

BRETA'S DOUBLE

By HELEN V. GREYSON.

PRELUDE.
"Her deck was crowded with despairing
souls.
And in the hollow pauses of the storm
We heard their pining cries."
"Room! Room!" sounded forth the
ship's man. A shipwreck! Ah, who
could successfully describe it, but those
who have experienced all its horrors.
An air of complete helplessness per-
vaded the ill-starred vessel, as every
soul on board realized that it was, per-
haps, only a matter of a few minutes
ere the wild foam-crested waves would
entirely cover the fast-sinking ship
with its burden of human freight.
Two girls, standing apart from the
other passengers, gazed at each other
with looks of despair.
"Oh, Inez," exclaimed the fairer of
the two. "They are wrecking the boats.
Perhaps there is still a chance for us.
We may even yet reach the shore of
America, and, whatever happens, we
will keep together! Will we not?"
"That remains to be seen," returned
Inez. "At a time like this every one
must look out for himself. If it is
possible to find a place in one of the
boats I mean to secure it. I'll carry
this satchel."
"Oh, Inez, wait for me!" cried the
frightened girl, as her companion hur-
ried to the side of the boat in the hope
of securing a place for herself.
"Room for one more!" called on
one of the men.
As Inez hastened forward and was
assisted into the boat, her companion
cried:
"Oh, don't go and leave me here to
drown all alone."
"Look out for yourself!" returned
Inez. "You see that there is no more
room in this boat."
"Come, miss," said the man who
had assisted the women, "I think I
can make room for you."
To the unspeakable relief of the
frightened girl, she at last found her-
self beside her companion, who evi-
dently wished to leave her behind in
the ill-fated ship.
"Oh, Inez!" she said. "It almost
seemed as if you wished me to drown.
Why did you try to exclude me from
this boat?"
"Because it was overcrowded. How
absurd you are! You are a little cow-
ard!"
"But there is only one more boat;
and see, that is filled already! How
must those poor souls feel that are left
on the ship to see their last hope slip-
ping away? Look, Inez! How fast
she is sinking!" Leaning forward,
with tear-filled eyes, looking at the
boat, which was rapidly disappearing
beneath the mountain of water that
was sweeping over its decks, she ex-
claimed: "Heaven help them! If I
live, I'll never forget this terrible
scene, nor cease to hear their piteous
voices raised in prayers and entreaties."
"If you live! You may well say 'if.'
I doubt whether this boat will outlive
the wind."
"Be careful there!" cried the man
who was doing his best to steer the
boat.
At that juncture there was a rustle
in the opposite end of the boat, and
before any one was aware of it, some
one shouted:
"Ready overboard!"
"Do you see her? Has she come up
yet?" was asked by a dozen at once.
"No; I fear she has gone down to
come up no more," answered some-
body in the crowd.
The face of Inez was as white as
death, for it was her companion who
had been so unfortunate.
Was it merely a coincidence that
Inez had her hand on her companion's
arm when she had so unexpectedly
fallen overboard?
However, the girl sobbed quite suc-
cessfully behind her handkerchief for
a while, and those who inquired who
the poor girl was told that she
was merely an acquaintance that she
had formed on the voyage—a Miss
Jensen.
The sea soon became calmer, and
the officer in the boat told them that
if all continued well they would reach
the shore of America before very long.
A look of triumph flashed over Inez's
face as she kept firm hold of the satchel
belonging to her unfortunate friend,
while from many hearts a silent thank-
sgiving went up to God who had seen
it to spare their lives.

CHAPTER I. BRENTWOOD PARK.

On that bright summer day Brent-
wood Park was looking its best. At
least so thought Eric Brentwood as he
sauntered down the shady avenue that
led from the house to the massive en-
trance gate. His handsome, high-bred
face wore a preoccupied look, as if his
thoughts were not entirely centered
on the beauty of the park and its sur-
roundings.
He took a letter from his inside pocket
and perused its contents.
"So we are to have an addition to
our household," he said half aloud.
"I don't altogether fancy the idea.
Yet why should I object to having a
young lady in the family? The old
place is rather dull with only mother
and myself, besides the servants, and,
no doubt, the coming of this young
girl will liven things up a bit. At any
rate, she is coming, and all that re-
mains to be done is to make her best
of it and to see that the poor, motherless
little thing does not feel herself an
unwelcome guest. Let me see," again
consulting the open letter in his hand.

CHAPTER II. CARLOS MONTELI.

"So far an onward, and such strife with-
in."
It was slightly over a month since
the advent of Breta Danton at Brent-
wood Park. Nothing had happened to
disturb the restful calm that always
seemed to surround it. Nevertheless,
Breta Danton would not feel so much
at ease could she have gazed on the
deck of an American-bound steamer.
Standing a little apart from the
others, a man gazed into the eyes of
one, notwithstanding, were handsome ones.
He was evidently amused at some
thought that crossed his mind, for he
chuckled to himself.
"By Jove!" he murmured. "She
thought to escape me, but she has
counted without the cost! A sorry
day it was for you, my dear, when you
crossed the path of Carlos Monteli.
Ah, my lady, I shall make you pay
dearly for that one act of treachery.
No one has ever yet escaped my re-
venge, and be sure you will not!"
The look of a fiend overpread his
face, as if in imagination he had the
subject of his revenge already within
the grasp of his shapely, white hand,
which clutched the rail convulsively.
It would be impossible to find a
handsome man than Carlos Monteli
as he stood there, his countenance
changing with every emotion. But his
beauty was of a kind that repelled
rather than attracted. With hair and
eyes of darkest hue, combined with
an olive complexion, his was a beauty
that women often rave over, but the
more far-sighted could read the lack of
sincerity in the steely gleam of evil
that would flash from his midnight
eyes at the least provocation.
"Another day," he murmured, "and
I'll be on American soil, and then
I'll try my luck on the side of the
duck-pond. I do not know but this
is the best move I could have made
anyway, as things were getting rather
shaky on the other side."
At that juncture, a fellow-passenger,
coming up to where he was standing,
entered into conversation with him.
"I am glad we have had the good
luck to get over safely," he remarked.
"Yes, we've had fine weather," re-
turned Monteli.
"That was hard luck for the poor
creatures on the Sea Foam," said the
stranger.
"The Sea Foam? What of her?"
asked Monteli, hastily.
"Why, man, haven't you heard? She
went down near the American shore
with all on board, save a few who
reached land in several small boats."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mon-
teli. "Strangest that I didn't hear of
it."
"They just got the news a few min-
utes before I came aboard, and it was
a meager account at best."
When left to himself, his face wore
an angry and disappointed expression.
"By Jove!" he said to himself.
"That is the boat they sailed on. Were
they among those that reached land or
not? It would be too bad now if she
has escaped me, after all. But some-
thing tells me that she is alive, and it
is generally the gods that die, while
such as she are left in the world. How-
ever, I shall visit Brentwood Park—
that is the name the landlady told me
—and see whether she arrived there
with that girl. If she did, well and
good. If not, then I'll have to change
my plans a little. At any rate, America
is a large field to work in, and it will
be a cold day when Carlos Monteli
gets left."

The weather continued fair, and,
after a day, Carlos Monteli planted his
foot on American soil for the second
time in his checkered life.
Calling a cab, he directed the driver
to take him to one of the first-class
hotels. Securing a room, he retired,
having registered as "John Gwynn,
England."
The hotel clerk gazed after him.
Surely he had seen that face before,
he thought to himself. But the name
was not familiar. Something within
those piercing black eyes recalled a
half-forgotten memory. Where and
when had he come in contact with that
man before? Perhaps he had been a
guest at this very hotel at some former
time. And yet he cannot rid himself
of the conviction that he had seen that
man under something more than ordi-
nary circumstances.
Meanwhile, Monteli, unconscious of
the thoughts of the hotel clerk, had
seated himself at a small desk and
hastily penned a letter, which, having
sealed and directed, he himself took
out to mail.
"Ah, that is done!" he said, in a
tone of satisfaction. "Now for a little
rest, and to-morrow I will begin in-
vestigation. So here goes for my room
and a good sleep."
[To be continued.]

Statistics of a Long Policeman.
John Duffey is the longest police-
man in Chicago. It would take only
782 of him, placed end to end, to reach
a mile. A stack of twenty-six of him
would reach to the eaves of the Mon-
adnock building. A perpendicular
line of two of him would make a fes-
toon up one side of the patrol box,
over the top and half way down the
other side. One of him hangs a foot
over the average bed. A ladder of
two of him would reach to the ceiling
of any drawing room in the city, and,
standing on tip-toe, one of him could
blow down the gas burner in most any
chamber. He stoops to enter the aver-
age door and when he holds his arm
out straight and says his wife is about
so high, an average man can walk un-
der the arm and not get a dent in his
hat.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Atholton (Kan.) society people,
thirsting for novelty, gave an imitation
circus parade in trolley cars which
they had decorated as band wagon,
chariots of \$10,000 beauties, and tanks
and closed cages of aquatic wild
animals.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

One Woman's Work.

There's a quiet, clever, notoriety-
loving little woman in Newark, N. J.,
whose occupation probably takes the
prize for unsexiness. So far as
heard from Mrs. Morrison is the only
woman in the country, or in the
world for that matter, holding the
post of official photographer to police
headquarters. Her work consists of
taking pictures of criminals for the
rogues' gallery which is a feature of
police headquarters in Newark as well
as other cities. Since criminals have
begun to appreciate the possibilities
of changing their appearance by a dif-
ferent arrangement of the hair or an-
other style of hirsute decoration, pho-
tographs have fallen somewhat in
esteem. Some day, no doubt, they
will be superseded by a record of
measurements, thumb marks and such
things. It will probably not happen
in Mrs. Morrison's day, however, and
she has little fear on that score of
losing her job.

She has a studio especially fitted up
for her work at the top of the head-
quarters building, and the prisoners
are brought to her under guard. She
has been particularly successful in
getting them to sit quietly and allow
her to photograph them with no more
trouble than any ordinary sitter would
give. Men who have hitherto done
this work have nearly always had
great difficulty in getting good pic-
tures, because the sitters would twist
and turn and screw their faces up.
Sometimes it was only after the guard
had clubbed them into a proper frame
of mind that they could be persuaded
to allow the photographer to get a
proper focus at all. It may be Mrs.
Morrison's personality or that what-
ever good is left in the most hardened
criminals responds to the polite femi-
nine variation of the request to look
pleasant.

After such a pleasant account of her
success with her pictures it seems a
pity not to be able to say that the
financial end of the business is equal-
ly successful. There is no danger
that Mrs. Morrison will grow richer as
a result of her official labors. To be
sure, \$3 or \$4 a day in addition to
her income from other sources is not
to be despised, and Mrs. Morrison
feels very happy over her new post.
She fitted up her studio at her own
expense, and she is paid at the rate of
a dollar a dozen for all the pho-
tographs she takes. She makes a dozen
copies from each negative. One of
these is regularly posted in the
rogues' gallery with the record of the
original offender on the wall. The
others are kept for use in identifying
suspicious persons. For instance, if
the police in another city have ar-
rested a man suspected of having been
previously convicted, these extra
copies come in handy as helps in
identifying him. Then the detectives
sent to identify prisoners find these
extra copies of great service to carry
with them for purpose of comparison.

Mrs. Morrison is a business-like
little woman with a firm belief in the
possibility of a working woman keep-
ing the personal and domestic side of
her life quite separate from business.
She took up her present occupation
because she was suddenly thrown
upon her own resources. She had
some knowledge of the work and a
studio in the lower end of the city.
She does all her own work except the
retouching. Mrs. Morrison's opinion
is that photography is a good, prac-
tical trade for a woman if she will
learn the business right through.
Few of them know more than one very
simple branch.

Endless Procession of Necktie Ideas.
We are in process of varying our
shirtwaist career with an endless
procession of necktie ideas, some of which
are pretty enough to be carried over
into next season and used as light
touches on our sombre woolen frocks.
For instance, writes Mary Dean, num-
bers of women wear high straight
stocks with their white skirts and
round the bare stock twice a
length of cream malines net. When
on the second winding the net is
brought back to the front, instead of
fastening its lace trimmed ends in a
big bow close beneath the chin, they
are brought down to a point midway
between throat and waist, there
pinned with a bright brooch and tied
in a bow. By so simple a scheme, the
plainest silk or muslin waist an
air of sweet ornamentation is given
hard to derive by as inexpensive
means.

Another noble invention is that of
padding a broad sash of soft
texture twice around the high collar.
When drawn to the front, its ends are
put through a small buckle of paste
jewels, and this is pushed close to the
throat, while from it flutter uncon-
fined two long scarf ends of ribbon.
Women who do not take to these
devices love to bury their chins in the
cloudy masses of a wide-winged bow
of nothing more costly than a long
wisp of white silk muslin, edged with
imitation Meeklin lace, which is noth-
ing more after all than an incipient
Bois de Boulogne scarf that has ends
fluttering to the knees.

Earrings Popular Once.
Earrings are coming in again, and
while fashion's slaves are meekly pro-
testing that they will not wear the
barbarous things, they will undoubtedly
submit in the end.
The edict has gone forth that ear-
rings are to be worn again, and the
jewelers are prepared for an imme-
diate demand for that article of jewel-
ry which was relegated to oblivion
ten years ago.
One drawback to the revival is that
nine out of every ten women will need
to have their ears pierced again, and
every woman has a gentle remem-

SOLDIERS THAT PRAY.

SPECIMENS OF SUPPLICATIONS MADE IN TIME OF BATTLE.

In the Frontier Land the "Praying" Man
is Considered a Better Fighter Than
the "Bad" Man—An Absorbing Detail
at Montauk—A Chaplain's Duties.

It was the snoring comment of
British generals in the early days of
the Revolutionary War that the
American soldiers prayed before bat-
tle. The instances were numerous
during the Civil War where both Con-
federate and Union forces were halted
before the strife for an invocation.
Thomas, like Jackson, rode with his
Bible.

Aside from my own slight experi-
ence with the army which entered
Cuba I have been solicited by nurses
and surgeons for stories of the pray-
ing soldier. In the frontier land
where I was reared the "praying"
man was more feared as a fighter,
when necessity demanded fight, than
was the so-called "bad" man. One
of Sibley's captains in that famous '63
pursuit after the Sioux always sent
his men into battle with the injunction:

"Pray and fight."
This story came out during the
Rough Riders' session at Las Vegas.
One of the regiment, an Indian Terri-
tory man, was slightly wounded at
Las Guasimas. On his way to the
rear he was wounded again and came
to the sheltering bluff of a creek feel-
ing that death was near at hand. Try
as he would, his strength was not suf-
ficient to carry him under the lee of
the bluff. To stay where he was,
seemed at that moment an impossibil-
ity. In his struggles and endeavor
to get over the bank there came to
him a dim recollection of something
that had been taught him when he
was a boy.

"God bless me and help me to do
right—God make me a good boy.
God keep me—"
A loosened bit of earth gave way
and down the bank into safety he
went. He lay on his back there, his
feet in the water of the stream, his
eyes fixed on the face of his adjutant,
who through fright had deserted his
post and hidden. The trooper appre-
ciated the situation, for his prayer
ended:

"And kill that blasted maverick
now."
One of the Chicago Red Cross
nurses sent to Siboney had in charge
a Nebraska boy who was wounded un-
der the colors of the Fourth Infantry.
One afternoon when he was convales-
cent he was describing to her his sen-
sation when first under fire. She
asked him:

"Did you feel like praying?"
His answer was:
"I prayed for five minutes after the
firing commenced."
Interested, the nurse asked
him the nature of his prayer. He re-
plied with a laugh:
"All that I could say was 'Oh, Lord,
Oh, Lord,' over and over again, but I
guess He understood it, for it was
meant for prayer."
I was in the cemetery at Montauk,
the pitiful waste of sand where the
soldier dead were laid, searching for
a trace of young Marshall, a Chicago
boy who was missing, when the bury-
ing squad brought up the body of an
unknown soldier for interment. No
minister was present, no one to hold
any kind of service over this body
that was going to the grave without
the slightest mark of identification.
The rough laborers charged with the
duty of burial did not think this was
quite right. Hardened as they were
to their duties, they still wished for
a bit of prayer over every body before
the sand was shoveled in upon it.
They appealed to a young lieutenant
who was crossing the ground. To
the surprise of us all he came, stood
by the rude box in which lay the dead,
and uncovering his head, prayed. As
prayers go, it was not much, and
could not be under the circumstances,
but the act of the unknown officer
praying over the unknown dead had
so much of the divine in it that not a
man present but felt his eyes moisten
and that tightening of the throat
which comes when emotions surge
and rise.

Quite generally the character of the
chaplains who entered Cuba with the
army was high. Here and there,
though, one would crop out who did
not understand men. Such a chaplain
usually found himself ostracized after
the men discovered his angles. A
chaplain of an Illinois regiment came
upon the men while they were out-
riggering one of the fine trees near the
regimental camp in Florida. He
watched them at their work for a mo-
ment, and then exclaimed:
"What a pity to cut that tree down.
It will take a hundred years to re-
place it while you can be replaced at
any hour."
This same chaplain, returning from
Santiago on a transport with the reg-
iment, looked over a rail into the hold
where the horses were crowded, and
exclaimed:
"Poor horses."
As the condition of the men was
worse than that of the horses, and he
had nothing to say for the former, the
regiment was furious and scorned him
unmercifully. He was a well meaning
chaplain, but his prayers and Bible
readings never reached the men un-
der his, because of his unfortunate com-
ments on the tree and the horses.—
H. J. Cleveland, in the Chicago
Times-Herald.

One test for distinguishing dia-
monds from glass and paste is to touch
them with the tongue. The diamond
feels much the colder.
A new clock for the Liverpool street
station in London will be the largest
in the world. It will show the time
for eighteen platforms.

The production of copper in 1898
was over 526,000,000 pounds.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Clean Light-Colored Silks.

Gasoline and naphtha are the best
agents for cleaning silks where there
is any fear that the colors may be al-
tered by soap and water. Do the work
in a room where there is either a
light nor a fire. Have the windows
open that the vapors may pass out.
Use two large bowls, and half fill each
one of them with the naphtha or gaso-
line. Wash the article in one bowl,
as if you were washing water, and rinse
in the second. Pull into shape and
hang in the open air to dry. The
naphtha may be returned to the can, and
after a few days, when all the dirt has
settled, the liquid may be poured into
a clean can.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Light Lunch For an Invalid.

Good sponge cake, served with
sweet cream or a glass of milk is ex-
cellent food for an invalid. A simple
and excellent rule calls for two cupfuls
of pastry flour, one cup and a half of
powdered sugar, four eggs, one tea-
spoonful cream tartar, and a scant
half teaspoonful of soda, two table-
spoonfuls of lemon juice and a half
cup of cold water, or, if preferred, a
half cupful of boiling water put in
last. Measure the flour after sifting
once, then sift four times. Beat the
yolks until lemon colored and creamy
and the whites until stiff, adding the
cream tartar to the whites, stir well,
then the yolks, flavoring, soda dis-
solved in the water and flour. Beat
until light and bake from twenty to
thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Love Letter Pillows.

The "Yale pillow" has hit the popu-
lar fancy, and young women, North,
South, East and West, are phenom-
enally busy tearing old letters and ma-
nilla wrapping paper into bits for the
stuffing of one of these pillows. "It's
an awfully nice way to dispose of
your old love letters," declared a
young man a few days ago. "One
hates to burn up all those fervent
protestations of undying love, and yet
one can't keep them all stored away.
If you tear them into bits and make a
pillow for your head, the sentiment
remains; and though you can't con-
tinue to read them, it is romantic to
feel that your head is pillowed on
them." All papers excepting news-
papers find their way into these pil-
lows, which, though heavy, are soft
and cool. For a hammock or piazza
suite they cannot be surpassed, while
they are most effective weapons in the
"pillow fights" and other hard usage
to which college pillows are subjected.
They are usually covered with plain
denim or other stout serviceable ma-
terial.

For the Pickling Season.

There is nothing more delicious
than good wholesome pickles, but no
article of diet can be more easily
turned into injurious foods than these
if improperly manipulated. Before
beginning the annual pickling, there-
fore, remember that brass kettles,
alum, and turmeric are to be avoided,
and that strong spices are to be used
only moderately. Alum and other
preparations are used only for giving
the pickles a tender and crispy ap-
pearance or a fresh green color. The
former can be obtained if the vegeta-
bles or fruits are fresh and young
and wholesome. Deep green ones
are imparted to the pickles by adding
some grape or cabbage leaves. Mold
can be prevented from forming on
pickles by covering them with natura-
lized or horseradish leaves. Sour
pickles should be inspected often, and
any white scum that forms on the top
should be removed. Both sour and
sweet pickles should be made of
sound fruits or vegetables, cooked or
pickled with pure cider vinegar and
spices, and be made and corked in
sterilized utensils. The deeper this way
they are made, the more otherwise than ap-
pealing and wholesome.

Recipes.

Swedish Rolls—Take biscuit dough,
roll it out, butter it and sprinkle over
it sugar and cinnamon, and roll up
like a jelly roll. With a sharp knife
cut it in two an inch wide; put each
piece out side down in buttered tin,
sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and
bake in a quick oven.

Creamed Cucumbers—Pare and cut
the cucumbers into slices about a
third of an inch thick, steam them
slowly until tender in a small quan-
tity of salted water, then drain. Put
one and one-half cupfuls of milk on to
boil and thicken, with two table-
spoonfuls of flour moistened in a half
cupful of cold milk. When thick and
smooth add the drained cucumbers, a
quarter of a teaspoonful of sugar and
serve.

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce—Rub
one-half can of tomatoes through a
sieve, pour into a saucepan and place
over the fire, add salt, pepper and
sugar to taste and thicken with one
tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth
with an equal quantity of flour. Cook
one-quarter of a pound of macaroni in
one quart of rich stock; drain, put into
a deep dish, cover with the tomato
sauce and bake quarter of an hour in
a moderate oven. This may be served
accompanied with a dish of grated
cheese.

Corn Soup—Mash one-half a canful
of corn very fine, put into a double
boiler, add one and one-half pints of
milk and cook for fifteen minutes.
Chop one-half a small onion, cook it
ten minutes in one and one-half table-
spoonfuls of butter, stirring constantly
so that it does not burn, then add to
the corn and milk. Blend one table-
spoonful of flour with a little cold milk
and stir into the soup when perfectly
smooth. Season with salt and pep-
per; cook for ten minutes longer; strain
and serve very hot.

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enally busy tearing old letters and ma-
nilla wrapping paper into bits for the
stuffing of one of these pillows. "It's
an awfully nice way to dispose of
your old love letters," declared a
young man a few days ago. "One
hates to burn up all those fervent
protestations of undying love, and yet
one can't keep them all stored away.
If you tear them into bits and make a
pillow for your head, the sentiment
remains; and though you can't con-
tinue to read them, it is romantic to
feel that your head is pillowed on
them." All papers excepting news-
papers find their way into these pil-
lows, which, though heavy, are soft
and cool. For a hammock or piazza
suite they cannot be surpassed, while
they are most effective weapons in the
"pillow fights" and other hard usage
to which college pillows are subjected.
They are usually covered with plain
denim or other stout serviceable ma-
terial.

For the Pickling Season.

There is nothing more delicious
than good wholesome pickles, but no
article of diet can be more easily
turned into injurious foods than these
if improperly manipulated. Before
beginning the annual pickling, there-
fore, remember that brass kettles,
alum, and turmeric are to be avoided,
and that strong spices are to be used
only moderately. Alum and other
preparations are used only for giving
the pickles a tender and crispy ap-
pearance or a fresh green color. The
former can be obtained if the vegeta-
bles or fruits are fresh and young
and wholesome. Deep green ones
are imparted to the pickles by adding
some grape or cabbage leaves. Mold
can be prevented from forming on
pickles by covering them with natura-
lized or horseradish leaves. Sour
pickles should be inspected often, and
any white scum that forms on the top
should be removed. Both sour and
sweet pickles should be made of
sound fruits or vegetables, cooked or
pickled with pure cider vinegar and
spices, and be made and corked in
sterilized utensils. The deeper this way
they are made, the more otherwise than ap-
pealing and wholesome.

Recipes.

Swedish Rolls—Take biscuit dough,
roll it out, butter it and sprinkle over
it sugar and cinnamon, and roll up
like a jelly roll. With a sharp knife
cut it in two an inch wide; put each
piece out side down in buttered tin,
sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and
bake in a quick oven.

Creamed Cucumbers—Pare and cut
the cucumbers into slices about a
third of an inch thick, steam them
slowly until tender in a small quan-
tity of salted water, then drain. Put
one and one-half cupfuls of milk on to
boil and thicken, with two table-
spoonfuls of flour moistened in a half
cupful of cold milk. When thick and
smooth add the drained cucumbers, a
quarter of a teaspoonful of sugar and
serve.

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce—Rub
one-half can of tomatoes through a
sieve, pour into a saucepan and place
over the fire, add salt, pepper and
sugar to taste and thicken with one
tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth
with an equal quantity of flour. Cook
one-quarter of a pound of macaroni in
one quart of rich stock; drain, put into
a deep dish, cover with the tomato
sauce and bake quarter of an hour in
a moderate oven. This may be served
accompanied with a dish of grated
cheese.

Corn Soup—Mash one-half a canful
of corn very fine, put into a double
boiler, add one and one-half pints of
milk and cook for fifteen minutes.
Chop one-half a small onion, cook it
ten minutes in one and one-half table-
spoonfuls of butter, stirring constantly
so that it does not burn, then add to
the corn and milk. Blend one table-
spoonful of flour with a little cold milk
and stir into the soup when perfectly
smooth. Season with salt and pep-
per; cook for ten minutes longer; strain
and serve very hot.