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HOME

Crackers in Cookery.

Sardine Mixture.—(Serve as an appetizer at luncheon.) Bone and skin one small box of sardines; add the juice of one lemon, a little Worcestershire sauce and enough catsup to make a smooth paste. Spread on crisp saltines and serve two on a plate with a slice of lemon and two stuffed olives.

Mock Oysters.—Form fresh sausage meat into oval cakes resembling a large oyster in shape and size. Roll liberally in finely rolled soda crackers and saute in a pan, sing a good amount of beef drippings and butter. Cook long enough to let centre be well done, and do not let outside get too dark or crisp.

Escalloped Oysters. — Drain the liquor from a pint of oysters. Small ones will do. Place in layers in a small pudding dish, seasoning each layer with salt, pepper and dots of butter. Between each layer and over top strew a good layer of fine cracker crumbs, dotting top well with butter. Bake in moderate oven until well heated through and top is light gold color.

Escalloped Tomatoes. — Proceed as directed for oysters, but also add a teaspoonful of sugar to the seasoning of each layer. The juice drained from tomatoes may be partly added if many cracker are used, while the rest may be used for soup stock.

Meringue.—Beat the whites with a revolving egg beater until stiff, add sugar, two spoonfuls at a time, beating two minutes between. Now pile on top of pie or run on with a pastry squirt, sift a spoonful of sugar over top and set in moderate oven until a light golden color. Meringue must then cool in a warm place or it will fall. It must be firm and creamy in centre with a short crisp top.

Cracker Torte. — Ingredients: Four eggs, one cupful of fine granulated sugar, one-quarter cupful of cold water, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one cupful of cracker dust, two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one scant teaspoonful of baking powder. Method—Break eggs into a large round-bottomed bowl, add sugar and beat five to seven minutes. Add water and extract, beat well and then beat in the prepared cracker dust. As soon as well blended pour into a small Vandusen tube mold and bake until a toothpick if inserted comes out clean. Invert and cool in pan, then either ice with plain confectioners' icing or better still split into three layers and spread unsweetened whipped cream between and over top and sides. By using one pint of cream this will be sufficient for eight people.

Cinnamon Crackers.—Nice with afternoon tea. Take plain soda biscuits, spread with soft butter, sift well with sugar and cinnamon and bake light golden crisp.

Margerites. — Ingredients: One egg, one cupful of confectioners' sugar, one-half cupful of ground pecans, a dusting of cinnamon (optional). Method: Beat egg and sugar for ten minutes and rest and beat well. Run along top of salt wafers, or you can use plain soda crackers.

Cracker Sandwiches. — Cream cheese, plain or with pimentos, preserves or a mixture of cream cheese and currant jelly all make good fillings. Nice for afternoon spreads, picnics or the home luncheon.

Helps Along the Way.

A small piece of gum camphor in a vase of water will keep cut flowers fresh a long time.

A weak solution of alum will revive the colors of a faded carpet after a thorough sweeping.

White vaseline is a good dressing for russet or patent leather; polish with absorbent cotton after applying it with the finger tips.

The cooking process of anything cooked in a double boiler can be hurried if salt is added to the water in the outer boiler.

Rhubarb can be mixed with other fruits and made into a delicious pie. For instance, rhubarb and apples together are delicious.

Fine linens and pieces of lingerie will last much longer if they are wrung out by hand and not put through the wringer.

A piece of lace or net starched and put under a hole in a lace curtain, then pressed smooth with a warm iron, will scarcely be visible.

If flour is placed in the oven until it is thoroughly heated it will not be so apt to lump in making thickening for gravies, soups and sauces.

Potatoes will remain firm and mealy all winter if air-slacked lime is sprinkled over the barrels or bins; the lime absorbs the moisture.

When cooking rice, if necessary to stir, always use a fork instead of a spoon, as the spoon crushes the grains and makes it look mushy.

A lemon that is heated will yield more juice than one that is cold. When cold, place the lemon in a heated oven until it is warm through.

Clean your sewing machine frequently if you would have good service. Kerosene oil and absorbent cotton are admirable for the purpose; follow wih a good lubricator.

There is a vast difference between the flavor of good turnips and those that have been standing on the market stall for a week or two; ask the market man to cut a turnip in two for you and if it is solid and juicy-looking inside, it is good.

For tired feet, throw a handful of Epsom salts into a foot-tub of very warm water. Immerse the feet and ankles for 10 or 15 minutes, dry quickly and get into bed. Refreshing sleep will follow and that tired, aching sensation will be quite gone. Continue every night until a cure is completed.

Not Quite Certain.

A certain business man is of opinion that he has an exceedingly bright office boy, and nothing pleases him better than to tell how he acquired the youngster's services. A notice had been posted in the man's shop window, which read as follows:—"Boy wanted, about fourteen years." A lad of that age, with little that was prepossessing in his appearance, came into the office, and stated that he had read the notice. "So you think you would like to have the position?" asked the merchant. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "I want the job, but I don't know that I can promise to keep it for the full fourteen years."

Real Business.

"You know, Miss Blank," said the proprietor of a railway station restaurant, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive." "Yes, sir, I know it," replied the girl. "I have done everything I could. I have dusted them every morning for the last ten days."

If woman had her way man wouldn't have his.

Two little girls who played together a great deal had an altercation one morning. Beth had told Blanche what she called "a little fib." "A fib is the same thing as a story," explained Blanche, "and a story is the same thing as a lie." "No," argued Beth, "it's not." "Yes, it is," insisted Blanche, "because my father said so, and my father is professor at the college, and he knows everything." "I don't care if he is a professor," said Beth. "My father is a real estate man, and he knows a lot more about lying than your father."

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CHAPTER VIII.

"If only the earth would open and swallow me up!" sighed Lancaster to himself, miserably. It is not pleasant to be made fun of, and the most of people are too thin-skinned to relish a joke directed against themselves. Lancaster did not. His ridiculous mistake flashed over him instantly at the deprecatory words of the girl, and he scarcely knew whom to be most angry with—himself or Leonora West.

He stole a furtive glance at her, wishing in his heart that he could subdue the crimson flush that glowed on his face. He was glad that she was not looking at him. She had sunk into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Evidently she was not enjoying her saucy triumph much. Those lost impatient words of his had cleverly turned the tables.

He glanced at the drooping figure in the arm-chair, and it flashed over him that De Vere would never be done laughing if he knew that he, Lord Lancaster, a cavalry officer, and a "swell party" altogether, had been made a target for the amusement of this lowly born girl. How dared she do it? and could he keep De Vere from finding out? he asked himself in the same breath.

And just then Leonora West lifted her wet eyes to his face, and said, with a sob in her throat:

"I am glad now that I didn't tell you the truth at first. If I had, I mightn't have found out, perhaps, that you thought me a bore and a nuisance, and that you didn't want me to go to Europe with you."

Captain Lancaster winced. All she had said was quite true, yet he had not cared to have her know it. It is but seldom one cares to have people know one's real opinion of them.

"And—and"—she went on, resentfully, "you may be quite, quite sure, after this, that I will not go with you. You will have no trouble with me. My aunt might have come after me herself, I think. I was afraid, when I got her letter saying that you would come for me, that something would go wrong. Now I know it. To think that you should call me a baby!"

While she poured forth her grievances dolorously, Lancaster had been collecting his wool-gathering wits. What upon earth was he to do if she really refused to go with him? He pictured to himself old Lady Lancaster's fury. It was quite likely that, after such a contretemps, she would cut him off with a shilling.

"It will never do for her to stay in this mood. She shall go to England, nolens volens," he resolved.

"Richard" began to be "himself again." The ludicrous side of the case dawned upon him.

"I have made a tremendous faux pas, certainly, and now I must get out of it the best way I can," he thought, grimly.

Leonora's sharp little tongue had grown still now, and her face was again hidden in her hands. He went up to her and touched her black sleeve lightly.

"Oh, come now," he said; "if you go on like this I shall think I made a very apposite mistake. Who but a baby would make such a declaration as yours in the face of the circumstances? Of course you are going to Europe with me?"

"I am not," she cried, with a mutinous pout of the rich red lips.

"Yes, you are," he replied coolly. "You have no business to get angry with me because I made a slight mistake about your age. And after all, I remember now that it was really De Vere's mistake, and not mine."

"Who is De Vere?" inquired Leonora, curiously, as she glanced up at him through her wet lashes, and showing the rims of her eyes very pink indeed from the resentful tears she had shed.

"De Vere is my friend and traveling-companion," he replied.

"And does he, too, consider me a bore and a nuisance?"

"Well," confidingly, "to tell you the truth, we both did—that is, you know, while we were laboring under the very natural mistake that you were a very small baby instead of—a grown-up one. But all that is altered now, of course, since I have met you, Miss West. We shall be only too happy to have you for our compagnon du voyage."

He was speaking to her quite as if she were his equal, and not the lowly born niece of the housekeeper at his ancestral home. It was impossible to keep that fact in his head. She was so fair, so refined, so well-bred, in spite of the little flashes of spirit indicative of a spoiled child.

She did not answer, and he continued pleasantly:

"I am very sorry for the mistake on my part that caused you so much annoyance. I desire to offer you every possible apology for it."

She looked up at him quickly. "Oh, I wasn't mad because you thought Leonora West was a baby," she said.

"Then why—because I thought you were a nurse?"

"Not that either. I was only amused at those mistakes of yours."

She paused a moment, then added, with a rising flush:

"It was for those other words you said. 'I do not blame you at all. I was a regular brute,' said Lancaster, penitently. 'Do say that you forgive me. I never should have said it if only I had known.'"

"Known what?" she inquired.

"That you were the baby I had to carry to England. I should have been only too happy to be of service to you. De Vere will be distracted with envy at my privilege. There, I have said several pretty things to you. Will you not forgive me now?"

"Yes, I will forgive you, but you do not deserve it," answered Leonora. "It was not kind to talk about me so, even if I had been an unconscious baby."

"It was not," he admitted. "But think a moment, Miss West. I am a bachelor, and I know nothing at all of babies. I have forgotten all the experiences of my own babyhood. I was wretched at the idea of having to convey one of those troublesome little problems across the ocean. I would as soon have been presented with a white elephant. I should have known quite as much of one as the other. Can you find it in your heart to chide me for my reluctance?"

Leonora reflected, with her pretty brows drawn together.

"Well, perhaps you are right," she acknowledged, after a moment. "They are troublesome—babies, I mean—I think you called them problems. You were right there, too, for one does not know what to make of them, nor what they will do next, nor what they will become in the future."

"Then you can not blame me, can not be angry with me. And you will be ready to go with me to-morrow?"

"No, I think not. I am afraid, after all you have said, Captain Lancaster, that you really are vexed in your mind at the thought of taking me. I do not believe I ought to take advantage of your pretended readiness," she replied, sensitively, and with that perfect frankness that seemed to be one of her characteristics.

"And you refuse to go with me?" He gazed at her despairingly.

"I would rather not," decidedly.

He looked at the pretty face in some alarm. It had a very resolute air. Would she really carry out her threat of staying behind? He did not know much about American girls, but he had heard that they managed their own affairs rather more than their English sisters. This one looked exceedingly like the heroine of that familiar ballad:

"When she will, she will, depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't,
And there's an end on't."

She glanced up and saw him pulling at the ends of his moustache with an injured air, and a dark frown on his brow.

"Why do you look so mad? I should think you would be glad I'm not going."

"I am vexed. I wasn't aware that I looked mad. In England we put mad people into insane asylums," he replied, rather stiffly.

"Thank you. I understand. Old England is giving young America a rhetorical hint. Why do you look so vexed, then, Captain Lancaster?"

"Because there will be no end of a row in Lancaster Park when I go there, because you have not come with me."

"Will there, really?"

"Yes; and my aunt, Lady Lancaster, who has promised to give me all her money when she dies, will cut me off with a shilling because I have disobeyed her orders and disappointed Mrs. West."

The blue-gray eyes opened to their widest extent

"No!" she said.

"Yes, indeed," he replied.

"Then she must be a very hard woman," said Miss West, in a decided tone.

"She is," he replied, laconically.

"You are certain that she would not give you the money?" anxiously.

"Quite certain," he answered.

"And—have you none of your own?"

"Only my pay in the army," he admitted, laughing within himself at her naive curiosity.

"Is that much?" she went on, gravely.

"Enough to keep me in boots and hats," he answered, with an owl-like gravity.

"And this Lady Lancaster—your aunt—does she give you the rest?" persevered Leonora.

He did not want to be rude, but he burst out laughing. She looked up into the bright blue eyes and reddened warmly.

"I dare say you think me curious and ill-bred," she said.

"Oh, no, no, not at all. I am intensely flattered by the interest you take in my affairs."

"It is only because I do not want to be the means of your losing that money, if you want it. Do you?"

"Indeed I do. Anybody would be glad to have twenty thousand a year," he replied.

"So much as that? Then, of course, I must not be the cause of your losing it," said Leonora, gravely.

"Then you will go with me?" he cried, with quite a load lifted from his mind by her unexpected concession.

"Ye-es. I suppose I shall have to go," she answered.

"A thousand thanks. I thought you would relent," he said. "And will you be ready to sail with me to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, quite ready. My trunks have been packed several weeks, and I have been only waiting for you to come," she answered, promptly.

And then she slipped her small hand into the folds of her dress and drew out a netted silk purse, through whose meshes he caught the glitter of gold pieces. She counted out a number of shining coins into his hand with quite a business-like air.

"That is the price of my ticket. Will you please buy it for me? I will have my luggage sent down all right," she said.

He took the money mechanically and rose, thinking this a dismissal. Then something that had been on his mind all the time rose to his lips.

"I want to ask a great favor of you, Miss West."

She looked at him with a slight air of wonder, and answered: "Yes."

"You will meet my friend, Lieutenant De Vere, on board the steamer. He is a very nice youth indeed. He will be good friends with you directly."

"In-deed?" said Leonora, in a low, inquiring voice that implied a distinct doubt on the subject.

"Yes, indeed. You need not look so incredulous. You will be sure to like him. The ladies all adore him."

She looked up at him with the dimples coming into roguish play around her mouth.

"And you wish to warn me not to fall a victim to his manifold perfections?" she said.

"Oh, dear, no, not at all. I never thought of such a thing. You see, Miss West, my friend intensely enjoys a joke."

"Yes?" she gazed at him with an air of thorough mystification.

"He intensely enjoys a joke," repeated Lancaster. "I want you to promise me now, upon your honor, that you will not tell him how unmercifully you quizzed me awhile ago. He would never have done chaffing me if he knew, and he would tell the whole regiment once we landed in England."

"Would they tease you much?" inquired Leonora, highly interested.

"Unbearably," he replied.

"They shall not know, then," she answered promptly. "I will not tell your friend about it."

"Nor any one?" he entreated.

"Certainly not," she answered, soothingly, and involuntarily he caught her hand and pressed it a moment in his own, not displeased to see that she blushed as she drew it hastily away.

He went away, and when he looked at his watch outside the door he was honestly surprised.

"Two hours! I really do not know how the time went," he said to himself.

When he went back to his hotel he found De Vere in a state of surprise, too.

"You have been gone almost three hours," he said. "Did you find the baby?"

"Yes, I found it," he replied, carelessly. "Was it well? Shall we have the pleasure of its company to-morrow?" pursued the lieutenant.

"Yes, it was well, but it is a spoiled child. I am afraid we shall find it a source of trouble to us," replied Captain Lancaster, smiling to himself at the surprise and delight in store for De Vere to-morrow, when he should find that it was a beautiful young girl instead of a cross baby who was to be their compagnon du voyage to England.

CHAPTER IX.

Lancaster electrified his friend next morning by informing him that he must get their traps aboard the steamer himself, as he would not have time to attend to his own affairs, having some commissions to execute for Miss West.

"The nursing bottles and the cans of condensed milk, you know," he said, with a mischievous laugh, and De Vere stared.

"I should think the nurse would attend to that," he said.

"Nurses are forgetful, and I wish everything to be all right, you know," replied his friend; so I shall see to everything myself."

"Well, you will have plenty of time to do so. We do not sail until four o'clock."

"Well, I shall have plenty to do in the meantime, so you need not wait for me, Harry. You may just go aboard at any time you like. I shall take a carriage and call for the baby on my way down."

"You are getting very kind all at once," De Vere said, carelessly.

"Yes, I mean to be. Having undertaken it, I mean to see the poor little thing safely through."

"Well, I wish you success," De Vere replied, as he lighted a fresh cigar and turned away.

The tickets and state-rooms had already been secured, and Lancaster hurried down-town, intent on securing all the comforts possible for his fair charge, who had suddenly grown very interesting in his eyes. He bought a steamer-chair, some warm rugs, and a gayly colored Oriental wrap that was both pretty and comfortable. Then he provided himself with some nice novels and poems and books of travel. When he had provided everything he could think of that was conducive to a lady's comfort, he repaired to a florist and selected an elegant and costly bouquet.

"I have noticed that ladies always like a bunch of flowers when they are traveling," he said to himself. "But what will De Vere say to such reckless extravagance on my part?"

He smiled to himself, thinking how the young lieutenant would chaff.

"Anyway, I shall have got the start of him," he thought. "He will be on the qui vive for a flirtation with Leonora West."

Then he looked at his watch and found that he had consumed so much time in making his purchases that he only had time to take a carriage and call for his charge. Having sent all his purchases to the steamer, and being encumbered with nothing but the flowers, he made all haste to execute his last and pleasantest task—accompanying Miss West to the steamer on which they were to embark.

"Drive fast," he said to the man on the box; and when they paused before the genteel boarding-house where he had made Miss West's acquaintance the day before, he jumped out with alacrity and ran up the steps.

The door was opened by the simpering maid of the day before who had giggled at his ridiculous mistake. He could not help coloring at the remembrance as he met her recognising smiles, a little tinctured with surprise.

He assumed an air of coldness and hauteur, thinking to freeze her into propriety.

"I have called for Miss West to take her to the steamer. Will you please see if she is ready?"

"Oh, sir!" tittered the maid.

"I have called for Miss West," he repeated, more sternly. "Can you inform me if she is ready?"

The maid bridled resentfully at his impatient air.

"Why, laws a mercy, she was ready ages ago, mister!" she said, tartly.

"Then ask her to come out, if you please. We have barely half an hour to go on board," he said, glancing hurriedly at his watch.

"I can't ask her. She is not here," was the answer.

"Not here? then where—" he began, but the pert maid interrupted him:

"Bor', sir, Miss West went down to the steamer two hours ago."

An audible titter accompanied the information.

Lancaster bounded down the steps without a word, sprung into his carriage, and slammed the door with a vim.

"Drive down to the steamer just as fast as you can, coachman!" he hallooed, sharply.

(To be continued.)

As It Is Too Often.

New Recruit:—"Lumme, Bill! Here's an officer! What are we supposed to do?"

Second Ditto:—"I dunno. Let's cut him dead!"—Drawn by Alfred Leete in London Sketch.

A CURIOUS THING.

Why Explosives Draw Out Distant Windows.

When there is a violent explosion the surrounding air is thrown back with sudden force in air waves that are powerful in proportion in which the explosion is violent and powerful. The explosion acts in all directions at once with equal force, and the air on all sides is forced out, and surrounding air rushes in to fill the threatened vacuum. Whenever the air waves start up suddenly there will be demolition if there is not sufficient power of resistance.

A curious thing about the effect of these waves at a distance is the restricted limit of their force. Sometimes, as a result of a big explosion, the front windows of a building several miles away will be drawn out and no other building on the block damaged. In such cases the air suction is apt to affect buildings at different points along the same street.

The destructive power of explosions is reckoned with as a most important factor in modern warfare. This is shown through the medium of sunken mines, torpedoes and bombs.

The projectiles thrown from big guns do more damage by their explosion than by their striking force. It is the explosion after they reach their destination that is expected to do most of the destruction. Well protected forts are not taken merely by battering their exterior, but by dropping into them projectiles that cause explosive havoc.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

He who gains a victory over other men is strong, but he who gains a victory over himself is all-powerful.—Lao Thze.

No human actions were even intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice.—Ruskin.

Be not uneasy, discouraged or out of humor because practice falls short of precept in some particulars. If you happen to be beaten return to the charge.—Marcus Aurelius.

Our destiny is really nothing more than our character; our character but the result of our active and passive being, the sum, the combination of all our capacities and gifts.—Rahel.

We are apt to give up work too soon, to suppose that a single breakage has ruined the cloth. The men who get on in the world are not daunted by one nor a thousand breakages.—John Morley.

Look not morunfully into the past. It will not come back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

No Beans.

"Always be definite, Edla, darling," said the fond grandmother, "and when you are asked a question answer definitely in the affirmative or negative and always answer politely."

Edla listened attentively to her grandmother and determined to follow her direction. That day at dinner grandma said, "Edla, dear, will you have some more beans?"

"No," replied Edla.

"No what?" enquired grandma, reprovingly.

"No beans," answered Edla definitely.

Under Cover.

Parson—Robert, did you know that your mother was looking for you?

Bobby—You bet! That's why she can't find me.

Mary's Recompense

"I sometimes get so blue and discouraged that I am almost ready to believe the human race is a failure; then something happens to make me glad I am living in this pleasant, sunshiny world." So saying, Jim Dignan folded up a letter he had been reading. His eyes were smiling, although a tear or two shone in them. "This letter," he continued, "is what scattered the clouds to-day.

"You can't understand unless I begin when I was a boy in a small town. The third floor of our house was always given over to visitors. We had no servants; my mother did the work of the house with the help of the children who were old enough. There were four girls and three boys. I was the youngest.

"In some way we youngsters were made to realize that our visitors were not to be discussed, and that we must not ask questions, but that when we were old enough to understand we should know all about them. In due time I learned that whenever a woman prisoner was released from the jail, which was a block from our home, my mother was at the prison gate to meet her. She would bring the woman to our third floor, which was her home until she found employment, or went to her friends or relatives.

"I wish you could know the influence my mother had on those women. There was 'Old Lizzie,' in particular. She was a frequent offender, and her slips were always owing to drink. Her remorse after each lapse was sincere, but her appetite was too strong for her. Sometimes Old Lizzie would disappear, and mother would hunt the town over for her. If the search was unsuccessful our doors would be left unlocked, so that whenever Lizzie came back, day or night, she could enter.

"Everyone else gave Old Lizzie up as a bad job, but mother never doubted that eventually her good resolutions would hold, and the battle be won. It was my mother's death that brought it about.

"Mother fell ill with pneumonia, and died within a few days. Then in sorrow and remorse, Old Lizzie made her big fight, and conquered; and until she too died, her great hope was that mother knew that her work had not been in vain.

"After my mother's death, my oldest sister, Mary, took up the work. She took care of the family, and met the women at the jail, just as mother had done. I can't feel much enthusiasm for storybook heroes, or newspaper heroes that get a medal for some one act of bravery, when I remember the daily drudgery that Mary took upon herself for many weary years. How with our meagre means she kept us all physically and mentally clean, clothed and fed and happy, I do not know. But she did it. At least three good men asked her to marry them. I know that she loved one of them. But she couldn't marry and take care of six brothers and sisters, and so she simply put away the idea of marrying.

"Her gentleness, patience, and sympathy made her the comforter to whom everyone turned for help and inspiration, and I am sure that was all she ever desired for reward.

"But that wasn't all we brothers and sisters planned for her. When we grew up and made our fortunes, Mary was to have a fine home, and beautiful clothes, and some one to do all the work of the house. Of course it didn't turn out that way. One by one we went out into the world, married and made homes for ourselves. We have prospered moderately, but the needs of our own families have left no surplus for the fine things we dreamed of for Mary.

"Some months ago an uncle in Dublin died, and left a part of his estate to each of us, and a week ago I received a draft from the executors for $600—my share. It was only natural to think of some of the comforts we might have with this unexpected money. Then I remembered that we might give ourselves the luxury of making Mary's life a little easier, as we had often dreamed of doing. My wife agreed, and it was a joy to indorse that draft and send it to Mary.

"This morning's mail brought the letter I was just reading. You can understand why the sun seems to shine more brightly when I tell you that every one of my brothers and sisters sent their drafts straight to Mary, too. No one of us suggested the idea to another. It was just a spontaneous act of love and gratitude—and I know that Mary found more happiness in that fact than in the money."

Fever and Ague.

"It-er-seems," said he, "regarding the unfortunate with scientific interest, "that the attacks of fever and chills appear on alternate days. Do you think—is it your opinion—that they have, so to speak, decreased in violence, if I may use that word?"

The patient smiled feebly. "Doc," said he, "on fever days my head's so hot I can't think, and on ague days I shake so I can't hold an opinion."

Good Habits.

A good habit is harder to form and easier to give up than a bad habit, and this is evidence to me of the depravity of the human heart. A good habit requires self-denial, moral courage and manliness to acquire; an evil habit is formed by just yielding to the feeling of pleasure, without principle, without cost.—John B. Gough.

The Lesser Evil.

"I can give you a cold bite," said the woman.

"Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp.

"There ain't any wood sawed."

"So? Well, give it to me cold."

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