BRAVE LITTLE THING

By SUSANNE GLENN.

Jane went to the station with the others to tell him good-bye. Jane was always a brave little thing, accepting whatever life brought without much murmur. And life hadn't been lavish with gifts at the little brown house.

"So that is the last of the Greys at Grey's Crossing," said the men, when the train had switched round the curve. "Wonder how long it will be before the name changes? I should think Rod might have been better off right here."

"We always thought you and Rodney would make a match of it, Jane," the women added, "especially since you were both left alone, so."

"I suppose we know each other too well to be very sentimental," smiled Jane. But she slipped her hand into her pocket and grasped the key to the little Grey cottage to be sure she was not having an unhappy dream.

But Jane did not have much time to mourn the absence of Rodney Grey from Grey's Crossing. She had to keep the hens laying and the garden and the berry patch productive to ensure food and clothing for the coming winter.

People said Jane looked over-worked, and that she must have a hard time of it making a living off her little place. "Seems to me," they always ended, "that a nice little thing like Jane has always been, ought to find a good husband somewhere. They did not know about the hours she spent in loving care of that cottage across the road. "Mrs. Grey would have felt so dreadful to have had it neglected," she told herself as if some excuse were demanded for her own self-estimation.

At rare intervals letters came from queer, outlandish places. Once Rodney wrote asking her to rent the place if she could get anything for it. "You deserve something for the care you have given it all this time," he said. Once he sent a check that took Jane's breath, in answer to her statement that the roof needed patching. "Do what fixing is necessary to keep the old place from falling to pieces," he wrote, "and keep the rest for yourself." And when she returned that money, after paying the local carpenter for repairs, saying that she could not think of accepting so large a sum, the longest letter of all arrived.

"You see, I've prospered out here, Jane," it said. "I had to sit down and think how that check would have looked to me in Grey's Crossing, not to be really offended with you for returning it."

So Jane began picturing Rodney in the place of the millionaires about whom she read—Rodney riding about in a private car, Rodney in fine raiment smiled upon by beautiful women. She could scarcely conceal resentment when the neighbors wondered "how Rod was getting on, anyway." Each fresh picture of glory which she proudly yet reluctantly drew seemed to remove him further from her, but she did not experience despair until the night she heard of the petition for changing the name of the Grey's Crossing postoffice to "Paterson." "There's no Greys here any more," explained the circular of the petition, "and the Patersons have done a lot for the town; it don't seem more than fair."

Jane took the pen he held ready for her and bent above the paper. "I—I can't do it," she gasped. "It'll go through without my signature, I reckon. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I never can agree to have that name changed."

"I suppose it will make a sight of talk if Jay tells what I said," she admitted to herself, and the thought kept her awake at an unusual hour. "I don't know what possessed me, anyway. I never did like changes as some folks do. The Grey house is here, yet, whether any of the family is or not." And she lifted her head from her troubled pillow to look across to where she knew the dark bulk of the house would be showing in the starlight. A bright light was shining from the kitchen window!

Although Jane had lived alone so long, she was a timid little creature after a charming, feminine fashion, but brave as a lion in the face of duty. "I've got to go over there," she whispered. "I've got to see who is in that house."

Feeling about in the darkness she dressed with all haste, and stole noiselessly from her own door. She had almost reached the center of the Grey yard when the kitchen door was flung suddenly back and Rodney Grey stood revealed in the opening.

"Jane," he cried, as the light shone on her white, scared face, "I never thought of this—I thought you were asleep."

"How did you get in?" gasped Jane, almost too weak to stand

"I pried open that hook to the old woodhouse door. It was dark at your house so I thought I would not disturb you for the key. I never thought of your seeing the light and being frightened."

"I should not have seen it once out of a hundred times," she stammered, thinking of the reason for her wakefulness. "But I'm real glad to see you, Rodney." He went down the starlit path then and shook hands with her and insisted upon going with her across to her own door. "You will come over and have breakfast with me?" she insisted. "There isn't a thing in the house over there, you know."

"That is like you, Jane. Yes, I'll come, thank you."

No one could have guessed that the exceedingly fresh and pretty little woman across the table from Rodney Grey next morning had not closed her eyes the night before.

"It hasn't been all pleasure, by any means," he was telling her in his old impulsive way. "At first it was exciting to make money, but that palled after a little, for I didn't know what to do with it, and I've never loved money just for the mere possession. I've traveled some, but that gets mighty tiresome after a while. A spell back, I thought if I could get here to the old place I'd be satisfied, but—I don't know—it seems different than I thought, someway. I don't know that I shall stay long, after all."

But he reckoned without the rotten old back steps which gave way under his unaccustomed weight, twisting his knee under him painfully. Jane heard his call and summoned help. Jane sent for the doctor and ordered a nurse from the city—a nice, cheerful young man, she bargained for, "who will be a companion for him and cheer him up."

In spite of all this, Rodney was not cheerful. In fact, he looked quite melancholy the afternoon Jane went over to sit with him while the nurse went to the city for a half-holiday. "I'll wheel you out on the west porch," she said cheerfully. "I want you to see how fine the old dahlia bed is looking. Isn't it fortunate, if you had to be ill, that it could be here in your old home?"

"It hasn't made any difference, Jane," he blurted out, as if glad to unburden himself. "That has troubled me—I ought to enjoy being here, but I do not. What is the matter with me, anyway?"

"Oh, you have a roving disposition, I suppose," answered Jane, pleasantly, unfolding a bit of sewing from the little basket beside her. "There goes Jay Brownell," she continued. "He is circulating a paper to have the postoffice name changed to 'Paterson,' seeing there are no Greys here, any more."

Then her sewing seemed to absorb her attention, and there was silence save for the buzzing of bees along the late flower border. The quiet, flower-filled garden, the porch with its silent worker and its cozy tea table spoke suddenly of peace, a peace that flooded the heart of Rodney Grey.

"Jane," he said eagerly, leaning toward her, "I know now what it is I've been missing all along—it's you, Jane! I've wanted the garden like this, and you with your sewing telling me the neighborhood happenings, and—someone to eat supper with me." He laughed out happily, like a boy. "Do you understand, Jane? I've been a fool—for I didn't know!"

There was another nice, comforting silence on the little porch. Then Rodney smiled at the top of Jane's head where it rested against his shoulder. "I guess they'll not need to change the name of the postoffice," he said, with deep satisfaction.

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Not Like Father.

An old Irishman who had a good deal of money, but who wasn't very particular about his habits or conduct, lived in Chicago. His custom was to go down town about once a month on a spree, and then come back and beat his family and break the furniture. His aged wife who had stood him for many years, was blind.

Finally he died, and his children gave him a fine funeral. They had plenty of money now that the old man was dead, and so they spread themselves. At the church there was elaborate ceremony. The blind widow was dissolved in woe. She cried and cried all through the service, paying scant heed to what was going on until the eulogy was pronounced. She listened. The parson referred to the dead man in glowing terms. After about ten minutes of this the aged widow nudged her son and whispered:

"Danny, do they be havin' two funerals here today?"

Of Course Not.

"The idea of dozing while I was singing."

"You were singing a lullaby, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then I couldn't pay your art any higher compliment."

Woman, State Delegate.

Mrs. Louis Agassiz Shaw will be a delegate to the Progressive convention in Massachusetts, this being the first time that a woman has ever been a delegate to a state convention. Every vote cast in her ward in Beverly, Mass., was for her.

MICROBE THAT EATS METAL

English Student Discovers Bacillus That Has Specific Action on Iron and Steel.

Although science knows a hundred micro-organisms that devour the human tissues and cause all sorts of maladies, and also many that eat plants, roots, dirt, wood and clothing, it has never been imagined that there was one capable of eating up bits of steel and iron. Yet the discovery just made by E. M. Mumford, an English student, shows that this is the case.

A bacillus that has a specific action upon solutions of iron and steel was obtained by Mr. Mumford from the Bridgewater canal tunnels at Worsley, Lancashire.

This new species of bacillus varies in its digestive action upon iron and steel compounds according to whether it acts in the presence or absence of air. When oxygen is present the iron is precipitated by the germs as iron bog ore, while in the absence of oxygen no iron salts are formed.

This iron-eating germ is a short microbe about one-thousandth of an inch long. It grows readily on potatoes and then looks greenish-brown in color. It also colonizes in milk, gelatine and agar.

It also forms an iron digestive juice or enzym, which acts upon iron just as the germ itself does.

"Faking" Hotel Bills.

An under clerk in a big New York hotel was discharged for one of the most extraordinary reasons that ever put a hotel clerk out of a job. He was detected in making out fake bills, and selling them to people who wished to give the impression that they had been guests of the house. "I found plenty of customers, too," he confessed when cornered. "A friend of mine who makes the rounds of cheap hotels drummed up trade for me on shares. He picked out people who couldn't afford to stop at our house, but would like to make everybody back home think they had been here. They were willing to pay for something to back up their assertion, and I helped them out by selling receipted bills."

COMBATING ORCHARD AND GARDEN PESTS



Duchess, One of the Choice American Grapes.

(By W. H. CHANDLER, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

Spraying is done for the purpose of preventing injury to the fruit, foliage and wood of trees and other plants caused by disease and insects.

Diseases of plants may be caused by the growth in the tissues of bacteria or fungi. Bacteria usually grow beneath the surface and can not be combated by means of spraying. Some fungi grow upon the surface, sending feeding organs down into the tissue from which they secure nourishment from the plant sap. These fungi are reproduced by means of spores which are carried in the air until they settle upon leaf, fruit or wood, where they germinate and grow, becoming the injurious fungous tissue. If the leaves or fruit are covered with a substance which is poisonous to the fungus the spores will be killed at the time they germinate. Substances that thus prevent the growth of germinating spores are called fungicides. As a rule these fungicides must be applied in summer when the fruit or foliage is likely to be infected. However, in the case of a very few diseases like peach leaf curl, spraying in early spring before growth starts is successful.

The two most important fungicides (sprays to prevent fungous diseases) for summer spraying are Bordeau mixture and lime-sulphur.

We have two classes of insecticides (sprays to kill insects). For insects that eat from the surface of the plant a poison on the leaves or fruit will kill the insect. Usually the spray used in this case is some compound containing arsenic. The most important insecticide is arsenate of lead.

There are also insecticides used to kill insects that do not eat from the surface, but penetrate the surface with their beaks and suck the juices from beneath. It is plain that such an insect could not eat any poison placed upon the leaves, but must be destroyed by a spray that kills by coming in contact with its body, so insecticides for sucking insects are sometimes spoken of as contact sprays.

Black rot is the most serious enemy of the grape. The disease may be seen on the leaves as dark spots, showing larger on the under side of the leaves. It also affects the fruit, causing it to rot, the mummified fruit hanging on the bunches, as shown in the figure.

The disease is not easily controlled when it has become serious. Spray with Bordeaux mixture 5 : 5 : 50, when about the third leaf is forming on the new shoot; just before the bloom opens and again just after the bloom falls, and give two more sprayings at intervals of two weeks. If it is very rainy and the disease has been serious in other years, it will be necessary to give even more sprayings than this. A spraying just before a rain, however, will do more good than one given just after a rain. If the vineyard has been neglected, it may be impossible to entirely control the disease in a wet season, but it can be kept in check if spraying is done each year. It also pays to clean up the vineyard each year, cutting out all bunches of mummified fruit.



Black Rot in Grape.

FEATURES OF SUCCESSFUL IRRIGATION



Putting Up the Overhead Irrigation System. Placed on Barrels and Boxes Temporarily While Drilling Is Being Done.

If I were to name the most essential features to successful irrigation farming in the order of their importance, the thorough preparation of the soil and a perfectly fine seed bed would get first place. Next would be well developed and thoroughly matured seeds, plants or trees. Much care and thought should be given to the selection of seeds and plants. Then we come to intensive cultivation, the greatest and most effective moisture-retainer known to the science of agriculture, writes Z. L. Rogers in the Denver Field and Farm. Altogether too many of the farmers are depending entirely upon water. Of course water is one of the essentials to plant growth, but plants do not wholly depend upon water.

No one thing can possibly perfect plant development but a complete combination of work, from soil preparation clear through to the marketing of the produce, is what brings results. No one hobby will insure success in any business. The water should be applied through furrows, seeping to the roots of the plants or trees. Flooding is surely injurious to the soil. Cultivation should follow each watering just as soon as the soil is in condition, and after reading Wilcox's Irrigation Farming I should say cultivate at least once each week between the waterings. Surely such cultural methods as these would hold moisture in the soil for six to eight weeks.

Then, if necessary, water again and continue cultivation as before, but never give water until the plants ask for it. They have their way of showing when they want a drink. The soil itself will indicate when moisture is needed. They often have eight weeks in the humid states without rain when the thermometer registers 98 degrees in the hade, but by cultivating shallow every week and keeping the soil loose with hoes in the row around the plants they experience no difficulty in retaining sufficient moisture to keep the plants in vigorously growing condition.

I never follow a hobby, but if I did it would be more cultivation and less water. I am enthusiastic on cultivation because experience has taught me that continuous, vigorous growth is obtained only when the digestive organs of a plant are in a healthy condition and to do this we must keep the bacteria active, which means that we must supply them with an abundance of air through cultivation.

Steady Income From Hens.

A well-kept flock of hens means a steady income—enough to keep you in spending money while you are waiting for your crops to grow. That one thing is enough to recommend poultry keeping as a suitable "side line" for the boy farmer.

Dairying and Hogs.

The dairy farmer can raise hogs cheaper than anyone else and naturally this makes a better profit for him from this one line.

Avoid Spring Rushes.

Every acre turned over now is that much less work for next spring. And only the man who has outlived a number of spring rushes knows how important it is to reduce the intensity of them.

Peanuts Splendid for Hogs.

Peanuts make a splendid feed for both hogs and cows and wherever they can be grown they should be used, for they furnish nourishment and variety.

The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETT HARRIS

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

"The agent blew in this morning to rubber," the janitor informed his assistant. "He was disguised in a fur coat with the collar turned up and a fur cap with the peak pulled down, but I spotted him by the tip of his nose as soon as I laid eyes on him. You can't mistake an agent's nose. I seen him pushing it into all the entrances as he come along the street and then take it into the court, and he was getting it smutted up around the coal bins when I snook up behind him and coughed. He thought it was a tenant at first and started to run, but he come back and we hid behind the furnace while I made my report.

"'Well, Mr. McCarthy,' says he, 'I've no fault to find on the whole,' he says. 'There's been complaints made about you, of course,' he says, 'but I don't think that you're much to blame. Just keep 'em smoothed down, that's all. Don't try to bluff 'em. Smooth 'em down. Well, I must be going,' he says. 'Tell that gink in 32 that you're expecting me around any day and that you're quite sure I'll fix up things satisfactorily. Tell 'em all the same.'

"So off he goes and makes his report to the estate and draws his fine, elegant salary for the work that I'm doing, and then drops in on the coal dealer and makes a little deal, which is a good deal; and I wrastle with the slate and slag that's in the coal and stand for the kicks that the tenants make about the heat. It's a wonder that gazabo doesn't make me collect the rents. He sure would if he wasn't scared I'd find out a way to hold out on him.

"Agents are ness'ry evils, I suppose. There's all kinds, of course—book agents, insurance agents, station agents and road agents, but whether they use an order book or blank leases or Winchester rifles and bad language,



"USED TO SIT TOGETHER EVENINGS, SHE DARNING SOCKS, AND ME READING THE PAPER."

there ain't much to choose between 'em. They've all got the same idee—to get your money away from you and play both ends against the middle, which is themselves. In a general way, if you hire an agent, he'll hire somebody else to do what you want done and they won't do it—unless they happen to be honest, high-minded janitors. The only good piece of work an agent turns out with his own hands is his expense account.

"What's been the curse of Ireland for generations? Agents. If it hadn't been for an agent and a quick finger on the trigger, my old father would have stayed in Connaught, where he wanted to stay, and not broke his heart and the heads of respectable citizens on the New York police force. I don't say that I'd have been as well off in some respects, but I wouldn't have had sixty-five families to humor and keep up to their right temperatures, to say nothing of the responsibility of teaching a square head like you the difference between the vacuum cleaner and the sprinkling hose. To think you'd go to work and flood a dollar-and-a-half-a-yard Wilton stair carpet with city water and then drag up the grass roots outside by electric suction! What's that? Well, you would have if I hadn't stopped you in time. And don't give me any back talk.

"As for the book agents, there's my 'Lives and Public Speeches of the Vice-Presidents of the United States,' in sixteen volumes, half morocco, to speak for themselves. Go ask my old woman to show 'em to you and get her to tell you what she thinks of agents. It's one of the easiest things she does and you'll learn more English than you would at night school—more and different. And was I to blame for wanting to improve my mind and qualify myself for the highest and best paid positions? Didn't that blasted agent as good as guarantee that them books would land me in the United States senate? And am I in the senate? Say, they wouldn't give me the nomination for dog pelter in this district, as long as I've worked for the party and for all I've read and remembered about the meteoric career of Charlie Fairbanks. No, Nels, my friend, them books certainly did not make my fortune. If I hadn't claimed my exemptions, they'd have made a financial wreck of me.

"There's one good thing came out of that. It gave the old woman something to kick about. We'd been married close on to fifteen years, and in all that time she hadn't had no fault to find with me, and it was hurtin' her a considerable. Here was I, steady, sober, hard working, soft spoken, good natured, loving and kind, neat and orderly, fond of home, sensible and liberal and fair minded, and she had to sit away back and keep her mouth shut when the neighbor women was holding a knockfest on their husbands. Well, then I bought them books.

"She's a changed woman now. There's a light in her eyes and a spring in her step that hadn't been there for years before I signed that agent's contract. It was sure a surprise to me, the gift of eloquence she showed. We used to sit together evenings, she darning socks and me reading the paper, and hardly a word between us till I went to bank up the fire for the night. Now she'll talk by the hour if I bring the conversation around to 'Lives and Public Speeches,' and it makes her happy. Now that she's got sixteen volumes of evidence to prove I'm a chuckle headed idiot and an improvident spendthrift and a selfish skate that won't deny himself nothing while his wife's sickenin' for a decent hat, she's beginning to appreciate me. She's a whole lot more affectionate than when she couldn't lay her finger on a flaw in me. That's the way with women every time.

"Anyway, I don't see what in thunder you're a-standing around here for with your hands in your pockets and your mouth open. Get busy with that brass work, you flat faced loafer, and when you've done that, go and fix up that radiator in 62, and then come and report to me in Mike's Place. I'm going to do a little agency business, myself, b'jiminy!"

MUSIC MAKES COW GIVE MILK

American Farmer Will Impart Discovery to His European Brethren—Other Oddities Made Public.

It seems there are plenty of ways of making money in this big world if we only caught one of them at the right time and the right place.

For instance, a Nebraska farmer has just departed for Europe with the idea in mind of teaching the dairymen of Europe that you can get more milk from your cow if you will only play soft, dreamy, sentimental music near her during milking time. American experts appear to be convinced of the worth of his discovery and he is planning to make all sorts of money by convincing Europeans.

Again, in Kansas there is a man who has the honor of being the only "freckle farmer." His occupation consists in transplanting bits of skin from one part of the body to the other, and grafting fancy designs and images in the process. They are claimed to be more permanent than tattooing.

The extraction of grease in queer ways has proven a lucrative means of support for several companies in English towns. In 1912 the town of Bradford, England, cleared between $200,000 and $250,000 from the selling of grease recovered from the city's sewage.

In horse tails there appears to be considerable profit, too, judging from the shiploads of them that come in from China. Their price varies from 50 cents to $2 a pound, and the hairs, which are carefully arranged according to the length and color, are used in the making of brushes and haircloths.

Keeps Aeros Right Side Up.

M. Moreau, a Frenchman, who through his experiments at Melun asserts that he has discovered the secret of automatic stability for aeroplanes, has just received $2,000 from an anonymous patriot, and great excitement has been created in aviation if not in military circles by the invention. M. Moreau, before he took to aviation was a printer's workman, and he has spent all his savings in perfecting his invention.

The novelty in his design, so far as can be judged from what has been made public, consists in a suspended cage that contains the seat of the pilot and room for passengers. It is described as a pendulum seat, and the way it is attached under the frame at a certain point between the propeller and the horizontal rudders influences the center of gravity, which is maintained constantly at a fixed point by the movements of the pendulum seat.

Lobster Twine.

A man who had wondered what lobster twine was, found the answer very simple. It is a fine quality, stout twine, an eighth of an inch in diameter, made of Manila hemp, and originally intended for making the netted part of lobster pots.

Lobster twine has come also to be used on board vessels, both sail and steam; for serving ropes, for whipping ropes, including even ropes of wire, and for various other purposes for which a stout, durable twine of this size might prove useful. There is probably more lobster twine used now on vessels than for the purpose for which it was first made.

Still Hope.

Mrs. McGinty had waited long and patiently for her husband to come home on Saturday night with his week's pay. Finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands, and she sallied forth to the police station to inquire if he was there.

"Is my Tim here?" she asked.

"No," replied the lieutenant; "but sit down; we're expecting him every minute."—Lippincott's.

The Usual Way.

"That's just like the deceit of woman to make her husband beat the carpet."

"How was that deceitful?"

"She wanted to throw dust in his eyes."

FOR THOSE FOND OF VEAL

Blanquette One of the Best Ways in Which the Meat Can Be Served.

Five or six pounds veal brisket, two onions, two carrots, one-fourth handful parsley, two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon flour, salt and pepper.

Cut the brisket in pieces about three inches long and one and one-half inches wide. Freshen them in cold water for one-quarter of an hour. Place them in a stew pan, cover with cold water, and when it begins to boil add two onions, two carrots sliced, parsley (tied with a thread), white pepper and salt.

Allow to cook one and one-half hours. When the veal is cooked melt in another sauce pan two tablespoons butter; mix it with one tablespoon flour. Add little by little and while stirring add enough of the stock in which the veal has been cooked to obtain quite a strong sauce. Place the cooked veal (but not the vegetables) in the second stew pan, boil the whole together and when ready to serve place the sauce pan on the corner of the range and pour in four eggs mixed with two tablespoons milk and serve with rice.

Wash a pound of cold rice in cold water several times till the water is clear. Cook it in boiling water till quite soft; the rice will be done when you can cut it easily with your finger nail, but before the grains are so soft as to mash between fingers. Let it drip, cool and dry again. Melt in a sauce pan one-quarter pound butter, add rice and some pepper and salt. Mix well, cover the sauce pan and bake in an oven for one-quarter of an hour.

KITCHEN WRINKLES

A piece of starch placed in the water will keep flowers fresh for quite a long period.

If a little saltpetre is sprinkled over the fire occasionally it will keep the chimney free from soot.

After washing cut-glass articles let them dry and afterwards rub them carefully with prepared chalk, with a soft brush.

Potatoes are more nutritious if boiled in their skins, after being rubbed clean; they can be skinned before taking to table.

After using a gas stove for baking leave the door open a little while to allow the heat to escape. This will prevent sweating and rusting.

The best way to keep a dustbin fresh and clean is to put hot ashes into it each time it has been emptied. It keeps it quite clean and free from all smells.

Celery or parsley rubbed on the hands after peeling onions will counteract the odor. Lemon, borax or ammonia is excellent for removing stains from the hands.

Brown stockings should never be ironed, but just passed through the mangle to smooth them out. A hot iron will spoil the color and give them an unpleasant yellow tint.

Fricasseed Chicken.

Cut up a tender, fat hen into pieces for serving. Arrange back and legs on bottom of kettle and breast pieces on top, so they will not be overlooked. cover with boiling water and bring to the boiling point, then add one tablespoonful salt and reduce the heat so that the water only simmers, until the chicken is perfectly tender (about an hour and a half, usually). Make a gravy by thickening one pint of the stock with three tablespoonfuls flour and two of butter, or chicken fat, rubbed together. Season to taste and just before serving pour in slowly the beaten yolks of two eggs and add two teaspoonfuls chopped parsley.

Tomatoes on Toast.

Here is rather a nice recipe in which to use tomatoes. One quart canned tomatoes, 1 medium size onion, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 dessert spoon sugar, butter size of a large walnut, 1-3 cup flour, thickening, salt and pepper to taste. Put tomatoes into a kettle, allow to simmer for 15 minutes, then grate in onion, cook five minutes, add sugar salt and pepper, then the cheese and thickening; lastly the butter. Having placed several slices of toast on a deep platter, pour mixture over same and serve at once.

Tomato Soup.

One-quart can of tomatoes or equal amount of fresh tomatoes stewed together with four cloves, small piece of bay leaf, a few pieces of celery (or celery salt), salt and pepper to taste. Stew 20 minutes. While this is stewing fry a few pieces of onion in three tablespoons of butter for five minutes, then add two tablespoons of cornstarch to this, finally adding all to tomatoes. When thickened strain and serve with crackers. This is nice with beef broth added to tomatoes.

The Dining-Room Rug.

If the margin of the dining-room floor is to be stained and a rug is wanted for the middle of the room, plain ingrain carpet or "filling" is suitable. Being in plain, solid color, it has a quiet effect and harmonizes easily with walls and furnishings. Three or four breadths, according to the size of the room, are sewn together and bound with carpet binding. Sage or olive green are good shades for the floor of the average room.

About Real Lace.

Never wash real lace, as it is very bad for it and sometimes ruins it, but clean it in the following manner:

Put the lace between layers of tissue paper, well sprinkled with powdered magnesia, and place it between the leaves of a book, keeping a heavy weight on top of the book for three or four days.

Then shake the powder out, and the lace is perfectly clean and looks like new.

Boiled Oysters.

Take one quart of large oysters; put them in a colander to drain. Put an iron baking pan on hot stove, with one tablespoon of butter; put in the oysters and let them remain until they begin to curl around the edges. In a covered dish put one cup butter and one tablespoon of table sauce. Pour oysters on the butter and serve at once.

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