THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

By Vaughan Kester
Author of The Prodigal Judge

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CHAPTER I.

FIGHTING SHRIMPLIN.

Custer felt it his greatest privilege to sit of a Sunday morning in his mother's clean and burnished kitchen and, while she washed the breakfast dishes, listen to such reflections as his father might care to indulge in.

On these occasions the senior Shrimplin, commonly called Shrimp by his intimates, was the very picture of unconventional ease-taking as he lolled in his chair before the kitchen stove, a cracker box half filled with sawdust conveniently at hand.

As far back as his memory went Custer could recall vividly these Sunday mornings, with the church bells ringing peacefully beyond the windows of his modest home, and his father in easy undress, just emerged from his weekly bath and pleasantly redolent of strong yellow soap, his feet incased in blue yarn socks—white at toe and heel—and the neckband of his fresh-starched shirt sawing away at the lobes of his freckled ears. On these occasions Mr. Shrimplin inclined to a certain sad conservatism as he discussed with his son those events of the week last passed which had left impress on his mind. But what pleased Custer best was when his father, ceasing to be gently discursive and becoming vigorously personal, added yet another canto to the stirring epic of William Shrimplin.

Custer was wholly and delightfully sympathetic. There was, he felt, the very choicest inspiration in the narrative, always growing and expanding, of his father's earlier career, before Mrs. Shrimplin came into his life, and as Mr. Shrimplin delicately intimated, tied him hand and foot. The same grounds of mutual understanding and intellectual dependence which existed between Custer and his father were lacking where Mrs. Shrimplin was concerned. She was unromantic, and a painfully literal cast of mind, though Custer—without knowing what is meant by a sense of humor, suspected her of this rare gift, a dangerous and destructive thing in woman. Privately considering her relation to his father, he was forced to the conclusion that their union was a most distressing instance of the proneness of really great minds to leave their deep channels and seek the shallow waters in the everyday concerns of life. He felt vaguely that she was narrow and provincial; for had she not always lived on the flats, a region bounded by the Square on the north and by Stoke's furniture factory on the south? On the west the flats extended as far as civilization itself extended in that direction, that is, to the gas house and the creek bank, while on the east they were roughly defined by Mitchell's tannery and the brick slaughter-house, beyond which vacant lots merged into cow pastures, the cow pastures yielding in their turn to the real country, where the level valley rolled up into hills which tilted the great green fields to the sun.

Mrs. Shrimplin had been born on the flats, and the flats had witnessed her meeting and mating with Shrimplin, when that gentleman had first appeared in Mount Hope in the interest of Whitings' celebrated tooth powder, to the use of which he was not personally committed. At that time he was also an itinerant bill-poster and had his lodgings at Maxy Schaffer's Railroad Hotel, hard by the B. & O. tracks.

Mr. Shrimplin was five feet three, and narrow chested. A droping flaxen mustache shaded a sloping chin and a loose under lip, while a pair of pale eyes looked sadly out upon the world from the shadow of a hooked nose.

Mr. Joe Montgomery, Mrs. Shrimplin's brother-in-law, present on the occasion of her marriage to the little bill-poster, had critically surveyed the bridegroom and had been moved to say to a friend, "Shrimp certainly do favor a peanut!"

Mr. Montgomery's comparative criticism of her husband's appearance had in due season reached the ears of the bride, and had caused a rupture in the family that the years had not healed, but her resentment had been more a matter of justice to herself than that she felt the criticism to be wholly inapt.

Mr. Shrimplin had now become a public servant, for certain gasolene lamps in the town of Mount Hope were his proud and particular care. Any night he could be seen seated in his high two-wheeled cart drawn by a horse large in promise of speed but small in achievement, a hissing gasolene torch held between his knees, making his way through that part of the town where gas lamps were as yet unknown. He still further added to his income by billposting and paper-hanging, for he belonged to the rank and file of life, with a place in the procession well toward the tail.

But Custer had no suspicion of this. He never saw his father as the world saw him. He would have described his eye as piercing; he would have said, in spite of the slouching uncertainty that characterized all his movements, that he was as quick as a cat; and it was only Custer who detected the note of authority in the meek tones of his father's voice.

And Custer was as like the senior Shrimplin as it was possible for 14 to be like 48. His mother said, "He certainly looks for all the world like his pa!" but her manner of saying it left doubt as to whether she rejoiced in the fact; for, while Mr. Shrimplin was undoubtedly a hero to Custer, he was not and never had been and never could be a hero to Mrs. Shrimplin. She saw in him only what the world saw—a stoop-shouldered little man who spent six days of the seven in overalls that were either greasy or pasty.

It was a vagary of Mr. Shrimplin's that 10 reckless years of his life had been spent in the West, the far West, the West of cow towns and bad men; that for this decade he had flourished on bucking bronchos and in gilded bars, the admired hero of a variety of deft homicides. Out of his inner consciousness he had evolved a sprightly epic of which he was the central figure, a figure, according to Custer's firm belief, sinister, fateful with big jingling silver spurs at his heels and iron on his hips, whose specialty was manslaughter.

In the creation of his romance he might almost be said to have acquired a literary habit of mind, to which he was measurably helped by the fiction he read.

Custer devoured the same books; but he never suspected his father of the crime of plagiarism, nor guessed that his choicest morsels of adventure involved a felony. Mrs. Shrimplin felt it necessary to protest:

"No telling with what nonsense you are filling that boy's head!"

"I hope," said Mr. Shrimplin, narrowing his eyes to a slit, as if he expected to see pictured on the back of their lids the panorama of Custer's future, "I hope I am filling his head with just nonsense enough so he will never crawfish, no matter what kind of a proposition he goes up against!"

Custer colored almost guiltily. Could he ever hope to attain to the grim standard his father had set for him?

"I wasn't much older than him when I shot Murphy at Forth Worth," continued Mr. Shrimplin, "You've heard me tell about him, son—old one-eye Murphy, of Texacana?"

"He died, I suppose!" said Mrs. Shrimplin, wringing out her dish rag. "Dear knows! I wonder you ain't been hung long ago!"

"Did he die!" rejoined Mr. Shrimplin ironically. "Well, they usually die when I begin to throw lead!" He tugged fiercely at the ends of his drooping flaxen mustache and gazed into the wide and candid eyes of his son.

"Like I should give you the particulars, Custer?" he inquired.

Custer nodded eagerly, and Mr. Shrimplin cleared his throat.

"He was called one-eye Murphy because he had only one eye—he'd lost the other in a rough-and-tumble fight; it had been gouged out by a feller's thumb. Murphy got the feller's ear, chewed it off as they was rolling over on the floor, so you might say they swapped even."

"I wonder you'd pick on an afflicted person like that," observed Mrs. Shrimplin.

"Afflicted! Well, he could see more and see further with that one eye than most men could with four!"

"I should think four eyes would be confusin'," said Mrs. Shrimplin.

Mr. Shrimplin folded his arms across his narrow chest and permitted his glance to follow Mrs. Shrimplin's ample figure as she moved to and fro about the room; and when she spoke again a gentle melancholy had crept into his tone.

"I dunno but a man makes a heap of sacrifices he never gets no credit for when he marries and settles down. The ladies ain't what they used to be. They look on a man now pretty much as a meal ticket. I guess if a feller chewed off another feller's ear in Mount Hope he'd never hear the last of it!"

As neither Mrs. Shrimplin nor Custer questioned this point, Mr. Shrimplin reverted to his narrative.

"I started in to tell you how I put Murphy out of business, didn't I, son? The facts brought out by the coroner's jury," embarking on what he conceived to be a bit of happy and elaborate realism, "was that I'd shot him in self defense after he'd drawed a gun on me. He had heard I was at Fort Worth—not that I was looking for trouble, which I never done; but I never turned it down when any one was at pains to fetch it to me; I was always willing they should leave it with me for to have a merry time. Murphy heard I'd said if he'd come to Fort Worth I'd take him home and make a pet of him; and he'd sent back word that he was looking for a man with two ears to play with; and I'd said mine was on loose and for him to come and pull 'em off. After that there was just one thing he could do if he wanted to be well thought of, and he done it. He hit the town hell-snorting, and so mad he was fit to be tied." Mr. Shrimplin paused to permit this striking phrase to lay hold of Custer's imagination. "Yes, sir, hell-snorting, and so bad he was plum scairt of himself. He said he was looking for a gentleman who had sent him word he had two ears to contribute to the evening's gaiety, by which I knowed he meant me and was in earnest. He was full of bootleg whiskey——"

"What kind of whiskey's that, pa?" asked Custer.

"That," said Mr. Shrimplin, looking into the round innocent face of his son, "that's the stuff the traders used to sell the Indians. Strong? Well, you might say it was middling strong—just middling—about three drops of it would make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face!"

It was on one memorable twenty-seventh of November that Mr. Shrimplin reached this height of verbal felicity, and being Thanksgiving day, it was, aside from the smell of strong yellow soap and the fresh-starched white shirt, very like a Sunday.

He and Custer sat before the kitchen stove and in the intervals of his narrative listened to the wind rise without, and watched the sparse flakes of fine snow that it brought coldly out of the north, where the cloud banks lay leaden and chill on the far horizon.

Mr. Shrimplin had risen early that day, or, as he told Custer, he had "got up soon," and long before his son had left his warm bed in the small room over the kitchen, was well on his rounds in his high two-wheeled cart, with the rack under the seat which held the great cans of gasolene from which the lamps were filled. He had only paused at Maxy Schaffer's Railroad Hotel to partake of what he called a Kentucky breakfast—a drink of whiskey and a chew of tobacco—a simple dietary protection against the evils of an empty stomach, to which he particularly drew Custer's attention.

His father's occupation was entirely satisfactory to Custer. Being employed by the town gave him an official standing, perhaps not so distinguished as that of a policeman, but still eminently worth while; and Mr. Shrimplin added not a little to the sense of its importance by dilating on the intrigues of ambitious rivals who desired to wrest his contract from him; and he impressed Custer, who frequently accompanied him on his rounds, with the wisdom of keeping the lamps that shone upon the homes of members of the town council in especially good order. Furthermore, there were possibilities of adventure in the occupation; it took Mr. Shrimplin into out-of-the-way streets and unfrequented alleys, and, as Custer knew, he always went armed. Sometimes, when in an unusually gracious mood, his father permitted him to verify this fact by feeling his bulging hip pocket. The feel of it was vastly pleasing to Custer, particularly when Mr. Shrimplin had to tell of strangers engaged in mysterious conversation on dark street corners, who slunk away as he approached. More than this, it was a matter of public knowledge that he had had numerous controversies in low portions of the town touching the right of the private citizen to throw stones at the street lamps; to Custer he made dire threats. He'd "toss a scare into them red necks yet! They'd bust his lamps once too often—he was laying for them! He knowed pretty well who done it, and when he found out for sure——" He winked at Custer, leaving it to his son's imagination to determine just what form his vengeance would take, and Custer, being nothing if not sanguinary, prayed for bloodshed.

But the thing that pleased the boy best was his father's account of those meetings with mysterious strangers. How as he approached they moved off with many a furtive backward glance; how he made as if to drive away in the opposite direction, and then at the first corner turned swiftly about and raced down some parallel street in hot pursuit, to come on them again, to their great and manifest discomfiture. Circumstantially he described each turn he made, down what streets he drove Bill at a gallop, up which he walked that trustworthy animal; all was elaborately worked out. The chase, however, always ended one way—the strangers disappeared unaccountably, and, search as he might, he could not find them again, but he and Custer felt certain that his activity had probably averted some criminal act.

In short, to Mr. Shrimplin and his son the small events of life magnified themselves, becoming distorted and portentous. A man, emerging suddenly from an alley in the dusk of the early evening, furnished them with a theme for infinite speculation and varied conjecture; that nine times out of ten the man said, "Hello, Shrimp!" and passed on his way perfectly well known to the little lamplighter was a matter of not the slightest important. Sometimes, it is true, Mr. Shrimplin told of the salutation, but the man was always a stranger to him, and that he should have spoken, calling him by name, he and Custer agreed only added to the sinister mystery of the encounter.

It was midday on that twenty-seventh of November when Mr. Shrimplin killed Murphy of the solitary eye, and he reached the climax of the story just as Mrs. Shrimplin began to prepare the dressing for the small turkey that was to be the principal feature of their 4 o'clock dinner. The morning's scanty fall of snow had been so added to as time passed that now it completely whitened the strip of brown turf in the little side yard beyond the kitchen windows.

"I think," said Mr. Shrimplin, "we are going to see some weather. Well, snow ain't a bad thing." His dreamy eyes rested on Custer for an instant; they seemed to invite a question.

"No?" said Custer interrogatively.

"If I was going to murder a man, I don't reckon I'd care to do it when there was snow on the ground."

Mrs. Shrimplin here suggested cynically that perhaps he dreaded cold feet, but her husband ignored this. To what he felt to be the commonplaceness of her outlook he had long since accustomed himself. He merely said:

"I suppose more criminals has been caught because they done their crimes when it was snowing than any other way. Only chance a feller would have to get off without leaving tracks would be in a balloon; I don't know as I ever heard of a murderer escaping in a balloon, but I reckon it could be done."

He disliked to relinquish such an original idea, and the subject of murderers and balloons, with such ramifications as suggested themselves to his mind, occupied him until dinner time. He quitted the table to prepare for his night's work, and at 5 o'clock backed wild Bill into the shafts of his high cart, lighted the hissing gasolene torch, and mounted to his seat.

To be Continued Tomorrow.

DAILY FASHION HINTS
BY MAY MANTON

7772 Work Apron, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

WITH PROTECTIVE HALF SLEEVES.

This illustration shows an exceedingly practical, useful apron that will appeal to every woman whose work is apt to mean soil to her gown. The waist and skirt are cut separately and are joined at the waist line by means of a belt. The waist portion is slightly full in front and the neck and armhole edges are finished with bias bands. The back edges of the apron meet at the center back and the closing is made with buttons and buttonholes. Gingham is the material used here and it is both pretty and serviceable. Chambray, too, is liked and butcher's linen is excellent. A heavy quality of linen, in natural color, briar-stitched in red would make a very attractive apron and the work would not be arduous. Butcher's linen, too, could be finished in the same way and that material has the advantage of growing more satisfactory with each laundering. The half sleeves are a very practical feature, but they can be omitted if they are not wanted.

For the medium size, the apron will require 4¾ yards of material 27 or 4 yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern of the apron 7772 is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN No. 7772.

UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name.....

No..... Street.....

Town..... State.....

Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

All orders for patterns, accompanied with 10c. for each, must be addressed to Pattern Department, Baltimore American, Baltimore, Md.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Preservation of Furs—This Is Not Too Early to Put Them Away—Furs Should Be Exposed to Sun and Air for Several Hours Each Day for a Week Before Putting Them Away.

As fur is an expensive article, it should be carefully preserved. If it has been exposed to rain or snow, it should be dried before the fire, care being taken not to hold it too close. The middle of March is not too early to keep a keen, discerning eye for the traces of the destructive moth, for it is during the latter part of March and April that the moth is busily engaged in locating desirable premises in which to install her eggs. A solution of acetate of potash and spirits of rosemary, 15 grains to one pint, will destroy these eggs.

It is a wise plan to place fur garments on the line in the yard, exposing them to the sun and air for two or three hours each week during the winter. When moths have once established themselves in a fur garment it is difficult to get them out, but by persistent efforts this may be accomplished.

Frequent combing with a coarse comb will bring moths and eggs to the surface, and this work should always be done in the open.

At the beginning of winter the necessity arises for selecting new furs, or cleaning and altering those that have been laid away during the summer months. If remodeling or dyeing is necessary, the work should be done as early in the season as possible. In choosing furs cheap articles should be avoided, as they soon look shabby, the dye often showing marks which leave no doubt in the mind of the unfortunate buyer that her bargain has been an unprofitable one. A sure test of what fur dealers call a "prime" fur is the length and density of the down next the skin. This can readily be determined by blowing against the set of fur. If the fiber hair separates readily, exposing the skin to view, reject the article; but if the fur is dense, then the article may be bought.

Before putting away white furs, such as ermine or white fox, clean them. Dip a perfectly clean whisk broom in pure alcohol and mop the fur well with it, rewetting often, until the fur is soaked. Have ready an abundance of powdered starch, and with a flour dredger fill the wet hairs full of starch, working it down to the skin with your fingers. Then dry, powder again thickly, and shut up in a box for two days. Beat out the powder then in the open air with a whisk, shake and toss the articles until clear of the starch.

White furs may be effectively cleaned by laying them flat on a table, then rubbing with bran moistened with warm water. Rub until dry; then apply dry bran.

For the wet process of applying bran use a piece of soft flannel; for the dry method, book muslin. After using the bran apply powdered magnesia. Rub against the growth of the fur.

The Russian method of cleaning furs is to put some rye flour into a saucepan and heat as long as the hand can bear it, stirring constantly. Then spread the flour over the fur and rub well into it. Brush thoroughly with a clean brush, or beat gently until the flour is removed.

Imitation white furs, if very much soiled, may be cleaned quite easily by washing in warm water and soap, taking care to shake them well when drying. If a colored lining forms part of the muff or neckpiece to be cleaned, this must be removed, as bright colors are apt to run.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MARASCHINO FRUIT.

We have often put maraschino cherries in lemon, orange or wine jellies and they never disappointed us; or, instead of putting them into the jelly, we used them as a garnish for the jelly unmolded. Again, we, in fancy, served maraschino cherries in or surrounded with whipped cream, and the fancy was so alluring that we put it into being and found the reality no whit behind the fancied picture in its ability to please in more ways than one.

Fruit salads, no matter what their foundation or their chief ingredients, welcomed and were made better by the maraschino cherries. They made the salad brighter to the eye, even we may say they made it more spectacular, but their presence improved its appearance wonderfully. And in the eating, this improvement was further manifested by the flavor noted. Fruit salads that before had lacked life and character became, under the magic of the maraschino cherry flavor and presence, invested with a claim to consideration in connection with fine dining.

In custards, fully flavored with vanilla or chocolate or with ginger or caramel, the maraschino cherry makes a fine appearance, and in sauces—many of the sweet sauces—the little red fruit glints and delights unspeakably. More than one successful attempt has been made to use the maraschino cherries in sauces for game or for chops or cutlets. The attempt, however, to adapt them to such a purpose should be discreetly made. Tentatively, indeed, should the experiment be undertaken. In a currant jelly sauce for venison, for some of the ducks or lamb chops, the appearance of a cherry now and then makes for joy in dining. Then in sauces where we blend port wine with orange juice to produce a flavor that will be enjoyed a few of the cherries make a most excellent appearance and improves the general effect of the dish. They would, of course, be quite misplaced in a sauce of a piquant or sour taste. Neither would they be quite happy in any of the cream sauces. They must be used only for meat sauces where there is a tendency to produce a flavor that is a part of the "sweet-sour" brand.

Then in tipples of many sorts they are useful, ornamental and desirable for their flavor's sake. In all or in many of the punches in which fruit of any kind figures maraschino cherries are never amiss—not too many of them, of course, but just enough to liven up the glass.

Nor should they be barred from beverages in which liquor is not used. In plain lemonade or ginger lemonade, or in limeade, they are of importance in producing a pleasant flavor. In iced tea with lemon juice they have been used with an agreeable effect, many have said. Then in shrubs or the home-made drinks one makes with fruit syrups or with lime juice trust to the cherries for an additional pleasure.

Consider them well, also, as factors for improvement of all the frozen puddings. There is not a pudding which has fruit in it and is frozen that may not be bettered to some extent by the use of the cherries. And some of the ice-creams, many of them simply flavored, gain in consequence.

THE NEWEST VANITY CASES.

For the woman who adores daintiness in small belongings there are cases which will consume whatever pin money she has to spare. In the loveliest enamels, surfacing gold or silver, she may have—at a price that is just a bit staggering—a vanity box containing an enamel-framed mirror, a powder puff, a rouge receptacle and one manicure implement. Encased in the same enameled metals she may have a purse fitted with compartments for change coins of various denominations. And she may also have a square flat receptacle for visiting cards and memorandum tablet. Of the same size and shape, but slightly convexed, is an enameled cigarette holder, and this, most luxurious looking of all the cases, clasps with a jewel which not infrequently is of purest water.

Moire-finished gun is the very latest metal devoted to vanity boxes, change purses, card cases and cigarette holders. But although thier appearance is one of subdued elegance and ultra refinement, they have not the somber look of plain gun, for the watery surface is in itself ornamental and all of the trimmings, so-called—meaning the edges, the hinges and the clasps, are of polished silver. Moire-finished gun is the smart finish for bracelet watches and for sunshade handles, and it makes a stunning frame for the photograph of an elderly person.

USING A DISHWSHER.

When ready to wash the dishes the dishwasher may be wheeled to the table. Scrape the dishes throughly with a rubber scraper and place them in the rack in the center of the machine, the larger dishes at the outside of the can. Arrange the dishes so they will drain, with as much of the surface exposed to the spray as possible. Place the silverware and glasses in the wire racks which hang on the hooks near the top of the can. Sprinkle in some soap powder or put a piece of soap in the top wire basket. Pour in eight quarts of boiling water, then operate the pump a minute or so with a strong down stroke, forcing the scalding water and steam against the dishes. Raise the covers up against the rod and hold them up by dropping the catch on the pump rod over them. Draw off the water from the beleved bottom of the can into a pail. To rinse the dishes, use clean boiling water and repeat the pumping. Open the covers, draw off the water and the dishes will dry in two or three minutes. Take out the racks with the silver and the glassware and remove the dishes. If extra polishing is desired wipe with a dry cloth.

STEAMING FOOD.

Steaming is a process very similar to boiling, for it is cooking in the heated vapor of water. The articles of food which are to be steamed are prepared in exactly the same manner as for boiling. There is probably not an article among all the kitchen utensils more important for gradual, slow cooking than a modern steamer. The experienced and economically minded cook treasures this utensil most highly. Many puddings, fish, meats and vegetables are considered better if cooked by steam, and in as much as the process of cooking is a slow one there is no fear of the food being destroyed by too fierce a heat, as the temperature in steaming never reaches beyond 212 degrees Fahrenheit. The advantages of steaming over boiling are, first, the cooking is more gradual; second, puddings and souffles are decidedly lighter than when boiled; third, no water can ever get into contact with the articles steamed; fourth, a greased paper or cloth is not essential; fifth, nutritious elements are not extracted from the food.

MAKING ORANGE MARMALADE.

Six large oranges, half a cupful of water, two green citrons, a piece of alum the size of a hazlenut, two lemons, quarter of an ounce of ginger root, and lump sugar. Slice the citrons in round slices about three inches thick. Peel off the rinds and extract the seeds. Put the alum into a small saucepan half covered with water. Dip the slices of citron into this water and take them out at once. Place in a cool place until next morning, then cut them in thin slices with a slaw cutter. Measure equal quantities of fruit and lump sugar. Dissolve the sugar in the water, then put in the fruit, and when it has boiled for three-quarters of an hour add the lemons, sliced in thin rounds and cooked soft in a very little water. Now add the ginger root broken in small pieces. After boiling for 20 minutes longer add the grated rinds of two oranges and the pulp of four oranges. Boil until the syrup jellies when tested in cold water. Divide into jars and cover with melted paraffine.

SIMPLE COIFFURE.

The new hats demand very flat, unobtrusive coiffures, and all artificial contrivances for puffing out the hair have been discarded. The hair is softly waved, however, to give it a dainty fluffiness about the face, and the waves are drawn far down over the ears, which signify their presence only by the earrings which depend from their lobes. The exaggeratedly simple coiffure makes women look young and unsophisticated, and heads just now have a small and aristocratic suggestion. The hat is worn out of doors; a close fitting cap of gold lace or gauze at the theater, and in the house, the tresses are usually covered by a perfumed boudoir cap of silver embroidery and pleated net frilling.

A TIPSY CHARLOTTE.

One large stale sponge cake, one pint rich sweet cream, one cup sherry wine, one-half ounce gelatin soaked in a cup of cold water two hours, one teaspoonful vanilla or bitter almond extract three eggs, whites and yolks beaten together, but very light; one pint milk, one cup sugar. Heat the cream almost to boiling, put in the soaked gelatin and half a cup of sugar, and stir until dissolved. Remove from fire, flavor and when cool beat or churn to a standing froth. Cut off the top of the cake in one piece and scoop out the middle, leaving the sides and bottom three-quarters of an inch thick. Over the inside of these pour the wine in spoonfuls, that all may be evenly moistened. Fill with the whipped cream, replace the top of the cake, which should also be moistened with wine, and set in a cold place until needed. Serve with it or pour around it a custard made of the eggs, milk and the other half cup of sugar.

BUSINESS GIRL'S HANDBAG.

At last a handbag has been designed for the business girl whose long journeys to and from work would be unbearably monotonous if not solaced by a book. A volume of reasonable size fits easily into a compartment equipped with a clasp-secured flap at one outer side of the bag. This compartment, when not needed for a book, may be used to hold letters, a compactly-folded newspaper or a small flat parcel. The bag is a smart-looking receptacle of gray suede-lined sealskin on a gold-plated frame. It contains an inside pocket for the handkerchief, a change purse and a face powder book and it swings by double straps of the seal pelt.

PEA SOUP.

One cupful or one-half can peas, one tablespoonful sugar, one pint cold water, one pint milk, one slice onion, two tablespoonfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper. Drain liquid from peas and rinse, add sugar and water and boil slowly 20 minutes. Rub through sieve, reheat and add flour, butter and seasoning cooked together. Scald milk with slice of onion and strain; add milk to first mixture and serve very hot with croutons.

PUTS AN END TO BACKACHE QUICKLY CURES WEAK KIDNEYS

A Few Doses Give Relief, Helps Lifeless Organs Regain Health, Strength and Activity

It is useless, dangerous, and unnecessary to be tortured with the digging, twisting pains of backache and rheumatism, or suffer with disagreeable kidney and bladder disorders any longer.

The new discovery, Croxone, provides a remedy which every sufferer can now depend upon to promptly and surely relieve all such misery and bring about a speedy cure.

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And a $5 Bill in your pocket?

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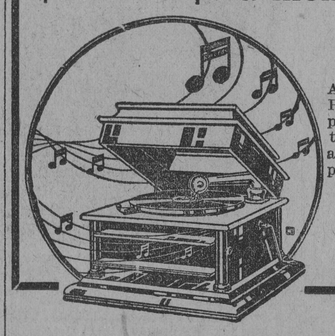

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