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TREAL, Que.

A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued).

Mrs. Heron subscribed to a library, and she and Isabel read the latest six-shilling novels with avidity, stuffing them under the sofa cushion at the sound of Mr. Heron's approaching footsteps. They always chose the worst books, and forgot one as soon as they took up another. Ida examined one and dropped it with disgust; for it happened to be a sexual problem novel of the most virulent type, a novel which was selling by scores of thousands, and one which Isabel had recommended to Ida as "delicious."

Of all the days, Ida found Sunday the worst; for on that day they went twice to a little chapel at which Mr. Heron "ministered." It was a tin chapel, which by its construction and position struck a chill to one's very bones. Here Mr. Heron ranted and growled to his heart's content; and Ida learned from his sanctimonious lips that only a small portion of mankind, his own sect, to wit, was bound for heaven, and that the rest of the world was doomed to another place, the horrors of which he appeared to revel in. As she sat in the uncomfortable pew, Ida often wondered whether her cousin really believed what he preached, or whether he was a hypocrite of the first water.

All this was very hard to bear; but a burden still heavier was provided for her in the conduct of her cousin Joseph. On the evening of her arrival he had been gracious enough to bestow upon her an admiration of which she was then unconscious; but his admiration grew, and he began to pay her what persons of his class call "attentions." He came in much earlier of an evening that he did before her arrival, and he sat beside her, and, with his small eyes fixed on her pale and downcast face, told her anecdotes of the office and his fellow-clerks. He was under the impression that he possessed a voice, and with a certain amount of artfulness he got her to play his accompaniments, for which purpose she had to look at her as he sang "the Maid of Athens," or "My Pretty Jane"—with a false note in every third bar.

Sometimes he came home to lunch, explaining to them that there was nothing doing in the City, and went with Ida and Isabel on one of their walks. On these occasions he was got up in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, and enjoyed the flattering conviction that he looked like a country gentleman. He addressed his conversation exclusively to Ida, and endeavored, as he would have said, to make himself agreeable.

It was all lost upon Ida, whose head was in the clouds, whose mind was dwelling on the past; but his mother and sister noticed it, and Mrs. Heron began to sniff by way of disapproval of his conduct. With a mother's sharp eyes, Mrs. Heron understood why Joseph had launched out into new suits and brilliant neckties, why he came home earlier than was his wont, and why he hung about the pale-faced girl who seemed unconscious of his presence. Mrs. Heron began to feel as she would have expressed it, that she had nursed a viper into her bosom. She was ambitious for her only son, and wanted to see him married to one of the daughters of a retired City man who had settled in Wood Green. Ida was all very well, but she was absolutely penniless, and not a good enough match for so brilliant and promising a young man as Joseph. Mrs. Heron began to regard her with a certain amount of coldness and suspicion; but Ida was as unconscious of the change in Mrs. Heron's manner as she was of the cause of Mr. Joseph's attentions; to her he was just an objectionable young man of quite a new and astonishing type, to whom she was obliged to listen because he was the son of the man who provided bread she ate.

He had often invited Ida to accompany him and Isabel to a matinee, but Ida always declined. Not only was her father's death too recent to permit of her going to the theatre, but she shrank from all public places of amusement. When she had left Herondale it had been with the one desire to conceal herself, and, if possible, to earn her own living. Mr. Joseph was very sulky over her refusal, and Isabel informed her that he had been so ill-tempered at the theatre that she did not know what to make of him. One day he came in soon after luncheon, and, when Mrs. Heron had left the room, informed Ida and Isabel that he had got tickets for a concert at the Queen's Hall that evening.

"It's a sacred concert," he said, "so that you need have no scruples, Ida. It's a regular swell affair, and I tell you I had great difficulty in getting hold of the tickets. It's a charity concert got up by the big nobs of the Stock Exchange, and there'll be no end of swells there. I got the tickets because the guv'nor's going into the country to preach to-night, and the cats away we can slip out and enjoy ourselves; not that he'd object to a sacred concert, I suppose—especially if he were allowed to hold forth during the intervals, he added, with a sneer.

"It's very kind of you to ask me," said Ida, "but I think I would rather stay at home.

"I thought you were fond of music!" Joseph remarked, beginning to look sullen. "We shall go quite quietly, and no one need know anything about it, for I got tickets for upper circle and not the stalls on purpose; and there's in a back row. I thought you'd enjoy this concert, and if you don't go I shall tear up the tickets."

"Oh, do let us go, Ida!" pleaded Isabel. "A sacred concert isn't as good as a theatre, but it will be a break in the monotony, besides. Joseph must have had a lot of trouble to get the tickets, for I read in the paper that there was a regular rush for them. Don't be selfish, Ida, and spoil our enjoyment.

"I wish you would go without me," said Ida, with a sigh; but ultimately she yielded.

Mrs. Heron, of course, knew that they were going, but she was not told in so many words, that she might deny all knowledge of it if the outing came to Mr. Heron's ears; and she watched them with a peevish and suspicious expression on her face as they started for the train. They went up second-class, and Mr. Joseph, who was in the best of humors, and wore a new pair of patent leather boots and a glossy hat, to say nothing of a dazzling tie, enlivened the journey by whispering facetious remarks on their fellow-passengers to Ida, who in vain leant away from him, as far as possible, in her corner of the carriage, and endeavored to concentrate her attention on the programme. But though her eyes were fixed on it and she could not entirely shut out Joseph's libbed jokes, her thoughts were wandering back to a certain afternoon when she had sat beside the Heron stream and listened to Stafford planning out their future. He had been telling her something of the great world of which she knew nothing, but into which he was going to take her, hand in hand, as it were; he was going to take her to the theatres and the concerts and the dances of which she had read and heard but of which she knew nothing by experience. Now, she was going to her first concert with Mr. Joseph Heron.

There was a larger crowd than usual outside Queen's Hall that evening, for the concert was really an important one for which some of the greatest singers had been engaged. In addition to Patti, Santley, Edward Lloyd, and other famous professionals, some distinguished amateurs were to perform, and royalty, as represented by the popular and ever amiable Prince, had promised to patronize the affair.

"Quite a swell show, ain't it?" said Joseph, as he pushed his way into the crowd and looked over his shoulder at the long line of carriages setting down their occupants. "I'm glad you consented to come; it would have been a pity if you'd missed it."

"I hope we shall be able to see the Prince from our seats!" said Isabel, whose eyes were more widely open than usual, and her mouth half agape with excitement. "I'm always stuck in some corner where I can't see them, when the Royal family's present."

They succeeded in making their way into the hall, and after Joseph had held a dispute with the man who had shown them into their place, and who had mudded the tickets and their numbers, they settled down, and Ida looked round. Though their seats were in the third row, she could see nearly the whole of the large hall, and she found the sight a novel and impressive one. Her interest increased as the admirable band played the first number with the precision and feeling for which the orchestra at the Queen's Hall is famous. In the interval between the selection and the song which was to follow, Joseph pointed out some of the celebrities who were present, and whom he recognized by their photographs in the illustrated papers.

"Regular swell mob, isn't it?" he said, exultingly; "there isn't a seat in the house, excepting those three in the stalls, and I suppose they'll be filled up presently by some swells or other; they always come late. Aren't you glad you've come?" he added, with a languishing glance.

Amidst a storm of welcome, Patti came forward to sing, and Ida, listening with rapture, almost forgot her sorrow as she passed under the spell of the magic voice which has swayed so many thousands of hearts. During the cries of encore, and unnoticed by Ida, three persons, a lady and two gentlemen, entered the stalls, and with a good deal of obsequiousness, were shown by the officials into the three vacant seats.

One great singer followed rapidly after another, and Ida, with slightly flushed face and eyes that were dim with unshed tears—for the exquisite music thrilled her to the core—leant back, with her hands tightly clasped in her lap, her thoughts flying back to Herondale and those summer evenings which, in some strange way, every song recalled. She was unconscious of her surroundings, even of the objectionable Joseph, who sat beside her as closely as he could; and she started slightly as he whispered:

"Those seats are filled up now. I wonder who they are? They look classy—particularly so."

Ida nodded mechanically, and paid no heed. Presently Joseph, who was one of those individuals who can never sit still or be silent for long at a theatre or concert, nudged Ida and said: "Look! there is one of them standing up! Why, I believe it is——" He borrowed an opera-glass from the man sitting in front of him and levelled it at the stalls. One of the new-comers, one of the gentlemen, had risen from his seat, and with his back to the platform, was scanning the house with a pleasant smile on his handsome face. "Yes, it is!" exclaimed Joseph, excitedly. "It's Sir Stephen Orme! Here, take the glasses and look at him! That gentleman looking round the house, the one standing up with the white waistcoat, the one that came in with the other two! That's the great Sir Stephen himself! I saw him once in the City; beside, I've seen his portraits everywhere. That's the man who has created more excitement on the Stock Exchange than any man in our time."

Ida took the glasses which he had thrust into her hand and held it to her eyes; but her hand shook, and for a moment or two she could distinguish nothing; then, as the mist passed away and her hand grew steadier, so that she could see Sir Stephen, he bent down and said something to the lady sitting beside him. She looked round, and Ida saw distinctly for the first time, though fashionable London was tolerably familiar with it now, the beautiful face of Maude Falconer.

With her heart beating painfully Ida looked at her, noting with a woman's quickness every small detail of the handsome face with its wealth of bronze-gold hair. A presentiment flashed into her mind and weighed upon her heart as she looked, a presentiment which was quickly verified, for the man on the other side of the beautiful woman rose and looked round the house, and Ida saw that it was Stafford.

Her hand gripped the opera-glass tightly, for it was in danger of falling. She felt as if she were stifling, the great place, with its sea of faces and its rings of electric light, swam before her eyes, and she felt sick and giddy. It seemed to her that Stafford was looking straight at her, that he could not fail to see her, and she shrank back as far as the seat would allow, and a sigh that was a gasp for breath escaped her lips, which had grown almost as white as her face. In taking the glasses from her, Joseph noticed her pallor.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Do you feel ill? It's beastly hot. Would you like to come outside?"

"No, no," she panted, with difficulty. "It is the heat—I am all right now—I beg of you not to move—not to speak to me."

She fought against the horrible faintness, against the shock which had overwhelmed her; she bit her lips to force the color back to them, and tried to keep her eyes from the tall figure, the handsome face against which she had so often pressed her own; but she could no; it was as if they were drawn to it by a kind of fascination. She saw that he looked pale and haggard, and that the glance with which he swept the house was a wearied one, in strange contrast to the smiling, complacent, and even triumphant one of his father.

"Are you all right now?" asked Joseph. "I wish I'd brought a bottle of smelling-salts. Will you come out and get something to drink—water—brandy? No? Sure you're all right? Did you see Sir Stephen? I wonder who the lady is beside him? Some swell or other, I'll be bound. The other man must be Sir Stephen's son, for he's like him. He's almost as great a personage as Sir Stephen himself; you see his name amongst those of people of the highest rank in the fashionable columns in the newspapers. The lady's got beautiful 'air, hasn't she?" he went on, after a pause. "Not that I admire that color myself; I'm gone on black 'air." He glanced insinuatingly at Ida's.

When the interval expired, Sir Stephen and Stafford resumed their seat, and, with a sigh of relief, Ida tried to listen to the music; but she seemed to hear Stafford's voice through it, and was obliged to shut her eyes that she might not see him. Instinctively, and from Joseph's description, she knew that the beautiful girl, with the complexion of a lily and the wealth of bronze-gold hair, was Maude Falconer. Why was she with Sir Stephen and Stafford? Was it, indeed, true that they were engaged? Up to the present moment, she had cherished a doubt; but now it seemed impossible to doubt any longer. For how many minutes, hours, years, would she have to sit with those two before her, her heart racked with the pangs of jealousy, with the memory of happier days, with the ghastly fact that he had gone from her life for ever, and that she was sitting there a spectator of his faithlessness. Every song seemed to mock her wretchedness, and she had to battle with the mad desire to spring to her feet and cry aloud.

In a kind of dream she heard the strains of the national anthem, and saw Stafford rise with the rest of the audience, and watched him as he drew the costly cloak round Maude Falconer's white shoulders; in a dream allowed Joseph to draw her arm through his and lead her down the crowded staircase into the open air.

"Splendid concert!" he said, triumphantly. "But you look tired, Ida. We'll have a cab to the station. But let's wait a minute and see the Prince come out."

They stood in the crowd which had formed to stare at his royal highness; and as luck would have it, Stafford, with Maude Falconer on his arm, and followed by Sir Stephen, passed in front of them, and so close that Ida shrank in terror lest Stafford should see her. Some of the crowd, some Stock Exchange people probably, recognized Sir Stephen, and spoke his name aloud. Ida saw Stafford's face darken with a frown, as if he were ashamed of the publicity, as he hurried Maude Falconer to the carriage. A moment or two after, the Prince appeared, there was an excited and enthusiastic burst of cheering; and at last Joseph forced his way out of the crowd and found a cab.

They had some little time to wait for the train, and Joseph, after vainly pressing some refreshment on Ida, went into the refreshment-room and got a drink for himself and a cup of coffee for Isabel, while Ida sank back into a corner of the carriage and waited for them. Joseph talked during the whole of the journey in an excited fashion, darting glances every now and then from his small eyes at the white face in the corner. When they got out at the station, he offered Ida his arm and she took it half-unconsciously. The path was too narrow to permit of three to walk abreast, and Joseph sent Isabel on in front; and on some trivial excuse or another contrived to lag some little distance behind her. Every now and then he pressed Ida's arm more closely to his side, looking at her with side-long and lingering glances, and at last he said, in a kind of whisper, so that Isabel should not hear:

"I hope you've enjoyed yourself, Ida, and that you're glad you came? I don't know when I've had such a jolly night, and I hope we may have many more of them. Of course you know why I'm so happy? It's because I've got you with me. Life's been a different thing for me since you came to live with us; but I dessay you've seen that, haven't you?"

He laughed knowingly.

"I have seen—what?" asked Ida, trying to rouse herself and to pay attention to what he was saying.

"I say I suppose you've seen how it is with me, Ida, and why I am an haltered being? It is you who have done it; it's because I'm right down in love with you. I've been going to say it for days past; but, somehow, though I dessay you don't mean it, you seem so cold and standoffish, and quite different to other girls when a man pays them attention. But I dessay you understand now, and you'll treat me differently. I'm awfully in love with you, Ida, and I don't see why we shouldn't be engaged. I'm getting on at the office, and if I can squeeze some money out of the guv'nor, I shall set up for myself. Of course, there'll be a pretty how-d'y-do over this at home, for they're always wanting me to marry money, and unfortunately you've lost yours. Not that I mind that, mind you. I believe in following the dictates of your 'eart, and I know what my 'eart says. And now what do you say, Ida?"

And he pressed her arm and looked into her face with a confident smile. Ida drew her disengaged hand across her brow and frowned, as if she were trying to grasp his meaning.

"I—I beg your pardon, Joseph," she said. "I didn't quite understand—I was thinking of something else. You were asking me——" He reddened and pushed his thick lips out with an expression of resentment.

"Well, I like that!" he said, uneasily, but with an attempt at a laugh. "I've just been proposing to you—asking you to be my wife; and you're going to, aren't you?"

Ida drew her arm from his, and regarded him with stony amazement. For the moment she really thought that either he had been drinking too much spirits at the refreshment-room at the station and that it was as elaborate joke on his part, or that she had lost her senses and was imagining a hideously ridiculous speech, too absurd and grotesque for even Joseph to have uttered. Then she saw that his face was sober and that he had actually proposed to her, and, in a kind of desperation, she laughed.

He had been going to take her arm again, but his hand fell to his side, and he looked at her with a mixture of astonishment and indignation, with such an expression of wounded vanity and resentment, that Ida felt almost forced to laugh again; but she checked the desire, and said, as kently and humbly as she could:

"I—I beg your pardon, Joseph. I thought it was a—a joke. I am very sorry. But though you didn't mean it as a jest, it is, of course, absurd. I don't think you quite knew what you were saying; I am quite sure you don't mean it—"

"Oh, yes, but I do!" he broke in eagerly, and with a little air of relief. "I'm in earnest, upon my word, I am. I'm awfully in love with you; and if you'll say yes, I'll stand up to the guv'nor and make it all square for you."

"But I say 'No,'" said Ida, rather sternly, her lips setting tightly, her eyes flashing in the darkness, which, fortunately for Joseph, hid them from his sight. "Please do not speak to me in this way again."

"But look here!" he stammered, his face red, his thick lips twisted in an ugly fashion, "do you know what you're doing—saying?"

"Yes," she said, more sternly than before. "I think it is you who do not know what you are saying. You cannot mean to insult me. I beg your pardon, Joseph. I do not mean to be angry, to hurt your feelings. I think you mean to pay me a great honor; and I—I thank you; but I cannot accept it. And please take this as my final answer, and never, never, speak to me again in this manner."

"Do you mean to say——" he began angrily.

"Not another word, please," said Ida, and she hurried forward so that they came within hearing of Isabel.

Nothing more was said until they reached Laburnam Villa. Mrs. Heron was waiting up for them, and was expressing a hope that they had enjoyed themselves—she had a woollen shawl round her shoulders and spoke in an injured voice and with the expression of a long-suffering martyr—when she caught sight of Joseph's angry and sullen face as he flung himself into a chair and thrust his hands in his pockets, and she stopped short and looked from him to Ida, and sniffer suspiciously and aggressively.

"Oh, yes," said Joseph, with an ugly sneer and a scowl at Ida as she was leaving the room, "we have had a very happy time—some of us—a particularly happy time, I don't think!"

(To be continued.)

WORRY CAN KILL YOU.

It Is Usually the Dominance of One Ideal—Mainly Fear.

We have often heard that worry can kill even the nine-lived cat; but we have only half believed it, and until now we have had no scientific proof that it was so.

Medical science has recently confirmed the fact and explained how worry commits its murders. It has reached the conclusion that in many instances of what has been regarded as lunacy, and from which the victim finally dies, the case has simply been one of acute worry. Instead of the person dying of mental breakdown he has worried himself to death.

Worry, medical science now defines as the dominance of one idea, usually that of fear. There is a fear of some existing condition or dread of what may happen. The idea crowds all others from the mind, or permits them only the feeblest and occasional activity. The most terrible tyranny is the tyranny of an idea.

This one idea pounds hammer-like upon one set of brain cells. It over-stimulates them, causing an unusual flow of blood to those portions and a dearth of it to other parts of the brain. This would not be serious if it happened only now and then, for every brain cell should be replenished by more than the usual flow of blood at times to keep it properly fed and nourished.

But a constant overfeeding of these cells causes a congestion there. The cells become more and more distended. The worry grows more and more acute. The pounding of the blood against the sides of the cell acquires a hammer-like violence. The sides of the cells wear thin. A cell bursts. There is a so-called "clot on the brain." Death follows.

The cure of the worry that kills is prevention. Refuse to worry. Do your best, and, having done this, decline as positively to fret about the results as you would decline to brink a draught of poison. Worry comes as an occasional visitant to everyone, but as we shut our doors to unwelcome visitors, so we close the portals against the entrance of worry. Admitted, it ceases to become a visitor—it is a habit, and a habit that destroys. The action of worry upon the brain cells is most like the constant dropping of water upon a stone. At first it makes not the slightest impression upon the stone, but in time it wears it away. The cells of the brain are of more delicate tissue, and the steady wear and tear of the extra blood supply in time quickly wears them out.

Or, according to medical science, it is as though a garment worn day after day without change soon falls into tatters. Examinations of the brain after death have shown a group of nerve cells at the crown of the head that have perished in the same way the nerve of a tooth dies. While every other brain cell seems to be in ordinary condition, this group has shrunken. It is a curious coincidence, and science says a consequence, as inevitable as effect after cause, that the hair on the portion of the scalp just above this brain area is the first to grow white. Heat in the scalp causes hair to grow gray, and an excess of blood in any portion of the brain causes the scalp above that portion to be overheated.

JAPAN'S PRIME MINISTER.

Count Okuma Has Made His Country's Interests His Life Work.

Among the statesmen of the great powers now occupied with the heavy responsibilities connected with war there is none whose personal history is more romantic or whose ability is more remarkable than the Prime Minister of Japan, Count Okuma.

Okuma, now 77 years of age, was born of a ruling caste, trained to war for 700 years, to participate in the aristocratic privilege of defending the country. He was brought up to enjoy the immunities of feudalism. His family was steeped in the ideas of national seclusion, by war if necessary, in blind hatred of all foreigners, and fanatical condemnation of their religion. Okuma threw overboard the aristocratic principles of his childhood training, his benefits of class, his instinctive distrust of the alien—everything but patriotism. As soon as he was old enough to be admitted into the Government he accepted a minor office. He had a sacred mission to perform, and took his training for it. He was inspired by the homely Japanese proverb: "The

Count Okuma.

timid rat will find courage to bite the cat before submitting to death." His sacred mission was to rescue Japan from the death sentence of the foreigner.

Saved His Country.

He saw the effect upon his country of the enterprising and insolent Westerner, locating his legations in the ancient temples if he took the fancy, scoffing at the venerable religion as "heathenism," ignoring the ceremonious etiquette which was the symbol of centuries of ideals, and preparing to appropriate whatever wealth the country possessed—to milk it dry. He saw the fire of native resentment break into flame with attacks upon the foreigner for which the people had to pay exhorbitantly—$3,000,000 tribute to England, France, America, and Holland in 1864; $500,000 in addition for the life of one British trader.

That Japan was saved to herself, that the powers her Emperor unwittingly signed away to the foreigner were regained through a revision of the rights and privileges enumerated above the signature on those first scraps of paper, that the people of Japan have learned to defend the sovereignty they so nearly lost, and change their position among the nations from one of condescending toleration to one of admiration and commanding respect, is due to a small band of high-minded patriots of whom Okuma takes a pre-eminent place.

A Big Man.

He helped to eliminate feudalism; he used his rare gifts of eloquence to persuade the aristocracy to give up its privilege of alone defending their land, to admit the commoner and the peasant into the army. Of giant physique and strong, athletic build, quite unlike the typical Japanese, his stern face little resembling the mobile countenance characteristic of his countrymen, Okuma is outwardly typical of the things different from the past for which he stands in modern Japan. His character, however, could not be more deeply Japanese because it is absolutely and thoroughly Japanese at the core—so much so that there is no room for anything else.

Okuma became Prime Minister only last May. It is but a short time past, but the war clouds were not then visible to the eyes of ordinary folk. His first act, however, was to demand an increase in the army and navy. His acceptance of office at this time would be in itself an indication of circumstances necessitating his leadership—in other words, war.

What He Prayed For.

"Bobby I suppose you say your prayers every night."

"Yes'm."

"And what are the things you pray for?"

"Mostly that pop won't find out what I've been doin' through the day."

A wise man declines to take a drink between drinks.

HOME

With the Cucumber.

Cucumbers will keep much longer in a cool place than is generally realized. At any rate they will keep for three months in a refrigerator, even if the temperature is not kept as uniform as it might be, and in good cold storage they will undoubtedly keep for many months. They are sometimes freshened by putting them in a pitcher of water with stem end down, covered with a cheese cloth if they are to stand for any time. As standing water soon grows stagnant, this is not a method to recommend for keeping them, even for twenty-four hours. They can always be freshened and cooled under running water.

Cooked cucumber is too little known among us, particularly at this season, when cucumbers are abundant and often inexpensive. There seems to be a prejudice against it that is not altogether reasonable, especially among those who consider vegetable marrow, which it much resembles when cooked, a delicacy. Probably, too, it is more digestible than in any other way it is ever used, which is not saying much.

Cooked cucumber keeps its characteristic flavor, and may be made deliciously savory. It may be prepared in any of the ways vegetable marrow is, and in some ways of its own. In France the cucumber is far more often cooked than not, and variously flavored and served.

Cooked Cucumbers. — Peel the cucumbers carefully, removing but a thin shaving, cut in quarters, and then cut these pieces in half or dice them, removing the seeds. Cook for fifteen to twenty minutes in boiling salted water, to which has been added an onion or some celery, or both, or some other vegetable flavor. If they are to be canned they should not be cooked more than fifteen minutes. Serve with butter or cook them for a little in meat stock. The French commonly cook them in meat stock, which is thus reduced until quite brown and the cucumbers deliciously flavored, other vegetables being added for this purpose. Those who do not like the cucumber prepared in these ways may find it agreeable if a little vinegar is added. The cooked cucumbers may be put through a strainer and a cream soup made by adding to the puree thus obtained hot milk and seasonings.

Cooked Cucumber Salad. — Cucumber cooked as in the above recipe and well seasoned makes an excellent salad when cold, if served with a French dressing. Canned cooked tomatoes put into thoroughly sterilized cans and later sterilized in can if necessary can be heated up and used as a vegetable or taken from the can and used as salad. The sterilization is the thing, the salted water in which the cucumbers are boiled, a teaspoon of salt to a quart of water or two, if preferred, can be used.

Fried Cucumbers.—Cut in thin slices the cucumber may be fried as the Italians fry any of the long green gourds, with an onion cut thin and a sliced tomato to each cucumber. The cucumber cooks slowly in this way and the work must be done over a low fire.

Celery Salt.—Celery salt is eaten with cooked cucumbers, when it is liked, and an old recipe for making it at home is as follows: Scrape the outside off celery roots and dry them; grate the dried roots, mix their powder with one-fourth its quantity of salt, and it will be ready to use upon the table.

Onion and Cucumber Pickle. — Probably no one in the world owes anything of health to vinegar, and some undoubtedly owe a good deal of debility to indulgence in pickles, yet people do want them, and frequently ask for impossible recipes for sliced cucumber preserved so as to retain its fresh flavor. Salt and vinegar are the essentials in preserving all such things, while the addition of some pieces of horseradish root make the keeping qualities the more certain, it is believed. Oil is sometimes added and both vinegar and oil are quite commonly put on cold when the cucumbers are sliced. Here is an ancient recipe: Pare and slice one-half peck of cucumbers with one-half peck of onions, sprinkle layers of the two with salt and let stand over night. Wash off salt the next morning and pack in stone jars in layers, sprinkling over each layer of cucumber and onion a little white pepper, mustard seed, and powdered cinnamon. When the jar is full pour over it a mixture of half a gallon of vinegar, one pint of port wine, and one cup of olive oil. Stir from the bottom every morning for two weeks.

Sweet Cucumber. — Peel full grown cucumbers—yellow ones will do. Halve them down the middle, scoop out the seeds, cut them into any fanciful pieces, cover with good vinegar, and let them stand twenty-four hours; then pour off the vinegar and to three pints of this put half a pound of sugar (brown is generally preferred), a quarter of an ounce of stick cinnamon, a dram of cloves, half a dram of grated nutmeg (call it a small portion if you choose), and an ounce of whole ginger. Boil the pickle ten minutes. Lay in the cucumbers, give them one boil up, and take them out before they soften in the least. Lay them in jars and pour the pickle hot over them. In a week or two boil the vinegar over again and pour it, when cold, over the cucumbers.—German recipe.

Household Hints.

Shoes will last much longer if rubbed with vaseline when they are new.

Eggs when scrambled should be stirred constantly.

There is no finer polish for tinware than wood ashes.

A sweet red pepper should always hang in the canary's cage.

Always turn saltfish skin side up when soaking it to freshen.

A flannel dipped in turpentine will clean a porcelain tub excellently.

A pan of water set in the open will keep pies and cakes from burning while baking.

If you spill milk on your clothes wash out the spot at once with white soap and warm water.

Add a few crumbs of bread to scrambled eggs. This will improve the dish and make the eggs go further.

To give silk that is being washed the sheen of new silk, add just a little methylated spirits to the rinsing water.

The short end of candles melted and mixed with equal parts of turpentine make a fine polish for hardwood floors.

A cupful of vinegar added to the water in which colored clothes are washed will often prevent the color from running.

Cheese is a nice addition to cream soups of any kind. When the soup is ready for the table, sprinkle grated cheese over the top.

When packing away rugs or carpet for any length of time always fold in powdered alum and a few moth balls when rolling up.

A few drops of pure glycerine put on the edges of your jars before screwing on the lid will prevent mold from forming on the fruit.

To remove chocolate stains from white dresses or table linen, sprinkle the stain thickly with borax, place a saucer beneath it and pour on just enough water to moisten. Leave for several hours and then wash.

To economize on stove polish and also to save labor in polishing the stove, mix the polishing paste with dry soap powder. Any sort of soap powder answers the purpose, and the shine obtained is far better than when the polish alone is used.

SAVING HIS FACE.

How a Philipine Chief Concealed His Ignorance.

The Moro lords of the Island of Mindanao in the Philippines,—they are called datos,—although nearer savages than barbarians, do not want native wit and shrewdness. A young lieutenant who has seen service there tells the following incident, which shows how clever one of them was in concealing his ignorance:

Some of the retainers of old Dato Mundi, who lorded it over a few hundred fuzzy-headed, bolo-chopping natives in the Mindanao hills back of one of the army stations, sneaked down one dark night and stole half a dozen cavalry horses from the corral. The commanding colonel, much incensed at the theft, had some native trackers trail the horses to the very village where the old dato held his primitive court. Forthwith he sent the young lieutenant, with a formidable escort of khaki-clad troopers, to bear a letter to the dato that demanded instant restitution of the horses under penalty of immediate war. A half-breed interpreter went along with the party.

The lieutenant found the dato, who had word of his coming, seated in solemn state. He wore a gown of angry Turkey-red calico, while scores of cockatoo feathers bristled in his wool. Heavy rings gleamed on his fingers and toes. Around him were ranked a score of his warriors.

The interpreter translated the letter. The dato, who could not read or write a word in any language, took the sheet from his hand and gazed long and frowningly upon it.

"Well," said the lieutenant, growing restless, for he was fully aware of the Moro's complete lack of education, "ask him what his answer is."

The interpreter translated this; whereupon the dato seized a piece of charcoal from the open fire and, making a number of marks upon the back of the letter, returned it to the lieutenant in solemn silence, while his warriors looked on, struck with admiration at their leader's learning.

The lieutenant gazed at the meaningless "hen tracks" that the dato had scrawled across the page, and frowned in disgust. "Tell him," he cried, impatiently, to the interpreter, "that I want to know just what this means; whether we get the horses, or whether it's war!"

As the hot words were translated to him, the old dato snatched the letter from the lieutenant's hand and, seizing a twig that was burned at one end to a live coal, he swiftly punched three holes through the sheet. Then he handed it back to the officer, drew himself up to his full height, and haughtily declaimed something in his native tongue, while his warriors bowed to the ground in awe.

"He says," translated the interpreter with a smile, "that he thought every warrior knew that when one ruler answers another ruler's letter by writing on the back of it, it means war; and when he burns three holes through it, it means war twice.'

Fighting Again.

"Why, Willie," said the teacher, in a pained voice, "have you been fighting again? Didn't you learn when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other one to the striker?" "Yes'm," agreed Willie, "but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one."

ABOUT ARCTIC COLD.

Misconceptions in Regard to the Temperature.

There is a common belief, writes Capt. Villijalmur Stefansson in the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society, that Arctic travellers are the best authorities on the effects of extreme cold. That idea has its origin in a hazy understanding of the physical truth that, other things being equal, the farther you go toward the pole, the lower becomes the average temperature.

But altitude and the presence or absence of large bodies of water are about as important factors as latitude in determining temperature. All of us know that, but the thinking habits of ancestors who did not know it are so strong upon us that we do not make actual use of that knowledge.

The Meteorological Service of Canada has regular observers, among other places, in Manitoba and at Herschel Island. Manitoba is an agricultural province, whose largest city has a population of nearly two hundred thousand, and with a climate that allows successful grain farming wherever the soil is suitable. Herschel Island is a whaleman's rendezvous about a thousand miles farther north; its only permanent inhabitants are Eskimos; it lies on the northern coast of our continent, far out of the way of any warm current from either the Atlantic or the Pacific, and yet for ten years its temperature has never fallen as low as the lowest record in Manitoba—and this measured with instruments of the same sort, made by the same maker, and tested and carefully compared with the same standard in Toronto.

Up to May, 1908, the lowest recorded temperature for Herschel Island was —54 deg. Fahrenheit; for Manitoba, —55 deg. Fahreneit. And yet the Manitoba cold seldom prevents the young people of the farms from riding in singing sledfuls to dances six or ten miles away—clad, too, in clothing that is not nearly so thick and warm as that which the poorest Eskimo wears in similar temperatures and under similar conditions.

It is true that a tourist often writes more interestingly about a place than its oldest inhabitant can. Arctic literature is interesting enough; the trouble with it is its inaccuracy and exaggeration. An Eskimo reporter on a New York daily might possibly write an amusing account of a sultry July afternoon in the tenement district, but would it be likely to be accurate? It would give a reader in Paris no very clear idea of the summer climate of New York; neither do some of the documents of the Franklin Search give a strictly unimaginative account of the climate at sea level in the regions about 70 deg. north latitude. Here and there in the book you read of the terrible cold and the suffering it caused; turn to the tabulated temperatures in the appendix, and you may find "—36 deg." corresponding to your day of horrors. No doubt it was horribly cold to a man who had grown to middle life in southern England, where the skating on small ponds is safe only in a "hard" winter. A Manitoban might forget to make a weather entry in his diary on a day that exhausted the Englishman's vocabulary.

Did a Lot For Him.

"You can't convince me," said the little man with the ragged trousers, "that you can bring up children right by talkin' to 'em and lettin' it go at that. You've got to use the rod, or you'll spoil the child. I used to git about three lickin's a day on the average." "It doesn't seem to have done very much for you," replied the lady with the protruding jaw. "It has done a lot for me. If they'd let me go my own way I might almost have been a failure in life."

"He's never made any effort to support himself." "Oh, yes, he has. To my certain knowledge he's proposed to every girl with money he knows."

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