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DON'TS OF A HORSE

Don't forget my salt.
Don't trot me down hill.
Don't hit me over the head.
Don't whip me if I am afraid.
Don't check my head too high
Don't yank the bit in my mouth.
Don't burn my feet when I am shod.
Don't clip the hair off my ankles and legs.
Don't forget to feed me three times a day.
Don't put a mean, nasty bit in my mouth.
Don't say back when you mean stand still.
Don't leave a shoe on me more than four weeks.
Don't expect me to eat when I have a bad tooth.
Don't let some smart Aleck make a trotter of me.
Don't work me all day without lifting my collar.
Don't put blinders on me if I go well without them.
Don't blister me all over when I am lame. Let me rest.
Don't fill me full of useless medicines when I am sick.
Don't hitch me out in the cold with the wind blowing hard.
Don't allow my stable to be too light in the summer time.
Don't burn the bars of my mouth and think you are curing the lampas.
Don't leave me in fly time without covering me with a light blanket.
Don't cut off my tail and then expect me to stand easy without a fly net.
Don't call me 13 years old when I am 26 and expect me to be as good as ever.
Don't run me if I have the colic. How would you like that treatment yourself?
Don't forget to clean the sweat off a night, instead of waiting until the next morning.
Don't be afraid to water me when I am warm. Do you ever drink when you are warm?
Don't let someone drive me if they do not know as much about going as I do, especially a man who is drunk.

Unutterable.

Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but can not? asked the sentimental girl.

Yes, indeed, replied the young man. I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money and I didn't have the price of a telegram.

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LADY AYLMER.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

Barbara followed her to the door and watched her out into the street, and truly, as she had said, her young mistress was looking very bonny that day. On her fair hair, loosely arranged yet not untidy-looking, she had a small straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon and a cluster of gloire de Dijon roses. Over her pretty blue cotton gown she wore a long dust-cloak of some thin and light-toned material. She also wore tan-colored shoes and Suede gloves of about the same tone, and she carried a large, white, cotton parasol to shield her from the sun.

It was a very simple and cheap toilette, but it was fresh and dainty-looking, and Dorothy looked bright and lovable and a little lady from the crown of her bonnet to the tips of her shoes, indeed more than one person thought so as she passed up the street; and the old general, who was out for his usual morning trot, stopped in his walk, and wheeling round stood to look after her till she had turned the corner and was out of sight, when he went on with his self-imposed sentry-go, wishing with all his heart he was forty years younger.

Meantime Dorothy went serenely on her way, reached the shop for which she was bound, and there made her purchases, all small enough for her to bring them away in a neat little parcel in her unoccupied hand. And then, just as she stepped off the door step of the shop on to the pavement, she suddenly found herself face to face with David Stevenson.

If it had been possible, she would have retreated back into the shop; but it was too late for that. David Stevenson had already uttered an exclamation of surpise, and was standing close in front of her, holding out both his hands to her.

Now, if there was one person in all the wide world whom Dorothy would rather not have seen just then, that person was David Stevenson. I think she looked all the dismay which she felt, and that she felt all and perhaps more than the dismay which she looked.

"Oh! is that you?" she gasped.

David let his hands, with their glad welcome, drop instantly.

"You're not very glad to see me, Dorothy?" he said, in quiet but bitter reproach.

"I—that is, you startled me," she returned, in a wild endeavor to put off any questions he might think proper to ask of her.

"Evidently," he said, dryly, "and you want to get rid of me, eh?"

"Oh, not at all;" biting her lip and wishing that she could sink into the ground or dissolve into thin air, anywhere out of the way of his hard and steely blue eyes, which seemed to look her through and through, and to know in a moment all the secrets of her life.

"No? Ah! that is better. Then, since you don't want to get rid of me all in a hurry, perhaps you will let me walk a little way with you. May I?"

"Oh, yes, certainly!" said Dorothy, giving herself up for lost at once.

"Do you live near her,?" he asked, as she turned toward Palace Mansions.

At that moment there was a slight block on the pavement of the always busy street, and just as David spoke, Dorothy perceived that the sweet-faced lady who lived on the floor above her, was also blocked, and stood for a moment or so face to face with her. Undoubtedly she had heard David's question just as Dorothy had done, and undoubtedly Dorothy had never seen her eyes so cold or her lips so austerely shut before. In her distress and annoyance at being thus apparently caught, Dorothy blushed a vivid guilty crimson—a fact upon which the sweet-faced lady put the usual construction to which all highly moral persons seem to jump at once in a moment of doubt—that is the very worst construction possible.

"Can you give me no news from home, then?" Dorothy asked, in a desperate voice raised far above her usual tones.

David looked down at her in surprise—an involuntary action which was not lost upon the lady who was still unable to pass on.

"News?" he repeated. "Why, of course I can. I have so much news to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. Let me see —Lady Jane is back, of course."

Dorothy turned her head in time to see that the lady had paused on and was out of ear-shot before David had begun his news.

There, just like David's stupidity to be too late. Why, she wondered, irritably, could he not have happened to say something which would have let that woman upstairs know that they had known each other all their lives? But no, David had always blundered whenever and wherever she was concerned, and she supposed that he always would. Her interest in the home news was gone, lost in the depths of her annoyance, but she listened patiently till he had exhausted that topic, till she had heard who was married and who was dead, of a fire in such a one's brick-yard, and of a barn belonging to another which had been struck by lightning.

Then he told her how he had improved the Hall—her perfect old home, which in her mind needed improvement of no kind —how he had put a smart, capable gardener in to bring the place into real good condition—

"And old Isaac?" said Dorothy, fiercely.

"Oh! he is still about; I shouldn't turn any old servant of yours off, you know. There are plenty of odd jobs for him about the place."

"What sort of odd jobs?" demanded Dorothy.

"Oh, weeding and toddling about picking up stones and—and doing odd jobs generally," answered David, who was beginning to get rather uncomfortable under the fire in her truthful eyes and the terrible directness of her questions.

"In fact, you have made Isaac underling, laborer, slavey to your grand new gardener, is that it?" she cried.

"Oh, come now!" he began, but Dorothy stood still in the road and confronted him angrily.

"Is it so or not?" she asked.

"Well, something like that," he admitted, unwillingly.

"Is it absolutely so or not?" Dorothy asked again.

"Well, I'm afraid it is," said David, with a great air of making a clean breast of the whole matter. "You see, Dorothy, the old fellow never was much of a hand at gardening——"

"He was good enough for us," sighed Dorothy, in a heart-broken voice.

"Yes; but, indeed, he really was past his work, or I should never have thought of displacing him. And if it hadn't been for you—that he was a good many years your gardener——"

"Nearly forty years," put in Dorothy.

"Well, of course, if it hadn't been for that I should just have replaced him without troubling any further about him. As it was, I made a place for him, and I give him ten shillings a week for what I could get better done by a boy for six."

"And the cottage?" asked she.

"Oh, well, of course, the cottage goes with the situation," answered David, who was getting rather sulky.

There was a moment's silence; then Dorothy suddenly stopped and turned to face him. "David," she flashed out, "you may be a good farmer, but you are a hard man, a hard man! One of these days you'll come to be—but, there, what is the good of talking to you? If long and faithful service will not touch your heart, what else will?"

"There is one thing which will always have power to touch my heart," he said, eagerly. Shall I tell you what?"

"No," said Dorothy, wearily. I probably should not believe you. If forty years would not do it, nothing else could."

As she spoke she turned down the street which led to Palace Mansions, for she saw that it was hopeless now to try to prevent his finding out where she lived; and, indeed, now that Dick was safely out of the country, she did not think that it mattered much. David, for his part, took advantage of the quiet side street, and spoke out what was in his mind.

"Dorothy," he said, "come back to the Hall, and I will show you whether I am a hard man or not; only come back and let us forget the past, nobody need know anything. I will never remind you of it. Only come back, my dear, and everything shall be as you wish—as you direct. I'll send the new gardner to Holroyd, and Isaac shall be head-gardener at the Hall, with a couple of men under him to do the work. Does that sound like being hard, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, coldly—"hardest of all, because you would not hesitate to buy me, body and soul, through my compassion and pity for those poor, unfortunate ones, who cannot help themselves, and cannot fight against the hard power which your money and your strength gives you."

"Oh! Dorothy, it is not so," he cried "I only ask you to come back because I love you and I want you. The old place wants you, and I hunger for you. Besides, I cannot bear to see you as you look now—tired and worn, and ten years older than when you turned your back on all your old friends for the sake of a fellow who has brought you to this.

"To what?" Dorothy cried, her eyes opening wide and her tones expressing such astonishment that David fairly quailed before her look.

"To a ghost of your old self," he answered curtly. But it was all of no use. Dorothy could be curt, too on occasions, and she was so then.

"It seems to me that you are making mistakes all round, David," she said coldly; "I am not very well, and the heat has tried me—but I am not what you take me for. I have been, thank God for it, a blessedly happy wife for many months. I will wish you good morning, David."

She turned away without giving him time to say a word, and went as quickly as was possible toward her home, and went in without turning her head to see what had become of him. As for David Stevenson, he simply stood rooted to the spot where she had left him, until she disappeared from his sight; then he took a step or two as if to follow her, but changed his mind and retraced his steps, with a face like a thunder-cloud.

He was so occupied with his own thoughts and his own disappointment that he never noticed a smart victoria and pair which was drawn up just within the corner of the quiet street, but its occupant, an old, white-haired gentleman, had noticed him, and took keen stock of him as he passed. David Stevenson would have been considerably surprised if he could have heard the order which the same old gentleman gave to his coachman just after he had swung past. "Follow that gentleman closely. Don't lose sight of him."

"Yes, m' lord," said the servant, and hopped up into the box, giving the order to the coachman.

"All right," murmured that dignitary in reply; "then added in a lower voice still, "What's the old codger up to now, I wonder?"

"Uncommonly pretty girl," answered Charles, in an equally low tone. "We've seen after her some time."

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Arris. Lives in Palace Mansions," with a wink.

"H'm, I wishes her joy of 'im," said the coachman, screwing up his face into a thousand expressive wrinkles.

"Me, too," said the footman, sniggering. "Hi, he's going into the park," whereat the coachman turned his horses in at Prince's Gate also, and they drove in abreast of David Stevenson, who was looking no more at peace with the world or with himself than he had been when he turned into the High street, out of the quiet road in which Palace Mansions may be found.

"Still faithful to Master Dick, or else the new-comer not attractive enough," thought Lord Alymer with a sneer, as he gave a sharp, keen look at the tall young man's lowering face.

CHAPTER VI.

HOPE DEAD.

I think that David Stevenson had never been in such a towering rage in his life as when he turned in at the park gates and went swinging along in the direction of the Archilles. For during those few moments when he watched her after she left him and before she disappeared into Palace Mansions, he had realized that she had gone from him forever. He realized that whether she was actually married or not, she was not for him, and he had suddenly become aware, almost without knowing why, that there was a cause for her altered looks, a cause which would be forever a bar to the fond hopes which he had cherished during nearly all his life, certainly ever since Dorothy as a wee, toddling, soft-eyed child had come, fatherless, and motherless, to be the light and life of the old Hall and the very joy of Miss Dimsdale's lonely hearth.

So that fellow had got round her, after all—his bitter thoughts ran, as he strode along—and all the worship and devotion of his life had been flung aside as naught for the sake of a specious tongue and a swaggering, army sort of manner.

As a matter of fact, Dick had not the very smallest shade of a swagger about him, but David Stevenson was the kind of a man who invariably judges every man by a type, and to him an army man who turned his toes out a good deal more than was necessary and said "haw" between every three words he spoke. That the man who had stolen Dorothy's love from him did neither of these things made no difference to David's conception of him. He had stolen Dorothy from him, and that was enough to make David endow him in his own mind with all the most hateful attributes of his detestable class.

Nor did he even stop to consider that he was distinctly unjust in crediting Harris with stealing Dorothy's love from him. For it is impossible to steal from any woman what that man had never had to lose, and most emphatically he had never possessed even one little corner of Dorothy Strode's heart; to be plain, Dorothy had always detested him.

For an hour or more David strode about the park till the storm of fury which possessed him had somewhat calmed down, and always the smart victoria with its pair of high-stepping, fiery horses and its pair of wooden-faced, imperturbable servants in their white and crimson liveries dogged his steps and kept him airly in sight; and at last David noticed them.

"Damn that supercilious old brute," he muttered, as they passed him for the twentieth time; then he stood at the railings a minute or so and thought how slow it was—wondered how men and women could bear to crawl up and down in line, fretting their fine horses into a fever and never getting beyond a foot's pace.

He turned away from the Row into a side path, but the next moment he saw that the smart victoria had turned into that road also.

"Confound him, he must be watching me," he thought, irritably, "and yet what should he want to watch me for? Oh, hang it, I'll go home!"

Without a moment's hesitation he turned his steps towards Apsley House and made his way out at the big gates, where he hailed a cab and gave the man the address of his hotel, and forgot about the white-haired old gentleman in the smart victoria.

But the victoria was there, nevertheless, following immediately behind the modest cab; and when David got out and went into the Grand Hotel, Lord Aylmer called to the footman:

"Charles, I want you to take a message. Baker, stop."

Baker pulled up the horses beside the broad pavement, and Charles got down to hear his lord's orders.

"Go into the Grand and find out that gentleman's name—don't mention mine."

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles.

Now, Charles happened to be an ingenious youth who was not troubled with any nice scruples about his honor, and believed that the easiest way was invariably the best way. He therefore, secure in the halo which his smart white and crimson livery was enough to cast around him, went into the hotel and addressed himself to the stately house porter of the establishment.

"I say, porter," said he, "my master, the Dook of Middlesex wawnts to know the name of a gentleman just come in—came in a 'ansom—tall, fairish chap, looks like a country gentleman."

"D'ye mean that one?" said the house porter, taking Charles to a glass door leading to the reading-room and pointing out David.

"Yes, that's the one," Charles answered.

"Oh, yes; that's Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd," said the house porter.

"And where is Holroyd?"

"A mile or two from Harwich," answered the porter. "At least, I heard him say so last night. His post-town is Harwich."

"Ah! yes—thanks. The Dook fancied he knoo him, but I fancy he was mistook. Good day to you porter."

"Good day to you," my fine cock-pheasant," returned the big house porter, contemptuously; but Charles had already reached the door and was going back serene in the power of his own impudence, to impart the information which he had gathered to his master.

"The gentleman's name is Stevenson, my lord," he said. "Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd, Harwich."

"Ah, yes," and then the old savage pulled out his note-book and jotted the same down without comment. "How did you find out?"

"I said my master, the Dook of Middlesex, wished to know, as he fancied he knew the gentleman," Charles answered, promptly.

Lord Aylmer burst out laughing. "Ah! very clever—very clever. Home."

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles.

Lord Aylmer laughed more than once on the way home. He was so intensely amused at the inventive genius displayed by Charles, whom he had not before credited with much sharpness of that kind. He was a man who never took the trouble to make authorfuges to his servants; if he wanted a bit of information, he simply told one of them to get it, without caring what means were taken or giving any reason for wanting it. For instance, he would never say, "Go and find out who that gentleman is," and add, as ninety-nine out of a hundred would do, "I think that I know him." No, he never troubled to do that; it was simply after the manner of the Centurion, "Go and find out who that is."

But he was greatly tickled by Charles's remarks, and more than once on the way home repeated to himself with a chuckle, "Dook of Middlesex! I must encourage Charles a little. 'Pon my soul, uncommonly neat—Dook of Middlesex!"

Meantime I must confess that Dorothy had gone home in what Barbara was accustomed to call "a boiling passion." Barbara happened to be coming across the little hall when she let herself in at the front door. "Miss Dorothy—my dear, what is it?" the old servant cried, her heart jumping fairly into her mouth as a dreadful idea flashed into her mind that her young mistress's hour was come.

"Barbara," said Dorothy, in a voice shaking with passion, "I take back everything that I have ever said in defence of David Stevenson—every word."

"What! have you seen him?" cried Barbara.

"I used to feel," Dorothy went on, in the same trembling tones, and without taking the smallest notice of Barbara's question, "very sorry that I could never fall in with Auntie's wishes concerning him. And then after Auntie got so fond of my Dick, I wasn't sorry on Auntie's account any longer, but I was sorry for David, because I thought circumstances had been a little hard for him, so I have stood up for him with all of you. But you were all right, and I take back now every word that ever I have said in his favor."

Barbara drew her into the pretty drawing-room. "Sit down, my dear young mistress," she said, tenderly, "and tell me all about it."

So Dorothy sat down on the sofa and told Barbara everything about her meeting with David—what he had said and what she had said; what he had looked and what she had felt; how he had turned old Isaac out of his place and put a grand new-fangled gardener to be Isaac's master at the Hall; and finally; how he asked her to go back and the past would beforgotten, and he had insinuated—nay, had told her plainly —but no, Dorothy's composure did not hold out long enough for to tell that part of her story, for when she reached that point she gave way and broke down into violent sobbing.

Barbara sat down beside her and took her into her arms, so that she might lay her head upon the old servant's ample breast and cry her heart-ache away.

"Miss Dorothy, dear," she said, presently curiosity getting the best of her at last, "did David Stevenson dare to tell you that you wasn't married?"

Not in so many words, Barbara," Dorothy answered, sitting up now and drying her flushed face, "but he asked me to go back and marry him," with unutterable contempt, "and he would show me what love meant—he that turned my old friend out of his place directly Auntie died and he said something about my turning my back on all my friends for the sake of a fellow who had brought me to this."

"David Stevenson all over," remarked Barbara, dryly. "But, my dear young mistress, you didn't let him go away thinking what he had said was true?"

"I told him I had been married for months," Dorothy replied, "and when I had just said 'Good morning' in a tone of ice, and I walked straight in without even looking at him again."

"And he saw you come in here?" Barbara cried.

"Yes," Dorothy answered. "How could I help it?"

"No, I suppose not; but, depend on it, he will go gabbling back to Graveleigh and set her ladyship and all the rest of them on to you."

"Never mind if he does," Dorothy cried. "But you wanted to keep it dark, my dear," Barbara reminded her.

"Yes; but it doesn't matter now that Dick is gone," Dorothy replied. "And, any way, Esther will be here, and Esther will be able to ward off everybody and keep them from asking me too closely about anything. I only hope that David Stevenson won't try to force his way in here before Esther comes."

"What would be the good?" Barbara asked. "You told him you were married."

"Yes, but he didn't look a bit as if he believed me," Dorothy returned.

"Then just let him come here and try it on," cried Barbara, valiantly, and really, as she stood there, a stout and comfortable figure with her arms akimbo, she looked more than a match for any ordinary man, and nobody would have believed, except such as knew her well, how utterly her courage always deserted her at a critical moment. "Let him try it on, that's all. I can give him a bit of information he won't find very much to his liking—I can tell his high and mightiness that I see you married with my own eyes."

But David Stevenson stood in need for no such information; he had not believed that Dorothy was married—she was right enough there. Still, he had realized at last that she was not for him, and that afternoon, while he was idly turning over the papers in the reading-room of the hotel and wishing himself with all his heart down at Holroyd, it suddenly occurred to him that if Dorothy really was married, he would be able to get evidence of the fact by walking down the street and spending an hour and half a crown at Somerset House.

And there, sure enough, he found the record that was the death-blow of his last little feeble hope—the record of the marriage between Richard Harris, bachelor, and Dorothy Strode, spinster, bearing a date now a little more than nine months old.

"Barbara Potter, witness," read David to himself between his teeth, then clenched his hand hard as it rested upon his knee, so that the glove which covered it was burst in several pieces. "Confound that old woman! She must have had a hand in it of course."

Then he put the great book back upon the table and strode along the empty echoing corridors and across the great gloomy quadrangle, into the busy street. After a moment's hesitation, caused by the noise and throng of the street, he made up his mind.

"Hang it all! what's the good of stopping here, eating my heart out? I'll go back home; I sha'n't feel it so badly there."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPRING SMILES.

The plumber now steps down to make room for the milliner.

Beggar—"Ach, my dear sir, I have lost my leg." Gentleman—"Very sorry, I haven't seen it anywhere about."

Robbins—Higbee is a genius." Bradford—"Can do anything, I suppose?" Robbins—"Yes, anything but make a living."

Some women are so ill-mannered as to go right into a store and try to interrupt a conversation between the clerks."

"How is it that you are still a bachelor?" inquired Cage. "I don't know," said Tagge, "unless it's because I never married."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-moving, kind sir," she said. "I'll move along with you, my pretty maid." "Your motion's not seconded, sir," she said.

Nervous employer—"I don't pay you for whistling." Office boy—"That's all right, sir. I can't whistle well enough yet to charge extra for it."

She—"No, Mr. Blunderre, I cannot entertain your proposal. The truth is—I am engaged to marry your father." He—"Why, the old idiot?"

"What do you think of the financial question, major?" "It's ahead of me, sir. The fellow who borrowed my last dollar left town last night."

In order to reduce his weight
He purchased him a wheel;
Before he'd ridden it a week
He fell off a good deal.

"That's about as crooked a piece of work as I ever saw," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, looking at the track the lightning had made on the body of the big tree.

Mother—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?" Boy—"Yes'm." Mother—"Why did that happen?" Boy—"Got too many in scissors."

"Why, she actually cut Mr. Storflington, and Storflington, you know, is one of the better sort." "Yes, choice cuts come high now, but we must have 'em."

"Which is my part in this duet?" asked the prima donna of her husband, who was the tenor. "Your part! Here it is, of course. The one with the last word in it."

Ah, how these rain clouds do oppress
The blithesome summer girl;
They fill her soul with gloom because
Her hair won't stay in curl.

"Have you heard that the big sleeves are going out, George, dear?" "Yes, my love, I have, but I don't believe it." "Why not, pray?" "I don't believe they can get through the door."

He—"Wasn't Brown's wife named Stone before she was married?" She—"Yes, and it was a very suitable name." He—"What do you mean?" She—"Oh, nothing! Only she threw herself at his head."

Mr. Dann (unpaid bill in his hand)—"When shall I call again, Mr. Owens?" Mr. Owens—"Well, it would hardly be proper for you to call again until I have returned the present call."

He'll soon be here—the fellow who
Asks if it's warm enough for you;
And likewise he—which is much worse—
Who jokes about him in bad verse.

"Doesn't Mrs. Noowoman strike you as a person of remarkably decided opinions?" "Naw. She can't make up her mind, apparently, whether she wants to be a gentleman or lady."

Fozzleton—"Every time you measure me for a pair of trousers you measure me a little short. Tailor—"Because you always come in that way."

Mrs. Hayson—"What is the price of that bonnet over there?" The milliner—"Just $18." Mrs. Hayson—"What will it be if you cut that ugly piece of ribbon off the side?" The milliner—"Only $30."

"It must make those poor horses dreadfully tired to go running around the race track," said the sympathetic woman. "No," replied the guileless man who bets; "the horses are all right. It's the man who went over there with a sure tip who is made tired."

How shall we shun the microbe
That assails us at each breath?
If he can't kill us otherwise
He'll frighten us to death.

"Married!" sighed the elderly friend. "Married, and with no provisions for the future." "No," smillingly chirped the young bride, "there are no provisions for the future in the house. He just detests canned goods."

Texas justice—"You admit you stole the pig out of the pen?" Colored prisoner—"Yas, I admits I stole de pig, but I was hongry, an' I didn't have nu fin' ter eat. "Pork reacher," said the judge, with tear in his eyes, as he chalked him down for two years.

Chinese Courtesy.

A man who has just returned from China tells a cheerful story of his entertainment there. He was taking tea one day with a mandarin of some sort or another, and the question of Chinese execution coming up he expressed an idle curiosity to see one. Two days afterward a lackey waited on him with the mandarin's compliments, to invite him to witness the beheading of two criminals on the following day. The following day it rained, and he was unable to attend the execution. Four days later the same lackey waited on him again, with the same compliments, and informed him that the execution had been postponed to await his pleasure, and would take place on the morrow at any hour he chose to select as most convenient to him. It would not take place until his arrival. There is nothing like Chinese politeness, anyway.

Elder Chidley, of Stanfordville, New York, has accepted the pastorate of the Christian church at Newmarket.

Household.

Laundry Bag.

This is an indispensable article. One is needed in every sleeping room. Sometimes clothes hampers are used instead, but the laundry bag is still largely called for. Most housewives endeavor to have one match the room in which it is to be kept. If the bed is dressed in cretonne a bag is made of the same material. If in blue and white, a blue denim with vine tracings worked in white cotton is serviceable. Should a daintier one be desired, white butcher's linen embroidered in blue silk will fill the bill. If a red room, red denim worked with black silk, or white linen with red silk would be desirable. The ties of these bags are of strong cotton, many using ordinary curtain ties for the purpose.

How to Clean Lace Curtains.

Many housekeepers object to putting away their lace curtains in a soiled condition, as they say that the dirt left in them all summer is harder to wash out and requires a much severer rubbing of the delicate fabric. If one has a curtain frame, it is a very simple matter to do them up at home, but it is by no means impossible to manage without one. The curtains should be left to soak in warm soapy water, so that they will require as little rubbing as possible to get them clean, and this should be done with the hands, as a board is simply ruinous. Make a thin boiled starch, slightly blue, and dip the curtains in, wringing them out gently. Then take clean bed sheets and pin the curtains on the sheets to dry, being careful to pin them exactly in shape, so that they will be perfectly square and even when dry. Some people damp and iron the curtains, but it is very bad for the fabric and they will never hang properly afterward.

Easy When You Know How.

Some women never acquire the knack of tying a bow knot. In fact, many women do not, judging from the strange, upside-down, wrong-side-out affairs one sees in ribbons and sashes and bonnet strings. The process is simplicity itself after it is once learned. Always to put the upper string over the under, and never the reverse is the whole thing in a nutshell. If this same upper string is again brought through the middle loop before pulling it smartly into place it will make the untiable knot which is necessary in shoe laces, for instance.

Pretty Portiere for a Bedroom.

An inexpensive and pretty bed-room portiere can be made of blue denim, which differs in shade from the right and wrong sides. Two widths are required and the middle breadth may be of one shade, and the other breadth having been cut in two may be sewed with the other side out on each side of the middle breadth. The seams and edges should be feather stitched in heavy white embroidery linen or silk. Intersecting circuses of any other simple conventional design worked irregularly with the white silk over the surface of the portiere adds to its beauty.

Nice, Tender Doughnuts.

A lady correspondent writes:—One cup of sweet milk, 2 eggs, heaping cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, ½ of cream of tarter, and if a little spice is liked either cinnamon or nutmeg. Flour to roll. Last summer a visitor asked for this rule, as her husband thought ours the best doughnuts he had ever eaten. When given to her it met with the response: "I guess that's about the same as mine, only I don't put in any butter; frying them in fat makes them greasy enough for me." I have eaten her doughnuts and while mine are no greasier, they are certainly not as tough. So don't leave out the shortening, but don't put in too much or they will soak fat.

Favorite Dishes in Spring.

Strawberry Pie.—Bake a plain crust as for custard. Mash a basket of strawberries, sweeten to taste, fill the pie, cover with a meringue made from three egg whites, three tablespoons powdered sugar and ½ teaspoon lemon; brown in a moderate oven. Serve when cold.

Mock Cherry Pie.—One cup cranberries, cut in two, 1 cup of sugar, ½ cup of seedless raisins, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoon, vanilla ½ cup boiling water. Mix sugar, flour, berries and raisins, add water and vanilla. Fill a lined pie plate. Cover with pastry, cut in thin strips and bake 20 to 30 minutes in a quick oven. Serve cold. Very good the second day.

Baked Omelet.—Beat the yolks of six egg thoroughly; scald one half pint of milk; to the milk add one heaping teaspoonful of butter; one scant half-teaspoonful of salt; stir this into the yolks, and add last the whites of six eggs, beaten very stiff, stir these in quickly but lightly; pour into a deep, hot buttered dish; bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes, and serve at once in the same dish.

Orange Shortcake.—Cream together a half-cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar, into them stir a well beaten egg, half a cupful of milk, and a pint of flour into which two tablespoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted. Roll and bake in two sheets. For the filling, peel six oranges, remove the seeds, slice sprinkle with sugar, and place between the layers. For a sauce, take the grated rind of two oranges, the juice of one, half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter and two cupfuls of water; thicken with corn starch. Serve hot.

Mayonnaise.—Beat the yolks of four eggs; to this add two ounces of melted butter, half a teacupful of cream, either sweet or sour, a gill of vinegar, two even teaspoonfuls of sugar, the same of dry mustard. Put the mixture in a granite iron oatmeal boiler, stir with a silver spoon and cook till it is like a smooth, thick custard; add pepper and salt if desired; when cold stir in the juice of half a lemon. This will be still better if the amount of cream is doubled and the butter left out; also if one uses less vinegar and more lemon juice. Never make a mayonnaise in iron or tin. Serve salads as cold as possible.

WHAT ASKS OUR FATHER?

What asks our Father of his children,
save
Justice and mercy and humility?
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footsteps in our daily ways?
No knotted scourage or sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life.
Whose very breathing is unworded praise—
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Fast rooted in the faith that God is good.

—Whittier.

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TIME TABLE.

	GOING SOUTH.	
Durham	7.25 a. m.	6.40 p. m