



## CHAPTER IV.

Gerald Paxton, the detective, was a young and ambitious man. He had entered upon the profession in which he found himself engaged several years previous to the occurrence of "the crime of the broker's office," as the murder of John Oakburn was designated, and he had labored with enthusiasm and not a few successes which had attracted attention to himself to such an extent that he was regarded as a rising man. But as yet he had not attained the eminence which his ambition craved.

Paxton was ever on the alert to take advantage of circumstances, and when he left the broker's office after the investigation he believed that he had at last found a case that might open a great future for himself and enable him to win celebrity and eminence. He comprehended that the case of John Oakburn's murder all the elements of a crime were present—mystery, uncertainty of issue, and difficulty of solution. In short, that it was just such a case as he longed to undertake, and he was filled with enthusiasm which aroused all his energies, and made him feel the keenest anxiety and hope.

He smiled as he thought how simple the police sergeant regarded the whole affair, and how readily he had jumped to a solution of the whole matter.

Circumstances may still further implicate Stuart Harland, and I have embarked in the case with the assumption of his innocence, which I shall undertake to establish in the face of all the circumstantial evidence that may be brought against him, and I shall succeed," muttered Paxton, in a tone of conviction.

His faith was firm, his determination indomitable, and the possibility of failure he was never inclined to admit.

He had not concluded his investigation, although it was his policy to conceal this fact from the police sergeant.

After walking a block or two in company with the officer of the police and his companions, Paxton turned down a side street, made a detour, and, doubling on his own tracks, he returned to the broker's office.

Stealthily, as though he wished to conceal his presence from the two officers, who were on guard in the office, Paxton entered the passage between the office and the adjoining building and proceeded to critically inspect the ground under the window in the rear compartment of the office.

The light was dimly dark in the narrow passage where the shadows are dense and black, and the detective was obliged to produce his pocket lantern, which was of the old-fashioned type, in order to inspect the ground in a satisfactory manner.

The result was a discovery.

The footprints of a man's feet were discovered in the ground beneath the window, where the earth was soft and yielding owing to a thaw.

The impressions were quite distinct, and the print of a double row of nails, which must have studded the sole of the boots or shoes which had made the tracks were quite clearly defined. Paxton also detected some small, dark, circular impressions of the point on the side of the building under the window, which had undoubtedly been made by some one who had climbed up to it.

He caught the window-sill, and with a firm grasp drew himself up to the window, which he examined, making the further discovery that there were certain marks under the edge of the shutters.

"I was not in error. This window was opened from the outside and not from the inside, as our worthy police sergeant so positively affirmed. I see plainly where an iron bar was forced under the shutter to pry off the fastening. Yes, the assassin entered from the outside through the window," said Paxton to himself, in a satisfied tone.

He let himself down from the window again and having examined the ground, he inspected the track under it he procured a piece of board which chanced to be at hand, and covered them so as to preserve them from obliteration.

He understood the value of such mute witnesses as these, and he never neglected any precaution which might eventuate to his advantage.

With the certainty of the truth of a positive theory which he had formed for a basis, he proceeded to erect a superstructure intended to sustain his hypothesis and convince others of its truth.

Revolving in his mind various conjectures and possibilities suggested by his discoveries, Paxton repaired to his own apartments.

Before retiring, however, he made room in his study a very exact diagram of the premises where the murder had been committed.

If Stuart Harland was to be placed in view of his life by reason of John Oakburn's murder, he had in Gerald Paxton a detour whose chances would prove invaluable—one who feared not to enter the lists against any opponent.

The following morning the crime was made known to the public through the newspapers, and there was much excitement on Wall street and throughout the city. The street in the immediate neighborhood of the broker's office was thronged with an eager and excited multitude, and morbid curiosity, to view the remains of the victim of the tragedy. In the afternoon a guard permitted no one to enter.

At nine o'clock a. m. the coroner, his clerk, a number of police officers, including the sergeant who had accused Stuart Harland, and Paxton, the detective, arrived at the office.

cluded, and the jury duly sworn, the inquest proceeded as is usual in such cases.

The surgeon made a thorough examination of the wound which had occasioned John Oakburn's death, and extracted the bullet, which was found to be a large lead ball of a peculiar, conical shape, entirely unlike bullets intended for ordinary pistols.

The fatal missile was transferred from hand to hand and viewed with interest by all.

The detective, particularly, examined it minutely, and after he had whispered to the coroner for a moment, he was permitted to retain possession of the singular, death-dealing ball. He carefully deposited it in his pocketbook, as though he regarded its preservation as a matter of the utmost importance.

"There is no possibility of suicide in this case, I presume," said the coroner, addressing the surgeon.

"No, sir. Suicide may be positively excluded. The position of the fatal wound, the direction taken by the bullet, and the nature of the indications at the margin of the office where the ball entered, all serve to prove that the shot was not fired by the dead man himself. The wound clearly shows to a practiced observer that the bullet came from a distance of probably in the neighborhood of twenty feet," answered the surgeon.

Paxton passed the distance from the body of the murdered man, which lay where it had fallen, to the door leading to the hall.

He was eighteen feet from the door to the body, said the detective.

"Indeed! Judging, then, from the position of the body and the relative location of the wound, I should say that he was shot by some one who stood at the door, and fired at him as he went out while his victim's back was turned. The shot entered at the base of the skull," answered the surgeon.

"The impossibility of suicide may be regarded as positively established," he added.

The police sergeant was now sworn, and he related what discoveries he had made the preceding night, in company with Paxton.

He did not fail to dwell upon the circumstance of Stuart Harland's disappearance from the house a few moments before the discovery of the crime, according to the statement of Judith Kregde.

To hear him one would have supposed that he had taken the lead in the investigation of the preceding night, and that he deserved all the credit for the discoveries then made; Paxton said nothing, however, but a sarcastic smile played upon his lips as he listened.

Mr. Garrison was next sworn, and he testified that John Oakburn was an exceedingly eccentric man, excessively frugal and economical. That he supposed in the course of the years he had been in his service, the old cashier must have accumulated a modest competency, though he was never known to speculate, and that Oakburn was always extremely reticent regarding his personal affairs.

The broker further stated that the aged cashier had a hobby for collecting ancient coins and weapons, which he kept in his study. Also that the deceased was a precise and a very methodical man in all he did, that he kept his correspondence and papers carefully filed away in his safe with his collection of ancient coins and weapons.

When Mr. Garrison's testimony was concluded, the coroner summoned Marion Oakburn and Judith Kregde, and the two women entered the office a few moments subsequently.

Marion's face was lividly pale, and there was an expression of mental suffering and anxiety upon her features.

The coroner addressed the cashier's daughter, stating that he deemed it necessary to examine her father's private safe and Marion assented, saying in conclusion:

"I think you will find my father's safe-key on his person when he was last seen. The pockets of the victim of the mysterious tragedy were accordingly searched, and the key, of which he was in quest, was found by the coroner, who forthwith opened John Oakburn's safe.

At present, inspected the contents of the drawer, which was a "strong-box" with considerable security.

It contained a large, and no doubt valuable, collection of ancient coins of all nations, arranged in admirable order and numbered and labeled with an exactitude which told of the owner's precise and methodical ways. There was also in the safe a collection of small weapons. There were pistols, poniards, stilettos, yataghans, Malay kris, and the like. Besides all this, a compartment contained the papers, notes, and letters of the deceased, bills, receipts and other documents.

There was no money in the safe.

The coroner examined the papers and then submitted them to Marion, who also looked over them carefully.

Among all the documents to certificate of stocks, no deposit receipts, or anything whatever to indicate or prove that John Oakburn possessed any money or property was discovered.

Paxton was on the alert and nothing escaped him.

He made a mental memorandum of the contents of the murdered man's safe, and when Marion had concluded the examination of the letters and papers it contained, he came to her side and said in a low tone:

"I am very much interested in this case, Miss Oakburn, and I mean to sustain my opinion that Stuart Harland is innocent, which you heard me assert last night. I know you share my opinion, and if you will permit me to look over these papers and letters you will perhaps enable me to make some advantageous discovery."

clerks in the outer office to which Marion, who seemed deeply interested in all the proceedings, now repaired, thus leaving Paxton alone.

He subjected the murdered man's papers to a most critical inspection. Letter after letter was examined with interest, and in an old file of correspondence the detective found one particular letter which seemed to fasten his attention, for he read it over twice very carefully.

Then, casting a glance at the door leading to the outer office to assure himself that he was not observed, he slipped this particular letter into his pocket.

"The end entirely justifies the means in this case, I desire to retain this letter, and yet I do not wish to call any one's attention to it as yet," he thought.

After he had examined every letter and paper he turned them all in the safe, and then replaced his attention to the collection of weapons for a moment.

He discovered nothing further of interest, and so he entered the outer office, confirmed the evidence by the broker, and Judith Kregde was examined. Her evidence differed not materially from the statement she had made the preceding night. Marion also related how she had discovered her father.

The detective heard Mr. Garrison whisper to Marion after she had given her evidence.

The broker said:

"Are you informed regarding your father's financial affairs? Do you know where the money he must have saved is deposited or how it is invested?"

"No, sir; my father seldom spoke of the matter. I supposed, though, that he had accumulated a modest fortune, for he used to say that he was going to retire from business and purchase a beautiful country residence where he could raise his own fruit and flowers. He was very fond of floriculture and horticulture. From remarks he fell at different times, I was sure that all his fortune was locked up in his little safe, the cashier's daughter answered.

"This is strange. There is no money in the safe, and yet it has not been opened. I am sure your father had saved a large sum of money, as I have said. He was eccentric in other matters, may be, but he had been so in this. I think it possible he may have secreted his money in some strange place. His sudden demise, preventing his revealing the secret," said Garrison.

"It may be so, sir, but if my father's money is never found, I shall not wait for it. I recently received a legacy of three thousand dollars from a distant relative, and then, too, should it become necessary, I am willing to work for an honest livelihood."

"Bravely spoken, you are a noble girl," said Garrison warmly.

Just then Levi Kregde, the office janitor and the brother of Judith, entered the office.

He was an undersized, thick-set man, and one leg was shorter than the other, which deformity caused him to walk with a limp. His features resembled his sister's. He had the same keen, living eyes, and small, yellow eyes. If anything, his face was even less attractive than his sister's. Levi Kregde was forty years of age and his character was almost the prototype of his sister, but he was more cunning and more crafty. He had a cunning, servile air which was all assumed. He could fawn and smile upon a person while at the same time it was in his heart to strangle him. In short, he was one of those treacherous, scoundrel-like creatures, and the only reason they are seldom suspected until it is too late, and he had been in Mr. Garrison's service for a year, and he had come provided with most excellent recommendations from Messrs. Pratt & Weeks, his last employers, whose character was not at all time known to the broker.

Kregde, as far as Mr. Garrison knew, had always discharged his duty with fidelity, and he had never had occasion to take him to task on that score.

When the janitor entered, Mr. Garrison said:

"This man is employed as a janitor of this building. I noticed him to be present although he probably knows nothing of this sad affair; however, I thought it might be well to question him."

The coroner directed that Kregde should be sworn, and after the oath was administered he questioned him, but nothing was elicited of any interest.

While Levi Kregde was being questioned the president of the bank at which the unfortunate cashier had received his salary, and after the oath was administered he entered the office, accompanied by a tall, handsome old gentleman with perfectly statuesque features, magnificent dark eyes, white hair and a beautiful flowing beard like driven snow.

The old gentleman was dressed with simple elegance, indicative of good taste and breeding, but a diamond of almost priceless value sparkled in his black neck-scarf, and he carried a heavy gold-headed cane.

The stately old gentleman was an entire stranger to the coroner, and, although he entered at the same time as the bank president, it was clear that they were not acquainted.

The banker addressed a few words to the coroner, and then the two retired to the interior office and closed the door, but a moment subsequently the latter reappeared and invited Paxton and the police sergeant to join him.

The detective and the officer of police entered the rear office, and when the door had been carefully closed behind them the coroner said:

"I desire that you should bear a surprising statement which Mr. Southwell has to make, but which would lose its value if it should be made public."

Paxton felt that some important disclosure relating to the crime was coming.

## CHAPTER V.

In order that you may understand how it came about that certain precautions were taken at our bank which may now prove of service to you, gentlemen, in the task of detecting the murderer of John Oakburn, and in recovering the stolen money, I must make a brief explanation," began the banker.

"The fact is," he continued, "we have had occasion to doubt the honesty of one of our employees—our cashier, in fact—and, night before last, I secretly unlocked all the money which had been deposited here, and I saw our cashier pay it into the safe of a package of one hundred thousand dollars in notes of a large denomination with a minute lettering traced in red ink in the upper left-hand corner of the bank of each note. The balance of the money was marked in a different way, which it is not necessary to explain. I changed to be present in the bank when John Oakburn presented the check for seventy-eight thousand dollars and I saw our cashier pay it into the safe of a package of one hundred thousand dollars in red ink, money marked with the letter 'V' in red.

He threw the balance remaining after he cashed the check into a compartment of the money drawer where I found it after business hours. Just twenty-two thousand dollars of the marked money remained, so I knew that no one else received any of the notes thus marked.

"This is a most fortunate discovery," the police sergeant as the banker concluded.

"The most lucky of coincidences. We are much obliged to your cashier for being the indirect cause of this clue," Paxton remarked.

Meanwhile when Paxton and the police sergeant were called into the interior compartment of the office by the corner of the handsome old gentleman whose appearance we have noted had quite by accident gained a position close to the door between the two apartments.

Without any intention of coming in a caterpillar he overheard enough of the bank president's remarks to comprehend the truth, and, at the same moment, he saw Levi Kregde—Jose beside him, and the expression on the janitor's face told him the fellow had also overheard the bank president.

The magnificent eyes of the handsome old gentleman were fixed upon the face of Levi Kregde for an instant in a searching glance, but the fellow was not aware of the scrutiny to which he was subjected.

A look of recognition appeared upon the old gentleman's face and his eyes flashed ominously as though the sight of the janitor awakened angry thoughts in his mind, and he moved toward the door while Levi Kregde was yet intently listening and did not observe his movement.

When presently the banker and the others came out of the rear office the stately old gentleman was gone.

During the interview between the gentleman and the janitor, the banker and the others present had been conversing among themselves, and no one except the aged stranger and Levi Kregde heard aught of what had passed between them.

When the strange old gentleman first entered the office, Marion Oakburn seemed attracted irresistibly by his face, and she gazed at him like one fascinated, until he withdrew. Beyond one swift, passing glance, as he came in, the aged stranger had not seemed to notice her.

As he passed, however, he caught the magnificent old man, Levi Kregde, who left the broker's office, and if anyone had followed him they would have seen him make his way swiftly to the private entrance of the office of Messrs. Pratt and Weeks, and enter unperceived.

Before Paxton and the Coroner came out of the office in which they had heard the banker's statement, the detective took the latter aside and asked him to get him a glass of water, and also a version of the investigation which he had conducted the preceding night.

Immediately upon his return to the main office the Coroner called Paxton as the next witness.

The detective's statement, with the version of the discovery of the broken fastenings on the window shutters, did not differ in substance from the testimony given by the police sergeant.

Thereafter, however, he continued:

"But, gentlemen, the fastenings of the window which were broken from the inside, on the contrary they were forced by means of an iron bar inserted under the shutters from without and on the ground beneath the window are the tracks of the assassin. There are also marks on the side of the building which were made by his shoes when he clambered into the office through the rear window. It seems clear, therefore, that the assassin and thief could not have been a resident of this house, and I also at that time known to the broker."

About almost every farmhouse can be found an old, neglected row of rhubarb plants from which a few cuttings are made in spring for sauce, or pie. The courtesies and oftentimes rank flavor of these old rows of plants, as it is otherwise called, make a little go a good way in most households, for after two or three cuttings the plants are usually abandoned and allowed to go to seed. This is all wrong. A good variety of rhubarb is worthy of being eaten the year around. Instead of keeping on with the poor kind, send for a package of rhubarb seed of one of the improved sorts, and sow it in a garden row. The plants will come from seed as readily as carrots or beets and mostly true to their kind, and the second season cuttings can be made freely. Cut off seed stalks as they appear and keep the ground free from weeds and well cultivated. If the rhubarb is given a garden row, this cultivation will come in with this regular garden cultivation and will give no trouble. Many farmers' families do not stop at to realize that rhubarb can be had in winter, as well as summer. Cooked, as for sauce, either sweetened or unsweetened, and soured in glass jars, it will keep perfectly, and will be greatly relished in the middle of winter. As a matter of fact, the canned rhubarb tastes exactly like the freshly cooked article. Another way in which it can be kept for winter use is to cut the stalks in inch pieces, and put them into jars filled with cold water and sealed, without cooking. Rhubarb is very healthy and when of the improved sorts, and properly cultivated, it is exceedingly palatable. Try raising some of the good sorts from seed this spring. It will cost but few cents to make the change from the old sour kind.—Webb Donnell in American Agriculturist.

In Confidence.

Uncle Bob—So you were at the head of your class for a week?

Johnny—Yes. I wish I hadn't done that.

Uncle Bob—Why?

Johnny—Because, mama didn't want to do it, and now she'll expect me to do it again.—Puck.

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

### RHUBARB SAUCE.

Cut the rhubarb into half-inch pieces, leaving the skin on. Put in a steamer and cover thickly with granulated sugar. Do not add any water; the juice from the rhubarb will soon flow, making its own liquid. This is delicious.

### BOILED RICE AND STRAWBERRY SAUCE.

Cook one cupful of well-washed rice in milk and water, using two cups of milk and one of water, until very tender; press it into a buttered mold of oblong shape. When the rice has stood in a moderately warm place for fifteen minutes, or a little longer, it can be removed carefully and will retain its form. Make a slight cavity in the center of the mold of rice and fill it with preserved strawberries—a small cupful. Make a sauce of a cupful of whipped cream; stir into it a cupful of milk (or use all cream) and a half cupful of strained strawberry preserve, enough to flavor the cream well and give it a beautiful roseate color. Surround the mound of rice with this bright sauce and serve at once. The beaten cream and warm rice and preserves are very nice together. Preserved quinces can be used instead, but the juice will not color the cream so prettily.—Chicago Record.

### PREPARATION OF LAMB.

This does not, of course, mean spring lamb. Canada lamb is as cheap as mutton, and as there is a great deal in a mutton, it is always well to ask for it. There are cheap parts near the neck, which the butcher will sell from six to ten cents per pound, and will, if asked, trim away fat and cut in o the shape of chops. Allow two pieces; make them a golden brown on a very hot pan; then put them in the bottom of a large shallow porcelain-lined or granite saucepan—this shaped vessel allows the cook to see readily how matters are progressing and prevents the breaking of chops, etc., by plunging. Cover with stock, add pepper and salt to taste, flavor with parsley and onion, which must be removed before serving; simmer until tender. Take out the chops with a skimmer, place neatly and carefully on a hot platter, cover and put in a warm place, but be brisk that they may not have time to dry. Thicken the gravy (there should be a pint) with a scant tablespoonful of flour rubbed into a still smaller one of butter, and three parts of a cup of milk or four tablespoons of cream. Strain it, thicken, strain over the chops and serve at once. If extra is taken not to let the meat cook too fast and to renew the stock if any boils away this is a very slightly though an inexpensive dish.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A very good polish for patent leather is vasoline.

Hot water will not remove the smell of onions so quickly and effectually as cold water.

In the hands of a real clever woman, a dried prune can be made to taste as good as an orange.

When gold embroidery has tarnished the color may be much brightened by the application of finely powdered rock alum, rubbed in.

To clean a straw hat, try a cut lemon dipped in sulphur, and then, having washed the juice off carefully, stiffen the brim with the white of an egg.

Vinegar and fruit stains upon knives can be taken off by rubbing the blades with a raw potato and then polishing them on a knifeboard in the usual manner.

When jet possessioner looks itchy it can be renovated by being wiped with a pad of black silk or exsorbent, dipped in diluted alcohol, and finally dried with a clean rag.

To purify the air of a room put a piece of camphor in a tin and apply a very hot poker to it. The strong fumes which will arise will cleanse the air and act as a powerful disinfectant.

Bugs sticking plaster, or court plaster, as it is called, can be home made by brushing thick gum-water over black silk that is tightly strained. After it is dried it will keep a long time, if not exposed to the damp. It simply requires to be slightly moistened when a piece is needed for a cut.

A plum pudding is quickly made by crambing a pound can of pudding made by a reliable firm, adding two cups of bread crumbs soaked in milk, a small cup of minced suet, three eggs, beaten light, half a cup of sugar and a cup of stoned raisins. Turn all these ingredients, after mixing well, into a buttered mold and boil three hours.

## INSTRUCTIVE TO FARMERS.

### DON'TS.

Don't put frosty bits in a horse's mouth.

Don't leave a horse standing unblanketed in the cold.

Don't try to make horses shake over icy roads with smooth shoes.

Don't leave a horse's legs and stomach crusted with mud and slush after driving.

Don't use "cuss words" to a horse. He cannot swear back, but will think it all the same.

Don't keep the back-strap and checkrein both so short as to draw the horse's head and tail together like a fantail pigeon.

### FACTS ABOUT MILK.

Milk should be kept in a cool place, free from odors and in perfectly clean vessels of well-glazed earthen or porcelain ware or a glass jar. Tin and wood are objectionable.

Milk should be kept perfectly sweet for household use—in summer from 24 to 36 hours after delivery, if maintained at 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Pasteurization or sterilization of milk destroys all the germs present, by means of heat.

It is estimated that one-third of all children die before they are three years old, and one of the leading causes of infant mortality is unwholesome milk.

Bad milk cannot be made perfect by Pasteurization, but the danger from its consumption can be lessened.

The Pasteurization process is to place the milk in a glass bottle plugged tight with dry, clean cotton, and immerse the bottle up to the neck in water maintained at 180 degrees Fahrenheit, left there for some time, then removed and kept in a cool place.

Separator cream is much richer than "gravity cream," and for this reason is preferred for whipping.

Cream is sometimes kept for two weeks before it is sold.

When good milk is poured from a can into a glass it will cling to the glass a little, and not run off clean like water.

The yellow color of the milk is not a safe standard by which to judge its quality, for the poor milk from some cows may be more highly colored than rich milk from others. All milk from fresh cows immediately after parturition is more yellow than at a later date.

The average dairy cow gives 350 gallons of milk per year, or about enough to supply fourteen persons with milk.—St. Louis Republic.

### RHUBARB IN THE GARDEN.

About almost every farmhouse can be found an old, neglected row of rhubarb plants from which a few cuttings are made in spring for sauce, or pie. The courtesies and oftentimes rank flavor of these old rows of plants, as it is otherwise called, make a little go a good way in most households, for after two or three cuttings the plants are usually abandoned and allowed to go to seed. This is all wrong. A good variety of rhubarb is worthy of being eaten the year around. Instead of keeping on with the poor kind, send for a package of rhubarb seed of one of the improved sorts, and sow it in a garden row. The plants will come from seed as readily as carrots or beets and mostly true to their kind, and the second season cuttings can be made freely. Cut off seed stalks as they appear and keep the ground free from weeds and well cultivated. If the rhubarb is given a garden row, this cultivation will come in with this regular garden cultivation and will give no trouble. Many farmers' families do not stop at to realize that rhubarb can be had in winter, as well as summer. Cooked, as for sauce, either sweetened or unsweetened, and soured in glass jars, it will keep perfectly, and will be greatly relished in the middle of winter. As a matter of fact, the canned rhubarb tastes exactly like the freshly cooked article. Another way in which it can be kept for winter use is to cut the stalks in inch pieces, and put them into jars filled with cold water and sealed, without cooking. Rhubarb is very healthy and when of the improved sorts, and properly cultivated, it is exceedingly palatable. Try raising some of the good sorts from seed this spring. It will cost but few cents to make the change from the old sour kind.—Webb Donnell in American Agriculturist.

In Confidence.

Uncle Bob—So you were at the head of your class for a week?

Johnny—Yes. I wish I hadn't done that.

Uncle Bob—Why?

Johnny—Because, mama didn't want to do it, and now she'll expect me to do it again.—Puck.

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

### RHUBARB SAUCE.

Cut the rhubarb into half-inch pieces, leaving the skin on. Put in a steamer and cover thickly with granulated sugar. Do not add any water; the juice from the rhubarb will soon flow, making its own liquid. This is delicious.

### BOILED RICE AND STRAWBERRY SAUCE.

Cook one cupful of well-washed rice in milk and water, using two cups of milk and one of water, until very tender; press it into a buttered mold of oblong shape. When the rice has stood in a moderately warm place for fifteen minutes, or a little longer, it can be removed carefully and will retain its form. Make a slight cavity in the center of the mold of rice and fill it with preserved strawberries—a small cupful. Make a sauce of a cupful of whipped cream; stir into it a cupful of milk (or use all cream) and a half cupful of strained strawberry preserve, enough to flavor the cream well and give it a beautiful roseate color. Surround the mound of rice with this bright sauce and serve at once. The beaten cream and warm rice and preserves are very nice together. Preserved quinces can be used instead, but the juice will not color the cream so prettily.—Chicago Record.

### PREPARATION OF LAMB.

This does not, of course, mean spring lamb. Canada lamb is as cheap as mutton, and as there is a great deal in a mutton, it is always well to ask for it. There are cheap parts near the neck, which the butcher will sell from six to ten cents per pound, and will, if asked, trim away fat and cut in o the shape of chops. Allow two pieces; make them a golden brown on a very hot pan; then put them in the bottom of a large shallow porcelain-lined or granite saucepan—this shaped vessel allows the cook to see readily how matters are progressing and prevents the breaking of chops