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Fred. G. Usilton. - - Wm. B. Usilton, Jr

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Care should be exercised in the use of soaps on delicate fabrics. Many careful laundresses do not use soap at all, but substitute wheat bran instead. Two quarts of bran boiled in soft water and the liquor strained off after it is cool is just right. This will not affect the color, requires very little rinsing and little starch, unless the article is desired very stiff.

* * *

A tablespoon of black pepper put in the washing water is a favorite method of some housekeepers for preserving the color of buff, gray or khaki-colored stuffs.

* * *

When clothes have faded beyond recall then it is a good plan to try to bleach them white. Several boilings with just a soupcon of soda in one water, but not enough to injure the fabric. Then put the article on the grass in the sun and wet it repeatedly as it dries until it is white.

* * *

Salt of wormwood will take an acid stain out of wash clothes, but use no other water than that of the wormwood. Ammonia and water applied at once will remove grass strains; when the thing is of a delicate color use molasses or a paste of soap and cooking (not washing) soda.

* * *

A fresh ink stain will respond to milk, but if dry javelle water should be used, as for fruit stains.

* * *

Fruit stains usually come out when stretched over a bowl and boiling water poured through. If obstinate, however, soak in javelle water, one-half cup to a bucket of water; then rinse thoroughly.

* * *

Milk, cream, machine oil and meat juice should be washed out in cold water immediately; soap may be used on the meat juice. Tea and coffee stains should be treated just as fruit stains. Soak medicine stain in alcohol and it will respond.

* * *

For iron rust place the stain wet on a boiling hot water plate, heat with salts of lemon; then wash thoroughly in plenty of clean water.

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Paint rubbed with benzine or turpentine on a clean white woolen cloth will disappear.

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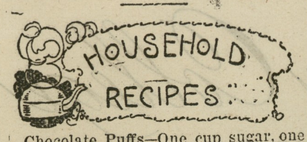
Avoid too hot irons for delicately-tinted wash goods; this often does as much to fade them as the washing.—Philadelphia Record.

The Kitchen Grease Can.

Every kitchen ought to have its grease can emptied once a week in winter; in summer every three days. All sorts of refuse—fat should go into it—even the scrapings from plates and dishes. Greasy water should be allowed to cool thoroughly; then have the grease carefully taken off before it goes down the pipes. Skillets and frying pans ought to be filled with very hot soda water and let stand half an hour before washing. This gives time for the soda to partly saponify the grease and keep it from sticking to the pipe or caking on top of the trap.

Flush the Waste Pipes Often.

One of the safeguards to health is frequent flushings of the various drains and waste pipes in the house. Hot water is better than cold for the purpose, and at least once a week a solution of sal soda or potash should be sent down all the sinks to remove the grease that adheres to the sides of the pipes.



Chocolate Puffs—One cup sugar, one egg, one cup milk, one tablespoon butter, flour to make stiff a layer cake batter, two teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons melted chocolate. Fill buttered cups one-third full and steam thirty minutes. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Creamed Chicken—Make a cup of sauce, using chicken liquor or milk as the liquid. When boiling add a cup of minced chicken; heat thoroughly, but do not boil; serve in a border of plain rice, into which a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of butter have been stirred.

Cocoanut Cookies—Cream one cup of sugar with half a cup of butter. Add one egg well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of milk, a pinch of salt and a cup of grated cocoanut. Sift one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three cups of flour and beat in. It must be very stiff and will probably need more flour. Roll out thin and bake ten to fifteen minutes in a moderately quick oven.

Baked Brains—Blanch and carefully trim the brains, then cook in salted water for twenty minutes, drain and run cold water over them until they are plump. Dust very lightly with pepper and squeeze the juice of half an orange over them. Spread with butter, sprinkle with flour and bake for twenty minutes, until a nice brown, basting with melted butter while baking. Two sets of brains will be needed.

UNCLE JEFF'S PROBLEM.

A Chess Story.

"MATE! There, I've won!" And May Farey clapped her hands with delight and with a charming little laugh looked roguishly across at her discomfited opponent. He was, for the first time in his life, realizing that circumstances can exist in which it is sweeter to lose than to win.

"You have, indeed," he said, slowly. Then, looking up and smiling, "Let me congratulate you on beating your teacher for the first time."

"Thank you, Mr. Gibson," she answered lightly. "But I don't believe you were really trying. Not your best; now, were you?"

"I am sure I was; I tried hard."

As they were setting up the pieces ready to begin again May expressed, not for the first time, her great admiration for the beautiful chess-table and men with which they were playing.

"They are lovely, and you said they had a bit of a history," she went on. "Twice you've promised to tell it me, but you never have."

"Well, it's not much of a history after all, and it's a subject I don't often talk about. The fact is they were a legacy—and a disappointment."

May expressed a natural surprise. They were indeed a beautiful set. They were made of the finest African ivory, red and white, and carved with exquisite perfection.

The board, too, was unique. Each of the white squares had in its centre a tiny portrait of a chess celebrity, and each of the black squares was made up of smaller black and white squares so as to form in itself a complete little chess board or diagram, on which appeared either a problem or the critical position of a game won by a stroke of genius, selected from the work of the master whose portrait adorned the adjacent square.

It had, in fact, been the perfect loveliness of the outfit as it stood in the little front room at Ivy Cottage—Mrs. Gibson's, where she and her mother were staying for a brief summer holiday—that had first caught May's eye, and prompted a remark about how much she would like to learn how to play. Mrs. Gibson's son, Frank, had proffered his aid. And thus had begun an acquaintance now fast developing into a higher game, in which both the players may—and, thank Heaven, sometimes do—simultaneously secure a mate.

Mrs. Farey had that day gone to town on business, and as it was Frank's half-holiday the suggestion to continue the chess lessons had been hailed with delight by both parties.

"A disappointment," Frank explained, smiling, "because I was led to expect a small fortune, and I got only the chess-table and men and a problem."

"Were you disinherited, then?"

"Not exactly disinherited. They were not my father's, but Uncle Jeff's—Geoffry Checkem, of Easthampton, the famous problem composer; he was my uncle, mother's only brother. He was very clever; not only in chess, for he carved these himself from his own designs.

"A thorough enthusiast himself, he was very anxious that I should be a good player, too. He took lots of trouble, and taught me to play and do problems, though not like him, of course."

"Did you offend him?" asked May.

"I suppose so. Or, rather, he took offence; I meant nothing wrong. You see, he was very eccentric, as so many geniuses are, especially old bachelors, like him. Good-hearted and all that, but terribly eccentric; a regular stickler for what was proper, everything must be perfect—just so. And that was where the offence came in.

"I often used to go over to his place at Easthampton and stay for a few days. This particular time he had just begun carving these men. So he showed me what he had done, and I admired them very much. Now, the last game I had played before I went over was one at the reading-room, and in it I had been fortunate enough to 'queen' a pawn before I had lost my original queen. I had been in a fix to know what to use for a second queen. So, having the point fresh in my mind, and thinking it would please the old boy's vanity to have a set more complete than any one else, I quite innocently suggested that he should make an extra queen of each color for use in such cases.

"He ignored the question, and asked in a chilling tone if I had ever seen a set with four queens.

"I admitted that I never had.

"'Or draughtsmen, twenty-six to the set?'

"I could not at the moment recall that I had.

"'Oh; then, perhaps,' he ran on, sarcastically, 'you've seen gloves three to the pair—or boots? Or a man with two wives? Or a pack of cards with eight aces? Or—or—'

"As he paused I mildly suggested that I had heard of such things. That finished it. He jumped up and went on like a maniac.

"'You—you—confound you, you never have! Two wives at a time! Why—why—that proves him not a man but a maniac. Eight aces! Good heavens! Swindlers, sharpers, thieves, scoundrels! How dare you class me with scoundrels like that?'"

"And did he never forgive you?"

"That's the strangest part of it. After a while he cooled down and said: 'No, no, Frank, my boy; Morphy and Steinitz and Blackburne have been content to make shift with a rook upside down for a second queen, if ever they were lucky enough to need one, and I'm sure old Geoffrey Checkem can.' And afterwards he seemed just the same as ever, and as kind. We all thought he had forgotten it, until he died suddenly and his will was read. He had left me only the chess outfit and a problem, with the stinging remark that he left them 'so that my nephew aforesaid can complete the set by having as many queens as he likes to match out of his own pocket.' Everything else went to a distant cousin."

"What was the problem?" May inquired.

"I'll show you." A moment later he returned with it in his hand. It was like an ordinary chess diagram, such as appear in newspapers, only about a foot square, painted in water-color, and framed as a picture. "You see," he said, "the only thing in which it differs from an ordinary problem is that there are no conditions—nothing to say which side has to play, or how many moves. But I soon solved it. White plays and mates in five moves, and a very poor problem it is. Not one of Uncle Jack's best at all; his problems have been much admired."

"Have you had the problem out of its frame?"

"I believe I was foolish enough to," he admitted, "but of course there was nothing."

CHAPTER II.

Seven years had passed away without adding much to the history of Uncle Jeff's legacy, seven years since May first beat Frank at chess; six, since both played and won that double-barrelled "mate" that loomed in the future.

Changes had come. Both had lost their mothers, and Ivy Cottage was now tenanted by the young folks.

But the fair promises of seven years ago had proved as fickle as the promise of an April morning. Frank's employers had failed, and permanent work had been impossible to get. Then sickness had come, first to his wife, then himself, and now the life of their only child hung in the balance.

May had followed the doctor to the gate to ask his real honest opinion.

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Gibson," he was saying, "he may temporarily improve but nothing can do any permanent good. Except perhaps—well, I was going to say a long sea voyage and an absolute change—Australia, and residence there, or something of that sort. It's the only thing."

Shortly after the doctor had gone Frank returned and dropped wearily into a chair. May had no need to ask whether his search for work had been successful. She endeavored to divert his attention by a cheerful remark about her flowers in the window-box.

He answered abstractedly. Then asked point-blank:

"Well, May, did you ask doctor exactly what he thought?"

She hesitated. It was for only a moment; she was not used to dissembling, and she repeated exactly what the doctor had said.

Frank put his teeth together and was silent.

After a while he remarked: "I went to Boltons; he said he would come and look at them in the morning. He might give a sovereign, not more; expensive chess sets were such uncertain things to sell; he might keep them for years before finding a customer."

"It's not much," May answered, with a sigh, as she realized how dreadfully empty the room would look then.

"It isn't," acquiesced Frank; "but it's the only move left. What the next must be I'm sure I don't know. But there," he exclaimed with sudden bitterness, "I shall be glad when they're gone. I've had nothing but bad luck since I've had them."

Now the father and mother were taking turns sitting up with the child. That night it was Frank's turn.

During the first part of the night the child was restless, keeping his father busy attending to his wants; but presently he became quieter, and at last his more regular breathing told that he slept.

Unconsciously Frank raised his eyes to the opposite wall; he knew the long-forgotten problem was there. It was faded and time-worn and the frame tarnished, but as it hung there a shaft of bright firelight from under the coat-sleeve was falling upon it and he could see each piece quite distinctly.

Presently he found himself mentally moving the pieces, playing over in his mind that solution in five moves he had years ago dismissed as so poor. Dreamily he went over it a second time. As he did so it struck him that one of the pawns at the side seemed to be of no use. Strange, that old Uncle Jeff who so tenaciously held on to what was proper should be caught napping in such a gross breach of the proprieties of problems as to leave on the board something unnecessary.

Suddenly his face beamed as a new thought struck him. Suppose it were he that was wrong, not his uncle? In a moment he felt the tightening grip of his old chess enthusiasm.

Seeing the child still crept, he drew off his shoes and crept down stairs, returning soon with an old pocket-board, long disused, on which he set up the position, and again lay down in the firelight.

Ten minutes passed—fifteen—twenty. He might have been asleep, he was so still, but his brain was at work. Now he moved one of the cardboard men, and after a pause slipped it back again. Presently, another.

At length he noticed that if Black made one particular move, White could bring off a mate by a pretty play he hadn't noticed before. He felt he was on the track, and went at it with fresh zest. He went over each attack and defence, tried move after move. At last he stumbled upon another pretty bit of play, and then he felt sure he knew which was White's winning move, but there was still one line of defence he could not overcome.

Minutes passed into hours; still he wrestled with it, till at last, all in a flash, the scales fell from his eyes and he saw clearly the beautiful strategy that overcame that one last stubborn defence. Yes, he had solved it!

With the day returned thoughts of their troubles, but a merry twinkle was in his eye as he told May over breakfast how he had solved Uncle Jeff's problem at last.

She looked puzzled. "How do you mean?" she asked, "has it two solutions?"

"No, May," he explained, "the real solution is in four moves, so the one in five goes for nothing, of course. It's a beautiful problem, and terribly difficult."

After breakfast Frank carefully dusted the chess-table and the ivory men ready for the broker's visit. Then he bethought himself and set up his uncle's problem, and as soon as May had finished washing-up he called her to come and look.

"You see," he said, moving the pieces as he spoke, "This is the key-move—White plays there. Black's best move is to take the rook—so. Now comes the difficult part. White must offer his other rook, which Black takes—like that. Then for move three White plays his pawn to the corner square, so, and claims a queen for it. The original queen is still on the board, so we must put on a rook upside down and call it a queen."

"Why, that was uncle's identical fad, wasn't it," May interrupted.

"Exactly; and that's about why he left me the problem. Spite, I suppose," he exclaimed irritably. Then, going on with the problem: "Black's best reply now is to take bishop with king and then White mates by bringing his new queen down into the opposite corner—so;" picking up the inverted rook and bringing it down the diagonal as he spoke. There was a tiny click, and a little disc of ivory rolled across the board.

"What's that?" both exclaimed.

Frank turned the rook in his hand right away. The little circle of ivory that had been within the battlements of the miniature castle was gone. May was stooping to pick it up when he exclaimed, excitedly:

"Oh, May! look here. There's something inside. It looks like a paper rolled up." He shook it, and at last it came out.

"It sounds like a five pound-note," said May tremulously, as he smoothed out the rustling paper.

"It's not a 'five,' May," he replied, very huskily; "it's a 'thousand'!"

May never knew after whether she laughed or cried, or a little of both. But it was she who recovered first sufficiently to wonder. "How if we had used the other rook?"

Then there was Frank bringing that down the diagonal, and—yes, another click! more picking out, and another rustling note.

Meanwhile his wife had discovered that the needles they had used for picking out the notes were sticking to some of the chessmen, which solved the mystery, for when Frank collected his thoughts he saw how it was. The pieces forming that particular combination had been drilled and finished with needle-like magnets. The two white rooks each contained a tiny electro-magnet, and as they passed between the hidden magnets its soft iron core for the moment became a magnet too, drew back a tiny bolt otherwise held by a spring, and released the ivory disc. Take away any one piece from the magical combination and he found the power was too weak to draw back the bolt. And the fact that ordinarily a rook never moves in that direction, or ignominiously stands on its head showing how carefully thought out the scheme was that no chance hit should reveal the secret.

Two thousand pounds! To them it seemed more than a hundred thousand would to some. Did it not mean—well, no, not the life of their son, but at least the means to try that one thing that might mean his life?

Needless to say, the broker was not asked to leave his sovereign. And, though years have passed, and the Gibsons are now respected citizens of our great Australian Commonwealth they never tire of showing their beautiful chess-table and men, the wonderful problem, and its more wonderful solution, letting friends hear for themselves that thrilling "click!" which had meant so much. Their eldest son, Frank, is now the strongest of the family.—Waverley Magazine.

"The Gospel of Manology."

"The Church of Man," an organization with a new creed, held its inaugural service in the Athenaeum building. The officers were installed and addresses made by the pastor, J. Barr, and D. W. Shoudy. The preamble of the prospectus of the organization states that the object of the church is to "preach, teach and practice the gospel of manology instead of theology." "The creed of the church," it continues, "contains but one word, justice."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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