A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued).

The morning after the funeral, Howard found Stafford sitting in a darkened room of the great house, his head in his hand, a morning paper lying open on the table before him. He raised his white and haggard face, as Howard entered and took his friend's hand in silence. Howard glanced at the paper and bit his lip.

"Yes," said Stafford, "I have been reading this. You have seen it?"

Howard nodded.

"You know what it means? I want you to tell me. I have been putting off the question day by day, selfishly; I could not face it until—until he was buried. But I can put it off no longer; I must know now. What was that cablegram which they brought him just before—which you tried to keep from him?"

"You have not read any of the newspapers?" asked Howard, gravely, bracing himself for the task from which his soul shrank.

Stafford shook his head.

"No; I have not been able to. I have not been able to do anything, scarcely to think. The blow came so suddenly that I have felt like a man in a dream—dazed, bewildered. If I have been able to think at all it is of his love for me, his goodness to me. There never was such a father——" His voice broke, and he made a gesture with his hand. "Even now I do not realize that he is gone, that I shall never see him again. I was so fond of him, so proud of him! Why do you hesitate? If it is bad news, and I suppose it is, do you think I can't bear it? Howard, there is nothing that you could tell me that could move me, or hurt me. Fate has dealt me its very worst blow in taking him from me, and nothing else can matter. The cablegram, this that the paper says, what does it mean?"

Howard sat on the table so that he could lay his hand, with a friend's loving and consoling touch, on Stafford's arm.

"I've come to tell you, Staff," he said. "I know that you ought to know—but it's hard work—that cablegram contained news that the Zulus had risen en masse, and that for a time, perhaps for years, the railway scheme was blocked, if not utterly ruined. It was the one weak link in the chain, and your father was aware of it and had taken what measures he could to guard against the danger; but Fate, circumstances, were too much for him. A silly squabble, so silly as to be almost childish, between some squatters on the border and the discontented natives, upset all his carefully laid plans, and turned a gigantic success, at its very zenith, into a tragic failure."

Stafford leant his head upon his hand, and looked steadily at Howard.

"It was that that killed him?" he said. "It meant ruin, I suppose, ruin for him and other?"

"Yes; he had staked all upon this last throw, and the sudden reverse came at a moment when his nerves were strained to the utmost, when he was excited with the honor and glory he had achieved. The blow was too sudden, the revulsion of feeling from exultation to despair too swift, too great. It is one of the most awful things of which I had ever heard or read. Men are still speaking about it with bated breath. There is nothing but pity for him, nothing but regret at the stroke of misfortune which cut him down in the moment of his triumph."

"And others?" repeated Stafford. "It has brought ruin upon others. What can I do? Is there anything I can do? I am so ignorant. I do not even know whether I sit here absolutely penniless, or whether there is anything left that I can give them."

"Mr. Falconer and Murray and the lawyer are in the library," said Howard. "They have been going into affairs. They would have liked to have had you with them; but I begged you off. I knew you would be of no use to them.

Stafford looked his thanks.

"No, I could not have helped them," he said. "No one knew less of my poor father's affairs than I, no one is less capable of dealing with them than I. Mr. Falconer will know what to do. It is very good of him to come to my assistance. I have scarcely seen him; I have not seen anyone but you."

"And Maude?" said Howard, interrogatively.

"No," said Stafford, his brows drawn together. "I have not seen her. She has been ill——"

"Yes," said Howard, in a low voice. "She is prostrated by the shock, poor girl! You will go to her as soon as she is able to leave her room?"

"Yes, of course," said Stafford, very gravely and wearily.

There was a knock at the door, and the footman, in his mourning livery, came in and said, solemnly:

"Mr. Falconer would like to know if you will see him, my lord?"

A frown crossed Stafford's pale face at the "my lord." It sounded strange and mockingly in his ears.

"I will come at once," he said. "Come with me, Howard."

They went to the library, and the three men who were sitting there before a mass of papers rose to receive him; Falconer with a face as if it were carved out of wood; Murray with anxious brow; the lawyer with a grave and solemn countenance, and sharp, alert eyes. Stafford waved them to their seats and took a chair at the table, and Falconer, with a straight underlip, and eyes half concealed by their thick lids, spoke for the others.

"Very sorry we cannot leave you in peace for a little longer, Stafford," he said. "But I am quite sure you would have blipped us had we done so. We have been getting into your father's affairs, and I very much regret that we cannot give you favorable report of them. As you know, the will, which Mr. Chaffinch," he nodded at the lawyer, "read this morning, leaves you everything, and names Mr. Chaffinch and Mr. Murray here executors. That's all very proper and satisfactory as it goes, but, unfortunately, we find that there is no estate."

Murray, the secretary, passed his hand over his wrinkled forehead and sighed, as if he himself had made away with the vast sum of money, and the lawyer frowned and shuffled the papers before him. Stafford sat with his hands clasped on the table, his eyes fixed on Falconer's impassive face.

"Your father's immense fortune was wholly embarked in this last business," continued Mr. Falconer; "he believed in it and staked everything on it. A very large number of the shares were held by him. They go down to nothing to-day; it is very unlikely that they will recover; it is possible that they never may; and if they should it would be too late, for the shares your father held will, of course, go to meet the claims—and they are heavy—on the estate. I don't know whether I make myself understood; I am aware that you are not a business man."

"My father's debts—will they not be paid, will there not be sufficient?" he asked, in a dry voice.

Mr. Falconer pursed his lips and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not; in fact, I can say definitely that they will not," he replied, in a hard, uncompromising way.

Stafford looked round the large, superbly furnished room, with its bookcases of ebony and Wedgewood, its costly pictures and bronzes, and recalled the Villa with its luxury and splendor and the vast sums which Sir Stephen had spent during the last few months. It seemed difficult to realize that the wealth was all gone.

"What is to be done?" he asked, in a low voice.

Mr. Falconer was silent for a moment, as he regarded the handsome face, which seemed to have lost its aspect of youth and taken on the lines and hollows of age.

"I do not know. It is not for me to say. There will be a meeting of the directors of the South African Company and others to-morrow, and some decision will be come to, I have no doubt."

"And I—I can do nothing?" said Stafford, huskily. "I am penniless, I suppose."

Both Murray and Mr. Chaffinch raised their heads with an air of surprise.

"Penniless!" echoed Mr. Chaffinch. "Certainly not, my lord! Surely you know?"

Stafford regarded him gravely; it seemed as if he himself were too crushed by his grief for surprise.

"Know?" he said. "What is it I should know? I do not understand."

Mr. Falconer coughed.

"We thought you were aware of the existence of the deed; that your father had informed you."

"What deed?" asked Stafford, dully. "I am sorry to appear so dense; but I have not the least idea of your meaning. As you say, Mr. Falconer, I know nothing of business."

"It is evident that your father did not tell you that he executed a deed of gift in your favor, a gift of one hundred thousand pounds," said Mr. Falconer.

"Which deed, being made when he was quite solvent, cannot be upset. The money was placed in trust, and is quite beyond the reach of the creditors," said Mr. Chaffinch. "We thought you were aware of this, my lord."

Stafford shook his head. He evinced no sign of relief, the color did not rise to his face, and his eyes were still fixed on Falconer.

"It was a very wise provision," said Mr. Chaffinch, approvingly. "And distinctly one I should have recommended; but Sir Stephen—Lord Highcliffe—did it of his own accord. He was a far-seeing man, and he was aware that fortune might fail him, that it was necessary he should place you, my lord, out of danger. I can well believe that, even at that time, he saw the peerage coming, and felt that you should be made secure, that you should have a sufficient income to support the title. It is not a tenth, a twentieth of the sum you would have inherited, but for this unfortunate accident of the native rising, and the collapse of the South African Company."

Stafford scarcely heard him. He was thinking of his father's loving foresight and care for his son's future. A pang of bereavement shot through him.

"Very wise," said Mr. Falconer, grimly. "Whatever happens, Lord Highcliffe is safe, high and dry above water mark. Carefully invested, the capital sum may be made to produce an income of four thousand, or thereabouts. Not too much, but—. Ah, well, it might be so much worse."

"The servants—the small debts—this house—is there enough for them?" asked Stafford, after a pause.

Mr. Chaffinch waved his hand.

"No need to trouble about that, my lord. There will be sufficient at the bank to pay such small claims. Your lordship will keep the house on?"

Stafford looked up with a sudden energy.

"No," he said; "not a moment longer than is necessary. I shall return to my old rooms."

"There is no occasion," began Mr. Chaffinch. "I need scarcely say that the bank will honor your lordship's cheques for any amount."

"Please get rid of this house as soon as possible," said Stafford. He rose as he spoke. "You will remain to lunch?"

They murmured a negative, and Stafford, begging to be excused, left the room, signing to Howard to follow him. He did not mean it, but his manner, in the abstraction of his grief, was as lordly as if he had succeeded to an earldom of five centuries. When they had got back to the little darkened room in which he had sat since his father's death, Stafford turned to Howard:

"At what time and place is this meeting to-morrow, Howard?" he asked.

"At Gloucester House, Broad Street. Noon."

Stafford nodded, and was lost in thought for a moment or two, then he said:

"Howard, will you send my horses to Tattersall's? And the yacht to the agent's, for sale? There is nothing else, I think. I used to have some diamond studs and rings, but I've lost most of them. I was always careless. Great heaven! When I think of the money I have spent, money that I would give my life for now!"

"But, my dear old chap, a hundred thousand pounds! Four thousand a year—it's not much for a man in your position, but there's no need to sell your horses."

Stafford laid his hand on Howard's shoulder and looked into his eyes and laughed strangely; then his hands dropped and he turned away with a sigh.

"Leave me now, Howard," he said. "I want to think—to think."

He sank into a chair, when Howard had gone, and tried to think of his future; but it was only the past that rose to his mind; and it was not altogether of his father that he thought, but of—Ida. In his sacrifice of himself, he had sacrificed her. And Fate had punished him for him forced treachery. He sat, with his head in his hands, for hours, recalling those love-lit hours beside the stream, when he had looked into her eyes, and—yes, kissed her sweet lips. Now, what a bankrupt he was! His father, his sweetheart, his wealth—all had been taken from him.

He did not think of Maude.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At noon the following day there was a large meeting at Gloucester House. There gathered the Beltons, Baron Wirsch, Griffenberg, and the titled and untitled folk who had been concerned in Sir Stephen Orme's big scheme. And they were all gloomy and in a bad temper; for all of them had lost money and some of them were well-nigh ruined by the collapse of the company which was to have made their fortunes. They came before noon, the appointed hour, and talked, sometimes in undertones, but not seldom in loud and complaining voices. By one and all the dead man was blamed for the ruin in which he had involved them. They had left the whole thing in his hands: he ought to have foreseen, ought to have taken proper precautions. They had been—well, if not duped and deceived, the victims of his criminal sanguineness and carelessness.

Griffenberg, being one of the heaviest losers, was elected to the chair, but beyond making a statement which told them nothing, he could do little. When he informed them that Lord Highcliffe had died practically insolvent, a murmur arose, a deep gutturol murmur which was something between a hiss and a groan and it was while this unpleasant sound was filling the room that Stafford entered.

The groan, if groan it can be called, died away, and they all turned and looked at his pale and careworn face. The tall figure in its deep mourning dress silenced them for the moment.

Griffenberg signed Stafford to a seat beside him.

"I am sure we can tell Lord Highcliffe that we are glad to see him, that we are much obliged for his attendance."

Some few said "Hear! hear!" but the rest were silent and watchful. As Griffenberg spoke the door opened again and Ralph Falconer entered. He glanced at Stafford and knit his brows, but dropped heavily into a chair, and sat with stony face and half-lowered lids. He had scarcely taken his seat when Howard entered in his quiet fashion, and he went and stood just behind Stafford.

"I was just telling the meeting, Lord Highcliffe, that I was afraid we were in a bad way," said Griffenberg. "We all relied so completely on Sir Stephen—I beg pardon, Lord Highcliffe, your father—that we feel ourselves helpless now—er—left in the lurch. The company is in great peril; there has already been heavy loss, and we fear that our property will be swallowed up——"

"Ask him what Sir Stephen did with all his money!" cried an excited shareholder.

"Order!" said Mr. Griffenberg. "Lord Highcliffe is not here to answer questions."

"Then what's he here for?" retorted another man, whose loss amounted to a few hundreds, but who was more excited and venomous than those who had many thousands at stake. "He's all right. He's a lord—a pretty lord!—and I'm told the gentleman he's next to is his future father-in-law, and is rolling in money——"

"Order! order!" called Griffenberg.

But the man declined to be silenced.

"Oh, it's all very well to call 'Order!' But I've a question to ask. I want to know whether it's true that Sir Stephen—blow 'Lord Highcliffe,' Sir Stephen's good enough for me!—made over a hundred thousand pounds to his son, the young gentleman sitting here. Some of us is ruined by this company, and we don't see why we should be sheared while Lord Highcliffe gets off with a cool hundred thousand. I ask the question and I wait for an answer."

Stafford rose, his pale, handsome face looking almost white above his black frock-coat and black tie.

"Sit down! Don't answer him," said Griffenberg.

"It is quite true," he said. "The money—a hundred thousand pounds—was given to me. It was given to me when my father"—his voice broke for a moment—"was in a position to give it, was solvent——"

"I said so, didn't I?" yelled the man who had put the question.

"Order! order!" said Griffenberg.

"And I am informed that the gift was legal, that it cannot be touched——"

"Of course it can't. Trust Sir Stephen to look after his own!" wailed the man.

"But I yield it, give it up," said Stafford in the same level voice.

Falconer started from his seat and laid a hand on Stafford's arm.

"Don't be a fool!" he whispered in his thick voice.

But Stafford did not heed him.

"I give it up, relinquish it," he said in the same low, clear tones. "When my father"—his voice again shook for a moment—"made the deed, he thought himself a rich man. If he were alive to-day"—there was a pause, and the meeting hung on his words—"he would entirely agree with what I am doing. I give up the deed of gift, I relinquish it. My lawyers have made me the proper document, and I now give it to your chairman. It is all I possess; if I had more, I would give it to you. My father was an honorable man, if he were here now——"

He placed the deed before Griffenberg and sank into his seat. There was a moment of intense silence, then a cheer arose, led by the very man who had put the question. Griffenberg sprang to his feet. "I hope you are satisfied, gentlemen," he said, with as much emotion as a City man may permit himself. "Lord Highcliffe has behaved like a gentleman, like a nobleman. I can assure you that his sacrifice is a real one. The deed of gift which he has surrendered is a perfectly sound one, and could not have been touched. All honor to him for his surrender, for his generosity."

Another cheer arose—again it was started by the very man who had attacked poor Stafford, and before it had ceased to ring through the crowded room, Stafford had made his way out. Mr. Falconer caught him by the arm as he was going down the stairs.

"Do you know what you have done?" he demanded in his dry, harsh voice. "You have made yourself a pauper."

Stafford stopped and looked at him with a dull, vacant gaze.

"A pauper!" repeated Falconer, huskily.

"I daresay," said Stafford, wearily.

"And you a peer!" said Falconer, his face a brick-dust red. "Do you think they will have any pity? Not they. They'll take you at your word. They'll have every penny! How do you mean to live? You, Lord Highcliffe!"

(To be continued.)

THE FOLLY OF THIS WAR.

By Chas. M. Bice, Denver, Colo.

The present dreadful European war is a senseless, aimless, soulless conflict, without hate except such as it engenders. Strictly speaking, it is more of a holocaust than a civilized war, the slaughter surpasses anything in the world's history, and yet the world knows but little of the details of the terrible conflict going on behind the censorship curtain in France. It is all the work of the sabre-rattlers and those ambitious fiends who trade in war and connived at it in the councils of Europe.

It seems the inevitable culmination of those accursed and degraded notions of the nations respecting the "Balance of Power" and the "Armed Peace," resulting in hidden deals of what they call diplomacy, under which guise they prepare for war while outwardly proclaiming a disinterested peace.

The 300,000,000 of peace-loving people of Europe could not prevent it. They have postponed it, but for the past ten years the trend has been towards war, for the war-makers controlled the machinery.

The voice of reason was completely silenced; war must be declared on the instant or it would not be made. Those who made it gave no time for protest, and no force was at hand to stop them.

In the rape of Belgium Great Britain found a moral sanction for doing what she had pledged herself to do. A false step in the diplomacy of Austria set the world on fire, and the fight now is practically for existence on the part of Germany and Austria. That no one man has a right to bear the torch and start such a quenchless fire is a lesson most obvious. Civil law in Europe is paralyzed and martial law holds the boards. Thus barbarism takes its revenge. There can be no security even in democracy as long as absolutism or militarism prevails. The victory of the one nation and the defeat of the other, forty years ago, after the fighting over these same grounds, are the main factors in the war of to-day. The infection that arose from Gravelotte and Sedan has spread over all Europe, and the fruits are now being reaped. When the hour of meditation and sanity comes, after the war has spent its force, let us hope that instead of the "Concert of Powers" ever out of harmony we shall have a "Concert of the Peoples" ever in time and devoted to the common welfare of mankind.

We have much to be thankful for in the Peace policy that has prevailed between Canada and America since 1817. In that year Great Britain and the U.S. signed a memorable treaty relative to disarmament on the Great Lakes and all along the boundary line.

Negotiations having in view the dismantling of hostile fleets on the Great Lakes, and hostile forts on both sides of the boundary, were begun by the U.S. immediately following the close of the second war with England, and were concluded in April, 1817, by an agreement, which is yet in force, completely neutralizing our mutual boundary. As a result of this treaty it would be difficult to sum up the saving in military equipment and armaments which both countries have been spared. Here is a lesson our European brothers would do well to study. For nearly 100 years no hostile fleets, no frowning fort or battlement, has reared its menacing form as an invitation to war. True, in 1837, some agitation on both sides of the border appeared a little threatening for a time, and again in 1861 to 1871, misunderstandings threatened to embroil the two nations, but in the absence of forts and fleets, and before preparations for war could be made, the war fever happily subsided and died out entirely. Here we have a practical test of what a mutually agreed disarmament understanding can effect. The history of Europe in 1914, now being written in the blood of her chivalric and noble sons, would have been spared had she adopted and lived up to the same human policy along her many national boundary lines.

The war system must go, and let us not forget, that while we are about certain to crush the German machine, which, perhaps, the arrogance of rivals has done much to upbuild, the machine will soon rise again unless all the rival machines are swept away with it.

Let them all go. The world can have no abiding civilization or peace without security of property and life, so long as a war lord remains to apply the torch of destruction. Let us bend every effort possible for a saner, wiser and more patriotic public opinion, and for a public conscience which will make another great war impossible.

May God bless America in her efforts to reach out the hand of conciliation.

The great masses of the contending nations look to America for the final decisive action, the final help. It is her greatest opportunity, and I am glad that President Wilson is alive to his God-given duties, and is putting forth every endeavor possible to quench the mad war spirit that is driving European civilization to its utter destruction.

While England is one of the belligerents, she did not voluntarily enter the contest, and would gladly have shifted the responsibility; but it was fight or humiliation and forfeiture of national honor. Her policies and her acts were always for peace; and just because she has asserted a higher virtue and a more unselfish purpose than other European nations, and because she has been foremost in deploring war and condemning militarism, a greater circumspection and a more conservative attitude have been demanded and may be expected of her. She has already shown a willingness to consider terms of peace as soon as the proper moment arrives, but it seems the other contending nations are not yet ready, though, in all probability, they will be soon, for Germany, shut off from the world's food supply by the British Navy, and having for many years discouraged agriculture to build up her manufactures, will soon be starved into submission. Already we hear of her half famished soldiers, taken as prisoners of war, and whose tongues, no longer under restraint, tell of the fearful condition of the German Commissary, and its near approach to a total collapse. It seems certain that Germany could not maintain a long drawn out war, and that her greatest weakness is in her scanty food supplies. But the Chauvinistic demagogues will not see or realize this until many useful lives are snuffed out and much blood is spilled. Vainglorious in their hero worship of the war-god, they shut their eyes and continue on in the hopeless strife. However large the circle, nature ever returns into her own matrix. The elements become mineral, the mineral advances to the vegetable, the vegetable feeds the animal, but the animal at death is pulled back again to elemental conditions. Out of chaos comes the cosmos, but it is sure to return again. Out of warring and down-trodden principalities Germany was formed, and forty years have welded the union, but to-day disintegrating signs are conspicuous that portend its utter dissolution. We grieve to lose the Germany of science, of art, and of philosophy, but she has herself alone to blame.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, Colo.

Answered.

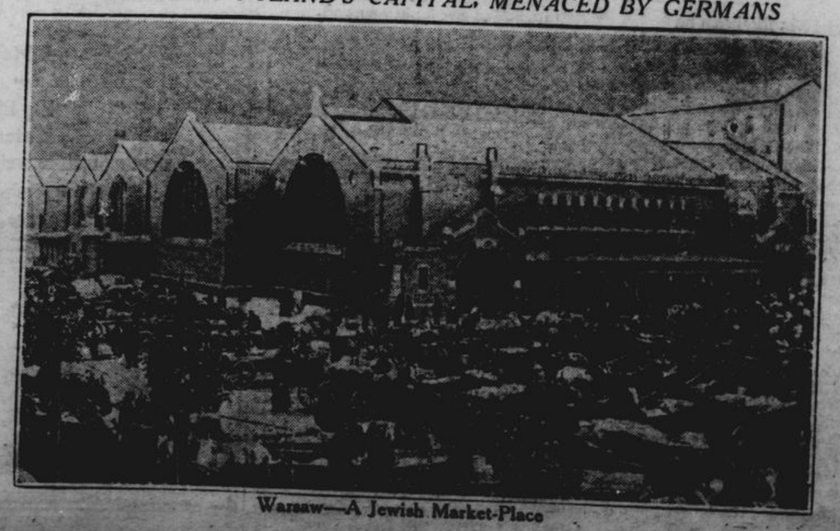
Teacher—Who can tell me how many teeth a human being has?

Bright Pupil—A mouthful, miss.

Parishioner (to departing minister)—We're all very sorry to lose you, Mr. Foodle. Mr. Foodle (modestly)—Never mind, Mrs. Toodle. I've no doubt you will get a better man next time. Parishioner—Ah, no, Mr. Foodle. That's just what the last minister said when he left.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that he was born in France; therefore he is a Frenchman." "Not at all," said Pat. "Begorra, if a cat should have kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits."

A SCENE IN POLAND'S CAPITAL, MENACED BY GERMANS



Warsaw—A Jewish Market-Place

HOME

Tested Recipes.

Cooking Lima Beans.—If the lima beans are the least bit wilted, when they are likely to be butter, first cook them for five minutes in boiling salted water, then drain and put into freshly boiling water, and add a small piece of butter when they are half done. Some people consider their flavor improved by cooking them with a sprig of mint, which should be removed when they are served. They should not be boiled violently, but just simmered and may be beautifully cooked in a chafing dish. In order to be savory they should have about a cup of liquid to a box of beans around them when they are done. Pour this on to a tablespoon each of butter and flour cooked together, then cook the beans in this gravy for a few minutes, adding some fresh butter at the last minute. There is no vegetable that is more improved by a generous use of butter than the lima bean.

Left Over Lima Beans. — Mash the beans, put them through a sieve, and use them for thickening any cream soup. This bean puree with water in which celery is cooked, with some butter and milk, makes an excellent soup if put together with discretion.

Cucumbers in Butter.—Peel and cut cucumbers into pieces an inch and a half or two inches long, take out the seeds and the thready-part, cook for about fifteen minutes in boiling salted water, drain, then put into a saucepan with a piece of butter and simmer for some minutes. Serve with chopped parsley.

Cooked Lettuce. — The French have nearly a hundred varieties of cooked lettuce. It is a pretty sort of cooking, and cooked lettuce dishes can be made ornamental. Wash thoroughly after taking off all the coarsest leaves or those which are in any way defective. Blanch in boiling salted water, boiling from five to seven minutes, then drain. Lay each head or bunch on a board and split it. If the heads are large they may be cut in four parts, lengthwise of the leaves. Fill each of these parts with a tablespoon or so of some dainty and well seasoned chopped meat or a vegetable mince. Roll up and tie. Put rolls close together in a saucepan, add whatever vegetables you choose for seasoning—an onion and carrot at any rate, and perhaps some tomato, herbs, etc.—and then add a little butter and water to cover, or, better, some meat stock. Cook over a gentle fire. Scraps of meat may be added to this stew. The lettuce without any stuffing, but rolled into balls, may be cooked after blanching with some agreeable flavoring of vegetables and perhaps an herb bouquet.

Green or Red Fried Tomatoes.—If the red ones are used take off the skin, cut in one-third inch slices, dip in beaten egg seasoned with salt and pepper, and then in white corn meal. Fry in bacon fat or butter. With the meal the bacon fat is preferable.

Beets for Garnishing. — After thoroughly washing a quart of young beets put them on to cook in a covered kettle with cold water to cover. Add to this a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoons of vinegar. Cook for one hour or perhaps ten minutes longer, if it seems necessary. If gently and properly cooked it will not be necessary to add water. When the beets are done skim them out into cold water and rub off the skins. Then put them into a stone jar—glass will do—and strain over them the liquid in which they boiled. The vinegar keeps this from turning dark. Spread two tablespoons of powdered sugar on the beets, cover, and put away in a cold place. These are much better for salads and garnishing than are pickled beets and more wholesome.

Beet Relish. — Two quarts of beets, measured after they have been boiled and chopped; one large head of cabbage, chopped before cooking so that it will cook more quickly; three green peppers chopped; four cups of sugar, one tablespoon black pepper, salt to taste, vinegar to cover.

Indian Relishes. — Twelve sour apples, six green tomatoes, two onions, one cup raisins, two green peppers. Chop the tomatoes and drain; then chop the other ingredients, and add two cups of sugar, two tablespoons of salt, one quart of vinegar, and cook all together until all ingredients are tender.

Roquefort Dressing. — Make a thick French dressing by putting seasonings of salt, pepper, or paprika in a bowl, adding a little vinegar, then beating olive oil into it until thick. Finally rub into this Roquefort cheese enough to form a thick paste and thin just before serving with thick cream.

Household Hints.

An easy method of weighing treacle is to scatter a little flour on the scale, and the treacle rolls off without sticking.

Boiled puddings should never be turned out the moment they are done. They are very likely to break if this is done.

If vegetables are overcooked their texture toughens, their flavor is somewhat destroyed, and they are not so digestible.

To take out a scorch from a shirt-front or any article lay it where the sunshine will fall on it. It will leave it clean and white.

This is just the time of the year to cultivate a taste for porridge. Try it for breakfast twice a week. It is more economical and more strengthening than bacon.

When you were cutting new bread for the table did you ever try putting the knife in hot water? Try it sometimes and see if you don't find it cuts much easier.

Don't forget to give your hair at least a hundred strokes with a brush morning and evening. Proper brushing does away with the necessity for too frequent washing.

An effectual way to remove all taste from dripping when using it for cake is to squeeze the juice of a lemon over it and beat it to a cream; it also makes the cake lighter.

Don't forget to bathe the neck and arms in a little milk the night before going to a dance. This is grandmother's remedy, which never fails to make the skin look smooth and white.

A smoky lamp is often the result of a clogged and dirty wick. Take the burner out of the lamp and soak it in a little strong washing soda and hot water, then dry thoroughly, and the lamp will burn much better.

To prevent new shoes from pinching lay a cloth moistened in hot water across the place where the pressure is most felt, changing the cloth as soon as it becomes cool. This will make the leather shape itself to the foot.

To keep water cool and fresh fill a jug early in the day, place a wet linen cloth round it, and stand it in a cool, shallow place in the pantry. This will be much cooler than drawing from a tap and using at once.

An ounce of soda, two ounces of soft soap, a pennyworth of fuller's earth, dissolved in a pint and a half of water, makes an excellent mixture to clean leaden sinks. A little laid on a flannel will be enough each time.

Peel some old potatoes, boil them with a piece of mint and some salt; when done beat them with a fork, add a little pepper, a piece of butter and a few drops of lemon-juice; mix thoroughly; this greatly improves old potatoes.

In reheating meat, do not allow it to recook. Merely let it get steaming hot. Otherwise fibres will be toughened and made indigestible, and nutriment lost. Sauces and gravies should be made first, and meat added.

To improve the flavor of currants and sultanas which are to be used for cakes, place them in a bowl, pour boiling water over them and leave to soak all night. The fruit swells to twice its former size, but should be drained from the water and dried in the oven before being added to the other ingredients.

For ham pie use equal parts of chopped ham and chopped liver, boiled. Use the fat as well as the lean part of the ham. Season with salt and pepper and a little finely chopped parsley. Moisten with stock, or with water in which the liver was boiled. Put in a baking dish, and cover with a layer of mashed potatoes. Brown and serve hot.

ROMANCE IN RAGS.

Diamonds and Wills Found in "Wastepaper."

The wastepaper trade is as full of surprises as a lucky-bag at a bazaar, says the London Standard.

A diamond ring was recently found at the paper-sorting depot at Whitecross Street, in which the Salvation Army employ many men. The man who made this discovery, though naturally poor, handed up the ring, and the owner was traced. At the same place, two £5 notes were found among some wastepaper. In this case they were also handed up.

But the most frequent source of piquant discoveries is discarded envelopes. In an East London store the back of an envelope was torn while the manager was handling it, and three postal orders for one pound each fell out. The name and address were still legible on the envelope, and by this means the postal orders were returned to the owner, who proved to be an aged woman. The money had been sent her by a son working in the north of England, who had refrained from mentioning his gift in his letter, and the mother, being nearly blind, had not noticed the orders when pulling out the letter.

A bundle of love letters, delicately scented and tied with blue ribbon, was discovered among a quantity of colored paper used for fancy decorations. They were human little epistles, starting in a bright, optimistic vein, gradually dwindling into a sad diminuendo, and telling the whole story of a courtship and a severance.

But it is in the rag trade that most discoveries are made. For every opportunity there is of losing things among wastepaper there is a dozen among old clothes. Romance in rags! People put a purse or a document in a pocket, and, discarding the garment, forget all about it. In this way a budding author recently lost a manuscript on which he had pinned high hopes. While revising it he was disturbed by a visitor, and placed the valuable document in an inside pocket of his old working coat. The next morning his housekeeper sold this shabby coat to an "old clo'" man with the manuscript still in the pocket. Fortunately the housekeeper knew the man to whom she had sold the coat, and the writer was able to recover his manusrript.

The finding of wills among rubbish is more easily understood. Many probate suits are caused by the action of eccentric old people secreting their wills, and several cases are recorded of these documents being picked out from among waste materials. Marriage certificates, too, have a habit of turning up in unexpected places.

THE WOMEN OF ANTWERP.

Tend Heroically to the Wounded—Their Dear Ones Dead.

The women of Antwerp become more wonderful every day. While their men live they comfort and cheer them; when they are dead they put the Red Cross band on their mourning and stifle their grief to minister to the dear ones of others.

There is a woman living in my hotel, says a London Daily Mail correspondent, whom I have watched for a week. Her husband was a captain of infantry. While he was away on duty she would sit sewing in the salon with a sorrowing face as she wondered what was happening to her husband out in the firing line. When she heard his step, the gloom went and the smile and joke—it was easy to know with what an effort—replaced it. The soldier gone, the weary foreboding descended again. After Saturday's fight at Termonde, she came down in deepest black. This morning I saw a Red Cross on her sleeve. This is no xception; that captain's wife has a thousand peers in Antwerp.

It is almost certain that the man or woman you are sitting next to can tell you a story of personal tragedy. One morning I addressed four people in the Cafe Metropole. Three of them were direct and dire sufferers. One, a nobleman, told me, without a word of complaint, how his chateau near Liege had been razed by the Belgians to make way for the fire of the heavy guns; how all the horses in his racing stud had been commandeered; how, through his ruined tenants' inability to pay any rent for two or three years, his income was gone. He asked me anxiously whether if he put the wreck of his fortunes, namely, the family plate, in a big chest, he would be allowed to take it to England.

A second man described with glittering eyes how his dearest friend, a youth of twenty, had been tied to a tree by German officers and told he would be shot. First, however, they wanted dinner, and dined around the tree, taunting their victim with offers of champagne, till they had finished their repast. Then they shot him. The third man was a refugee from Malines who had been separated a week before by the Germans from his wife and two children. "Ah, monsieur," he cried, "I would rather be dead with them than not know whether they are dead or alive or where they are."

That's Different.

Mrs. Exe (complainingly) — Such servants as we get nowadays!

Mrs. Wye—Well, one can't expect all the virtues for $4 a week, you know.

Mrs. Exe—But I pay $5.

Rank Hypocrisy.

"The best of us have to be hypocrites at some time."

"How now?"

"I was just condoling with my neighbor over the loss of his graphophone. It got smashed last night."

Japan's empress is making bandages for the Red Cross nurses.

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