The Doctor and the Patient

By JULIA R. WELLS

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"I am afraid it was a mistake to send it for you, Dr. Moore. I am not really ill," said Rosalie, adjusting the pillows behind her with one hand while the doctor held the other and counted her pulse.

"Lie still," said the doctor peremptorily.

Rosalie, astonished at his brusque tone, lay perfectly rigid.

"What made you faint, then, if you are not ill?" asked the doctor, rather more gently.

"I was just tired, I think," said Rosalie. "I had been working too long and I forgot my luncheon."

"Sheer madnesss," he said, looking black. "Anything the matter with your heart?" he inquired.

"I don't know; sometimes it thumps pretty hard, and often, at night, I can't sleep because it is so—noisy," she said, hesitating for a word.

"That must be looked into," said Dr. Moore, crossly. "Let me see your tongue first."

Rosalie went through with the hated performance of sticking out her tongue. The doctor made no comment. Then he laid his head on her heart and afterward held it close-pressed against her back while Rosalie held her breath, breathed deeply, or said "Ah" at his command.

"There is nothing organically wrong with your heart. Nerves again," he announced. "But you are too thin."

"I know I am," said Rosalie, flushing painfully.

"Not for beauty," he said, apparently divining the cause of the heightened color in his patient's cheeks; "bones are often more beautiful than flesh; but too thin for health. You need eggs and milk and rest."

"Eggs and milk—I thought—"

"Your lungs are perfectly sound," said the doctor, sharply, "but you require nourishment."

"And rest," said Rosaliue doubtfully. "I can't rest very long. I must work."

"What is your work?" asked Dr. Moore, in his imperative way.

"Writing; anything, everything—fashions, now and then a story."

"For fame or fortune?" he inquired, looking about the room with a calmly appraising eye.

"For fortune," answered his patient, much amused.

"Well, then, it won't do you any harm to rest for a little while; you will work twice as fast and as well afterward. Promise me that you will stay in bed until this hour tomorrow," he said, rising.

"I promise," said Rosalie, smiling up at him.

"And an egg in milk every two hours, besides three regular meals. Good-by," and he was gone.

Rosalie was still smiling when she heard the front door close after him.

The death of their old family physician had necessitated the calling in of a stranger, and Rosalie concluded that nothing could be in greater contrast to the old doctor's genial loquacity than Dr. Moore's grave and abrupt manner.

He returned at the same time the next day, greeted her briefly, and taking her hand, rested his sensitive fingers on her pulse.

"A more domestic pulse today," he stated in his expressionless way.

"What is a domestic pulse, Dr. Moore?" asked his patient, smiling.

"Don't you know?"

"No, I don't know, but I should like to."

"Have you taken the eggs and milk?" he asked, ignoring her last remark.

"Yes," answered Rosalie, submissively.

"And you stayed in bed?"

"Yes," she replied.

"That was right. I will come again tomorrow. Don't get up before I come, and no working in bed. Good-by," and he was gone again.

The next day he came with a book in his hand. "This is a bribe, to keep you in bed," he explained. "It is the most fascinating book that I know of that has appeared recently. There is a man in it that is a little like me," he announced calmly, as he handed her the book. "Do you know it?" he inquired.

"No, but if it is fascinating I will stay in bed another day," she said. "That will make the fourth."

He counted her pulse without any remark, and asked about her heart. Rosalie assured him that it was more quiet, and after looking at her tongue he informed her that she was a very satisfactory patient. Then he fairly dazzled her with a smile that transformed his face.

"Then if you like the story you will stay in bed?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Goodby," he called, and she heard him running down the steps.

She read the book, and read half through the night.

"Now, what is the matter?" asked Dr. Moore the next day, glancing at her keenly. Then before she had time to answer: "Did you read all night?"

"Not quite," she said.

"Fresh air will be the best thing," he said, reflectively. "I will make another call and be back in 15 minutes. Can you dress yourself and be ready in that time?"

"Yes," said his patient, smiling at the monotony of her replies.

When Dr. Moore returned he found Rosalie on the piazza. "Why didn't you wait for me to help you down?" he asked.

"It was not necessary," she replied serenely.

"Do you like automobiles?" he inquired as he wrapped the rugs about her.

"Tremendously," she answered.

"Have you ever driven one?" he asked.

"It is the dearest desire of my heart," she laughed gayly.

He gave her a side-long scrutiny. "When you are stronger you shall learn to drive mine," he said to his astonished patient in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone. Then he talked to her about his patients, telling her of the suffering and the heroism that he encountered in the day's rounds. Rosalie came to the conclusion before the drive was over that his manner was a mask that hid an unusually sensitive nature and a wonderfully warm heart.

"Now, be a good girl," he said, when he left her. "Eggs and milk, and not too much work, and I will give you a dose of fresh air soon again, that is if you won't find it a bore," he added, with an unusual humility.

"I should like to go again, and thank you for today," she said.

He came again a few days later, and again and again. Sometimes he complained of her appearance, sometimes congratulated her, the abruptness of his manner unchanged until he began to talk on some subject that interested him, and then he was expansive and showed a surprising deference to her opinions.

One day, at the end of a drive, he followed her into the house.

"You will stay to dinner with us tonight, will you not, Dr. Moore? It is late, and you would not lose much time."

"No, thank you, I cannot." He moved restlessly about the room. "What does a girl think of a man if he unexpectedly kisses her?" he asked suddenly.

Determined not to show her amazement, Rosalie answered calmly: "It depends upon whether he kisses her just because her cheeks are pink, or because he cares so much for her that he cannot resist the opportunity," she said, with the serenity she had cultivated to oppose his abruptness.

Dr. Moore laid his hand on her shoulder, kissed her and left her there without a word. The next morning he sent her some pink roses with a little note:

"Your cheeks are like the roses, but that is not why I kissed you yesterday. I am in mortal fear of what your feeling is for me."

Rosalie smiled happily over her flowers, but did not answer his note.

He came the following day, and wearing some of the roses she went to meet him. Seeing him in his usual place at the foot of the stairs she stopped midway and looked down at him.

"Come down," he said, in his old imperative way.

She moved down slowly. When she reached the last step, where her face was on a level with his, she stopped again.

"You are wearing my roses," he said softly, lingering on the words. He looked deep into her eyes and drew her into his arms. "My Rose," he whispered, "is it possible that you care, too?"

"Yes," Rosalie answered, "I think I began to care that very first day, when you were so cross and so kind."

Down on the Farm.

Gee, pop," whispered the little boy at the country boarding house, "the landlady says the table is groaning with good things. What does she mean by that?"

"Sh! Not so loud," whispered his father as he tackled a half raw beet. "Maybe it is groaning with indigestion."

Did Washington Swear?

The oft-repeated story of Washington's profanity at the battle of Monmouth is strenuously denied in Marion Harland's autobiography, and upon the best authority—that of a revolutionary veteran, Stirling Smith by name, who was uncle to Marion Harland's grandfather. "He did not swear," the old warhorse would thunder when irreverent youngsters retailed the slander in his hearing. "I was close behind him—and I can tell you, sir, we rode fast—when what should we meet running away, lickety-split from the field of battle with the British almost at their heels, but Gen'ral Lee and his men. Then, with that, says Gen'ral Washington, speaking out loud and sharp—says he, 'Gen'ral Lee! in God's name, what is the meaning of this ill-timed prudence?' Now, you see, Gen'ral Lee, he was mighty high-spirited. So he speaks up as haughty as the Gen'ral had done, and says he: 'I know of no one who has more of that most damnable virtue than your Excellency.' So you see, young man, it was Gen'ral Lee that swore and not Gen'ral Washington. Don't you ever let me hear that lie again!"—Harper's Literary Gossip.

Work of Modern Chemists.

Modern chemistry enables man to make over some of the most useful metals very much at his will, and greatly to his profit. Dr. W. Rosenhain, in England, recently made a report on the proprieties of new alloys of copper, aluminum and manganese, which show remarkable peculiarities. An alloy of eight per cent. copper, 9.99 per cent. aluminum and 2.01 per cent. manganese showed enormous tensile strength, a cold-drawn bar having a yield point of 40.88 tons per square inch, and an ultimate stress of 52.08 tons a square inch. Another alloy is so hard that it can take a cutting edge sharp enough to sharpen a lead pencil. The British admiralty is experimenting with these alloys to determine their resistance to corrosion in sea water.

MADE FROM MELONS

DAINTIES WITH WHICH ALL ARE NOT FAMILIAR.

Recipes for Sherbets From the Fruit and Preserves From the Rind—The Proper Way to Serve Canteloupe.

Tempting sherbets are made from both canteloupe and watermelon. There are conserves to be made of the rinds, perhaps in combination with another fruit or a vegetable. There are salads which may be concocted by adding to melons, cut into small cubes, a sprinkling of nuts and a spoonful of mayonnaise.

But first catch your melon. A ripe canteloupe can be told by an examination of the stem end. Break a small piece from this and see if the melon is fragrant. If it smells spicy the melon is ripe. It is a mistake to put ice into a canteloupe, as is generally done. This takes away considerably from the sweetness of the melon meat. The canteloupe should be served in a bed of cracked ice. A toothsome dessert is made by filling a canteloupe skin with vanila ice cream and pouring over the ice cream a mild ginger syrup.

For Watermelon Sherbet.—Boil a pound of sugar and a quart of water together for 10 minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine which has been soaked in a half cupful of cold water for an hour, then when dissolved, strain and pour into the freezer. Add one pint of orange juice and freeze. When nearly frozen add two cupfuls of pink watermelon dice, and let stand packed in ice and salt for an hour and a half.

In making canteloupe sherbet, soak one teaspoonful of gelatine in a half cup of cold water for an hour. Add one-half cup boiling water. When the gelatine is quite dissolved, add one cupful of cold water, three-fourths cup of sugar, and the mashed pulp and juice of a melon about the size of a cocoanut.

Pickled canteloupes are not found on the average table. But they certainly deserve a place there. These belong to the sweet pickle variety. Select melons not quite ripe. Cut into oblong pieces, take off the rind and soft parts near the seeds. To every eight pounds of melon allow one pint vinegar and three pounds of sugar. Mix half a teaspoonful each ground mace and cloves and one teaspoonful each cinnamon, ginger and allspice. Tie in little piece of cheesecloth and scald with the vinegar. Cook the melons in the hot syrup until tender, then skim out into a bowl. Boil the liquor down and pour over the melon. Repeat this three or four times, and the last time heat the melon with the syrup. Put into jars and seal.

An excellent conserve of melon rinds can be made. Pare off the green part of the melon rind and all the pink, cut into inch pieces, shaping as desired and weigh. For five pounds of the rind allow one quart of water and a pint of vinegar. Scald the water and vinegar, add the rind and boil 10 minutes. Remove the rind with a skimmer and drain perfectly dry.

Place in the preserving kettle a pint of water and 3½ pounds of sugar. Boil, skim, add the melon pieces and two ounces green ginger cut in slices. Cook until the melon is clear and tender, remove with a skimmer and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup 10 or 15 minutes longer, fill the jars with hot syrup and seal.

Victoria Sandwiches.

Two eggs and their weight in flour and sugar, two tablespoons of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat the eggs and sugar well together for 15 minutes, mix flour and baking powder together and pass through a sieve. Then mix all well together and add the milk and pour it into round tins or soup plates well buttered, spread flat with a knife and bake for seven minutes, placing on the open grid shelf in the middle of the oven under the hot plate, and only have gas flames half an inch long. If it does not quickly brown in the oven, place it under the grill on top of the oven for two minutes. When baked place one round on the top of the other and spread jam between. Allow it to cool, then cut out in diamond shape and decorate with white icing, or pink, or two different colored jellies or jams on top.

Kidney Soup.

Half an ox kidney, one carrot, turnip, onion, salt and pepper, two ounces of flour, one ounce butter, three pints of hot water, one tablespoon of mushroom ketchup. Cut the kidney into small pieces, also vegetables, fry all together in the butter for five minutes, then stir in the flour and seasoning, add gradually the hot water. Let it come to a boil, then allow it to simmer gently for an hour and a half. Pass the soup through a wire sieve, return to the stew pan, add the mushroom ketchup, and if the soup is not dark enough add a few drops of kitchen bouquet, let it come to a boil and serve with strips of buttered toast.

Vegetarian Croquettes.

Blanch nut kernels by scalding and stripping off the skins. Set on the ice until crisp. Then pound or run through your vegetable press. Prepare an equal quantity of mashed potatoes; mix with the pounded nuts; work in melted butter and a few spoonfuls of cream, with pepper and salt to taste. Now beat in the yolk of an egg to bind the paste. Form in croquettes; roll in egg and cracker crumbs, and set on ice until stiff.

Fry in deep dripping or other fat, and drain in hot colander from every drop of fat. Serve immediately.

Tutti-Frutti Cheese.

Beat one package of cream cheese with a quarter of a cup of sweet cream, chop a dozen large table raisins, a strip of citron, six candied cherries, one candied apricot, a small piece of candied pineapple, a grating of lemon peel, a dash of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of apricot brandy, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix well, then mould and chill, cut in small squares when ready to use and serve with buttered toast for afternoon tea or with luncheon dessert.

WHITE SERGE IN THE TUB

If Washing Is Done Carefully the Skirt Will Look Like New; Directions.

With the present vogue of white serge suits, a few ideas on their cleaning may be of interest to the woman whose skirts are beginning to show signs of wear.

Have no hesitation whatever about tubbing the skirt. It will shrink, of course, so it may be wise to rip the hem before washing, because, supposing the skirt fits the hips very smoothly at present, then in all probability it will be necessary to draw up the skirt an inch or two to make it set properly over the hips.

This would necessitate cutting it off from the top, and as the skirt will also shrink in length, the rest of the hem will be needed on the bottom and a facing used when making the new hem.

Make a warm suds with water and white soap, adding a little borax. Immerse the skirt and souse up and down, rubbing any very soiled places with the hands.

When clear it should be rinsed in clear lukewarm water and borax, then hung up to dry. First, turn wrong side out and pin to the line at waistband directly in center front.

Keep the fold down the center front and pin the hem to the line. Then put two or three pins between the belt and hem.

As it dries the folds should be smoothed, and, if necessary, the skirt pulled into shape.

When almost perfectly dry press on the wrong side with a warm iron, put on a skirt hanger and put out in the air or sun.

Carefully done, the skirt will look like new.

The Wash Tub.—Did you ever try paraffin for mending a leaky wash tub? When ours sprung a leak some time ago we emptied it, dried it well with a cloth, and poured melted paraffin around the cracks. It has been in constant use ever since without leaking.

When the washing is done the tub should be put upside down on the basement floor, a little water poured over the bottom, and they never will dry out and fall to pieces.

The Wash Boiler.—When putting the boiler away, wipe it as dry as possible and always place it upside down. In this way it will last for years. This hint was given me by an old boiler mender and I never have had to have my boiler repaired since.

To Wash Clothes Lines.—A good way to wash clothes lines is to wind them on a long board and scrub them with a scrubbing brush. You will find that in this way you keep them from getting tangled. It is so hard to wind them when you wash them in the tub.

Fading Caused by Hot Irons.—Fading is caused by too hot irons. The fading of colored articles is due often not to the washing, but the ironing. Too hot irons are used directly on the material and this will fade delicate colors more than any amount of washing. The effect is even worse than strong sunlight. Be sure that the article is evenly dampened and that the iron is only hot enough to smooth the wrinkles properly by firm, even pressure and you will have no more trouble from fading. Skirts must never be ironed across the gores, but up and down; otherwise the fit of the garment is ruined.—Chicago Tribune.

Washing Eiderdown.

Make a lather of hot water and soap jelly, a heaped teaspoonful to the gallon, and add a little liquid ammonia. Steep the quilt in this for a few minutes. Then rinse well up and down, and use a second or third lot of suds if necessary. Rinse in two lots of clean water to which a little ammonia has been added, and run through wringer. If you have no wringer, hang in a windy situation and squeeze the bottom occasionally as the water drains down. Shake frequently while drying, and do not dry it in too cold an air.

Onions.

Take a paper bag, large enough to comfortably work in, and after removing the outer peeling of the onions, insert hands, onions and small paring knife in bag, and slice without weeping. For diced onions I hold the vegetable firmly in the palm of my left hand, and then cut down, almost but not quite through, in criss-cross clashes about one-fourth of an inch apart, keeping the onion in shape, and then slicing across, the whole falls in cubes. I use the same method with potatoes or apples, without the bag.

New Way of Putting Up Cucumbers.

Instead of putting up your cucumber pickles in the usual way try this method: Fill a two quart fruit jar with small cucumbers that have been washed. Fill up with vinegar, put a small cheese cloth bag filled with spices on top and seal. Will keep indefinitely, always retain their crispness, and far surpass those that have been put up in the usual manner.

Italian Stew.

An Italian stew is a delicious as well as an economical dish when properly prepared. Simmer a pound of round steak with a pint of sliced tomatoes, a chopped carrot and an onion for about four hours. Have a platter ready on which rests a bed of stewed and seasoned macaroni. Pour the stew over it and serve.

To Keep Lettuce Fresh.

Place the lettuce stems downward in a small tin pail, sprinkle with water, put the cover on tightly and set in a cool place. It will keep fresh for days.

Proper Cut.

Corned beef should be placed in pan with fibers running lengthwise, fat and lean alternately; then press and slice. Cut across the grain.

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

Novel Cotton Wedding.

This affair was celebrated way down in old Kentucky, and was such a delightful affair that I am sure our readers in all parts of the country will be able to adapt ideas from it to suit their own needs and conditions. The invitations said "Please come in a cotton frock." This conveyed the idea that it was to be an informal affair. The spacious porches and grounds were lighted with many lanterns, and dotted over the lawn were great white cotton umbrellas, such as are used for shade on wagons. They were on long stakes driven into the ground, and had a Japanese lantern lighted and suspended from each rib; rugs and chairs were underneath.

These trysting places were much sought in the intervals between dances. There was a large platform erected with negro players, just like the plantation dances before the war. Before the dancing the hostess produced bandana handkerchief-aprons, to which the men sewed the strings; then a wee colored china doll was given each girl, with bits of chamois skin from which she was to make a pen wiper for her partner.

The refreshments were typically southern: Individual chicken pies, hot corn muffins, tiny stuffed peppers, iced tea and delicious watermelon.

A Neck-Wear Shower.

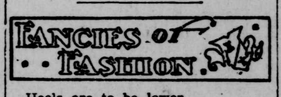
A fall bride says the prettiest shower the girls of her home town gave her was a "neck-wear" downpour. The lovely part was that each girl made with her own fair fingers the dainty creation for the bride who had grown up among them and was so soon to go far away across the sea. No one can have too many stocks and collars, and there was every variety imaginable, some being of Irish crotchet. The table center piece was composed of the white gilly flower, often called "stocks," and the place cards were bogus certificates of "stock" drawn upon the Bank of Matrimony and signed by her majesty, the "American Woman," with "Cupid" named as treasurer. The gifts were all done up in dainty tissue paper tied with white satin ribbon and were brought in on a tray with bows of tulle on each handle. A wee maiden dressed as Cupid presented the tray to the bride.

An Unusual Party for Children.

A mother of a twelve-year-old daughter issued invitations for this very pretty party. Remembering how children loved to dress up, she said: "Please come in a costume representing a character from 'Alice in Wonderland.'" When all had arrived there was a pantomime showing the figures on a screen, the children guessing who was who as each little figure passed by. This made loads of fun, as it was done before they entered the big drawing room. I had better explain exactly how. As the guests arrived (and they were all very prompt) they were met by a maid who took them into a side room without removing their wraps. The screen was in plain view. Each guest was taken separately, the wrap removed and he or she was placed behind the screen. If the children recognized the character, that individual took a seat in the drawing room, the chairs being arranged in rows. When all were admitted there was a professional entertainer, who did wonderful tricks for 20 minutes; then there were games and dancing for a half hour. Refreshments were served in the upstairs ballroom, which had been transformed into a veritable "wonderland," with a bountiful use of gold and silver tinsel.

Many little surprises had been cleverly planned for the mystification of the young guests. For instance, there was an immense water lily made from paper and placed before a screen made from a clothes bars covered with crepe paper and ferns; there was a petal for each child, which when pulled down revealed a plate containing an ice cream rabbit. From the mouth of a huge, fierce-looking cat there came cookies and from an enormous snow ball came wee boxes of bonbons. There was a witch who passed favors and a clown who distributed balloons. Wasn't this a wonderful party? It sounds rather difficult to produce, but the hostess assured me that it had been a delight to get all ready, as she had the loving co-operation of a couple of young college men and two adoring aunts of the little hostess.

MADAME MERRI.



Heels are to be lower.

Black satin tailor-mades are good.

In materials, pied de poule is one of the newest.

The smartest new hats are low, broad affairs.

The plaited frill holds its vogue wonderfully well.

Jet for buttons is not quite as popular as last year.

The colonel's plume is more than ever worn on small hats.

Shaded automobile veils are among the novelties of the hour.

Yellow is one of the favorite colors as the summer advances.

Three Dainty Dresses

THE dainty dress at the left is of white batiste trimmed at the bottom and around the yoke and sleeves with embroidery. The yoke and the cuffs are of the batiste finely tucked. The sash is of ribbon finished in front with a sash end reaching to the bottom of the skirt and ornamented with little pink roses.

The next dress is of old red voile. The front of the blouse and of the skirt are made with crosswise tucks and ornamented with buttons of the material. The blouse is trimmed at the top with a tucked band of the voile; the little sleeves and the bottom of the skirt are trimmed in the same way, and a similar band forms the girdle. The tucked guimps and the puffed undersleeves are of white batiste.

The dress at the right is pink silk voile. The blouse is shirred at the shoulders and crossed in front; the front is tucked and trimmed at the top with lace. The collarette is of tulle, as are also the puffed under sleeves, the latter trimmed with narrow bands of liberty. The sleeves themselves are wide and cut in one piece with the body of the waist.

The skirt is trimmed at the bottom with two overlapping ruffles of the material. The girdle is of liberty, knotted at the left side.

Would You Defy Age?

Here are three excellent "Don'ts" which help to preserve your youthfulness.

Don't wash the face in hot water before going out for a walk. It opens the pores of the skin and makes them more sensitive to dust and dirt.

Don't use soap and water as soon as you return. Rub a good cold cream into the face and wipe it off with a soft handkerchief.

Don't wrinkle the forehead when worried or draw the brows together in a frown when bright light strikes the eyes. Nothing ages a woman so quickly as deep ridges on the forehead.

San Juan Straw Serviceable.

A smart-looking and serviceable hat for general wear by a small girl is of San Juan straw in a burnt color, hand-pressed. It is in a shady, mushroom shape with trimming of red or navy blue ribbon around the crown tied into a bow on either side.

Then there is the prettiest little best hat that costs only $1. It is of fine white straw, trimmed with bows of satin ribbon and forget-me-nots. This, too, has a mushroom brim and fairly high crown.

Fagoting on Black.

A black satin tunic gown seen recently was trimmed by two rows of fagoting, in light green and red, following in pattern the outline of the tunic. The work was finished off by a double row of French knots in alternate red and green.

The black net of the yoke was embroidered in the same way, and by a row of little rose pearl buttons.

New Collar and Frill.

A modish shirtwaist shows a frill of white tucked lawn edged with dull blue and a strip of embroidery in buckle effect, with a darker blue for the buckle and a shade matching the frill edge for the buckled strap. The stock is edged again with the blue lawn, and the smart little bow tie is of the two shades, the darker showing in the under loops.

Patent leather belts with enameled or joweled buckles are in the lead.

The KITCHEN CABINET

SOME hae meat an' canna
And some there be that
It;
But we hae meat an' we can eat,
And may the Lord be thankit.

Seasonable Ideas on Serving.

Dainty desserts that appeal to the appetite need not be hard to prepare. One especially nice and very little work is called

Nut Snow Dessert.

Place marshmallows in the oven until lightly toasted, add chopped nuts and serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Orange-Banana Cream.

Half fill deep sherbet cups with orange jelly, made strong in both color and flavor by soaking the peel of two oranges in the water before adding to the gelatine. Mash two bananas, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a fourth of a cup of sugar. When light and smooth fold in one cupful of whipped cream. Heap this on the jelly and serve.

Casserole of Lamb's Liver.

Lay the liver in slightly salted water an hour to draw out the blood and make it firm. Rinse and wipe dry. Fry slices of salt pork in a pan until crisp; remove the pork and add an onion sliced; when brown remove the onion and add the liver, turn and cook on both sides, then put it into a casserole with two cupfuls of stock and a dozen potato balls and as many small onions. Cover closely and cook until the vegetables are tender, in a moderate oven. Send to the table in the dish in which it was baked and you have a dinner all ready to serve.

A Nice Supper or Luncheon Dish.

Cook a dozen tomatoes until soft, put through a sieve and stand aside. In a frying pan put three tablespoonfuls of butter and half a dozen eggs; stir and cook until smooth, add the strained tomato and three tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese and serve with brown bread.

Omelet with ham is a good breakfast dish. Prepare the omelet as usual and spread with seasoned and chopped ham, place in the oven to finish cooking.

Beet Relish.

Take one quart of cooked beets, chopped, one quart of cabbage, one-half cup of grated horseradish, two cupfuls of sugar and vinegar to moisten. Put in cans and seal for winter use.

CONVERSATION is but carving:
Give no more to every guest
Than he is able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time;
Give to all but just enough;
Let them neither starve nor stuff,
And that each may have his due
Let your neighbor carve for you.
—Scott.

In the Canning Season.

Look up the choice recipes that you were anxious to try, make a list of them, then in the stress of the summer work, important things will not be forgotten. This is the month for "putting up" peaches. One famous cook who was an artist in canning peaches always prepared them the night before and let them stand covered with sugar until morning. They had a richness no other method gave. Can as usual. Here is a recipe which many may like to try while the cucumbers are in their prime:

Cucumber Catsup.

Choose fresh green cucumbers of the size and quality used for slicing. Reject those that are at all bitter, peel and grate them. Put into a bag and drain them, or a sieve may be used. To every quart of pulp add half a cupful of grated horesradish and half a cupful of grated onions, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of white pepper and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Add a quart of cold cider vinegar and seal in air tight jars.

Plum Catsup.

Boil the plums with as little water as possible until soft; rub through a colander and to every five pounds of pulp, add two and a half pounds of sugar, a cupful of cider vinegar and a level tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves. Cook half an hour, stirring steadily, and seal boiling hot. This is especially fine with beef, veal or ham.

To Pickle Plums.

Gather green plums before they begin to turn; make a pickle of mustard seed and salt with vinegar enough to cover the fruit. Boil and pour over the plums three mornings in succession. They may be used in place of olives.

Grape catsup is prepared the same as plum catsup and is a choice relish to serve with ham, venison or any game.

Minced Salt Mackerel.

This is a nice way of using pieces of mackerel left from a previous meal: Free the fish from skin and bones and mince fine. Make a cream sauce of two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter. When bubbling add a cupful of thin cream, cook until smooth and thick, season with a little onion juice and salt if needed. Place the fish in the sauce until heated. Serve in mashed potato nests sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Nellie Maxwell

Living for Christ.

Life's true equivalence, its proper synonym, is Christ. For me to live, said Paul, is Christ. No other ideal so completely expresses the significance of existence, and no purpose so royally crowns it with honor, as a living for Christ while Christ lives in the believer. The world's titles and descriptions for life are misleading. Satan, by every art falsely tries to make out that the worth of life lies in selfishness. But life's real value is in the Cross of Christ, and the Pauline view is the right one.

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