A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

"Are we safe?" she asked faintly. "How did we stop? Who——"

She paused abruptly, and both she and Stafford stared at the two men who were standing confronting each other. Sir Stephen was as white as a ghost, and there was a look of absolute terror in his dark eyes. On the face of the other man was an enigmatical smile, which was more bitter than a sneer.

"You are all right?" said Stafford; "but I am afraid you were very much frightened?"

The girl turned to him.

"You!" she said, recognizing him. "Did you stop them?"

"Yes; it was easy," they had had almost enough," he said.

While they were speaking, the two elder men drew apart as if instinctively.

"You, Falconer?" murmured Sir Stephen, with ashy lips.

"Yes," assented the other, drily; "yes, I am here right enough. Which is it to be—friend or foe?"

Sir Stephen stood gnawing his lip for a moment, then he turned to Stafford.

"Stafford, this—most extraordinary—this is an old friend of mine. Falconer this is my boy, my son Stafford!"

CHAPTER X.

"A very old friend of your father!" said Mr. Falconer, and his keen eyes looked into Stafford's as he put out his hand. Then he turned to Sir Stephen, whose face had resumed its usual serenity, and was fixed in the smile appropriate to the occasion. "Mr. Stafford Orme and I have met before to-day——"

Sir Stephen shot an inquiring glance from one to the other.

"At the inn at the other side of the Lake. My daughter, Maude, and I have been resting there for a few hours. Maude," he said to that young lady, who was standing looking on at the group generally, but more particularly, under her lids, at Stafford; "this is a very strange meeting between old friends. Sir Stephen Orme and I haven't met for—how long ago is it, Orme?"

Sir Stephen shook his head, and raised his thick, dark brows.

"Too long for us to go back—especially in the presence of these young people, whom we are always trying to persuade that we are not old. I am delighted to see you, my dear young lady, and I am devoured by curiosity to know how it is that you are here."

"Well, we owe it to your son, Mr. Orme here, I should imagine, Sir Stephen," she replied. She had fully recovered her self-possession, and her manner and voice had all the tone of pride and indolence which Stafford had noticed when he met her at the inn. "If he had not stopped the horses, I suppose we should have either been killed or on the way to the nearest hospital. By the way, have you thanked Mr. Orme yet, father?"

"Not yet; and I shall find it difficult to do so," said Mr. Falconer. "Thanks are poor return for one's life, Mr. Orme. I hope you were not hurt." He glanced at Stafford's dress-clothes, which were covered with dust on one side, and displaced a rent in the sleeve of the coat."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," returned Stafford, with all an Englishman's dread of a fuss. "They stopped short the moment I got hold of them, and I only slipped and got up directly.

"You are not hurt, then, Stafford?" said Sir Stephen. "As I came up I thought, was afraid, that you were smashed up—and I daresay I showed my fear; it's my only boy, Falconer."

He looked at his old friend meaningly, and Falconer promptly backed him up.

"Well, yes, you looked fairly startled and scared," he said. "But now, if the horses are all right, we may as well get on. We have given you quite trouble enough."

"The horses are all right, sir," said the driver. "I've managed to take up the broken trace; it was that that startled them, sir, and they'll be quiet enough now."

"Oh, but where are you going?" said Sir Stephen, with hospitable eagerness. "Were you not coming to us at the Villa?"

"No; we were going to Keswick," said Mr. Falconer. "My daughter had a fancy for seeing the Lake district, and we are making a kind of tour."

"You have no other engagement? I am delighted to hear it," said Sir Stephen. "Oh, I'll take no denial! What! Do you think I shall part with an old friend so quickly—and after such a—er—sudden and unexpected meeting! Miss Falconer, let me beg you to plead with your father for me!"

Mr. Falconer regarded Sir Stephen for a moment curiously, then looked towards his daughter. Her fine eyes rested on Stafford's face, and he could do no less than repeat his father's invitation.

"I hope you'll consent, Miss Falconer," he said. "You have no doubt been rather upset by the accident, and it is rather late to go on. Pray stay with us."

"Thanks I shall be delighted," she said, with her indolent regal air.

By this time, as they went towards the gate, some of the men who had been walking in the garden came up, and Howard's voice called out:

"Hallo, Stafford! Anything the matter?"

"No; nothing whatever," said Stafford promptly, and Sir Stephen seized the opportunity to steer the Falconers through the group.

"Some of your friends of mine, Mr. Howard; their carriage broke down—fortunately at our very door—— This way, Falconer. Stafford, will you give Miss Maude your arm?"

"Strange our meeting again so soon, and under such circumstances," she said. "You must have stopped those horses very pluckily. I thought that kind of thing was out of date now and that gentlemen always called the police on such occasions. You are sure you are not hurt? I thought from your father's face you must be. He must be very fond of you to look so scared. He was as white as a ghost."

"He is very fond of me, I hope and think," said Stafford. "Candidly, I did not think he would be so alarmed—but I don't know him very well yet—we have been living apart until just recently."

"Why, that is my case," she said. "My father and I were strangers until the other day; he came from abroad to claim me. What beautiful house! It is like a fairy palace." She looked at the Villa and then at Stafford with renewed interest. "I suppose your father is the Sir Stephen Orme of whom we have heard so much?" I did not think of it until this moment."

Stafford was giving instructions that the Falconers' carriage should be seen to, and was so spared a reply. She stood in the hall looking round with a kind of indolent admiration and surprise, and perfectly self-possessed, though the hall was rapidly filling with men from the garden. "You would like to go to your rooms at once," said Sir Stephen in his serene and courtly voice. "If you should be too tired to come down again to-night I will have some food sent up to you—but I hope you won't feel it; it would be a great disappointment."

"Oh, I am not at all tired," said Miss Falconer, as she followed the housekeeper and the two demure maids up the external staircase.

Sir Stephen looked after them with a bland smile, then he turned to Stafford and caught his arm.

"Not hurt, my boy?" he said, in a tone of refined anxiety.

Stafford was beginning to get tired of the question, and answered rather testily:

"In the least, sir—why should I be? I'll change my things and be down in five minutes."

"Yes, yes!" Sir Stephen still eyed him with barely concealed anxiety. "Strange coincidence Stafford! I—I haven't seen Ralph Falconer for—for—ever so many years! And he is thrown at my very gate! And they say there is no such thing as Fate——"

"Hadn't you better go into the drawing-room, sir?" Stafford reminded him. "They'll think something has happened."

"Eh? Yes, yes, of course!" said Sir Stephen, with a little start as if he had been lost in thought; but he waited until he saw Stafford walk up the stairs, without any sign of a limp, before he [illegible] his advice.

The butler, who was too sharp to need any instructions, quickly served a choice little dinner for the unexpected guest; Stafford, who had waited in the hall, conducted them into the dining-hall. Miss Falconer had changed her travelling-dress for a rich evening-frock, and the jewels Stafford had noticed were supplemented by some remarkably fine diamonds.

"I wish you had come in time for dinner," he said, as he conducted her to her seat.

"So do I!" she returned, serenely. "We are giving a great deal of trouble, and we are keeping you from your guests. The maid who waited on me told me that you had a large house party."

"Yes," said Stafford. "It is a kind of house-warming. My father intends settling in England for some time, I think," he added. "And he has built this place."

Mr. Falconer looked up from his plate in his alert, watchful way.

"Sir Stephen's plans rather uncertain?" he said. "I remember he always used to be rather erratic. Well, if he means settling, he's made himself a very cosy nest." He looked round the magnificent room with a curious smile. "A wonderful man, your father, Mr. Orme!"

"Yes?" said Stafford, with a non-committal smile.

"Yes; of course, I've heard of his great doings—who hasn't! Did you ever hear him speak of me—we were great friends one time?"

"No, I don't think I have," replied Stafford. "But as I was telling Miss Falconer, I have not seen very much of him."

"Ah, yes, just so," assented Mr. Falconer, and he went on with his dinner.

Stafford had taken a seat at the table and poured out a glass of wine so that they might not hurry; but he felt that he need not have been anxious on that account, for the girl ate her dinner in a most leisurely manner talking to him in her soft, slow voice and looking at him from under her half-closed lids. She talked of the scenery, of the quaint inns and hotels they had put up at, of the various inconveniences which she had suffered on the way; then suddenly she raised her lids and looked at him fully and steadily.

"I suppose the young lady we saw you with this morning is your sister?"

With all his natural simplicity, Stafford was a man of the world, and he did not redden or look embarrassed by the suddenness of the question and the direct gaze of the luminous eyes.

"No," he said. "I have neither sister nor brother—only my father. She was a friend."

"Oh, she said. Then after a pause: "She was very pretty."

Stafford nodded. Like a flash floated before him the exquisite loveliness of Ida Heron.

"Do you think so?" he said, with affected indifference.

"Why, yes; don't you?" she retorted.

"Oh, yes," he assented; "but I didn't know whether you would; men and women so very seldom agree upon the question of looks. I find that most of the women I think are pretty are considered next door to plain by my lady friends."

"Well, there can't be any doubt as to your friend's good looks," she said. "She made rather a striking, not to say startling, figure perched sideways on that horse, in the pelting rain. I suppose she is one of your neighbors?"

"Yes," replied Stafford, as easily and casually as he could, for the face still floated before him—"yes; but not a very near one. Let me give you some more wine?"

"No, thanks. Father, haven't you nearly finished? Mr. Orme has kept us company so nicely that we've been tempted to forget that we are keeping him from his guests."

She rose, and with a peculiarly sinuous movement threw out the train of her dress, and swept languidly to the door. Stafford offered her his arm and they entered the drawing-room. Her appearance naturally caused a little sensation, for some of the men had learnt and told the story of Stafford's plucky arrest of the bolting horses, and the people were curious to see the father and daughter who had been rescued, and who had proved to be friends of Sir Stephen. By a sort of tacit understanding, Lady Clansford, who was was a good-natured individual, was playing the part of hostess and general chaperon, and Stafford led Miss Falconer up to her.

Before a quarter of an hour had passed Miss Falconer seemed to be quite at home in her novel surroundings; and leaning back in her chair, and slowly fanning herself, received with perfect self-possession the attentions which her beauty, her costly dress, and her still more costly jewels merited. Presently Stafford heard Lady Clansford ask her to sing; and he went to conduct her to the piano.

"My music is upstairs in my box—but it does not matter; I will try and remember something," she said. "I wonder what you like?" She raised her eyes to his, as her fingers touched the keys. "The simple ballad would be rather out of place, wouldn't it? Do you know this thing of Wagner's?"

As she began to sing the talking died down and gradually ceased; and every eye was fixed upon her; for it was evident that she not only had an exquisite voice, but knew how to use it. She sang like an artist, and apparently without the least effort, the liquid notes flowing from her red lips like the water of a mountain rill. Stafford was surprised, almost startled, but as he stood beside her, he was thinking, strangely enough, not so much of the singer as of the girl he was going to meet on the morrow. When she had finished, there was a general murmur of applause, and Lady Clansford asked her to sing again.

"You have a really wonderful voice, Miss Falconer. I don't think Melba ever sang that better."

"Melba's register is ever so much greater than mine," remarked Miss Falconer, calmly. "No, thanks; I won't sing again. I think I am a little tired."

She went back to her seat slowly, her fan moving languidly, as if she were too conscious of the worth of her voice to be affected by the murmurs of applause and admiration; and Stafford, as his eyes followed her, thought she resembled a superb tropical flower of rich and subtle coloring and soft and languorous grace. None of the women would venture to sing after this exhibition, and one of the young men went to the piano and dashed off a semi-comic song which relieved the tension produced by Miss Falconer's magnificent voice and style. Then the women began to glance at the clock and rise and stand about preparatory to going to bed, and presently they went off, lingering, talking, and laughing, in the hall and in the corridors.

The men drifted into the billiard and smoking-room, and Sir Stephen started a pool. He had been at his very best in the drawing-room, moving about amongst the brilliant crowd, with a word for each and all, and a pleased smile on his handsome face, and a happy, genial brightness in his voice. Once or twice Sir Stephen approached Mr. Falconer, who leant against the wall looking on with the alert watchful eyes half screened behind his lids, which, like his daughter's, had a trick of drooping, though with a very different expression.

"Your daughter has a magnificent voice, Falconer," Sir Stephen had said in a congratulatory voice; and Falconer had nodded.

"Yes. She's been well taught, I believe," he had responded, laconically; and Sir Stephen had nodded emphatically and moved away.

"Will you play, Falconer?" he asked, when they got to the billiard-room, as Stafford gave out the balls. "You used to play a good game."

Falconer shrugged his shoulders.

"Haven't played for years; rather look on," he said.

"Let me give you a cigar. Try these; they are all all right, Stafford says."

Falconer seated himself in one of the lounges and looked at the players and round the handsome room in contemplative silence. Sir Stephen's eye wandered covertly towards him now and again, and once he said to Stafford:

"See if Mr. Falconer has some whisky, my boy?"

As Stafford went up to Mr. Falconer's corner he saw that Mr. Griffenberg and Baron Wirsch had joined him. The three men were talking in the low confidential tone characteristic of City men when they are discussing the sacred subject of money, and Stafford caught the words—"Sir Stephen"—"South African Railway."

Mr. Falconer looked round sharply as Stafford stood at his elbow.

"Eh—Whisky? Oh, yes, thanks, I have some," he said.

As Stafford returned to the billiard-room, Falconer nodded after him.

"Is the son in this?" he asked, sharply.

"Oh no," replied the baron, with a smile. "He knows nothing; he ees too young, too—vat do you say?—too vashionable, frivolous. No, Sir Stephen doesn't bring him in at all. You understand? He is ze ornamental, sheepin' pardner, eh?" And he chuckled.

Falconer nodded, and leaning forward continued the conversation in a low voice. Then men went off to bed one by one, and presently only Sir Stephen, Stafford, and Falconer remained; and as the latter rose as if to retire, Sir Stephen laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't go yet! I should like to have a little chat with you—about old times."

Falconer sank into his seat again and took a fresh cigar, and Stafford left them.

(To be continued.)

IN THE TUNNEL.

"My Uncle," writes a Youth's Companion contributor, "had a contract to install a heating and ventilating system in two school buildings out West. I had the supervision of the contract, and I had to see that the plant did its work properly. As the success of the whole system depended on the proper making of the final connection, I decided to do that myself, and not trust it to my helper.

"The two buildings were about two thousand feet apart. One was old; the other had just been finished. The boiler rooms and furnaces were situated in the old building. Leading from this building to the new was a tunnel, four feet square, and lined on all sides with concrete. A foot from the floor a network of steam pipes ran the entire length of the tunnel.

"A gigantic fan in the boiler room pumped air through the tunnel. In passing over the steam pipes the air became heated, and kept the new building at the proper temperature.

"The stystem was controlled automatically by compressed air. When the temperature in the new building rose too high, the thermostat automatically shut of the fan, and turned cold water into the pipes in the tunnel. When the temperature fell too low, the thermostat started the fan, and turned the steam back into the pipes.

"The pipe that carried the compressed air ran through the tunnel, and it was on this pipe that the connection was to be made.

"I put on my overalls and jumper and went after my tools. My flash light was missing, so I took a stub of a candle that a plumber had left, and entered the tunnel. "I crawled along until the light from the entrance grew so dim that I had to light my candle. Reaching into my pocket, I discovered that I had only two matches. But I went ahead, assisted by the feeble light from the taper. The connection was exactly in the centre of the tunnel. I reached it in a few minutes, did the work, and started back.

"In my haste, I half rose to my feet, and was going along as fast as anyone in that crouching attitude could go. Suddenly, without warning, my foot caught in an opening between the pipes, and I fell. My head hit the sharp corner of a reinforcing rod that projected from the concrete wall. The fall knocked me unconscious. I lay there about two hours.

"I came to with the consciousness that I was in imminent danger. My head ached. Under me I heard the snapping and creaking of expanding steam pipes. In an instant I realized my danger. Thinking that I had made the necessary connection and had left the tunnel, the Janitor, according to directions, was getting up steam.

"I tried to rise, but my ankle was sprained, and I fell back, with a sharp exclamation of pain, on the hot steam pipes. My wound opened afresh, and I could feel the warm blood streaming down over my face. Again I tried to rise, but the pain was too much for me.

"The heat of the pipes was getting insupportable. They began to burn my hands and legs cruelly. To make matters worse, I was so confused that I had lost all sense of direction.

"Suddenly, in the distance, I heard the grinding of the huge fan. The janitor was just starting it. In a few minutes it would be going at full speed.

"An idea flashed through my dulled brain. I groped over the pipes until I found my candle. I carefully lit my last match and touched it to the candle. The almost imperceptible current had at first no effect on the candle, it was so slight. Almost instantly, however, the tiny flame bent to one side, and showed me plainly the way to safety.

"The pipes were so hot that I could no longer touch them. I tore off my jumper and shirt, and wrapped one round each hand. I began to drag myself along. The pain from my wrenched limb was so intense that I nearly fainted.

"Suddenly I remembered the compressed-air control! If the air-supply pipe were cut off, it would have the same effect on the system as a rise in temperature. The fan would be stopped, and cold water would run through the pipes.

"I made my way painfully back to my tool kit, and found a hammer and cold chisel. Then I found the air pipe, and attacked it as best I could.

"The last thing that I can remember is the hiss of the escaping air. I fell back unconscious. When I came to I was lying on the janitor's cot in the engine room, and a physician was dressing my wounds and my burns."

FLOATING NAVAL STATION

Can Be Sunk Out of Sight On Approach of Hostile Fleet.

For nations that need naval coaling stations in different parts of the world where they have no colonial possessions, a Rusian inventor has designed a floating storehouse for fuel and other supplies. Manned by a small crew of men, the floating naval base can be towed to any advantageous position and anchored, ready to receive supplies from colliers and distribute them to warships. On the approach of a hostile fleet the entire naval base, crew and all, can be sunk out of sight, to reappear again as soon as danger is past. As patented, the floating storehouse is very much like a huge diving-bell, cylindrical in shape, with double walls and roof containing compressed-air tanks for regulating its height in the water. It has no bottom, except a wire netting, and is usually partly filled with water. All coal, petroleum and other naval supplies are received and stored in small watertight drums. From the receiving cranes on the roof the drums are moved to a well in the centre, lowered to the proper depth and shunted off through windows in the well upon concentric tracks, where they remain suspended in the water until needed. All the handling is done by automatic machinery.—Popular Mechanics.

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HOME

Selected Recipes.

Butter Cream Icing and Filling.—Make exactly like hard sauce, with unsalted butter creamed, icing sugar, and flavoring, but stop adding sugar before it gets to the hard sauce stage. It must be spread easily and about once and a half the amount of sugar will usually be about the right measure. It must be thick enough to stand up. If no fresh butter is to be procured make a little by shaking some cream in a Mason jar or whipping it to a butter. Three or four minutes is usually all the time it takes to make this butter if it is to be used immediately.

Three Egg Sponge Batter.—One cup sugar, one cup flour, one and a half teaspoons of baking powder, three eggs, one-third of a cup of hot water, one-half teaspoon of flavoring. Sift the sugar into the mixing bowl and then sift the flour with the baking powder in with it and mix these well together with a pinch of salt. Beat eggs well and stir into dry ingredients, then add the water and finally the flavoring. Beat for at least five minutes and then pour into buttered and papered dripping pan. Bake from twelve to fifteen minutes, according to thickness.

If for jelly roll the layer of batter should not be over one-fourth of an inch thick. If to be cut in squares, etc., this amount of batter will make a cake eight by fourteen inches of about the right thickness. It is sufficient to make two jelly rolls of this size, but a wider and shorter pan would be better if the cake was to be used for this purpose. If to be used for a jelly roll turn out on sugar sprinkled paper, cut off edges along the length, cover with warm jelly, and wrap in cloth.

Little layer cakes of any shape may be made by putting two pieces of this cake together with jelly. Cut always with a hot knife if the cake is still warm.

If a butter cream is used with this cake it must be cooled first, but if a piece is split open while yet a bit warm and the butter cream added the cream melts into the whole, enriching it deliciously. Of course it must be cold when butter is spread on the top.

Coffee Cream Icing.—Make just like the butter cream icing, but add coffee essence to taste for flavoring and additional sugar to take up any moisture resulting. This is particularly delicious. Other flavorings may be used. Orange is good.

Mirror Chocolate Icing.—Melt one ounce of chocolate in about half a cup of water if over a hot fire, less with less fire; add it to a teaspoon of butter and boil well. Boiling it with the buttter makes it glossy, but if the chocolate contains all of its own oil it can contain it will throw the added butter out, when it can be poured off. When this is cool add half a cup of sifted icing sugar, or more if needed. This will keep bright and glossy for a day only and is good for chocolate eclairs and little cakes cut out, filled or not, and covered with chocolate. These always set off a plate of offerings at tea and are usually the soonest to disappear.

Omelet Surprise. — Cut out a foundation of the above cake in any preferred shape—round, ovel, square or oblong. Put this on a dish as a cushion for the mold of ice cream of whatever sort. Turn the ice cream out on it, cover it with an ordinary meringue smoothed with a knife, leaving it everywhere of an even thickness of two-thirds of an inch, decorate it if you care to do so, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and set in a hot oven to brown, but not long enough for the heat to reach the ice underneath. Serve at once. Individual portions are easiest for the inexperienced to manage.

Sweet Rusk.—For the invalid slices of this type of cake toasted are an agreeable tea accompaniment and eminently wholesome and nourishing. They are more palatable than the bread rusks or zwieback. Each slice may or may not be sprinkled with powdered sugar before toasting.

One Egg Cooked Cream. — One cup milk, one and a half teaspoons of cornstarch, one-half cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one egg, flavor to taste. Scald the milk, add sugar and butter, then the cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk. When thickened pour on slightly beaten egg and spread between a square of the above cake split in two. Leave until cream soaks well into the cake. Powder the top with icing sugar and serve.

To this cream may be added nuts chopped, half a cup of pecans chopped, or it may be flavored in various ways. A handful of filberts cooked in a caramel of sugar and then ground makes a most flavorous and delicious flavoring for this or for a richer cooked cream. Bananas, or even oranges, if it is to be served within a few hours, may be added.

This cake may be used as a quite satisfactory substitute for the elegant and expensive Savoy, the Genoese, etc., and whites of egg only instead of the whole egg may be used in making it. I tcan be put together with fruit syrups, used for trifles, and with all the compounds of whipped cream and fruit.

Household Hints.

To get the most good out of asparagus, cut off the tips and cook them separately.

Elasticity is restored to rubber by cooking it in one part ammonia and two parts water.

A painter's brush may be used to dislodge dust from cracks and crevices about the house.

Try removing mildew by soaking it in a weak solution of chloride of lime, then rinsing in cold water.

Use warm water to sprinkle starched clothes and the effect will be twice as satisfactory.

Sew a loop to the inside of a hat where it will not show, if you would like to be sure of your hat staying on its hook.

A delectable combination for a spring salad is diced pineapple, celery and canned red peppers, served with mayonnaise.

If you hem your table napkins, it will be found a great help if linen is hemmed at each end and washed before cutting.

Hothouse flowers, like chrysanthemums, can be kept fresh for days if the water in the vase is changed and the room is not kept hot.

Granulated sugar makes a coarse-grained cake; powdered sugar a fine one, but a moist, light brown sugar is one of the best kinds to use.

In cleaning windows, first remove the dirt with hot soapy water then wipe the panes with a paraffine cloth and polish with a piece of paper.

When making cake, save a little of your cake mixture and fill it with raisins and currants or nuts. Then bake in patty pans for the children.

By slipping stiff collars into a glass tumbler after they are ironed and allowing them to dry, they can be made to keep their shape.

Angel food should not be stirred in the ordinary way, but folded over with a long sweep of the spoon so that the air cells may remain unbroken.

To keep celery fresh and crisp prepare it for the table, then wet an old piece of clean linen in ice cold water and place the celery on the ice. It will keep a week.

Bread flour should always be used for bread and pastry flour for pastry, for the two are quite different things. The first should absorb the most water and the second the least.

Fat should be kept in a cup or bowl and then clarified. Add a small quantity of water and cook slowly, and when all the sputtering has stopped strain through a cloth.

When the children's shoes are hard after being wet, apply a little glycerine, after they have become dry with a piece of absorbent cotton. They will absorb it and the next day will be as soft as ever.

Remember that when using pineapple as a flavoring in ice creams or in gelatin mixtures, it must first be cooked, otherwise the enzyme which the fresh pineapple contains will prevent the gelatin from hardening or the ice cream from freezing.

A careful housewife saves the liquor in which vegetables and cereals are cooked for the foundation of soup and stocks. The water in which spinach, peas, beans and other vegetables have been cooked makes a valuable foundation for soups.

For a particularly good salad dressing, take a mayonnaise of good boiled salad dressing. When ready to serve turn amount dressed into a bowl and with Dover beater whip in a tablespoon or two of strained catchup, or chili sauce may be added. A bit of Worcestershire will give a little "snap."

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

At the present time possibly no other subject is receiving quite as much attention in Canada as this one. It will be a surprise to most readers to know that during the fiscal year which ended March 31st, 1913, Canada paid $11,500,000 in duty on food, and all of this large sum is virtually a direct tax on the consumer.

In glancing over the list it is easy to understand that the buying public are themselves largely to blame in many instances, for there are articles of food produced in Canada that are equal in every respect to those made in any country in the world.

In the baking powder line alone there were 667,904 lbs. imported into Canada, and this means the consumer paid in duty the enormous sum of $67,000. There are no better goods in the world in this line than magic baking powder, and it is made in a model sanitary up-to-date factory, and can be procured in any first-class store at one-half the price the imported article sells for.

Such articles as raisins, currants, and many other things, which do not grow in Canada, or are not produced here, have of necessity to be imported, and the duty paid.

If the consumer would devote a little thought and attention to this subject a large amount of money could and would be saved.—Canadian Home Journal.

FIRE AND WATER.

Woman's Swim for Life in a Burning Sea.

The story of a two hours' swim in the sea at night in danger of being overtaken by a flood of burning benzine is told by Mrs. Anna Boeme, wife of the captain of the Russian steamer Kometa, which blew up off Algiers, and was completely burned, with the loss of 15 of her company. "My husband put me in a boat after the ship had burst into flames" she said, "but it capsized. I began to swim in the black water, which was lit up by the burning ship. The benzine spread on the sea and formed one vast burning film which the wind drove towards me. For two hours I swam desperately from the flames. At last, when I was on the point of giving up, I heard a voice shouting in Russian, "Come here!" It was the chief stoker and some of the men in a boat which was full of water. They hoisted me in it and I sat in water up to my hips for two hours' more. I can only hope that my husband is among those who were picked up by the English ship Limerick."

Brown—"How is it you let your wife have her own way so entirely?" Jones—"Because I once tried to stop her."

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

A further outbreak of the foot-and-mouth disease has been reported from Thurles, and on one farm all the cattle have been destroyed.

Mr. S. F. Morris, aged 23, son of Samuel Morris, J.P., Newrath House, was thrown from his horse near Castrock and instantly killed.

Two persons lost their lives in a serious fire that broke out in the shop and dwelling house occupied by Mr. Dolan, tailor, Thomas street, Portadown.

The Belfast shipbuilding industry is unusually prosperous at present, and in both the yards a large number of new vessels are being completed.

The North Down regiment attended a drum head service when an address was given by the Bishop of Down and the troops were inspected by Sir George Richardson.

The death has occurred of Mr. Arthur Donn Platt, vice-consul in Dublin for the U.S.A., in his forty-eighth year.

A workman named James Porter, of Liskey, Fintona, was instantly killed in the saw-mill of Mr. Bell, Fintona.

The funeral took place recently at Gort, of Wm. Glynn, of Gortnacarnane, who had attained the age of 105 years.

Militant suffragettes are responsible for the destruction by fire of another stately County Antrim mansion, known as "Orlands".

An aged woman named Margaret McGreal of Knockcroghery, was knocked down and killed near the station by a Dublin train.

Coal has been discovered in a remote part of County Louth, on the estate of Mr. Samuel McKeever, J. P., of Rathban, Collon.

A boy named George Cochrane, aged ten, was run over and killed by a traction engine on the Newry Road, about a mile from Rathfriland.

An attempt was made to burn the Belfast and County Down Railroad Station at Bangor, but fortunately the night-watchman saw it in time.

While Patrick Hogan, aged 73, of Balinmore, near Cloughjordan, was taking a meal at his brother's table, a small bone stuck in his throat, causing death.

The week before Easter established a record in pay in connection with the shipbuilding works of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, $150,000 being the amount paid in wages.

During the past few days there have been very high tides at Waterville. The water went over the sea promenade which was littered with seaweed and fragments of wreckage.

A complaint has been made by the Master of the Athlone Workhouse that the institution is being used as a public morgue. It has been suggested that the Town Council must provide a morgue.

According to official returns the fishing industry in the Londonderry district during the past quarter has been most disappointing, and unremunerative, the price being low and the quality only medium.

Dr. Whyte, medical officer of health, has reported to the Ballymahon sanitary authorities a serious outbreak of diphtheria in the district. All the schools have now been closed.

A young girl who was one of a party driving on a car from Cookstown to Coagh to take part in an Orange ball, was seriously injured by a blow from a stone, her skull being fractured.

The Registrar-General's return of the number of Irish people who emigrated from Ireland during March shows that the number was 1,426, being a decrease of the same month last year of 802.

The first outrage attributed to militant suffragettes which has yet occurred in Londonderry was discovered when a large, unoccupied residence in Derry was found in flames. A large document was found, reading, "Fair play to women."

CATERPILLARS THAT BURN.

And a Burrowing Creature With a Belt of Prickles.

More than one traveler has seriously asserted that the insect pests in the valleys of the Orinoco and the Amazon are enough to prevent forever the settlement of that region by civilized people of northern races. Southern Brazil seems as badly off, at least in the forested interior. Hugh Pearson, an English explorer of the wild country, describes two insect pests that infest the sources of the Parana. One is a redhot caterpillar that burns a person wherever it touches; and the other a burrowing creature with a belt of prickles.

The caterpillars are not named, but are said to be various and beautiful, and the different species can be recognized by the kind of pain they inflict as well as by their markings. They may be the larvae of a species of Lasiocampidae, related to our tent caterpillars, which are clothed with tufts of downward-pointing hairs that in several tropical species are known to sting dreadfully. Madame Merian, years ago, in an account of the zoology of Surinam, described an enormous caterpillar of this group. She simply touched one of them, whereupon her hands became inflamed, and she suffered excruciating pain.

There is an African moth the hairs of whose caterpillar are so venomous that they are used as an ingredient in making arrow poison. Mr. Pearson asserts that where one of the South American caterpillars rested on his bare skin it made a blister an inch long, that had all the characteristics of a burn with a hot iron, and left a similar scar.

In the same forests men and animals are plagued by the berna, a maggot, probably of a flesh fly, which grows from an egg laid under the skin of the host. If the egg is not soon dug out, it causes pain that becomes more and more severe as the creature grows until it becomes continuous and intolerable. A bad sore follows, from which the insect finally escapes. The pain is due to the fact that the maggot acquires, as it grows, a belt of needle-like spines, that tear the flesh as the creature moves in the inflamed wound. Dogs suffer much from this pest; and where the insect abounds, it is impossible to raise cattle.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Points About the Capital of Distressed Country.

Mexico City is 7,415 feet above sea level, and by rail 264 miles northwest of Vera Cruz. With a wet, undrained sub-soil, and many thousands of Indians and half-breeds, living in crowded quarters, the death rate has been notoriously high—46 to 56 per thousand, though drainage works, underground sewers, and sanitation have tended to improve these conditions. The city is laid out with almost unbroken regularity. The name of a street changes with almost every block according to old Spanish custom. The Paseo de la Reforma, the finest avenue in the city, is a broad boulevard almost three miles long. There were (1908) 323 government schools in the city, including 13 professional and technical schools, and nearly 200 private schols; a Geographical Society, an Association of Engineers and Architects, and a Society of Natural History, also a National Library dedicated in 1692 of upwards of 225,000 volumes. There are over 150 manufacturing establishments, including iron working shops.

She—"I suppose you are a lover of music?" He—"Oh, yes; but you can go on playing just the same."

"Ma," said the five-year-old, "do they call sailors tars because they're so used to the pitching of the ship?"

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