he remarked to himself. "Gadding down here at this hour in the morning, when they ought to be doing up their work! A gang of giggling females!"
The gum also met with his disapproval.
"Waste of strength, besides being a needless expense! The girl with the hair is kind of good looking, but she's my breakfast while she was wearing up? No, none of them for me!"
Never occurred to Abner that any of the women might possibly be related to him.
He had to look further'n Beachville, as he thought, as he climbed back to his cabin. "If I've got to get married, I'm bound to get a wife to suit." The day went by Abner's desire for a helpmate increased, for the fishing was unusually good and kept him busy on the bay, so that his household affairs went even more sadly awry. It was clear that he must get somebody to do his housekeeping.
About two weeks after his condemnation of the Beachville maidens the hermit rowed around the Point to the sleepy old town of Bayport with a load of clams and lobsters. Bayport was a bustling metropolis to Abner, and he felt on his guard when he ventured there, for he had a vague notion that his path would be beset with sharpers. But nobody tried to take advantage of his innocence, and it was not very long before he was returning to his boat with his empty baskets.
On his journey back he stopped at a humble little house near the wharf to ask for a drink, and a young woman of perhaps twenty years answered his knock. She willingly brought to him a dipper of clear, cool water. The dipper was of tin, but it was as clean and shining as silver.
Over its rim Abner eyed the giver with interest. She was little, plump and dimpled, with a trimness about her which especially pleased Abner. He thanked her civilly.
"May I ask your name?" he ventured, wiping his mouth on his shirt sleeve.
"Susie Brown," answered the girl, a pretty pink coming to her cheeks.
"Mine's Abner Mullins—and I'm much obliged to you," responded Abner, with unwonted gallantry; then he turned and went on his way.
"Trim little sloop," he said to himself; "kitchen looked shipshape, too, I don't object to good looks if there's something to ballast them," and Abner cast off his painter and pulled for home with long, steady strokes which carried him swiftly through the dancing. Somehow Abner's little house seemed actually lonely to him that night, and the next day the same feeling possessed him. He could not quite understand it. He did not think so much about getting rid of the work as usual. The vision of a neat little figure flitting here and there, and of a bright smile welcoming him on his return from fishing, haunted him.
On the day following, Abner persuaded himself that it was necessary to take a load of fish to Bayport, and he expended unaccustomed care on his toilet before he started. Usually he went from his fish-cleaning or from clam-digging without a thought of his appearance, but now he put on a clean flannel shirt and even trimmed his beard. After his cargo was disposed of he again rapped at the little door. Susie opened to him and quickly brought him his drink with a smile of recognition. This was all, yet somehow Abner felt that his acquaintance had advanced a step.
After this it became an accustomed thing for Abner to go to Bayport to do his trading and he never failed to stop at the house by the wharf to quench his thirst.
Susie was always busy about the kitchen, brisk and deft, with a cheery word of welcome. Once she was frying doughnuts and gave him one; a delicious circle of crispness which he ate appreciatively and with pleased anticipation of the future.
He never crossed the threshold but sometimes he leaned against the door-frame, watching the swift movements of Susie and indulging in a little laborious conversation; or he would linger as if about to say something, then suddenly turn and hurry down the street as if in great haste.
"He must be a steady man," said Susie to herself one day, as she watched his retreating figure, "or it would not be water he'd want so much of. But he does look like a wild man with all that beard, and he ain't got much use of his tongue."
At last came a morning when Abner spoke. Susie was unusually bewitching that day, in a fresh print gown and a distracting little sweeping cap. "Susie," he said, swallowing hard in his effort to speak naturally, "Susie, I want you to marry me!"
Susie dropped her broom and stared.
"Don't say a word!" said Abner in great haste. "I've got a thousand dollars laid up and I'll be a good husband to you. You won't find the work hard and I'll fit you out well. Think it over and I'll be around day after tomorrow." Abner was off before Susie, confused and blushing could utter a word.
That evening Abner sat on his doorstep and looked out over the bay.
"I expect I'll miss being alone," he said. "But I reckon it'll be smooth sailing. I'll keep the tiller."
The next day he began to clean house. "It's only fair to give her a clear start," he said, as he scrubbed vigorously.
He was down on his hands and knees mopping up the floor when a shadow fell before him. He looked up. His doorway was filled by the figure of a middle-aged woman, very stout, and very much out of breath.
"Well?" she panted. "It's a pull up this hill of yours, but it's a slightly place when once you get here. You Abner Mullins?"
"Yes," stammered Abner, too much astonished by the invasion to get up from the floor.
"I've come over from Bayport on purpose to see you," continued the visitor. "I'm Mrs. Brown. You've been courtin' my Susie?"
There was a note of interrogation in the last sentence which seemed to demand of Abner some response. He slowly gathered himself up, and once on his feet ventured to look at Mrs. Brown. She was a comely, wholesome woman, with bright black eyes, before which Abner's wavered and fell.
"I—I asked her to marry me!" he managed to utter.
"Well, now, that's all nonsense!" continued Mrs. Brown, stepping in and looking about. "Mercy sakes! What a hole! You see Susie is only nineteen, and you must be full forty-five. Besides she is going back to Lewistown to work in a factory—she's only been at home while I was visiting my sister—and there's a young fellow there who is paying her attention. I don't wonder you want to get married, though, livin' in this mess!"

THE HOME.

THE LATEST COIFFURE IDEA.

Fashion has declared that not the least suspicion of a coil may appear beneath the hat. Those who are declared authority on such subjects are twisting the hair back into a roll and holding it on the top of the head. This is for wear in the daytime of course.
For evening the hair may be arranged as elaborate as desired and dressed either high or low to suit one's fancy and the shape of one's head.
Despite all that has been said to the contrary, the hair is as much waved as ever, the only difference being that the large wave is no longer considered good form, a smaller and much neater one having taken its place.
The hair is not worn parted as formerly, but is rolled back in pompadour effect, with perhaps a few little curls on the forehead. The thick curled "Langtry bang," which is so youth-giving and becoming is struggling for a place in the fashionable world again, as is also the Greek knot.
The very newest fad in hairpins is a little ornament which will be most gladly welcomed by women with many stray locks that no amount of training, brushing or coaxing will keep in place; and so it is to fill this long-felt want that this new hairpin has been devised.
This little ornament consists of a narrow band of gold between two and three inches long studded with rhinestones. The back of the band is fastened to a hairpin which is slipped under the hair, drawn up to the base of the knot, and when the hair is smooth the outside band of rhinestones is shut down and fastened to the hairpin underneath and your stray locks are supposed to remain in perfect order until the next dressing. If the simple device is successful the inventor has indeed conferred a lasting benefit to woman-kind.
The woman who asks about caring for her hair will have gained some knowledge if she will remember a few don'ts. Don't break your hair, nor irritate the scalp by using too many, or too heavy hairpins. Don't use an iron on your hair any oftener than is necessary. Don't use too fine a comb upon your hair; it breaks it, snarls it, and is very injurious to it. Don't use soda upon your hair; it dries it, coarsens it, and makes it split.
One of the best treatments for the hair is to wash it every two weeks with tar soap. Allow it to hang loosely for awhile and dry naturally. Avoid using too many fluffy towels on it. Never arrange it while it is the least bit damp.
If your hair is inclined to oiliness, a tonic, in which quinine appears, is recommended for it. If your hair is thin and dry, crude vaseline rubbed well into the roots of the hair, will increase its growth. If you wish your hair to be beautiful and glossy you must care for it with great tenderness and brush it with great regularity. The best comb is one of medium size with short coarse teeth. The best brush is one with rather stiff bristles, and remember, the brush must be absolutely immaculate.

IRONING NOTES.

In pressing many kinds of goods or clothes where it is customary to place a cloth over them before ironing, use paper instead; it gives a gloss to ribbon or silk, leaves no lint, stiffens cambric, if slightly dampened, and when scorched, can be thrown away at no loss and a fresh one procured.
If seams are pressed over a broomstick or any rounded edge, with care in keeping them straight, there will be no shining streak to mark their length, as is often the case when the pressing is done upon a flat surface, as nothing can strike the wood but the point of the seam.
If there is velvet to press, heat a soap-stone quite hot, cover with a damp cloth, lay it on the velvet with the right side up, and brush lightly and quickly with a clothes-brush until the surface is as smooth and velvet as when new. As the damp cloth over the stone becomes dry, it must be wet again as it is the steam with the brushing, which lifts up the tiny threads and restores the beauty of the velvet.

A FEW GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Apple Salad.—Use tart green apples cut into dice; cut one fourth as much celery into squares. Mix all carefully and pour over it mayonnaise dressing.
Fried Potatoes.—These two ways are excellent: Slice them the long way, dip into egg and then into bread crumbs, and fry in deep lard. Or chop cold boiled potatoes, season well with salt and pepper, put into a skillet, with very hot fat and cover. Stir frequently, then let a brown crust form on the bottom, lift this and stir again. Put in a cupful of milk, cover tightly until the milk is hot, then serve immediately.
Veal Loaf, With Tomato Sauce.—One pound of veal, chopped fine, three Boston crackers rolled fine and sifted salt and pepper, one egg well beaten. Work until thoroughly mixed, form into a loaf with the hands, butter a tin, place the loaf in it, rub a little butter on top, pour over this a cupful of tomato catsup. Bake one hour, basting often. Serve cold with water-cresses.
Scrappe.—Take the amount of meat you wish to use, two pounds of beef and one and one half pounds of fresh pork. Cook in plenty of water, till tender, remove the meat, stir corn-meal into the liquor as you would make mush. Cook until done. Chop the meat very fine; season with salt, pepper and a little sage; stir this into the mush, and turn out into dishes to cool. Fry as you do mush for breakfast. In cold weather this will keep for a week or more. Watch it that it does not mold.
A Delicious Chocolate Pie.—Line two deep pie-pans with a rich short crust, prick with a fork to prevent blistering, and bake a delicate brown. When cold, fill with the following: Four eggs, one-half pint of sugar, two ounces of good chocolate grated, one quart of milk, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the yolks well with the sugar, less two tablespoonfuls, and the chocolate, less one heaping tablespoonful, then the milk, heated to boiling, and boil in a double boiler until it thickens. When cold, flavor and fill in the pies. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and gradually add the two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of chocolate. Spread on top of pies and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. Serve cold.

VENTILATING SLEEPING ROOMS.

It is of the utmost importance to have the air of sleeping rooms fresh and pure during the night. The morning airing is not sufficient, for before night the air will have become close and impure. As soon as cold weather approaches many people are afraid to open doors and windows, and consequently they become pale and sick, and so susceptible to cold that they sneeze and cough all winter. It is not necessary to throw open the entire house to the cold air, but by taking one room at a time the entire place may gradually be filled with oxygen.
Some people have become accustomed to sleeping with the windows open all the year. By lifting the window a trifle from the bottom and as much from the top and placing a board in front of each opening proper ventilation may be secured. This board should be placed an inch or more from the window, so that direct drafts are avoided and still leave room for the air to enter. Impure air will flow out at the top and pure air will come in at the bottom of the window, thus creating constantly a current and keeping the air sweet and pure. It is an excellent plan to open the windows of a sleeping room wide for a few minutes before retiring for the night. The room will then be flooded with pure air for night consumption, and bring restful and healthful sleep.
One of the very worst practices is that of keeping a lamp burning during the night, especially in a sleeping room. Burning oil consumes a good quantity of the best properties of the air in a room, and if the lamps are poor they actually poison it. Many mothers have given their children the habit of not going to sleep without a light in their rooms. Certainly sleep does not come the sooner with a strong light glaring directly in the eyes. Besides being a foolish custom, it is dangerous. If a light is absolutely necessary, the lamp should be well made, the best oil used and the light turned high. A low-burning light produces a most disagreeable smell, besides poisoning the air.
Of course it is essential to have pure air throughout the entire house constantly. One thing is of absolute importance, and that is, the cellar should be kept scrupulously clean and free from foul odors or shells. Where it is used for storage, great care is necessary that no decaying fruit or vegetables are permitted to lie about. Dampness is so dangerous that no one should live a day over such a cellar.

THE OLDEST TREES.

Some of the oldest trees in the world are to be found in Great Britain. The tree called William the Conqueror's oak, in Windsor Park, is supposed to be 1,200 years old. The famous Bently and Winfarthing oaks are at least two centuries older.

TRYING HARD TO BE GOOD.

"But the Butler started in to 'swear off' too literally."
The Irish butler had a statuesque presence and a good pair of calves, but he could smash more china in a given time than any other butler in the business.
His name was Bull—Michael Bull—and whenever destruction was noisily wasting at noonday in the butler's pantry, and Mrs. Debuture cried: "What's that?" her lord and master would merely moan: "Only the Bull in the china shop, my dear."
The butler was wholly without prejudice in his specialty. With equal thoroughness he would smash ordinary china, Dresden, Wedgwood or any "old blue" thing.
New Year morning came, and Mr. Debuture decided that it was time the butler turned over a new leaf.
"Michael," he said, as he presented the butler with a substantial New Year present, "you are breaking too much china. To-day is New Year. You must turn over a new leaf—swear off. Do you understand?"
"Yes, sor; I will, sor," was the reply.
"Very well; be sure you do," said Mr. Debuture, as he left the dining-room.
An hour later there was a loud crash somewhere in the rear of the house, and with a look of apprehension on her face, Mrs. Debuture hurriedly opened the dining-room door a trifle and listened. A second later she turned a shocked countenance to her husband.
"What's he breaking now?" Debuture growled.
"Breaking," gasped the horrified woman. "Judging from what I hear he is breaking one of the commandments."
Debuture stepped to her side, listened a moment and then hurried out to the butler's pantry. A broken dish lay on the floor.
"Such language!" cried Debuture. "What do you mean, Michael?"
"Shure, sor," the butler said, coolly, "I'm only swearin' off, sir. That's all."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN CORSETS.

It has not been enough for the luxury loving damsel to pay \$10 to \$20 to have her corset made to order. She must now have gold stays and clasps and jeweled hooks. Solid gold hooks can be bought plain for \$5. Jeweled ones vary from \$15 to \$50. The heaviest of satin brocade is not considered too fine for this bit of loveliness. The corset skirt is a good idea. It keeps the dress skirt from slipping up in front and makes it hang well. But any large white or black hook, such as is used to fasten skirt bands, will serve quite as well as a gold one.

SOMEWHAT REMOTE.

Father—Has the young man any prospects?
Daughter—well—er—papa, he has relatives in the Klondike.

SETTLED.

Nodd—My wife told me if I wanted peace with her I would have to resign from my club.
Todd—And are you getting along all right now?
"Oh, yes I'm living at the club."

FINANCIAL.

"What's the difference between wages and boodle?"
"Well, wages is money a man earns and sometimes doesn't get; but boodle is what a man gets and doesn't earn."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Philosopher—I shall never regret that I was once an industrious man.
Friend—Because you feathered your nest, I suppose.
Philosopher—No. It is because the memory of my past industry enables me to thoroughly enjoy my present laziness.

HOUSE PLANT TEMPERATURES.

On cold nights when there is liability that the temperature will fall below the danger point, it is well to spread newspapers in the window and draw shades so as to prevent as much as possible the loss of heat. The plants themselves should be covered with papers, or, if possible, should be removed from close proximity to the windows. If placed in the centre of the room, preferably upon tables, or at least raised well above the floor, they will often escape injury, while similar plants remaining in the window would be frosted and perhaps killed by cold.
As a rule, plants do best at a temperature 10 or 15 degrees colder than they need during the day, and most of the species commonly used as house plants do not need over 50 or 55 degrees at night and will not suffer if the temperature falls as low as 40 degrees, although if such a low temperature be continued for several days it will check the growth of most plants. In case plants have been frozen they should be slowly thawed out. While it will perhaps be impossible to save the foliage of tender tropical plants, the plants themselves, as well as the foliage of the hardier ones, can often be saved. They should be removed from the direct rays of the sun and kept at a temperature of 35 to 40 degrees until they have thawed, when it may be gradually raised. Cold water can also be used to advantage in thawing them out, but the temperature should be kept as low as 35 degrees as long as frost remains in the plant. Water used at 50 to 60 degrees will generally do more harm than to allow the plants to thaw out of themselves.

IRONING NOTES.

In pressing many kinds of goods or clothes where it is customary to place a cloth over them before ironing, use paper instead; it gives a gloss to ribbon or silk, leaves no lint, stiffens cambric, if slightly dampened, and when scorched, can be thrown away at no loss and a fresh one procured.
If seams are pressed over a broomstick or any rounded edge, with care in keeping them straight, there will be no shining streak to mark their length, as is often the case when the pressing is done upon a flat surface, as nothing can strike the wood but the point of the seam.
If there is velvet to press, heat a soap-stone quite hot, cover with a damp cloth, lay it on the velvet with the right side up, and brush lightly and quickly with a clothes-brush until the surface is as smooth and velvet as when new. As the damp cloth over the stone becomes dry, it must be wet again as it is the steam with the brushing, which lifts up the tiny threads and restores the beauty of the velvet.

A FEW GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Apple Salad.—Use tart green apples cut into dice; cut one fourth as much celery into squares. Mix all carefully and pour over it mayonnaise dressing.
Fried Potatoes.—These two ways are excellent: Slice them the long way, dip into egg and then into bread crumbs, and fry in deep lard. Or chop cold boiled potatoes, season well with salt and pepper, put into a skillet, with very hot fat and cover. Stir frequently, then let a brown crust form on the bottom, lift this and stir again. Put in a cupful of milk, cover tightly until the milk is hot, then serve immediately.
Veal Loaf, With Tomato Sauce.—One pound of veal, chopped fine, three Boston crackers rolled fine and sifted salt and pepper, one egg well beaten. Work until thoroughly mixed, form into a loaf with the hands, butter a tin, place the loaf in it, rub a little butter on top, pour over this a cupful of tomato catsup. Bake one hour, basting often. Serve cold with water-cresses.
Scrappe.—Take the amount of meat you wish to use, two pounds of beef and one and one half pounds of fresh pork. Cook in plenty of water, till tender, remove the meat, stir corn-meal into the liquor as you would make mush. Cook until done. Chop the meat very fine; season with salt, pepper and a little sage; stir this into the mush, and turn out into dishes to cool. Fry as you do mush for breakfast. In cold weather this will keep for a week or more. Watch it that it does not mold.
A Delicious Chocolate Pie.—Line two deep pie-pans with a rich short crust, prick with a fork to prevent blistering, and bake a delicate brown. When cold, fill with the following: Four eggs, one-half pint of sugar, two ounces of good chocolate grated, one quart of milk, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the yolks well with the sugar, less two tablespoonfuls, and the chocolate, less one heaping tablespoonful, then the milk, heated to boiling, and boil in a double boiler until it thickens. When cold, flavor and fill in the pies. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and gradually add the two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of chocolate. Spread on top of pies and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. Serve cold.

VENTILATING SLEEPING ROOMS.

It is of the utmost importance to have the air of sleeping rooms fresh and pure during the night. The morning airing is not sufficient, for before night the air will have become close and impure. As soon as cold weather approaches many people are afraid to open doors and windows, and consequently they become pale and sick, and so susceptible to cold that they sneeze and cough all winter. It is not necessary to throw open the entire house to the cold air, but by taking one room at a time the entire place may gradually be filled with oxygen.
Some people have become accustomed to sleeping with the windows open all the year. By lifting the window a trifle from the bottom and as much from the top and placing a board in front of each opening proper ventilation may be secured. This board should be placed an inch or more from the window, so that direct drafts are avoided and still leave room for the air to enter. Impure air will flow out at the top and pure air will come in at the bottom of the window, thus creating constantly a current and keeping the air sweet and pure. It is an excellent plan to open the windows of a sleeping room wide for a few minutes before retiring for the night. The room will then be flooded with pure air for night consumption, and bring restful and healthful sleep.
One of the very worst practices is that of keeping a lamp burning during the night, especially in a sleeping room. Burning oil consumes a good quantity of the best properties of the air in a room, and if the lamps are poor they actually poison it. Many mothers have given their children the habit of not going to sleep without a light in their rooms. Certainly sleep does not come the sooner with a strong light glaring directly in the eyes. Besides being a foolish custom, it is dangerous. If a light is absolutely necessary, the lamp should be well made, the best oil used and the light turned high. A low-burning light produces a most disagreeable smell, besides poisoning the air.
Of course it is essential to have pure air throughout the entire house constantly. One thing is of absolute importance, and that is, the cellar should be kept scrupulously clean and free from foul odors or shells. Where it is used for storage, great care is necessary that no decaying fruit or vegetables are permitted to lie about. Dampness is so dangerous that no one should live a day over such a cellar.

THE OLDEST TREES.

Some of the oldest trees in the world are to be found in Great Britain. The tree called William the Conqueror's oak, in Windsor Park, is supposed to be 1,200 years old. The famous Bently and Winfarthing oaks are at least two centuries older.