WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY TRY

"SALADA"

Iced Tea with a slice of lemon in it. It will refresh you wonderfully and besides it's invigorating and absolutely pure.

Allow the tea to steep for five minutes and then pour off into another vessel to cool gradually. Never use artificial means of cooling until ready to serve; then add sugar, ice and lemon.

Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd).

"Oh, Miss Deane, good-morning! How do you do?" he said in cheery accents, and mopping his brow as he raised his hat. "I am very glad to see you. Hot, isn't it? But I've been rushing about—fearfully busy. Never had a more delightful morning's work, though, never! Are you going this way, and may I come with you for a minute or two? Thank you, thank you! The fact is, I wanted to tell you—one moment. Hi, Robins!" He called to a man, who lumbered across the street to him. "Robins, come up to the Hall. I want you for some work at once. In half an hour, you understand; and bring two or three other men with you. Yes, I'm awfully busy," he went on to Decima. "Lord Gaunt's sudden return has brought a rush of work upon me—quite a rush. There's such a tremendous lot to do, and in such a short time. He talks of coming down at the end of the week, and not only talks of it, but means it. I'm to get as much of the Hall put straight in the time as I can, and the remainder afterward. Been engaging servants all the morning, and wiring up to London for those I can't get here, and other things. The workmen will set to work to-day, or to-morrow at latest. Lord Gaunt has given me carte blanche." He laughed with satisfaction, and mopped his forehead again. "It was, 'Do what you like, but don't bother me with more than you can help.' Just like him. A strange man you'll think him, Miss Deane, but with all his abruptness and eccentricity, one of the best-hearted men in the world." He sighed and was silent for a moment. "There's to be rather a large establishment. The horses are coming down at once. I'm sure I don't know how I shall get the stables ready. And, oh, Miss Deane—I—really—scarcely like to say it, for I'm afraid you'll think it presumptuous of his lordship—well, scarcely presumptuous, but—but strange."

"What is it, Mr. Bright?" asked Decima, smiling at his hesitation and nervousness.

"Well," he said, still reluctantly, "the fact is, that whenever I consulted Lord Gaunt about the house—I mean the things he would like to have done—he said, 'Ask Miss Deane; she promised to help you; I didn't.'"

Decima colored.

"I? Oh, but—"

Mr. Bright put his hand upon her arm with timid earnestness.

"I was afraid you would think it strange. But you wouldn't feel offended if you knew Lord Gaunt as well as I do. It's his way to take things seriously. And you promised, you know, you promised!"

"Did I?" said Decima, with a faintly troubled look in her eyes.

"Yes, indeed you did. And—and see here, my dear young lady," he went on, earnestly and yet deprecatingly, "I feel sure you will understand me, and won't think me presumptuous when I remind you that—that you have a great responsibility in this business—I mean Lord Gaunt's return."

"I—I do understand," said Decima, but faintly.

"Well, I scarcely understand it myself," said Mr. Bright, with a puzzled air; "but I can't help thinking that he would not have resolved to stay on—in fact, that he would have been off to Africa—but for something you said. I didn't catch what passed, but that's my impression. And about this promise of yours; you'll admit that—that it's most important that he should be induced to remain, to settle here. Good gracious me, it will be the saving, the making of the place, the people! It will turn this God-forsaken hole into a prosperous village. Just look round you!" He waved his hand in a semi-circle. "See these cottages? There isn't one that doesn't need repairing. Most of 'em ought to come down. They're not fit to live in. They're fever dens. There's no proper water supply; drainage awful; no ventilation. I want a score of new cottages, decent ones, put up. Lord Gaunt will do it if he settles here, and if—if you'll help him."

"If I help him?" No wonder Decima shrunk back and opened her eyes upon him.

"Yes," he said, earnestly. "It's a fancy of his—call it that if you like. But isn't it your duty—yes, I'll go so far as to say your duty—to encourage him, to help me to get what I want? I'm sure you are a good, kind-hearted girl—I beg your pardon. You see how carried away I am, Miss Deane," he broke off, apologetically. "What I mean is that any one of us, any of the county people, his neighbors, any one with any sense of what ought to be—and nothing is as it ought to be here—would do what I ask you to do. You look sweet and charitable and tender-hearted. Just think! Wouldn't you do a little—no, a great deal—to see these people properly housed, to bring prosperity to the village, to find work for the unemployed, to—to—save Lord Gaunt himself?"

Decima turned crimson, then very pale.

"I beg your pardon!" he stammered. "My feelings carried me away. But it's no more than the truth. You will save Lord Gaunt if you will only consent to humor this whim of his. I put it at its least, you see. If you refuse, it's as likely as not that he will get tired, disgusted, with the bother and the fuss, and rush off, and we may not see him or hear of him again for years; and away puff—will vanish all my dreams of raising the village to a decent level, and—and this, I'm shamed to say, is more to me—of seeing Lord Gaunt settled down on his own place, and happy." He mopped his brow and furtively passed his red handkerchief over his eyes.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Decima; and her voice was very still.

Mr. Bright caught eagerly at the assent in her tone.

"Just this," he said. "I've wired to London for a man to come down with patterns for curtains and—and all that kind of thing, and he will be here to-night or to-morrow. Now, I don't understand anything about them, but you—will you see him and tell him what to do? Lord Gaunt relies on you, and I'm sure will like anything you choose."

"But my father—I must ask him," said Decima.

"That's all right," he said quickly. "I'm going up to The Woodbines to see about some repairs—your brother has asked me about them some time ago, but of course I couldn't do anything. Last night, however, Lord Gaunt gave me full permission to do anything and everything. I'll speak to your father. I'll go at once. I shall meet you coming back. Thank you—thank you! You don't know, you can't fully understand, the service you are doing all of us—these poor people—Lord Gaunt himself."

He was off before she could say a word, and she walked on, not a little troubled and uncertain. She could scarcely realize the significance of the thing she had promised. A few days ago she was just Aunt Pauline's "little girl," and now she was responsible for the welfare of a whole village—and the salvation of a man!

She came to the church—the tiny church half choked with ivy—and leaning on the gate, gazed at it. Like the cottages, the whole place, it had a neglected air. The living was small, the vicar an old man and poor. The man who ought to have kept it for God's house had forgotten it. And she could help him to remember it, and induce him to care for it!

She turned back, with bent head, and just outside the village met Mr. Bright.

"I've seen Mr. Deane," he said, with a rather bewildered and puzzled air—most persons came from an interview with Mr. Deane puzzled and bewildered. "An extraordinary man, your father, my dear young lady—extraordinary! Er—er—he says, yes; I'm sure he said that you should do as you pleased. And you will help us, will you not?"

"I will speak to my brother—he must help me," said Decima; and she hurried on. There seemed no escaping this strange responsibility. She realized this more fully the next morning when Mr. Bright came up for her. The man from the famous decorators in London had come down. She went with Bobby, who had a morning off, to the Hall.

"I hope I am doing right, Bobby," she said, as they entered and made their way through a small crowd of workmen, and the mess and lumber which they can so quickly produce.

"Oh, that's all right," said Bobby, carelessly. "You and Bright and this awful swell"—as he caught sight of the gentleman from London—"can work your wild will and squander Lord Gaunt's cash while I smoke a cigarette in the gallery. He must be an awful flat to intrust a woman with the spending of his money, and it will serve him right if you ruin him."

"Bobby, don't tease me, or I shall cry!" she said, smiling rather fitfully.

"Oh, go on! You know you're enjoying yourself!" he retorted.

The gentleman with the patterns got to business at once, and presently Decima found herself surrounded by squares of silks and satins, and tapestry, and little models of decorations. He was kind enough to advise when she was in doubt, and gracious enough to commend her taste.

"Admirable, madame," he said. "You could not have done better. This room will be as perfect as it could be. And now for the library"—he looked round the room with a compassionate air. "Not much comfort here," he said, "if I may say so."

"Lord Gaunt cares nothing for his own comfort," said Bright. "He is used to sleeping under a tent in the desert, or without a tent, for that matter. Better leave the room alone, perhaps."

Decima looked round rather pensively.

"Couldn't there be an easy-chair?" she said, timidly.

"Certainly," said the gentleman, making a rapid note. "I know the kind of thing you'd like. A club-chair; a really easy chair; most of them are uneasy. And some new curtains. This is the kind of thing. Y-es."

So it went on for hours, amidst the clatter of the workmen's hammers and the click of chisels, the tearing of paper, and the clapping of the whitewash brushes.

"But—but will not all this cost a great deal of money?" said Decima.

The gentleman smiled.

"We-ll, rather a large sum, perhaps," he admitted; "but a mere nothing to his lordship; eh, Mr. Bright?"

Mr. Bright nodded cheerfully.

"Money's no object," he said. "Don't be in the least alarmed, Miss Deane."

Decima got away at last and went home. She had a little headache, and felt bewildered and uncertain.

"If Lord Gaunt should be displeased," she said to Bobby, "I should die with—with shame!"

"Not you," he remarked. "Nobody dies of that complaint, especially young women. Now, if it had been I who had had the ineffable cheek to pull a man's house to pieces and spend a fortune in sticking it together again—"

"Oh, Bobby, don't!" and her voice quavered.

"You goose! I'm only chaffing. Lord Gaunt will be no end grateful, and he ought to be; for, from what I saw, I should say you have a good deal of taste—as the man remarked of the bad oyster. Don't you worry, or you'll spoil those eyes of yours, and they're not bad looking—when you're asleep."

CHAPTER XI.

The excitement in the village increased as the days went on and the work at the Hall progressed. Great packing-cases were continually arriving from London; sometimes accompanied by gentlemanly looking men, who exchanged their smart clothes for white blouses when they reached the Hall, which they proceeded to renovate and beautify with a skill and rapidity which, to quote Bobby, "knocked the sawdust out of the Stretton workmen."

One morning Decima, on her way through the village, met a string of horses and carriages in charge of a couple of smart grooms and a stately coachman; and she stood for a moment near the admiring group of villagers who had collected to stare at them.

"Like the old times, miss," said Mr. Cobbet, the builder, with a satisfied jerk of the head toward the long procession, and the hostler at the Gaunt Arms expressed his approval in characteristic fashion.

"Never see a better lot, miss," he remarked, knowingly. "His lordship's a judge of horses, whatever else he be. You'll have to hurry up with them stables, Mr. Cobbet."

The interest and excitement were not confined to the village. The Roborough "Gazette"—Roborough was the nearest market-town—came out with a long paragraph announcing Lord Gaunt's return; and an especial leader in which it rejoiced, in a column and a half, over the fact that "the representative of the oldest and most honored family in the country had decided to take his place amongst us once again, and so set flowing that tide of prosperity which ever flows in the wake of our great nobility. Lord Gaunt's presence," it remarked, "will be welcomed not only by the pretty village in which his ancestral home is set, but by the county at large. May that welcome convey to him how deeply his absence has been deplored, and how fervently it is hoped that he may remain in our midst."

And notwithstanding the weakness of the grammer, the editor expressed very fairly the general sentiment.

It is a misfortune for such a place as Leafmore to be closed, and the county rejoiced in the news of Lord Gaunt's return. Already it was announced that he would be asked to re-establish the pack of hounds which had been put down at his father's death; and the mothers of eligible daughters looked at their girls thoughtfully and speculatively, as they reflected that Lord Gaunt would be the best partí the county had held for some years past; and Leafmore was a very desirable residence, and would need a mistress.

Mr. Bright got Decima down to the Hall nearly every day, and asked her advice upon every change that was being so swiftly wrought there; and Decima was so engrossed that she had quite forgotten the dinner-party at The Firs until, on the Tuesday morning, Bobby remarked:

"I wonder whether the governor means going with us to-night? If so, I shall have to order a fly; otherwise we could walk."

"Oh, I had forgotten it," said Decima. "I'll ask him;" and she ran into the laboratory.

Mr. Deane gazed at her with an absent air.

"Dinner—Fire—Mr. Mershon? Ah, yes—yes. Yes, I remember. Of course, of course! I am to show him those drawings of the electric storage. Where are they—where? I put them somewhere for safety—where?"

Bobby "dug him out" at seven, and by a quarter to eight brought him into the hall dressed in his grotesque evening-suit. His neck-tie, notwithstanding Bobby's care, had already worked under the left ear, and he had ruined his shirt-front irretrievably by clutching the roll of drawings against it. Bobby glanced up at Decima despairingly as she came down the stairs.

"Look sharp," he said in a tone scarcely lowered, for Mr. Deane never heard any remark unless it was addressed directly to him, and not always them, "or he'll reduce himself to the likeness of a rag-bag before we get him there. I say, what a swell you are!" he added, taking her by the shoulders and regarding her with reluctant fraternal admiration.

And, indeed, she looked like a dainty flower in the dimly lighted hall. She wore one of the dinner-dresses Lady Pauline had had made for the visit to London; a soft gray, as usual, but fitting the slim, graceful figure exquisitely. It was open a very little at the neck, and it had an air of soft splendor which struck even Bobby.

"Kindly mention to the admiring crowds, as we go along, that you are my sister, will you?" he remarked. "I feel rather proud of you."

She put her arm round his neck; but he dodged her with:

"Ah, would you! Never, never attempt to cuddle a man when he has got a three-inch collar and a white tie on! You'd ruin them. Come on! Hi, father! where are you going?" for Mr. Deane was shuffling toward his beloved den. "This way; going to dine with Mr. Mershon, you know. Get in and hold him tight, Decie!"

When they reached The Firs, a footman in brilliant—too brilliant—livery opened the door of the fly; another stood in the hall—a handsome hall enough, with palms and statuary; but how different to the hall at Leafmore!—and flinging open the drawing-room door, announced them with a pompous air.

Decima was almost dazzled by the overlighted, overgilt room. Its newness was everywhere—in the decorations, the furniture, the pictures. It "scared one's eyes," as poor William Morris used to say.

Decima was aware presently that a lady was standing in front of her. She was past middle age, with hair streaked with gray, with a thin figure and a pale face, in which timidity, almost fear, was plainly expressed as she glanced from Mr. Mershon to Decima and back again. Mr. Mershon, in too well-fitting an evening dress with the too large diamond stud, came up.

"My half-sister, Mrs. Sherborne," he said. "She has come to run the house for me." As he spoke, he shot a sharp, half-savage glance at her, and with a nervous quaver in her voice, Mrs. Sherborne said:

"I—I am very glad to see you. Will you come upstairs and take your cloak off? I—I will go with you."

Decima followed her up the stairs, dadoed with gold and lined with new and garish pictures, and Mrs. Sherborne helped her off with her cloak, though a maid stood ready to do so.

"You—you did not expect to see a lady here?" said Mrs. Sherborne. "I—I only came a few days ago." She scanned the lovely girlish face covertly, then turned her eyes away, and so reminded Decima of Mr. Mershon. "You know my brother very well, Miss Deane?" she added in a quarter voice, but a restrained one, as if she were trying to master her nervousness. The effort made her tone curiously impassive and expressionless. It was like the voice from behind a mask.

"Oh, no," said Decima. "I have only met Mr. Mershon once or twice."

Mrs. Sherborne smothered a sigh.

"You are very young," she said, as if to herself. Decima looked at her with some surprise, and Mrs. Sherborne colored and bit her lip. "Are you ready? We will go down," she said, quickly and curtly.

Mr. Mershon gave his arm to Decima, and they went into the dining-room. Decima's first impression of the room was that it was like a jeweler's shop. There was the usual oak—modern oak—furniture, from which the huge buffet stood out conspicuously, as it was simply loaded with silver. There were beautiful flowers on the table, but the profusion of plate overweighed, that seemed to crush them—it and the three footmen; and as they moved to and fro, their gaudy liveries oppressed Decima.

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIA LOSING SETTLERS

Remarkable Decline in Immigration From Great Britain.

There has been a remarkable falling off in emigration from Great Britain to the Australian colonies during the present year, according to the steamship companies concerned in this traffic. It is put down to the present high level of wages and the continued trade boom which give men employment in England. Despite this, however, Canada continues to get a very large number of emigrants from England and Scotland, so there are probably other causes for the decrease in the Australian figures.

This loss in traffic has been felt rather seriously by the steamship lines running to the South Seas. Last year there was a tremendous demand for passages to Australia and New Zealand, and to meet this trade the steamship companies increased the accommodations on each vessel and also put on new steamers. To-day the ships are running very light, even on reduced schedules.

CHILD-LIFE IN GERMANY.

Minimum of Clothes and Plenty of Fruit to Eat.

In her book entitled "Scenes and Memories," Walburga Lady Paget has this to say of her early life in Germany:"We ran about without shoes or stockings in the grass; we wore a minimum of clothes; in summer we were plunged into the river, a wide and rushing mountain stream; in winter we had to break the ice in our tubs and our nurses dashed basins of icy water over our backs. I can still feel the thin bits of ice mixed with the water slithering down over me. A fire in our bedrooms was never thought of, and the schoolroom was never more than 9 degrees Reaumur (52 Fahrenheit). I was 14 or 15 before I knew what it was to have something to drink at breakfast, as I did not like milk. Bread, with a little butter, was all I ever had. An egg for a child, if it was not ill, was considered quite absurd. Between meals we were given an abundance of fruit."

High living never qualifies one for the higher life.

"Well, George and Gladys are to be married next week and we'll have to give them a present. What will it be and how much shall we spend?" "I don't know. I'll go as deep as you." "Let's send them something that will make a big show for our money." "All right. How about a load of hay?"

Lord Gladstone,

The Governor-General of South Africa, where the race problem has become acute.

WALKED ON OUR ARMS.

Habit Still Clings, Which Is Why We Swing Them.

If you watch people walk you will note that nearly all of them move their arms. If they walk slowly the movement of their arms is scarcely perceptible; if they walk rapidly their arms generally swing vigorously.

Most people believe this swinging of the arms as they walk is merely a natural swaying motion, caused by the movement of the body just as the tassel of an umbrella will swing when one is walking with it, but this is by no means the reason. The swinging of the arms is natural enough, but the nature of it dates away back to those unknown days when man was a quadruped.

Of course, when man was a four-footed animal he walked with his "arms" as well as his legs, and even to-day after the thousands upon thousands of generations that have passed since he assumed an upright position, every time he takes a step his arm moves a trifle, involuntarily, as though desirous of taking a step in its turn just as it did when a man, then four-footed, pranced up and down the earth.

Many persons can move their ears a trifle, many can move their scalps, and there is an abundance of hair scattered about our arms and legs, now useless, but still the remains of the abundant coating of hair that once kept our anthropoid ancestors warm.

What Is the Answer?

What is that which is invisible yet never out of sight?

The letter S.

Why is a comprehensive action an affectionate one?

Because it embraces everything.

If a boy saw his sister fall why could he not help her?

Because he could not be a brother and assist her (a sister) too.

Why is a fly taller than most men?

Because he stands over six feet.

How is it that summer passes so quietly?

Because there is so often an evening mist.

Why is an umbrella like dried fish?

Because it isn't often seen after lent.

Why do suitcases resemble handcuffs?

Because both are made for tourists (two wrists).

Why are you, when you have a cold on your chest, not a child?

Because you are a little hoarse.

What is the difference between men and women at a tiresome lecture?

Men go to close their eyes; women to eye their clothes.

Why are chickens an economical proposition to the farmer?

Because for every grain they give a peck.

MAKING JOHNNY OBEY.

Modern Child Has Pretty Good Grip on Situation.

"I'd like to prescribe for some mothers that bring their youngsters here," says a physician. "The modern youngster that isn't spoiled is the conspicuous exception.

"For instance — mother brings Johnny in.

"'Johnny,' I say, 'open your mouth and let me see your tongue.'

"'I don't wanna,' says Johnny. Mother sighs and looks helpless.

"'I just can't make him mind,' she tells me.

"'Madame,' says I, 'Would you mind stepping into the next room until I finish with Johnny?'

"Mother hesitates, looks uneasy, then goes. I close the door. Then I plant myself in front of Johnny and eye him.

"'Johnny,' I say again, 'open your mouth.'

"And Johnny, ninety-nine times in a hundred, opens his mouth and doesn't give me a bit of trouble—until his mother comes back into the room.

"Looks to me as if the modern child has a pretty good grip on the situation, and isn't inclined to let go his advantage."

Clever.

"Is he clever?"

"Well, he can hang his own wall paper, and paint his own kitchen floor."

MUSIC WILL HEAL DISEASE

SCIENTISTS CANNOT DENY ITS INFLUENCE.

Doctors Recognize the Action of Harmonics on Minds of Maniacs.

The oldest legends of antiquity tell us what a mysterious power the men of those days sometimes attributed to music. The songs of Orpheus and the sound of his lyre even, it is said, attracted wild beasts, which came crawling up to listen at his feet, vanquished. The all-powerful beauty of the song of this hero even softened the hearts of the pitiless divinities of Hades. M. Nitello, in an article on this subject published in Medicina, recalls how, to the sound of Amphion's lyre, the stones became animated and came to place themselves one upon another to build the City of Thebes.

It is difficult to take these pretty legends literally; it is perhaps more rational to believe Old Homer when he says that when Ulysses had been wounded by a wild boar, music made him forget the pain. That is the first case on record in which a remedy is sought in this art.

The Greeks claimed that Esculapius was a son of Apollo. Though it is no longer possible to believe, in accordance with this legend, that Medicine is the daughter of Music, at least it is permissible to think, says M. Nitello, that they are two sisters, the elder of which sometimes gives aid to the other.

Reacts on Lunacy.

But to leave this distant period and come down to Celsi, it is seen that this doctor recognizes already the action of music on the minds of lunatics. Then this same art is indicated by various authors as a remedy for the most diverse ailments. Galien recommends it for snake bites; Athenea, Theophrastus and Aulu Gele believe in its happy influence on sciatica and gout; Theocritus and Thales see in it a means of contending against pest.

It is especially in the treatment of nervous diseases that music has given the best results. Cases of hysteria and epilepsy seem sometimes to have been cured by concerts. The attack, treated at the start, ceased and subsequently occurred more rarely and ended by not appearing any more.

For a long time past musicotherapy has been employed in a rational manner. It has been used in the treatment of madmen. Esquirel organized concerts at Chareaton, but he was not very well satisfied with the results obtained. In 1840 Leuret, at Bicetre, renewed the same attempt, but also without much success. Since this period attempts have often been made to divert madmen in this way. It would appear that in the treatment of madness music has not given the good results expected. But if the experiment has not been a success it may be because music is felt in a different manner by every human being and the more so must that be the case with those who are diseased.

Must Touch Patient.

The music chosen must touch the patient without, however, the effect being too strong. It is also desirable that it should be "en rapport" with the troubles of which the patient complains. If his circulation is bad, music of a somewhat violent character will have an excellent effect on him. If, on the other hand, he is suffering from a stomach ailment it will increase the pain by causing contractions of the organ which is already painful.

If a convalescent is under treatment and it is desirable to rouse him from a state of torpor, it is necessary to play him a lively march, one of those which are so effective in rousing up soldiers who are tired with marching, giving them new vigor. In this case it is on the locomotor nerves that it is necessary to act, but one must influence first of all the nerves governing the sensibility.

In the case of ailments of the mind, for instance, it is first of all the nerves governing the sensibility that an effort must be made to touch. Music is at once a means of exciting the body, which has become diseased, and a diversion for the mind. To those minds which are no longer conscious of the ordinary life of the world of music can still speak. It seems even as if it could put into the brains of the insane a gleam of life. It ought to be able to gather up from afar ideas which have been lost and bring them back to reason. If music cannot cure, it can sometimes soothe.

Nice Old Lady.

She was a charitable old lady, of a somewhat inquisitive turn of mind, and she was paying a visit to a naval hospital. Presently she came up to the bedside of a poor fellow who was one of the victims of a gun explosion. "My poor fellow," she said, depositing a bunch of grapes within his reach, "Your sensations and sufferings at the time of the accident must have been terrible. Can you—will you describe them to me?" "Well, mum," he said stolidly, "I don't know as I can; but I can tell you I was on deck attending to my duty with the gun, when all of a sudden there was a most infernal row—and then the nurse says, 'Sit up and take this.'"

Some people have a way of saying things to hurt the feelings of others just as if they were getting pay for it.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Green Corn Balls.—Beat a whipped egg, two teaspoons melted butter and one of white sugar and salt into two cups green corn cut from the cob and put with mixture enough our to enable you to handle it and form it into balls. Roll these in raw egg and then in flour and fry in deep fat.

Salmon Bisque.—An attractive and palatable soup is made by adding three pints of milk to two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour. This makes a white sauce. Season it with salt and pepper, and add a can of the best salmon, which has been rubbed through a sieve to free it from bones and bits of skin. Serve with croutons.

Small Peas.—Pour one ounce of butter over one quart of small peas. Add a head of lettuce, an onion, a little parsley, and salt or sugar according to taste. Cover the pan and cook over a moderate fire until the peas are tender. Then remove the onion, parsley, and lettuce. Mix well together the yolks of four eggs, and three teaspoonfuls of cream, and pour the mixture on the peas. Serve immediately.

Scalloped Egg Plant.—Peel off the skin, cut the egg plant into dice and parboil for twenty minutes. Drain well, put into a buttered bake dish with alternate layers of fine crumbs, dotting bits of butter upon each layer, sprinkling with salt and pepper and finely minced green peppers if you can get them. The dish is good even without this addition. When the dish is full moisten the contents with milk or cream, put a layer of crumbs, butter, pepper and salt on top, cover and bake for half an hour, uncover and brown.

Baked Young Onions.—Peel the onions, cook for ten minutes in boiling salted water, drain and place in a buttered pudding dish. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour over them a white sauce made as directed in recipe for creamed carrots. Strew fine crumbs over the top and bake covered for twenty minutes. Uncover and brown and serve in the dish in which onions were cooked.

Custard Onions.—Cook the young onions after peeling them. When tender, lay in a pudding dish, and pour over them a white sauce to which you have added one or two well-beaten eggs. Season with pepper and salt before turning on the onions, and bake until the custard sauce is set.

Savory Onions.—After you have boiled pe[illegible] tender, drain them and pour over them a cupful of good stock and simmer in this for ten minutes. Take out the onions with a split spoon and keep them hot while you thicken the gravy with a tablespoon of browned flour rubbed to a paste with the same amount of butter. Stir until smooth and thick, add a teaspoon kitchen bouquet and one of good catsup, with salt and pepper to taste and pour over the onions.

Scalloped Squash.—Wash and pare two large or three small summer squashes, cut them into pieces about an inch square, put over the fire in a saucepan of boiling water, and cook for twenty-five minutes. Drain in a colander, pressing out all the water, and mash free from lumps. Whip into the squash two beaten eggs, a small cup of milk, and a tablespoon of butter; season with salt and pepper and turn into a greased pudding dish. Strew crumbs, bits of butter, salt and pepper over the top and bake.

Parsnip Croquettes.—Boil one pound of parsnips and press them through a fine sieve, or mash with a fork until they are smooth. Pour one-half of a cupful of boiling milk over one-half of a pound of bread-crumbs; add the parsnip puree, an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of grated cheese, the yolks of two eggs, and a few drops of lemon-juice. Mix the mass thoroughly, and form it into balls. Roll each ball into the whites of the eggs, slightly beaten; then roll it in bread-crumbs, plunge into boiling oil, and fry to a light brown. Drain, and serve on a folded napkin. The croquettes are excellent with gravy and roast pork.

Scalloped Asparagus.—Carefully wash two small bunches of asparagus, and stand them upright in a kettle of water, allowing the tips to be above the water. As the water boils, it steams the soft tips, while the thick stocks are boiled. Drain the asparagus, and cut it into pieces, discarding the toughest portions. To each two cupfuls of asparagus use an equal amount of bread-crumbs, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Butter a baking-dish, and put the bread-crumbs and asparagus in alternate layers, the last layer being one of crumbs. Pour the milk over it, and bake about twenty minutes.

A New Rule For Raspberry Shortcake.—The ordinary raspberry shortcake is inferior to strawberry shortcake principally because raspberries do not give enough juice, even if a great many are used. To overcome this difficulty, make the shortcake in the usual way, and for the filling use a box of raspberries and a box of currants. Put the currants through a sieve with a cup of sugar, and add the juice thus obtained to the raspberries, and another cup of sugar, mashing the berries very slightly. The filling may be used either plain or with a little whipped cream added; cover the top of the cake with whipped cream decorated with raspberries. The flavor of the raspberries is so much stronger than that of the currants that you do not taste the latter at all.

Useful Hints.

Grass stains may be removed by soaking them in alcohol, kerosene or molasses.

Keep a few pieces of charcoal in the refrigerator. They will absorb the odors of food.

If a cloth is dampened with strong tea, it will serve as an excellent cleanser of varnished paint.

A bit of left-over fish, especially salmon or halibut, will make a delicious forcemeat for stuffing peppers or tomatoes.

Silver that had been stained with egg is quickly cleaned by rubbing with damp salt or with a cloth dampened with ammonia.

It is well to wash an embroidered pongee in gasoline. While the water might not injure the pongee, it might the embroidery.

Occasionally iodine stains get on bedding or linen. If the spots are covered with ammonia or alcohol and washed the stain will disappear.

Should grease be spilled on matting apply at once a thin paste of fuller's earth. As soon as it dries, cover with a paper and do not remove for two or three days.

Do not throw away any cheese, no matter how small may be the piece. Grate it or run it through the food chopper and use it for seasoning the French dressing served with a vegetable salad.

A splendid way of washing Chinese crepe is to make a strong lather of boiling water and white soap; when it is nearly cold, wash the crepe quickly and rinse in a strong solution of salt and water. Hang to dry in the open air.

It is well to keep an open box of unslackened lime in the cellar. This will absorb much of the dampness in the cellar and so be a factor in keeping this part of the house sweet and dry. The lime will have to be renewed from time to time.

When putting down new matting, do not cut it to fit corners, but wet it thoroughly with a soft brush or cloth dipped in a pail of hot water, to which add a cupful of salt. When the water has thoroughly soaked the matting becomes as pliable as rubber and can be turned under without breaking, making a neater finish than cutting. When you shift the matting later you find this is very convenient.

Some women have what their friends call "luck" with plants, but, as a matter of fact, it is generally because they treat their plants with some thought and care and study their needs. A woman who is quite famous for the lovely ferns she always has about her home said recently that she took great care of them, because it gave her pleasure to see them flourish and wax strong and vigorous. One little thing she does is rather a new idea to most of us, yet one can see how it would affect the good shape of a fern very much. As each new sprout appears she turns it toward the light until it is well up and begins to bend in the right direction. By the time one is bending properly it is another's turn to be trained in the same way, and the result is a beautiful round plant.

Holy Lake Is Refilling.

A quaint legend attaches to the tract of land about 15 acres in extent which has subsided in Westphalia, Germany. According to the old tale, a convent stood on this wooded heath some centuries ago, and one night this building was suddenly swallowed up in a subsidence, which was followed by the formation of a lake, to which was given the name of the Holy Lake. Gradually the waters dried up and finally disappeared, but even when the lake no longer existed the ground still bore the name of the Holy Lake. Now the lake has reappeared.

"Have you heard from Mabel since her elopement? Do you know if her mother is going to forgive them?" "No, she is not. She is going to live with them."

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