Kent News

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Subscription - - - $1 Per Year

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

WM. B. USILTON'S SONS, Publishers.

Removing Ink Spots.

Ink spots on furniture may be removed by an application of nitre. Mix together one teaspoonful of water and six drops of nitre and apply to the stain with a feather. As soon as the ink disappears rub the spot with a damp cloth to remove the nitre which will otherwise leave a white spot behind it. A saturated solution of oxalic acid is sometimes used in the same manner to rid furniture of ink stains.

Beef Made Tender.

A way of cooking beefsteak that is a wee bit tough was accidentally stumbled upon one day. Company came when it was too late to order, and the contents of cupboard and refrigerator were very slim. Two ends of porterhouse steak were hastily run through the meat chopper, using the medium knife. A coffee cup of rice was put on to cook in salted boiling water, then the rest of the dinner was prepared and ready to serve before the meat was cooked. Have skillet smoking hot and grease with just enough butter to keep from sticking, stir in chopped meat and stir until meat is cooked through; one or two minutes is long enough. Heat meat platter and place meat in centre of plate, heaping it up with lump of butter in top, then salt and pepper to taste. Make a border of the rice around the plate and serve together. Sometimes I serve macaroni with the meat instead of rice. None of it is ever wasted, and twice a week is not too often to serve it to my family. Round steak is a good steak to buy to chop if you have no odds and ends to use.—Good Ho keeping.

New Edges For Curtains.

Many new edge finishes are observable upon the cretonne curtains so much used as overhangings for milady's bedroom or boudoir at the present time. One simple idea for a portiere had both sides of the same material to match. The edges had a good deep three-quarter-inch furn in and then were machine stitched about three-eighths of an inch back from the edge.

Another effective finish is a binding of braid about three inches wide, not unlike a Hercules braid in weave, combining all the varied tints of the blossom bestrewed cretonne. Cotton fringe combining all the colors of the pattern is another popular edge finish.

These cretonne hangings are effective in the extreme, and grow in favor every day. For windows over muslin curtains, where the inside does not show, they are often left unlined. Again, they are lined with a harmonious plain shade of silk or sateen. For portieres, as has been mentioned above, they are made double of the same pattern, or when between bedrooms, where cretonne is used in each, one side one pattern, the other side the other.—Philadelphia Record.



Curry Sauce—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; add same amount of flour, one teaspoonful or more of curry powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. When frothy stir in gradually one cup of milk or white stock and let cook five minutes.

French Straws—Beat four eggs until very thick; then add five ounces of sugar, a half teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick; cut into slips the width and length of a finger; give each one a twist and cook in deep fat like doughnuts. When cool sift sugar on them.

Tomato Chutney—This is delicious with cold meats, chops or steaks. Slice one peck of green tomatoes, sprinkle with one cup of salt and let them stand all night. In the morning pour off the liquor and put the tomatoes into a granite pan with vinegar enough to cover them; add six peppers and four large onions, chopped fine, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of scraped horse radish, cup of chopped celery, one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice, four apples, chopped, one teaspoonful each of red and white pepper. Boil slowly four hours, and put in air-tight jars.

Fried Rolls—Soak one-half cake of yeast in one-fourth cupful of warm water. Scald one cupful of milk and add to it one heaped tablespoonful of butter, one rounded teaspoonful of salt. When the milk is cool add the yeast and stir in flour enough to make a smooth batter. Beat the white of one egg stiff; turn it into the batter, and when well mixed stir in enough more flour to make a stiff dough. Knead it until smooth. Let it rise in a warm place till light, then knead it down; take out pieces as large as an egg, make them first into balls, then into finger rolls. Let them rise some distance apart, and when light drop them into hot fat and cook brown.

Mistress—Now, Bridget, there is one thing I must insist upon. If you break anything, I want you to come and tell me at once. Bridget—Sure, ma'am, I can't be runnin' to ye every minute of the day.

THE RHYME OF THE COUNTRY ROAD.

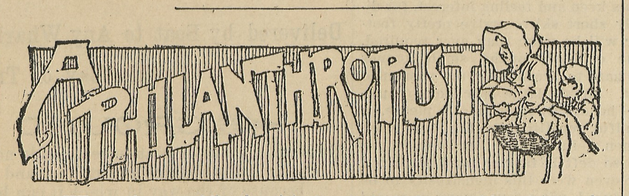
Oh, the life one leads a-tramping,
Tramping a country road!
A-faring in gypsy fashion
With never a gypsy's load;
Set free as the winds in springtime,
Heart-glad as the day is long,
Rejoicing in rain or sunshine,
In tune with the robin's song.

Oh, the things one sees a-tramping!
The green, wild things that grow,
The gleam of the tall red lily,
The tangle of ferns below;
The gay, glad life of the tree-tops,
The shadows that slowly fall,
The long, still slope of the meadows,
And God's sky over all!

Oh, the things one hears a-tramping!
The whisper of woodland trees,
The call of a hidden brooklet,
The murmur of sleepy bees;
The distant roll of the thunder,
The drip of the silver rain,
The startled rush of a squirrel,
Then bobolink's note again!

Oh, the things one feels a-tramping
The joy of the country road,
A-faring in gypsy fashion
With never a gypsy's load;
Delight in the world of beauty,
A rapture of love and praise,
And a will to make life the truer
For the glory of common days!

—Emma Endicott Marean, in the Churchman.



SHE was born a philanthropist, but Fate had interfered and made her a beggar. Her natural characteristics were so strong, however, that years of indigency could not efface them. Whatever her circumstances might be, philanthropy—practical or theoretical—was her destiny.

Things had not been so dark for her at first. Her husband had a fairly good position and her children were well. Then the wheel turned. "He" lost his position and deserted her, and the children died. For two years poor Mary was in the hospital with the "demented disease," as she called it, not knowing what the words meant. When she came out her never-too-great capabilities of doing were decidedly impaired. She had no regular occupation or income, and was unfitted for mental work, being by nature a philanthropist.

She lived with her sister, a poor widow with five children. Mary could neither read nor write. Perhaps one reason why she kept her individuality intact was that she was cut off in this way from the leveling influence of ordinary reading. Now and then she would borrow a novel and have her sister read it to her of an evening. She delighted in a happy love story, perhaps because it satisfied one of her many unattained ideals. She often longed for a brighter past to look back upon. She lived in the past and in the future. The present held little and the future perhaps less, but she was too thorough an optimist ever to believe that. A little scrubbing she had



A LITTLE SCRUBBING SHE HAD TO DO.

to do. She did it so poorly, however, that finally no one employed her but the sympathetic druggist at the corner. She had a few friends whom she had known in her better days and on whom she called in direst need. They helped her willingly when she told them of the temporary stringency in her finances, and she preserved her dignity and wiped out the indebtedness by remembering their daughters' birthdays with some gaudy piece of embroidery, provided, of course, that the birthdays happened to fall at a good time with her.

Poor as she was, she was not without influence. Even those more fortunate than she went to her for comfort and aid, and seldom failed to receive it. In the hospitals especially she was in good standing. She visited them often herself, and in her own pain and trouble showed her sterling worth. Many a sick friend had she succeeded in getting into the "Prosbatherian" Hospital, as she called it, or the Home of the "Alexithan" Brothers. A good Catholic in her religious views, in the matter of hospitals Mary was an eclectic.

On the other hand, she received much herself—but always as a kindly gift, never as a servile alms. Some kind-hearted landlord generally gave her a house, rent free. She made friends with the coal man, and the only woman in the neighborhood who had a cow shared the milk evenly with her.

Her life was never monotonous. Things went up and down with her. At one time when they were looking rather bright her sister died. The $75 life insurance was enough to bury her and set them up in one of the suburbs. Of course Mary assumed the care of the children. The thought of "them bein' parceled out and growin' up not to know each other" was a horror to her. Forgetful of her own empty pocket and prompted only by her warm heart, she had assured her sister on her death bed that they should never want for anything.

The two oldest, a boy and a girl, were put to work at once. By means of their meager wages and her own gleanings she managed to "keep the family together," and in ten years had "raised" all but one of them, the youngest girl, whom typhoid fever had carried away. In the course of that time they had been sick and she had been sick, but she seldom failed to be cheerful. If there was nothing in the larder she went out to seek food for her little ones like a mother bird. If she happened to leave them all in bed, with the measles, perhaps—why, she felt "comfortable like, knowin' they was indoors and safe."

A typical incident occurred one Christmas eve, the year after her sister's death, when they were living in the suburb. Mary had to appeal to an old friend for help. She had not intended to beg, but the woman for whom her niece worked had not been able to pay her. For once Mary was disheartened. She had got up from a sick bed to come. She had less than "the price of the ride in" when she started, but she had "influoence" with the conductor and was illegally furnished at some point with an extra transfer.

"It's twanty-sivin years that I've been in this counthry," she said, "and not a bit of supper have I had tonight."

When that oversight in providential arrangements had been corrected she told her sad story. She had been sick and the children had not been paid, and a "sorry Christmas" it would be for them, unless her friend helped them out. Of course her friend did. The Christmas things were all about, and it was easy to make up a bundle from the store. The bundle would probably have been sent before, but Mary never left her address anywhere. "I can't tell ye jist this minute what it is," she would say. "It's niver a letter the postman brings me but when me mother died in the old counthry." She did not care to receive letters or bundles at her own home. She preferred to put on a clean blue-checked apron and call on her friends. The apron was always part of her calling costume. It served a double purpose—to cover any delinquencies beneath and to carry off whatever gifts might fall from heaven during her stay.

This time she stopped the gift-giving herself. "I won't take no more 'm," she said. "When a person's got enough, why, they've got enough, and that's all."

As she put on her shawl to go she added, "an' to think I hadn't the price of their dinner two hours ago. It took the heart out o' me all day. Now I can get 'em a nice chicken and some potatoes and have something left for a pair of shoes for the little boy. Did I tell you, 'm, how he washed out his little sthockins hisself and wrenched 'em and hanged 'em over the oven door to dhry, for to have 'em ready for Santa Claus? Now, thanks to yez, I'll be able to fill 'em. He's only nine, ye know, 'm, a little feller. It 'ud been a pity. I wish ye a Merry Christmas yersilf, ma'am," she said. She never called down upon her benefactors the limitless and perpetual blessings at the disposal of the ordinary recipient of charity.

Finally with a bill, "the price of the dinner," firmly grasped in her hand—she had no handkerchief to tie it in, much less a purse—and her apron hardly covering her huge bundle, happy as an empress, her pain and sickness for the moment forgotten, she left the house that she had entered so despondent an hour before and went home to make her own house happy. She herself spent Christmas day in bed, but she felt repaid for her trip.

As the years went on the list of misfortunes and casualties was long. The younger boy broke one of his legs and had appendicitis. The little girl who died was in the hospital twice, once after an accident and once when she had an operation performed. It was a long struggle with some dark and hungry days and weeks, but she finally "had 'em raised."

By that time she was sixty-five years old and really beyond going about even on her friendly visits. Then came as hard a time as she had ever known. When things had begun to get a little easier the older boy and girl had married, and without sacrificing themselves could no longer help her. The younger ones were just beginning to enjoy their freedom and their wages, and did not. She had always been able to support herself so well or to get help from others that they thought she could do it still. She was hurt, but not embittered. What did they want of her, sure enough, old and miserable and useless as she was? If little Lillie had lived she would have been different, of course, but the others "didn't mean any harm." When things began to be critical and she had no money to replenish her utterly depleted wardrobe she tried to drag herself about again. One of her well-to-do friends, appreciating her fineness and genuineness, and hearing of her need, determined to do an unconventional thing—to make the rest of her life easy by settling $15 a month on her.

Did she accept it and use it for herself? Surely she would, after experiencing the ingratitude of her sister's children. But no! Even the smiles of fortune could not blight her nature. Philanthropist she was born and philanthropist she would remain, on $15 a month as on nothing a month.

The day after receiving the good news, without even waiting for the first installment of the annuity, she adopted two little orphan girls.—Clara Sterling Doolittle, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

People Who Are Liable to Colds.

It is especially people whose circulations are easily disturbed that are most liable to colds. Delicate individuals of all classes, above all the very young and the very old, are the most affected. It is not hard to understand why. Cold drives the blood from the surface of the body, that is to say, to prevent the loss of too much heat nature shuts up the little blood vessels in the skin. This it is that gives the sensation of chilliness. The nerve-endings in the skin do not obtain sufficient nutrition, and their demand for it produces discomfort.

The blood that is usually contained in the little vessels of the skin amounts to one-fourth of that in the entire body. If any large quantity of this is driven inward, it can easily be understood how much it will hamper the action of internal organs. It is in the blood vessels of the mucous membranes that it is easiest for such diverted blood to find a resting place. The lungs especially present a favorable opportunity for the collection of superabundant blood, because they are made of very spongy tissue. This is the reason why colds in the lungs are so much more frequent than in other parts of the body.—New York Journal.

A Victim of the Sultan's Terror.

A single example will give sufficient idea of the unknown dramas of Yildiz:

One day the Sultan, having to leave his study for a moment, forgot on his desk one of the miniature revolvers which he is never long without. Returning soon after to the room he found a little girl twelve years old, a little slave in the harem, who had wandered by accident into the room, handling curiously the little weapon, thinking doubtless, in her childish innocence, that it was some pretty toy. Abdul-Hamid's morbid fancy at once made him think some attempt against his life was intended. Seeing his terrified expression the child burst into tears, and her emotion convinced the despot that it was a confession of guilt. He had her seized and "questioned," which, at the Yildiz, means tortured in the most abominable manner. Though they thrust red-hot blades under the child's finger nails they got nothing from her but screams and sobs, and the investigation finally proved that she had nothing to confess. Then only ceased the punishment of the little martyr, whose pitiful story is probably forgotten already in the imperial harem.—The Argonaut.

Roosevelt and the Cougar Hounds.

The dogs were a source of unceasing amusement, not merely while hunting, but because of the relations to one another when off duty. Queen's temper was of the shortest toward the rest of the pack, although, like Turk, she was fond of literally crawling into my lap, when we sat down to rest after the worry which closed the chase. As soon as I began to eat my lunch, all the dogs clustered close around and I distributed small morsels to each in turn. Once Jimmie, Queen and Boxer were sitting side by side, tightly wedged together. I treated them with entire impartiality; and soon Queen's feelings overcame her, and she unostentatiously but firmly bit Jimmie in the jaw. Jimmie howled tremendously and Boxer literally turned a back somersault, evidently fearing lest his turn should come next.—From "With the Cougar Hounds," by Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's Magazine.

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