Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER VI.-(Cont'd.). As he shouldered the portmanteau, Decima cried out warningly: "Take care, Bobby! Reep that small box right side up, because there's a guin- Decima stared and laughed, as a ea-pig and some white mice in it. I've excellent joke. only brought this portmanteau with me, Pardon. I forgot that you had been

did you say, your royal highness?"

small thing held all my clothes? Oh, Bobby kicked open the door of a dainty

room! Bobby, I must kiss you!" -He threw himself into fighting attitude. unprotected, but I will defend myself to to youham to change for what he calls his dress-He unfastened her portmanteau for her, from their traveling-box, and set their you.

tume for her soft, dove colored evening stand, she said. "I am interested-I frock, she found it hard to realize that want to quite understand."

went down-stairs to the drawing-room, a pretty room enough, but with old-faand carpet. Bobby was standing by the looking rather handsomer even than be-

'Poor girl!" he remarked, as his eyes wandered over her with the keen and and down, he would face her and gaze calmly critical eye of a brother. "Al. at her absently, and Decima would nod nor, for the simple reason that he never ette with philosophical calm. comes down until he hears us go in. He considers time spent before dinner in the Mr. Deane, "you may see the potentialidrawing-room time wasted. As you are ties of vast riches. There are inventions, a nice girl, and rather prettily dressed ideas here which will produce-when they than otherwise, you may take my arm, are perfected and put on the marketthis occasion being your first visit." He offered his arm with mock condescension, of money. For myself, I have no desire he do?

dinner and indifferent waiting, but she was not prepared for the actual badness. Bobby led her to the head of the table, and seated himself on her left. "The tureen before you," he said in an undertone, "contains what cook, with a mistaken optimism, calls soup. I call it warm size; but may difference of opinion never alter friendship. Take care when Sarah Jane raises the soup-plate, that she does not empty it in your lap. should be jealous if she did, because generally get it in mine. Here is the governor; you are requested not to smile." Filial respect, notwithstanding, Decima really found it hard to obey Bobby's injunction, for Mr. Deane, in a dress-coat of a fashion of twenty years ago, with a corkscrew trousers shining at the knees, with a shirt-front minus a stud, and a necktie under one ear, was a spectacle at which the most dutiful of daughters might pardonably have laughed. "Ah-afraid I am late!" he said; his never-varied formula. "Soup! Did you say soup? Yes, please. Decima, you will be glad to hear that the model was un-

vention, for which I have just taken a patent. A portable electric force. Its prin-Sherry? Did you say sherry? Yes, yes; certainly. And so you left Lady Pauline well, Decima? Wonderful woman! Charming, but singularly deficient in intelligence. I remember the last time we met: I endeavored to explain to her my invention for opening bridges by

candle power-quite a simple thing. It was done in this way-"Fish, sir?" cut in Sarah Jane. "Fish? Did you say fish? What is it?" "Cod, sir," said Sarah Jane. ing with simulated surprise at the overboiled mass. "How strange! I thought

much," said Decima, timidly. "Surely not! Not a little," said Bobby, with admirable gravity, "but don't be Decima laughed. alarmed, my dear Decima. You will find not tempted to overeat ourselves. Yes, will trouble you for a piece not actually blue. Decima, my dear, I should advice you to wait for the pudding. Sometimesmind, I do not make an actual promise, so do not buoy yourself up with hope too much-but sometimes cook makes a decent pudding. Let us hope she has done

The pudding happened to be rice, and eatable, so that Decima, who only eat to live, was perfectly satisfied so far as she But that meal was a significant one. She could understand why she was sent for; and the contrast between the daintily cooked, well-served meals at Aunt Paul-

ine's filled her with pity for the two men scated beside her. She felt guilty of selfshness all the ten years she had been lapped in luxury and cradled in ease." You have now seen a specimen of our culinary skill, Decima," said Bobby, when Sarah Jane had left the room. "I will not ask you what you think of it, because, being only a mere girl, to whom They stopped, and Decima saw a large

"Do do!" said Bobby, with cheerful to die lingeringly, as we are doing, at ernor's card-I got some printed for him .

"No, father," said Bobby, brightly; Deanes are poor, and men of Mershon's "certainly not. It was a charming meal class estimate you by the size of your for a pack of hounds! But we will not domicile and the length of your purse." pursue the painful subject. At this period, my dear Decima, we smoke. Father "But what can it matter to them how consumes tobacco out of a black meers small your house is, or how poor you chaum, which I now produce no said are, if you are nice, Bobby?"
the pipe and tobacco-jar beside Mr. "I give it up. Now, we'll just turn Deane and I inhale the mild and fra- down here, and I'll show you a place grant hay which the local tobaccorist better worth looking at." calls 'genuine Turkisk.' You may retire to the drawing-room if you like; but if you can stand the smoke, we should infinitely prefer you to remain. Try it, at any rate. If you feel approaching symptoms of suffocation, you can call out, and I will carry you into the fresh air."

better worth looking at."

He led her down a narrow lane, and suddenly they came upon the entrance to an avenue guarded by a pair of old iron gates stained green by age. A lodge of red brick, covered with ivy, stood just inside the gate, and its red curtains glowed in quaint harmony with the moon-



"I'd rather stay, and I'm sure I shall "Perhaps you smoke yourself?" said Bobby, blandly.

the imperials are coming on by the lug- brought up by a lady who combines the simplicity of the Quaker with the philos-"The what?" said Bobby. "The what, ophy of a Platonist. I want you to tell me all about your past life, Decima." But this was evidently not the oppor-You silly boy, you didn't think that tunity; for, having lighted his pipe, Mr. Deane arose and began to pace the room, what a pretty room!" she broke off, as his eyebrows working, his tips moving as if he were communing with himself. Bobby touched Decima's foot with his

talked of sending for you. Like the pate told you of my last great discovery. It talks of the broad terrace which was apwill perceive that it is pure white to is the biggest thing I have done by far proached by a wide flight of marble steps, in future." match your virginal innocence-in other the biggest. You are aware that the and shone like newly fallen snow in the principal obstacles in the way of pro- moonlight. gress of electricity is the difficulty of "How's that?" asked Bobby. packing its force in a portable form. My Decima could scarcely respond for invention removes that obstacle. By a moment, then she said:

"Beware, bold maid! I am young and simple contrivance which I will explain the last gasp. Keep off! Now Ill give | He stopped in front of her, his eyes son's poem. You know, Bobby?" you three quarters of an hour, while I gazing over her head into vacancy, his "Sorry; Tennyson's poems don't come execute my nightly task of luring the hand ruffling his long, straggling hair, in the examination papers. But it is governor out of his den, and persuading his face rapt with the crank's enthus. pretty. iasm and absorption, and poured out a "Pretty!" exclaimed Decima, reproach-mass of words and technical terms. "It isn't pretty, Bobby, dear; it is mass of words and technical terms.

while I dress, please," said Decima), then with her bewilderment, rose and took his are, too! Who lives there?" As Decima changed her traveling cos- Yes, father; try and make me under-

she was not asleep and dreaming. The "You shall you shall! My dear Dechange in her life was so sharp and sud- cima, it is quite evident you have inherden, and she wondered if she should ited the brain-force, the mental recep- place called, Bobby?" tiveness of your father; your mother's really be of any use to her father and face, perhaps; but my-my- Mind the Presently she heard a gong, and she step!" he broke off, as he himself stum- it. "And whom does it belong to? Not bled over it. He led them into the workshop and was his name?"

shioned furniture and habby curtains waved his long hand toward the extraordinary collection of models, machinery, window in a well-fitting evening suit, and and instruments, and began a kind of rhapsody, scarcely one word of which De. a man named Gaunt-Lord Gaunt." Every now and then, in his pacing up

ways keep time at meals. Punctuality and smile gently and encouragingly, and is the sole, not to say the turbet, of best, then glance pityingly at Bobby, who was ness. No, we do not wait for the gover- seated on the beach smoking his eigar-"In this room, my dear Decima," said and not living in it!" hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions to be rich, but I think of my children.

> them wealth and the means of enjoyment. Yes, this room is a veritable Golconda. This last model, for instance-He took up the extraordinary looking thing, and attempted to set it going; but there was something wrong with it, and in a moment he grew absorbed in the endeavor to put it straight, and entirely forgot the presence of his children. Bobby slid off the bench and took De-

Decima sighed, as she went out slowly, and looking back wistfully at her father. "Oh, what a lovely night!" she exclaimed, as they passed over the moonbeams which streamed through the passage window on to the well-worn oilcloth. Can we not go out, Bobby, just for a

"We can, certainly, and for several little whiles, for we sha'n't be missed. Wait He brought her a Tam O'Shanter of and into the road.

terest and admiration. Stretton Wold is fellow. a fine district, and the road from The Woodbines runs through lines of stately brightly. The air was fragrant with the glory of the mite. -Sir Thos. gether with the beauty of the scene, it Browne produced a strange effect upon her. It was as if she were walking in fairy-land, She slipped her arm through Bobby's fill the world with fools.-Herbert and sighed. Bobby, I'm glad I've come. You won't Spencer.

think me heartless and-unnatural, if I Be not curious in unnecessary "Is it indeed?" remarked Bobby, star- | say that I didn't like coming. You see, love and who loves me." it was white worsted antimacassar. None for me, thank you, Decima. I am too young to die."

"That's all right," said Bobby. "But now you are here, your filial and sisterly Ecclesiasticus. affection has started going like, or, rather, Without hope it is impossible to

half a dozen beasts who ask questions." And you work hard?"

These silvered locks, whitened before just. - Pascal. their time, can testify-' "Oh, what place is this?" broke in the right of the road, with staring white heart is no island cut off from other pillars and bronze-painted gates of the

Bobby glanced at it disparagingly. "That is the entrance to The Firs," he said. "It's a new place, built by a new man. His name is Theodore Mershon, and he is something in the city. 'Something in the city appears to pay. He is supposed to be worth piles of money, and bread palace. You will see the house di- whether they can or not. rectly. It is a large place, built of white stone stone brought all the way from Aberdeen and is as gorgeous inside as -

"Do you know him?" Decima asked.

"Was there anything wrong with the Theodore Mershon was not particularly dinner?" asked Mr. Deane, gazing at them friendly. You see, The Woodbines is a

> How pretty!" said Decima. "Wait a moment," said Bobby. "Thie a little lower down, and I can take you suffering? up the avenue until you can see the house suffering itself. Here you are.' He opened a small wooden gate in the old wall, and they made their way over a weed-grown path to the avenue. They walked for some distance between the digest any reasonable meals, and will lines of pines which stood like gaunt soon restore it to such perfect con-

CHAPTER VII. Decima stopped short and uttered an exclamation of delight.

It was one of those places which Meadows and Marcus Stone love to paint. An old, far-stretching, house of red brick almost black with age, and draped with ivy and clematis. Its redness was relieved

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"Oh, it is lovely, lovely! It is like a picture. It is like the house in Tenny-

"But," he broke off at last, "come with magnificent! But how still it is! And liberated the guinea-pig and white mice me to the laboratory, and I will show there are no lights in the windows; see, they are all dark. And there is no smoke cages on a table ("Where I can see them | Decima, with a woman's pity, mingled from the chimneys. What chimneys they "No one," replied Bobby. down. Here's a seat." Decima sat down on a rustic bench under a fir, and leaning her chin in her hand, gazed at the horse.

> "Leafmore," he said. "What a pretty name!" She repeated a city man, like Mr.-of The Firs-what "Not much!" said Bobby, tilting his hat so that he could lean against the red trunk of the giant fir. "This belongs to "What a singular name," said Decima, dreamily, her eyes fixed on the house, Yes; and he is a singular character."

than this. He is enormously rich and very eccentric."

been here for years.

for you to be rich. It is for his children that a father toils, and it is sufficient reward for him to know that he has given the was! He's a kind of Wand.

The was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with the was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with the was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with the was busy with. The King quart of ripe berries and strew that he was busy with the was b Decima looked at him innocently.

'He is a bad man, do you mean?"

Bobby stared at the end of his cigarthe man who lost-or won-I forget which, fifty thousand pounds to, or of, Prince ingly despatched to him. chance, Bobby?" Bobby laughed.

(To be continued.) Pearls of Truth.

here, and I will get you something to ston of superiority; envy our un- do?" he enquired of the courtier easiness under it.—Shenstone. his own and her cape, and they went out In character, in manners, in she got a pain anywhere?"

through the old-fashioned little garden style, in all things, true supreme Decima looked round her with keen in excellence is simplicity. - Long-Be charitable before wealth fire, through which the moon was shining makes thee covetous and lose not

The ultimate result of sheltering and was herself as unreal as the place. men from the effects of folly is to

it was leaving Aunt Pauline, whom I matters-for more things are shown unto thee than men understand .-

"I I'm afraid it is done a little too find that duty is its own reward. Good pray; but hope makes our prayers reasonable, passionate and religi-

"Oh, but you are sure to pass; you are that does not serve to discover so clever. I know you are clever, Bobby." "Do you, really? Now, I wonder who truth it at least serves to regulate our lives, and there is nothing more

ous to strangers it shows he is a They had come to a brand-new wall on citizen of the world and that his lands, but a continent that joins to

prosperity there are a hundred who to 4,000 negroes. Contrary to the The Firs is a kind of palace-a ginger never have a chance to find out accepted superstition, there were

of Irish Life," tells of a peasant squire of £2,000 a year would not the privilege of expressing yourself in house glaring whitely in the moonlight. Who said to a gentleman: "My have remodelled and added to at swear words is very properly denied, you "It is very ugly," she said. "What is poor father died last night, your Decima. "The worst of it is that I-I don't know anything about cooking, and I could not tell any one how to things. I will get a cookery-book."

Mr. Mershon like?"

"Oh, plain little chap. Rather dark, and like a city man. Sharp eyes that look away from you when he speaks, as thinking to know what he what doctor attended him?" "Ah! life, and quite innocence of half the my poor father wouldn't have a requirements and superfluities of resignation. "It would be better to expire of one meal from your hands than to die lingeringly, as we are doing at that great honor. I called with the gov. to die a natural death."

"Do you know him?" Decima asked.

"Well, yes," said Bobby: "I can claim that great honor. I called with the gov. to die a natural death."



Are you one of those to whom

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets sentinels on either hand, and then, at a bend, the house came suddenly in sight. dition that you'll never feel that you bend, the house came suddenly in sight. have a stomach. Take one after each meal. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada,

Power Behind Throne.

The new power behind the British throne is Lord Stamfordham, "Stammie," as he is usually known about the court. He has just taken over the duties of principal private secretary to King George. He is a strong man, and the Royal correspondence may now be expected to have an amount of backbone that may even make William Jennings Bryan envious.

He is probably the only member of the Royal household who has ever administered a rebuke to one of his Majesty's children. Little Prince Henry was once sent to him at Buckingham Palace with a message from the King. Boylike, he rushed into the room, delivered his message, and, turning to leave, knocked a pile of papers off Lordship's table. "Now, pick all those up," said Lord Stamfordedly off-hand way. "I had it fresh pap-ered and painted directly the governor Mr. Deane began.

Convince soft," he said. And presently and copings, and still further by the white marble lions which, at intervals, deliver your message to me proper. In addition to being his Majesty's

closest friend and confidential ad-



Lord Stamfordham.

courts recently, when a portly lady there. approached the presence and began to make some rather curious movements in her effort to appear dignified before the King and Queen. Jealousy is the fear of apprehen- "What's the old lady trying to next to him, "cake walk, or has,

> SLAVERY IN OLD VIRGINIA. Most People Owned Few and Life Was Very Simple.

All light literature and most history books convey an impression, 'Blackwoods.' that the slaveowners of the southern States, like and serve with whipped cream. those of the West Indies, were a small caste owning swarms of tom glass dish with slices of sponge slaves. Now there were 50,000 in Virginia, and one-half of them owned less than five apiece, say, upwards, and 100 negroes of all berries which have been crushed one family. Only 114 had 100 and

We must know ourselves, and if turally so, or worked out to a ster- full, then pour over all a custard ility inconceivable to those who made by cooking together the yolks have never tested it. As security, of three eggs, two tablespoons of slaves were always taken in pre-ference to land, being readily sale-should be ice cold before it is pourable in the cotton States. Very ed over the berries. It is better If a man be gracious and courte- few people indeed had an estate to make it early in the morning or worth over £10,000 freehold, the

value, that is to say, of an outlying 400-acre farm at that time on an average English estate, and the equivalent of the annual income of scores of West India families, For one man who can't stand which sometimes owned from 2,000 no large houses in Virginia. There were not six in the State

Le Fanu, in his "Seventy Years that if dropped down in England a that made the charm of Virginia and of its people.

Sounds Delightful, Lillie May, the colored servant

girl, came to her mistress wearing her most expansive smile. "I would like a week's vacation, Miss Annie," she said in her soft negro accent. "I wants to be married." Lillie had been a good girl, so her mistress gave her the week's vacation, a white dress, a veil, and a plum cake. Promptly at the end of the week Lillie returned, radiant. "Oh, Miss Annie," she exclaimed, "I was the mos' lovely bride. Ma dress was perfec', ma veil mos' lovely, the cake mos' good, an', oh, the dancing an' the eating." "Well, Lillie, that sounds delightful,' said her mistress; "but you have left out the point of your story. I hope you have a good husband. Lillie's tone changed to indignation. "Now, Miss Annie, what you think? The good-fur-noding nigger nebber turn up!"

"Have you hot water in your house?" "Have I? My dear boy, I am never out of it."

Strawberries in Many Styles. Strawberry Shortcake, I.-Chop

a tablespoon of butter into a pint of flour with which you have sifted a teaspoon of baking powder and a half teaspoon of salt. When the shortening is well mixed moisten with enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll or shape with the hands into a round loaf and put to bake in a steady oven. When done split it open, cutting only the edge and then tearing the rest of it apart and put between the two thicknesses a quart of berries which you have mashed and sprinkled thickly with sugar. Leave enough

Cream a cup of sugar and two you prefer a simpler dish, omit the can be removed by a solution of tablespoons of butter and stir into custard and cover the cake and lukewarm water and the yolk of them three eggs, beaten light, and fruit with whipped cream. half a cup of rich milk. Beat well, Strawberry Tarts.-Line patty ers in jelly cake tins. When cold tablespoons of sugar, and a pint take the cakes from the tins and of milk; cook together until smooth Ugly cracks and splits in furnispread halved strawberries be- and thick, and when cold pour into ture can sometimes be filled with ween the bottom and second and the pastry shells. Lay in enough beeswax, so that they will hardly the second and third layers, reserv- ripe berries to fill the shapes- show. ing enough whole berries to arrange there should be only enough cus- Fasten stockings together in on top. Heap whipped cream over tard to make them about half full pairs by means of coarse thread beall and pass cream with the cake. -whip the whites of the eggs stiff fore sending them to the

the juice from them, sweeted to the oven, and eat ice cold. taste, and mix with it a pint of rich cream. Whip light the whites viser, Lord Stamfordham enjoys of four eggs with as many table-"No; I've never seen him. He hasn't the support of the Queen to an ex- spoons of powdered sugar, beat the Chloride of lime in a weak solu- make excellent breakfast from "Oh, how strange!" said Decima. "Think tent that is only shared by Sir Wil- crushed berries into this, adding tion will take out peach stains. But I think he has several other ago the King proposed to deal with cream and juice into a glass dish mon. han this. He is energoned vish and important communication so and heap the berries on top of this. Pure alcohol is an excellent thing Turkish towel and press the lace soon as it was received. While he If you wish you can line the bottom to clean black Spanish or Chantilly smoothly on the wrong side. "How eccentrie?" she asked. "What does was penning his reply the Queen of the dish with split lady fingers. lace.

"Well, don't know quite. He's a great entered his room and asked him Strawberry Charlotte.—Mash a Washing a fountain pen every best tonic any person of poor dispression for one will be the strawberry charlotte.—Mash a Washing a fountain pen every best tonic any person of poor dispression for one will be the strawberry charlotte.—Mash a washing a fountain pen every best tonic any person of poor dispression for one will be the strawberry charlotte.—Mash a washing a fountain pen every best tonic any person of poor dispression for one will be the strawberry charlotte.—It is a great washing a fountain pen every best tonic any person of poor dispression for one will be the strawberry charlotte.—It is a great washing a fountain pen every best tonic any person of poor dispression for the strawberry charlotte. And and he doesn't bear the best of "Has Stamfordham seen this?" through a vegetable press. Whip lemon juice is better than mixed while thoroughly cleaned an dipasked her Majesty. When she was the whites of four eggs to a stiff with vinegar. told that he had not, she suggested froth and then beat in by degrees The secret of boiling rice is to Moths lay their eggs from May Yes: I fancy so. He gambles. He is did, and the document was accord- the sieve. Cut sponge cake into at the start. thin slices, line a glass dish with Cultivate the throwing-away hab- ments during that time. Walden, the czar's brother, you know?" He possesses a rather grim humor this, heap the whipped berries on it. Your garret will benefit, also To make a candle burn low, put "But-but- of course it is wicked to of his own. He was standing close arrange rine herries on it here and Grimy feat

Strawberry Jelly .- Soak a pack- shaken until dry. stantaneous gelatin, in which case making them up. with a cup of granulated sugar If woollens are wrapped in news- them fresh and clean. gelatin in a pint of boiling water, moths will not disturb them. a coarse cloth. Set aside to get a hot oven and serve at once. cold. When this stage is reached, A saving of 11-2 to 2 cents may roast for dinner the day you iron. whip the whites of five eggs to a be had by purchasing canned goods The meat can cook over the ironstiff froth and beat the partially by the case or two dozen. on the ice until thoroughly chilled, smoothness in the custard.

Strawberry Trifle.—Line the botcake or with split lady fingers. Moisten with a little strawberry juice mixed with as much cream. Cover the layer of cake with one of med, my dear Decima. You will find took will strike the balance by sendup the joint raw. Ah, I thought he replied, promptly.

"And you're going to be a soldier?"
And you're going to be a so "Yes, when I am up for an examination," By examining the tongue of a ages represented at the most £10,- not masked to a pulp. Over the

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decorate, if you wish, with a few edy Strawberry Shortcake, II. - whole berries, and serve. Should The most obstinate coffee stains

put in a cup of flour, which has pans with a good puff paste and been sifted, with a teaspoon of bak- bake. Prepare a good boiled cusing powder, and bake in three lay- tard of the yolks of three eggs, two Strawberry Float .- Crush two with a little powdered sugar, heap! quarts of ripe strawberries, drain on the berries, brown lightly in

Worth Knowing.

of having such a levely place as this, liam Carrington, the keeper of his a little more sugar if the berries When cooking figs, add half a hands with parsley or celery if you of not living in it!"

Yes, it sounds odd and strange, doesn't Majesty's Privy Purse. Not long are unusually tart. Pour the lemon and a small stick of cinna- would counteract the onion odor.

ering Jew. Here, there, and everywhere, explained the purport of his reply. for ten minutes and then put Grated horseradish mixed with from a carpet sweeper once in a

that it would be advisable if he the berries you pressed through put it into plenty of boiling water to September; therefore, care

gamble; but they both stood the same to the Royal circle at one of the arrange ripe berries on it here and Grimy feathers can be given an flame. It will give a soft, steady chance, Bobby?" alcohol bath, after which they are light and will burn all night, age of gelatin in a cup of cold water Always shrink and set the color made with a small quantity of boil-

for an hour, unless you use the in- fabric of children's dresses before ed rice left over. Such rice is ala shorter time is required. Crush | Linens should always be soaked | Sun your mattresses as often as two cups of ripe berries and set a long time before washing. Stains you can. Put them out on the perch them aside for a guarter of an hour will come out much better. roof in the hot sun. This will keep

stirred into them. Dissolve the papers before being put away, Lower the temperature of an oven add the sugar and mashed berries, When using melted cheese on been in 20 minutes and the succes and strain through a fine sieve or sandwiches remember to melt it in will be retained

formed jelly into it, a little at a It is best to scald the milk before If a coat of thin white paint is writes Mr. A. G. Bradley in time. Turn into a mold, let it stand making a custard. This ensures put on the ordinary wire screen,

Eat this warm with cream and even the day before. Whip the with water and washed with a so. sugar. If you choose you can add whites left from the custard to a lution of baking soda and water. to the looks and the deliciousness stiff froth with a little powdered For white spots on the nails, a of the dish by putting whipped sugar, heap this over the dish after solution of turpentine and murch cream around the cake and on top the custard has been poured in, in equal parts is an excellent rem.

A spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water will set almost any colored fabric, if soaked in it before

Pecan nut meats, chopped and brown bread, make delicious sand-

Apples, cored and filled with chopped dates or figs, then baked, After peeling onlons, rub the When ironing lace, lay in on a

Pineapple juice is said to be the The brush should be removed

ped in boiling water. should be taken of all woollen gar-

salt around the wick, under the Excellent griddle cakes can be

ways good for croquettes.

considerably after the roast les

ing fire, thereby saving coal.

those inside may look out, but out-Acid burns should be drenched siders cannot see into the room.





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ing this s truly inte them has Builders ful men. wieep foun very endi tumble de nuisance.

The Wa

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There of defence

points an

they Go

ANCIENT

mony.

feet is too # as his door

The man v