ALL THERE WAS TO IT

By GRACE KERRIGAN.

When Miss Lizzie Carford entered upon her duties as stenographer and typewriter with Ames & Co. she didn't look for any social side of it. There couldn't be any in a business office. She would ask for the respect that is due any girl or woman, no matter whether she has money and social standing or must earn her living.

Ames & Co. were middle-aged men and both married. Both were workers, and both quiet men. They had a small business, but a paying one, and their bookkeeper was also their cashier. He was a young man of twenty-four, and the newcomer was not favorably impressed with him. It is none of the stenographer's business whether the bookkeeper in his den is young or old—good-looking or ugly—social or surly. Neither Mr. Adams nor his partner were good at dictating, and they put the work off on the bookkeeper. Again, they would be the only occupants of the business for hours at a time, and if he was surly and gruff it would make things lonesome.

Mr. Watler Bardsley, the said bookkeeper, was in his den when Miss Carford called and was hired. There had not been a girl in that office in the five years he had been there, but he never turned from his desk to look. She had a pleasant voice, but he didn't seem to hear it. After she had gone, and he was told by Ames that she was to take the place, his only comment was: "Very well, sir."

She was waiting for him next morning when he arrived.

Mr. Bardsley did not bow. He did not introduce himself. He did not look at her.

He picked up the morning mail and carried it into his den and the girl was left for half an hour to twiddle her thumbs. Then he came out and sat down by the machine and started off with:

"Mr. H. O. Wharton—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 9th inst. at hand."

Miss Lizzie picked up pad and pencil and wrote. There were five letters in all. He never paused to say "comma," "period" or "paragraph," but drove straight ahead, and when finished got up without a word and went back to his den. She typed the letters and laid them on the desk and when Mr. Ames came in they were signed and sent out to be mailed.

"Very well done," said Mr. Ames, and that's all there was to it.

At noon Mr. Bardsley went out to lunch.

When he had disappeared Miss Lizzie went out to lunch. She was back first, and when he came in she did not look at him nor he at her. He could have said: "Nice day, Miss Carford?"

And she could have answered: "Yes, very nice."

But he didn't say and she didn't say.

From her place by the machine she could look into the bookkeeper's den and she his back—always his back. After she had surveyed that back for three mortal hours, and could have drawn a war-map of every line and wrinkle, she turned and looked out upon the roof of the adjoining building. There was a clothes-line stretched across it, and on that line hung an old red flannel shirt. It flapped in the breeze. It fluttered like a wounded bird. There were moments when it almost ceased to breathe, as it were.

That shirt when new was a blood-red in color. It was now faded to the color of an old brick house in Tarrytown—the one where General Washington once stopped after licking the British to ask the owner for the temporary loan of his boot-jack. The shirt had four patches on it to cover four holes. The buttons were missing and with increasing age it had shrunk. What was the romance—what the mystery of the old red shirt?

"Why, I thought you'd gone."

It was the voice of Mr. Ames at her elbow. The girl had fallen asleep. The bookkeeper had departed without awakening her. Wasn't that the trick of a mean man?

Each day for the next month was like every other day. Outside of the dictation not ten words passed between the stenographer and the bookkeeper. They came and went without noticing each other. It vexed and annoyed her for the first week and then she said to herself:

"He's probably mad because some one he recommended wasn't taken on instead of me, but if he thinks he'll get rid of me by playing the bear he'll find himself mistaken. I'm real glad to find one man in the city who isn't smirking around and bragging how smart he is!"

Then a son of Mr. Ames' partner came home on his vacation from college. He was a very fresh young man. He wanted to be a high roller but his father was tight with money matters. He hung about the office a good deal, though neither the bookkeeper nor the stenographer was more than barely civil to him.

At the end of a week, Miss Lizzie noticed that the two partners were anxious and perturbed and held consultations. Some excitement also seemed to have got hold of the bookkeeper. There were three days of this, and then he disappeared and Mr. Ames took his place. It wasn't for the girl to ask why, but she naturally wondered over it. The routine continued about the same. At noon all went to lunch. The door of the bookkeeper's den, in which was the safe, was locked at such times.

At noon one day, instead of going out to lunch, the stenographer munched a big apple and buried her nose in a book she had brought down. A quarter of an hour had passed when the door briskly opened and the fresh young man entered. He looked towards the den but not around the room. When he was sure no one was inside he produced a key and entered the den. He was inside not over two minutes, and when he reappeared he was stuffing greenbacks into his pockets. He locked the door behind him and then passed out of the office without having glimpsed the watcher.

For a moment the girl reasoned that he was the son of the partner, and had a right to go and come. Then she scented something wrong and put on her hat and hurried down to the street. The young man was just entering an auto in which sat waiting another young man.

"Get it?" queried the latter.

"You bet!"

"How much?"

"Two hundred!"

"Bully! We'll have a devil of a time!"

The stenographer was in the office when Mr. Ames returned from his lunch. He smiled amiably and passed into the den, but a moment later reappeared, white-faced and trembling. He looked at the girl and tried to speak, but could only stammer.

"Have you missed some money?" she asked.

"Y-yes!"

"How much?"

"Two hundred dollars! I counted it out just before going to lunch. Were you out to lunch?"

"Not today."

"Then—then—"

"Then I saw it taken! Had you missed money before?"

"Three times. Didn't you know that was why we turned away Mr. Bardsley? We couldn't say he embezzled it but we were forced to suspect."

"As that son of your partner took the money today he probably took the others. He has a key to the den. I sat right over there and saw him operate."

The partner was called in and informed of what had occurred, and together the two men took up the chase. The young man was run down and he made no denials. In fact, he laid the blame all on his father.

Miss Lizzie took the half-day off. In going home she saw Mr. Bardsley in a doorway. He looked at her but did not bow. She walked straight up to him and said: "You are the biggest cad and snob in the state, but you come along with me!"

He followed her to her home without asking a question, and when they were seated she asked: "Were you miffed because they gave me the place?"

"Why, I was glad of it!" he exclaimed.

"But you never spoke to me."

"You didn't ask me to lunch."

"I—I dasn't!"

"I was afraid you'd snub me!"

"Couldn't you have given me a good morning?"

"I wanted to awful bad, but—but—"

Mr. Bardsley dared not look her in the face. He was blushing like a maiden over a marriage proposal. He was fumbling his hands—and moving his feet as if he would run away.

"I see," mused the girl as she studied him. "I have found a shy man—the only one in the world! That changes everything. You will get your place back, and in time—if you are not too shy—"

And in time she became the wife of a shy man, and he was not exhibited at a museum.

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Waitress Had Not Aged.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipperd into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him, he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Much Money for Canada.

Europe, mainly Great Britain, is believed to have invested not less than $130,000,000 in Canada in the first half of the present year.

FORCED TO DECLINE OFFER

Distinguished Professor Must Have Thought He Was a Victim of Leap Year.

An undergraduate at Balliol having fallen ill, his sister came to nurse him, and the master of Balliol paying many visits to the young man's rooms frequently met the sister. There were numerous other visitors during the patient's convalescence, and the young lady was greatly attracted by, and finally became engaged to, one of her brother's friends.

When her brother recovered and the young lady was about to depart the master came to say "Good-by." She thanked him warmly for his kindness to her brother, and concluded by saying that she had a great favor to ask of him. The master said that he would be delighted.

Without thinking that her remark was capable of two interpretations, she replied at once, "I should like you to marry me," meaning that he would officiate at the ceremony.

The master, in a state of great agitation, hurried from the room, exclaiming, "My dear young lady, it would be utter misery for both of us!"—London Answers.

Satirical.

Those who know a certain southern senator will picture his ample proportions when they read this story:

While journeying through the south he was very much annoyed one day at the delay in getting food served in a certain cafe. He had given his order and waited impatiently an unreasonable length of time, when the waiter appeared and was evidently looking for some one who must have gone out without waiting for his meal.

When asked by the senator whom he was looking for he replied:

"A little boy who gave his order."

The senator replied: "I am tha' boy."

Thoughtless Spouse.

Mrs. Newlywed—I wonder why we are growing tired of each other?

Newlywed—I haven't an idea.

Mrs. N.—Yes; maybe that is the reason.—Boston Transcript.

GROWING CROP OF CELERY ON SMALL FARM



Boards Set Up Beside the Rows of Celery During the Blanching Period.

(By ANNA GALIGHER.)

As a rule, late celery makes more growth during the fall months, after the weather gets cool, than at any other time. In hot, dry weather celery needs a great deal of attention, for unless the roots of the plant can be kept cool and wet there will be no growth to speak of.

For this reason as well as several others, I prefer to bank the rows with earth as the plants grow. When blanching by this method is out of question, I mulch them with well rotted manure out of the poultry house, and then set broad boards on edge several inches from the plants in either side of the row and fill the space around the plants with hay or dry leaves.

I like to draw the earth up to the plants as they grow, because in this way one will have far more white stalks than when the work of banking is done all at one time.

Some people suppose that no matter how large the branches are, the stalks will all turn white after being banked. The truth is, a stalk of celery that has attained its full size before the blanching process begins will remain green, while the heart of the bunch which has grown in darkness will be white.

Another reason why I prefer to use earth is that it protects celery from the early freezes. And then if a covering of dry leaves is put on top of the ridges, and weighted down to prevent one year our celery was left in the ground until after Christmas, and with additional protection it would have kept much longer.

Celery must have air to keep it from rotting, therefore the tips of the branches should never be kept covered over with earth. Anything that is dry and is easily removed, will help to keep out the frost, but dry leaves is the best material for the purpose that we have ever used.

The frost will not penetrate the leaves, if enough are used, and when the sun shines and the air is mild I rake off the leaves and then replace before sundown.

If there are indications of a severe freeze, some old carpet or something of the sort is spread over the top of the ridges.

I would rather do all of this and be rewarded with crisp, fine-flavored celery, than put it in the cellar and have a lot of tasteless stuff that is only a disappointment at best.

No matter how much earth clings to the roots or how careful one is to protect them from the air, whenever the roots are once disturbed the plant loses its fine flavor.

Another peculiarity of the plant is this: If the roots are not cut off soon after the plant is taken from the ground much of the fine flavor will be lost. This is strange but none the less true.

A few light frosts will not injure growing celery, but a freeze always injures it more or less.

Those who grow the self-blanching variety should, if possible, bank with earth for the reasons mentioned above, though it will blanch without being banked, if the rows are close together.

The so-called self-blanching celeries are all inclined to be somewhat tough, unless either banker or protected in some manner. Some people use drain tile and some prefer to wrap paper around the bunches.

I have grown very nice celery of the Golden Self-Blanching sort without banking, using hay and leaves as before mentioned, but when cold weather set in, the work of furnishing additional protection took as much time as does the banking up process.

EASTERN EYES ON ALFALFA PLANT

Crop Will Do More to Restore Worn Out Farms Than Anything Yet Suggested.

A carload of alfalfa seed shipped from Oklahoma to the farmers of the New England states opened the eyes of the eastern press and caused them to give much publicity to the importance of this valuable harvest.

This carload of seed consisted of about 600 bushels, worth $7.50 per bushel, or $5,000 in round figures. It was retailed to farmers at $10 per bushell, or more, but even at that price it was cheaper than any other seed they could use for producing stock food.

The newspapers of the east have advertised the importance of alfalfa and so have most of the agricultural colleges, but the farmers who read western farm papers are just learning what it means and its popularity as a reliable and profitable farm crop.

Where the ground has been prepared in the proper manner and pure seed sown under favorable conditions alfalfa has produced from one ton to a ton and a half per acre at a single cutting. As alfalfa always produces two and sometimes three crops a year the yield is much larger and the money-earning capacity of the land many times greater than any other farm feed that can be raised on New England soil.

It is a wrong theory that alfalfa cannot be raised in the east. Many farmers have tried it and failed, but the failure almost in every instance may be traced to four things: Sour soil, lack of bacteria, insufficient preparation of the soil and impure non-germinating seed.

Lime will sweeten the soil. Soil from an old alfalfa field will supply the bacteria and the application of common sense and patience will do the rest.

Alfalfa will do more to restore worn out farms of the east and south and do it more cheaply than anything else.

Proper Feed for Sheep.

Don't forget that while the ewes are feeding their lambs, they are also growing wool. The feed should be abundant enough to supply both demands, and keep the ewe in good health.

It never pays to let a flock run down in condition.

The Business Hen.

Anything worth doing, is worth doing well—the man who sees no money in the hen on the farm, is the man who considers her only as a scavenger, a necessary evil, good enough to turn the waste she finds into eggs and flesh for the table, but too insignificant for him to meddle with. He's the man, too, who never keeps accounts, who may wonder how the wife manages to keep the table supplied but who never takes time to think the matter out.

PROPERLY PACKED BUTTER SELLS BEST

Takes But Few Minutes More Time and Increases Price When Selling to Merchant.

(By W. H. UNDERWOOD.)

When a farmer's wife or daughter has a sufficient quantity of milk to be able to sell some butter she ought by all means to find out just what sort of butter people will pay the highest price for, and how the same is packed for sale, and comply with these conditions. If they do so they will get all it is worth.

On a Saturday not long since I was waiting in the store, several persons brought in butter, and with the exception of that from two customers (myself and one other) it was all made in round prints and wrapped in oil paper, and some of the large rolls were also wrapped in oil-paper.

The clerk weighed a basket of 8-pound prints, and they tipped the scale at 6½ pounds only. I asked him what he paid and he said 20 cents.

I tasted the butter. It was good and the merchant would have been glad to pay 25 cents, the same as I got, but he said he could not sell it for more on acount of its mussy appearance.

If each one of those persons would pay $1.25 for a brick-shaped butter mold that will make an exact pound; 50 cents for a roll of parchment paper 7½ inches wide, tear the paper with the aid of a ruler into sheets 2½ inches long, dip these into cold water and wrap each pound neatly, pack them neatly in a clean box lined with white paper. I assure you they can then get 25 cents a pound for their butter and the gain in price will give them a good many dollars to put into their pockets.

It will not take ten minutes longer on churning day to do this, and the knowledge of putting a first-class article on the market in first-class condition will repay in itself.

It is not best to use the oiled paper. It is impossible to handle the butter without tearing it, and it makes the butter look any way but well.

Feed While Milking.

Feeding the cows while milking need not be any disadvantage to the quality of the milk produced, provided the right kind of feed and the right sort of pail are used and it frequently has a quieting effect on the cow.

Excellent for Swine.

Slack coal and wood ashes, two parts; slack lime and salt, one part; place in a self-feeder under a shed, and the hogs will need no coaxing to eat it when they find where it is. A self-feeder can be made out of a box. This can also be fed on the ground but during rainy weather much of it is wasted.

Avoid Fall Rains.

Unless you want your sheep to snuffle all winter keep them in out of the fall rains.

The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETT HARRIS

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

"Nels, my friend," said the janitor to his assistant, as the latter entered the furnace room carrying his dinner bucket, "Nels, my friend, I have a word or two for your ear. It don't matter which ear; either one of them is big enough to take in all I've got to say, and then some. Just listen, that's all. Sit down and eat your lunch if you like; you won't make so much moise but what I can make myself heard.

"I take notice that you turned down the nice mannered, clean cut young man that was trying to sell you a suit of clothes. Why? Got another suit, have you? Sure you have. I seen it on you Sunday afternoon and I had to go lie down and have the old woman rub my head with camphor. It's a wonder you wasn't arrested. Nels, my friend, that suit might be all right back where you come from or in a museum, but in this country a nobby dresser has his pants legs come down to the tops of his shoes anyway, and his coat collar ain't constructed so's it tilts his hat down on the tip of his nose. I bet that other suit of yours is a hairloom—a sure enough hand-me-down—through four generations. Now, listen. That young man would have fitted you out with real clothes if you'd have let him—clothes that would have looked as if they was made in this here present century, clothes that would have been as good as your second papers to you; but you turn him down.

"Don't tell me that you can't afford it," continued the janitor, severely. "The young man was the best judge of that. I heard him say that you'd have six months to pay for the suit, and longer, if you needed it. Let me tell you a man can afford anything that he can get credit for. Keep that in mind and you'll wear diamonds before you're through. You're a young man starting out in life and you want to start right, and get them ideas of saving money and keeping out of debt out of your head.

"A man who keeps out of debt and saves money ain't got a friend on earth. He can't afford to have one. You know what a friend is, Nels, don't you? He's a fellow that comes around and taps you when he's hard up. Maybe he'll stand for a touch when you get in the same fix, but most generally you just happen to strike him at the wrong time. Still, friends are good things to have if you don't do too much for them and get 'em sore on you, and I'd certainly hate not to have any. You're saving money, ain't you? Sure. I knew you was, and you don't owe nobody. No, I didn't suppose you did. Well, leaving me out, who is there that's interested in you? Nobody. You pay cash for everything you get, and consequently it's expected of you, so that if you stopped doing it nobody would trust you for a cent. Run your face, Nels, my friend. Run your face, and pay a little something once in a while, and you can have anything you want as long as you want it. But you can't do it in them other clothes of yours.

"And as long as you're in debt, you've always got somebody interested in you. If you're out of a job, they'll boost you for another one. If you're sick, they'll see that you don't die on 'em and leave 'em in the hole. I got my job here by owing a grocery bill that I wasn't able to pay, and if the old woman would only see reason, I'd run twice as big a bill and get a job at double the pay and half the work.

"Here you are plugging along at fifty a month and saving money on it. What's the answer? You're missing all the fun there is going and getting into the bad habit of doing without unnecessary luxuries. Look at that there lunch you're eating. Why don't you go some place where they'll give you real food? No, not you. You'd sooner save the money and do without pie, and some of these fine days you'll put your wad into a bank and the band'll bust on you. Even if that don't happen, you'll get so that you won't want to spend anything, and if you'll tell me what else money's good for but to spend, except in establishing a credit, I'll tell you whether the egg or the hen come first and give you a receipt for whitewash that won't rub or wash off.

"Here you are with a steady job and no wife to hold you down with foolish female ideas about a rainy day. To hear some women talk rainy days, you'd think there wasn't ten hours of sunshine in the year and the only sensible thing to do was to go around in a bathing suit so as not to wet your good clothes. But you ain't got no wife. You could just as well pay an installment or two and have any old thing you wanted. You could have a phonograph or a cooking range or a set of bedroom furniture or a cash register or a washing machine or the 'Lives and Public Speeches of the Vice-Presidents' or a diamond engagement ring or an automobile—why, there ain't no limit to what you could get. All you'd have to do would be to give me as reference.

"Pay? Of course you'd pay when you can; but a fellow can't pay when he ain't got the money, can he? Can't get blood out of a turnip, can you? That's reasonable, ain't it? Who's going to make you pay, if you ain't been foolish enough to save money and put it where they can get it? Let 'em take judgment! If they garnishee your wages, quit the job and get a better one where you ain't known. If they get after you too hard, go bankrupt and start fresh. By the time you get old, they'll have old age pensions.

"No, Nels, the man who saves money and keeps out of debt is foolish, believe me. There ain't nothing ahead of him but work and nothing behind him but work. He ain't got no pleasant recollections nor no joyful anticipations. Look at me with seventeen hundred dollars cold cash in the bank and not a cent owing and working like a slave the way I do.

"Why do I do it?

"You go ask the old woman. Don't ask me."



"A MAN WHO KEEPS OUT OF DEBT AND SAVES MONEY AIN'T GOT A FRIEND ON EARTH."

DIDN'T EVEN GET THE SUGAR

Colored Man's Somewhat Mean Trick to Induce Obstinate Animal to "Go t' Town."

An old colored man was coming down the Crawfordsville pike, driving a horse which looked as if it had seen better days. When they got beyond the dam the horse suddenly stopped. The old man evidently was not unused to the performance, for he made no immediate effort to urge the beast on. Instead he sat silently and gazed over the waters. When he thought enough time had been given the horse for him to get over his stubborn spell he clicked his tongue. The horse stood as in a trance. The clicking was repeated at intervals, at each a little more ominous. Finally the driver addressed the horse: "Sam, yo all knows I done got t' git t' town. G'long!" But Sam would not go. Nor did a petting stir him.

"Sam, you old raskil, hit's a gittin' late." This accompanied by a sharp slap of the lines.

Sam stood still stubbornly.

"Sam, have yo all forgot dat I done been a'feedin' you all dis wintah, w'en you didn't do no wuk? G'long, ole skinnenbones."

Sam's only answer was to lay his ears back.

"Honey, come on now and go t' town." No response.

"Well, I guess hit's got t' be done," said the negro, as he reached into a dilapidated coat pocket and drew forth a cube of sugar—evidently kept there for just such occasions. He cupped his hand so that Sam could not get the sugar, but could smell it. He held it just beyond the stubborn animal's nose, and Sam stretched his lean neck toward the delicacy. Before the horse knew it he was in motion after the sugar, which was just out of his reach. Then the driver replaced the sugar in his pocket with a chuckle and climbed back to his seat, and Sam meandered toward town, oblivious of the fact that he had made up his mind not to go.

Quaint Conceit.

"Matthew Arnold's Olympian manner was not intended to be taken seriously. When the poet's air was most Olympian, his clear eye had its very kindliest twinkle."

The speaker was Mrs. Caroline Earle White, the Philadelphia woman who founded the American anti-vivisection movement.

"My friend Stephen Coleridge, the English anti-vivisectionist," she continued, "entertained Arnold often. The poet was a great friend of little Johnnie Coleridge, an urchin of four. The poet prtended to Johnnie and actually made him believe that he was the little boy's horse.

"He kept up this joke for several years. In fact Matthew Arnold often sent the youngster books of fairy tales with the inscription:

"'Johnnie Coleridge, from his affectionate horse.'"

Wanted Useful Article.

A suit having been brought against a defendant, his counsel interposed a demurrer that had the effect to throw it out of court. Soon afterward the same lawyer was elected to congress and while at his post of duty he was surprised one day to receive a letter from his former client, saying: "I am sued again. Please send me another one of them things they call demurrers."

Cat the Cause of Panic.

The lights went out while most people were at their evening meal at Calcutta, India, the other day. Nervous people feared it was the work of Bengal terrorists and looked about for weapons. In a little while the lights came on again. The incident was due to a cat, which jumped on a transformer at the electric station, making a short circuit. The cat was electrocuted.

Clergyman and Cobbler.

Of course, a minister ought to practice all he preaches. Yet the shoemaker never wears all the shoes he turns out.—Chicago News.

WELL TO REMEME

SIMPLE METHOD OF CURING TROUBLESOME FELONS.

Easy Way to Keep Silver Bright—Use No Soap on Hardwood Floors—Several Handy Hints for the Housewife.

To cure a felon, take common sal as used for salting pork or beef, dr in the oven, pound fine, mix wit equal parts of spirits of turpentin put in a cloth and wrap around th affected part. As it gets dry put more. Twenty-four hours of treatment will kill the felon.

Soaking mildew stains in butterm or sour milk will many times remo them, but not always. Try a solutio of one heaping teaspoonful of chl ride of lime to a quart of soft water strain, when well dissolved, and di the mildewed spots in it until the stains disappear, then rinse immedi ately and thoroughly in clear water.

Silver will keep bright, and much laborious cleaning and polishing saved, if once a week, it is immersed in sour milk and left there for 2 minutes or longer. Wash it in very hot water and polish as quickly as possible. Soft pieces of old flannelette are excellent to use in wiping and polishing silver.

Do not use soap on your hardwood floor; instead add half cup of bora to a pail of hot water, and rinse mop well each time, and see how and white the floor will look.

When any article of food b and sticks to the saucepan or k while boiling, set the vessel at o into a pan of cold water, while yo get another kettle ready, thus preventing a scorched table. You will surely do this if the food is not too badly burned.

Try having a bed of Sweet Williams. Once started it will require little care, and will last for years, rewarding your trouble by a profusion of pretty flowers.

And, by the way, there is nothing better than ammonia to remove blood-stains; soak the articles in water to which has been added a generous portion of the ammonia.—Mrs. J. C. B., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Encourage the children to have a garden of their own.

A saucer of charcoal placed in a refrigerator will help to keep it pure.

Scorch marks on white fabrics may be removed by hanging articles in strong sunlight.

Try browning flour for making gravies, keeping a can of it on hand. It makes a nice brown gravy quickly.

Pour boiling water over frozen eggs and let them remain until cold; they may then be used as if never frozen.

Dig a root of horse radish now and fix it up for a relish. You may shed a few tears over it, but they will be tears of joy.

A few grains of rice in the salt cellar will prevent the salt caking, as they keep it loosened and moving when shaken.

Try pouring scalding water on apples, as well as on tomatoes, peaches and similar fruit, letting them remain in it a few moments. The skins may be more easily removed and much labor saved.

To remove ink stains, sprinkle with lemon juice and salt, let it remain until dry, and rinse. If the color of the goods is affected, sponge with weak ammonia. This treatment will not injure the fabric.

Thin goods are apt to pucker when sewed on the machine. To overcome this difficulty put two thicknesses of tissue paper, or other soft paper, beneath the cloth and stitch through paper and all. The seam will be smooth and the paper is easily torn away.

Frozen Fruit Pudding.

Make a custard of six yolks of eggs, two cupfuls of mi... and one cupful of sugar; when cool add one teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extract and two cupfuls of whipped cream. Dissolve one and a half tablespoonful of powdered gelatine in one cupful of boiling water; when cool strain into the custard. Have ready a mold lined with candied fruits cut into dice; pour in mixture and pack in ice and salt for four and a half hours.

Sweet Clover for Linen.

Gather branches of flowering clover and dry them for your linen chest and shelves.

Tie them up in bags of cheesecloth and spread them between sheets and table linen and underwear and you will find the linen sweeter and daintier than it is under the influence of lavender.

To Clean Rubber.

A rubber hot-water bottle that has become soiled can be cleaned very easily by the following method: Rub the bottle well with a piece of flannel which has been dipped in hot water and well soaped. Then dry with a soft cloth and the rubber will look like new.

Steak a la Creole.

One pound of round steak browned well with tablespoon of butter, then add one cup strained or unstrained tomatoes, one large or two small onions minced fine, and two medium sized green sweet peppers chopped fine. Simmer two hours or until thick, dish and garnish with parsley.

Scrambled Eggs.

Cut fine three tomatoes and cook for ten minutes in two tablespoonfuls butter, one-half teaspoonful salt and a few grains of paprika; then drop in three unbeaten eggs. Cook, stirring constantly, until the eggs are cooked. Serve at once on hot toast.

To Clean Vinegar Cruets.

When cleaning vinegar cruets always use potato parings, filling the cruet with water and letting it stand until the parings ferment.

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