

The Chatham Record.

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AMATTER of MILLIONS. By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc. Copyright, 1880, by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER XLIV. Continued.

forced into a position that demanded an explanation. "But he, as well as I, calculated for the future as well as the resistance which abides in all noble natures. You would not leave the town, and you would preserve the attitude of a lover, and though Mr. Degraw did not seem to be much affected by your rivalry, I knew that Montelli had conceived the deepest hatred for you, and that he only awaited an opportunity in order to destroy you. The announcement made by his master of a particular desire to see me on a certain morning, taken with the fact that a lawyer had already been summoned to accompany him on this interview, brought matters to a climax. The wretch attempted your life, and though I knew nothing of it at the time, nor of the jeopardy in which it placed him with the police, I did know that he desired to have some talk with me. For I had heard from my window, where I invariably sat between the hours of eleven and twelve, the short and peculiar bird whistle, which had been made a signal between us. "It was a hateful call to me, but I dared not slight it. As in anticipation of his purpose, I had already opened a window in the hall below, I had only to descend to the lower floor to meet him. But when I stepped from my room, I became aware, possibly by some occult influence, that I was not alone in the hall; that my actions were observed, and that my future steps would be watched, if not followed. "What should I do? Go back? It was too late. But how go forward without awakening criticism and risking discovery? Happily, my training for the stage had included the study of the part of La Sonnambula, and remembering it at this critical moment, I made my body rigid and fixed my gaze, as if I passed on without pause or shrinking, through inwardly greatly agitated. For the persons engaged in watching me were Hilary and a stranger, whose presence awakened my deepest fears, though no thought of his being a member of the police crossed my mind. "But this was nothing to the shock which followed, when in another moment I encountered you. This I was not prepared for, and I inwardly quailed. But instinct kept me from betraying myself. I retained my studied manner, and went by you like an apparition. But terror was in my heart, for I not only saw that for some reason all my friends were on the alert, either a surprise or secret, or give me a prodigious I was far from needing. But I was under the constant apprehension of Montelli making his appearance and provoking a conflict, which might end disastrously for you. You remember how I gave a weapon in the shape of a sharp paper knife, and then how I wandered into the hall in the hope of cutting off Montelli and thus insuring not only his safety but your own. "I did not meet him, though he must have been there, and I came back hopeful, and went again upstairs. But horror awaited me. When I reached my chamber door, I perceived the fierce eyes and threatening form of this dangerous man emerging from the back staircase, and though I had no fear of his keen knife, I had of the detection of our secret; for I knew that Hilary and her strange companion were watching us from behind, and that he had but to drop a word or cast a look betraying his seeming antagonism for our mutual understanding to be seen, and my despicable position discovered. "But he was too subtle to make such a mistake, or perhaps he himself had perceived the forms of Hilary and Mr. Grey, for he increased the fierceness of his demand; he even lifted his knife and I was vaguely asking myself how he would extricate me from this situation, when your friend, Mr. Byrd, extricated us both by his sudden leap upon the seeming assassin. "In the struggle that followed I had no time to think. My eyes met those of Montelli as his knife flew from his hand and fell at my feet; but I did not understand his look, though I picked up the knife and sought to escape with it to my room. But my fears as to what he would do in his rage and disappointment drew me back. I must give some assurance from him that he would not visit upon me the misfortune that had fallen upon himself. And so I had the courage to descend to where he had fallen, and look at him where he lay, and listen to the phrases he uttered, and which were so full of assurances that he still had hopes for himself, and little, if any, resentment against me. But when you came forward and placed my arm in yours, his manner suddenly changed, and you will remember, and he became quite fierce. He foresaw difficulties if I clung to you and threatened me by word and gesture. I was glad when we were out of his sight and hearing, and was relieved rather than abashed when Mr. Grey proposed to watch beside my door and keep me from harm's way till after I had held the promised interview with Mr. Degraw, which he and you supposed would place me beyond the malice or revenge

of the persons believed to be my enemies. "Of that interview I need say little. It was a surprise to me in more ways than one. I had not expected you to be present, and I had not looked for the proposal with which Mr. Degraw prefaced his great gift. If I had, I might have been better prepared to meet it. I could not have accepted it even if upon its acceptance had hung the wealth I now saw almost within my grasp. I had decided in the night that I would marry no man but you, and I cannot tell you how I was affected by his generosity, which left me free to bestow hand and wealth where I would. "But you had scruples, and though I was too happy to be impatient, I felt myself robbed of some of the satisfaction which I had promised myself. Montelli's arrest troubled me, too, but that anxiety was not destined to be of long duration. Before the day had waned, I was first shocked, then deliriously glad by the news that I need fear this dangerous man no more; that he was dead, and that one of the most relentless claimants upon my wealth was taken out of my path forever. "Not that I begrudged the money he demanded. I could have spared a million and not felt it. But I had some initiation into business matters during the transferring of this fortune into my possession, and I foresaw that it was not going to be so easy a matter to procure two or three hundred thousand dollars out of this estate without exciting the attention of those who had it in charge. This was the reason, likewise, why I accepted your decision with so much grace. A husband would have been inconspicuous to me in those first days; an agent was bad enough. I had to deceive him, and I had to deceive Hilary. In order to meet the wants of the Portuguese, who crowded her claims doubly upon me, when she found that Montelli was dead, I was obliged to ask for large sums of money for which I could give no account, thus acquiescing with my agent the name of being very extravagant, and with my friends the reputation of being strangely parsimonious. I went with Hilary to the sea, and I did not take much to turn her thoughts to nobler subjects, and I was never unduly embarrassed by her questions, or annoyed by her suggestions. "I was happy—oh! how happy!—for I had not yet come to the full realization of what I had done, and saw nothing but complete delight in the future. I never doubted that you would return, or that I should pay off the Portuguese, and thus win love and freedom at once. I enjoyed my wealth, my consequence and my power, and experienced, perhaps, more delight in the contemplation of the future than I would have done if my present had been free from care, and I had been enabled to gratify at once my naturally luxurious tastes. And so the summer passed. "Dearest, I have more than once asked myself while I have been pouring out these confessions, whether if you had been less exacting and had not required that giving up of my fortune, should have been happily married. It adds to my grief to think we might have made doubly hard to dream of what might have been, if, instead of asking the sacrifice from me of all for which I had worked so long in shame and sorrow, you had simply folded me to your breast and made me by that embrace the good woman I longed to be. But, then comes the thought that in this way the God of which you once spoke to me showed His disapproval of my sin and the impossibility of my hoping to reap happiness, when I had sinned for myself misery. And this thought comforts me, for it takes from my fate that factor of chance, which it is so maddening to contemplate. I die because I have sinned, not because your fancy led you to play with my love, and exact conditions, when all that my soul craved was perfect confidence on your part and a blind affection. "The interference of Byrd in my affairs I do not understand. You may, if he has any real reason to suspect me, it must spring from the treachery of some one of those wretched associates of mine, Montelli and the Portuguese are dead, but Ametta still lives, as well as that miserable woman of my name whom I have never seen. If they have betrayed me, they have done it with complaints and recriminations, and these I do not deserve. Believe it, and spare me any unnecessary reproach.

What I acknowledge is bad enough. Byrd was nothing to me. From the day I bade him good-bye in Great Barrington till I saw him again in Miss Asplavall's parlors, I did not bestow upon him a thought. But on that day he showed that he had not forgotten me. "Do you recall that day or can you realize even now all that it was to me? You had asked me to give up my fortune, to yield what had been won through ways so torturous and at cost of efforts so shameful; and I hesitated, can you wonder, and was awayed this way and that, according as my reason or my heart spoke. But reason finally had its way, and I went dressed in velvet, only to repent my decision so bitterly that, before I went within reach of your glance, I stepped into Hilary's dressing-room and put on one of her cloth dresses. Love might mean self-denial and fearful complications with my associates, to whom I had not yet paid the half that was due, but I felt ready to do and bear all, or rather, I felt that that moment more ready to meet the doubtful results of abnegation, than I did the withdrawal of the hopes which had made my summer so glorious. But, after I was dressed and before I could meet your appreciative glance, some one brushed me in the crowd and a note was put in my hands. Ah, dearest, that note! It was sent by the Portuguese, then sick unto death, it seems; but it was not written by her, but by Montelli, who had been dead three months. As I read it I knew that my intentions had been foreseen by her. That, although she was ill, she had wished to show me that she still kept watch on my movements, and to hold upon my fate. It ran thus: and its contents are as great a mystery to me as they must be to you: "I am discovered and must fly. You are safe if you will but forget your weakness for the artist. Christ! that and you are lost. You cannot have love and money both. So choose, but, in choosing, remember that the Portuguese and I will have our money! We have to ask you for it. We have not run so many risks for nothing." "This, at the moment I was about to commit myself to you irretrievably. What if the writer was dead, the sender was not, or so I thought, in that moment of shock and terror. Pushed by the crowd, trodden by my feet, I hesitated one instant, and then went again to Hilary's closet and procured a cloak. Enveloping myself in it I went below. Did you recognize it as bespeaking the hesitation which it really betrayed? Did you love take alarm and cause you to turn a more willing ear to the insinuations of the detective? I shall never know, for I have never dared to question you. "But the developments were not at all what I expected. While I hunted for a glimpse of your face, Mr. Byrd came—why Mr. Byrd I have never been able to understand—and told me in the strange way that he told me of Montelli's death, that, by another happy Providence, the sender of this note had perished also; leaving my path clear of enemies and myself free to follow the dictates of my heart. "You know what followed. How, in a rush of renewed hope I threw aside my cloak, and called your heart to me in a song. How I looked for response, and how it failed to come. Mr. Byrd was at your ear and you listened to doubts which held you back, and when you did break away from him and seek me, it was to find that I hearkened to the voice of another wooer, who asked of me nothing, and promised me all things. "Can you not foresee the rest? How the love which had succumbed to your indifference rose triumphant again at this evidence of your continued affection. I had jeopardized my happiness, but I determined to regain it at any cost. Nothing should or could stand in the way of what had now become my one passionate desire. I wrote to Mr. Degraw. I took the one means I knew whereby I not only would obtain a full release from my engagement but insure likewise his acceptance of the gift which he never would have given me had he recognized my real unworthiness. I confessed to him my love for you, and I confessed, also, my share in the plot. "It was a fatal act—how fatal I immediately perceived when my impetuosity led me to your studio, and we had that interview so unhappily interrupted by Hilary. If the suspicions of the police had been aroused in regard to me, how mad had been the impetuous words that could justify their suspicions, and make possible the detection of my duplicity. Though it seemed too late to profit by this discovery of my folly, I made one frantic effort to do so. I rode back home and endeavored to stop the delivery of my letter, but failed in this, and Mr. Degraw not only read the story of my deception, but by some treachery or some mischance which he could not himself explain, this letter was stolen from him almost immediately after his reading it, so that my secret was no longer at his mercy only, but at the mercy of the world, and what was worse, of you. "Do you understand now the frenzy which drove me into asking you to marry me that night, or how I could hardly subdue my fears when you questioned me to notify your mother? Detection lay before me, and I had neither the strength to meet it nor the courage to forestall it by telling you what would shatter your love at a blow. For though Mr. Degraw urged me to this course, measuring your nature, perhaps, by his own, which is affectionate rather than passionate, and tenacious rather than proud, I, who knew you better than he, felt that my death must precede any confession of my past deception to you. "What! Tell you that the sweet innocence of which you have so often

spoken was the mask which hid a scheming heart? Rob my beauty of its charm and my memory of its grace? Make the most beautiful moment in our lives the mere climax to a farce and teach your soul to hate that which had given it life and purpose? Impossible. I could die, but I could not do this, and though there was one chance remaining of this letter escaping your notice, I prepared for death, and re-lit these rooms, that you might take your last look at me where you did your first, and thus see in the final act of my life an explanation which would soften your hate, and lead, perhaps, in time, to your regarding me with pity and tenderness. "But that one chance came near succeeding, and I breathed again, only to be dashed once more into the fathomless depths of despair. You had received the letter, but you had not read it, and though you gave it back to me you wished to see its contents. "It was the final blow. Though it was possible to deny you what you requested, it would be, as I knew at the cost of your future confidence, I could not lose this and be your wife, so I gave up the struggle from that moment and bade farewell to you forever in the silence with which I met your parting embrace. "This was two hours ago, but it already seems an age, for the shadows of death are upon me, and I miss the smile which should help me across the dark river into which I am about to plunge. Has that smile left me forever, or may I hope that your pity, if not your love, will follow me into the shadows. I do not plead my youth; I do not plead my ill bringing-up or my many disappointments and sorrows. I plead my love, which, if small at first, has grown to be the ruling passion of my life. It led me to give up a great fortune, it led me to betray my secret faults, and now it has brought me here. Will you drop a tear for it, if not for your dead? JENNY." "Jenny Rogers is dead, and yet, for the Degraws life holds much in prospect. In a certain New York home there is a noble woman, who is now the comforter of the artist's grief, and who will live to be the angel of his home, while in a quiet, but unshakable square, below Fourteenth Street, there dwells and smiles a little being whose name recites bitter memories, but whose sunny nature and unclouded spirit make it more than probable that the Delaney millions will again follow the beck of love and be bestowed not upon Virginia Rogers, but upon Jeannette, the name by which both the Degraws persist in addressing the charming young schoolteacher. THE END.

FOUND ANCIENT INDIAN JAR. Rare Specimen Recently Discovered in New York State. R. Horricks of Fonda, N. Y., while stalking deer during the last hunting season at the Little Falls of the upper waters of the Sacandaga, near Lake Piseco, caught in a heavy down-pour of rain, was obliged to seek shelter from the storm under the ledges of the Little Falls. While sitting there his attention was attracted to what seemed to be a round, brown boulder partly covered with moss. Carelessly striking it, it gave forth a hollow sound. His curiosity being excited, he dug away the earth with his hunting knife and soon laid bare a symmetrically formed earthen jar. The jar stands ten inches high. At its largest circumference it measures thirty inches, and at its smallest twenty inches. The circumference of the top or mouth of the jar measures twenty-four inches. The vessel on the inside bears signs of use, but the outside shows no trace of fire, as is usual in Indian jars. The bottom is rounded. The ornamentation around the top is of the usual style of the Mohawk pottery—that is, a series of straight and diagonal lines. The jar still bears the moss that had gathered on the rounded bottom that was exposed above the earth. The jar is a well preserved specimen of Mohawk pottery, and is rare on account of the shape of the top, which is cut in three curves, forming three points, which give it a triangular appearance.—Amstergam Morning Sentinel.

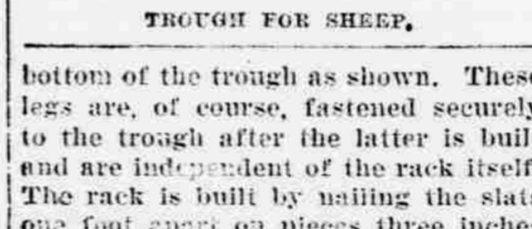
Subaltern Fooled the Colonel. I doubt if the pranks of the present day subaltern are as pluckish as those of his predecessors. I can remember a story that went the rounds some years ago of a daring young of the Grenadier Guards who chafed his colonel in a fashion that would not be tolerated to-day. But the colonel was not disposed to deal leniently with him. He kept unusually late or rather early hours, so one day an early parade was ordered unexpectedly, and five minutes before the hour the colonel rode past the culprit's quarters. Cheerfully unconscious of impending doom, the latter leaned out of his bedroom window in the airy garments of sleep to say good morning. The colonel chuckled and rode on, but to his surprise at the stroke of time the subaltern stepped out on parade, fully dressed and all in order. He knew of the trap and had donned the looser garment over his uniform to take a riser out of his superior.—London Tatler.

Wearing Out Sole Leather. Our average man wears out nearly two inches of sole leather in a year. Some cranks has estimated that if a man had shoes made to last him a lifetime they would have to have soles nearly nine feet thick. Insanity has for years been increasing in Ireland.

AGRICULTURAL.

Feeding Rye to Hogs. In feeding young hogs the rye may be fed either ground or soaked to growing hogs. It is not desirable to feed the whole grain dry. The better method of feeding is to grind the rye and feed it as slop. As to which is the more economical method, will depend on the question of grinding. The man who does his own grinding will find it more profitable to grind his rye and mix it with some corn and oats ground, feeding this combination as slop feed. Where it is necessary to pay for the grinding, the soaked grain will probably be more economical, as soaking costs but little; twelve hours' soaking is sufficient. Rye makes a splendid feed for growing pigs. It should be free from the disease known as "ergot," as rye which is thus affected is poisonous to stock.—J. H. Skinner, in Indiana Farmer.

Feeding Sheep in Troughs. The design of a sheep trough illustrated this week is one which has been found entirely satisfactory, all things considered; it is some little trouble to make it, but its superiority over the average trough is so great that the labor spent in its construction will be well spent. As shown, the trough is twelve feet long, sixteen inches wide, twenty-two inches high, tapered as shown. With the exception of the slats, which are one-half inch thick, and two and one-half inches wide, the trough is made of inch lumber. The sides, which are nailed on the edge of the bottom, are six inches wide. The end pieces, or legs, are three inches wide and extend six inches below the



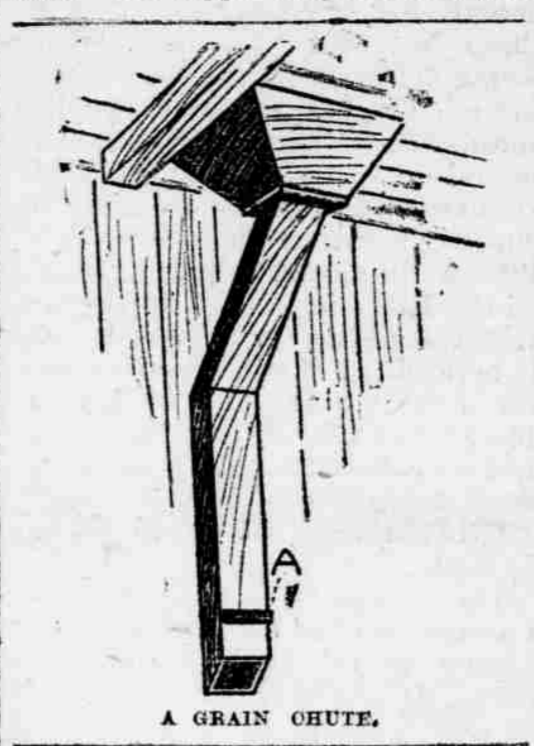
TROUGH FOR SHEEP.

bottom of the trough as shown. These legs are, of course, fastened securely to the trough after the latter is built and are independent of the rack itself. The rack is built by nailing the slats one foot apart on pieces three inches wide and twelve inches long, and are then hinged to the sides of the trough so that they rest on the edges of the trough when closed. Two hinges on each side (strap hinges, of course) will be sufficient. At about the middle of the racks a bent hasp is fastened so that when the racks are in place they may be held so by turning the hasp to the other side over a staple and holding it in place with a bit of wood. In this arrangement either rack may be lifted down and the trough thus filled from either side.—Indianapolis News.

Two Mistakes. It is a mistake to allow colts and calves to remain out in wood or field through winter storm and cold with no other shelter than a fence corner or tree trunk. Hardening them, some farmers call it. It surely is a case of the survival of the fittest if they survive it and do well. The bony, scraggy colt and calf brought up in the spring may live out its allotted time in spite of such usage, but it is at a loss. If you trust to the mercy of nature, she asks pay for it in shortened days or stunted growth. The other day, passing a large field, I saw one lonely calf, its back pored to the storm, covered with snow, shivering in the fence corner. Not a shed or straw stack in sight. And I thought of the proverb concerning the merciful man. Stock should never be turned into corn stalk or wood pasture in winter without having something provided in the way of shelter, which they can reach in stormy weather. Better not sell off all the straw to the stableboard, and use it in covering rude sheds for cattle and other stock. Our cattle are now far removed from their wild ancestry and do not bear cold and exposure well. Again, it is a second mistake to confine horses and cattle too closely. They require plenty of fresh air. The stables and cow sheds should be as warm as possible to make them, but they should be provided with good ventilators. Cows standing in a close atmosphere, laden with the poisonous exhalations from their own bodies, pass that poison back again to diseased lungs and milk. Some exposure to the cold and fresh air is necessary for the well being of the cow. It is a tonic that shows up quickly in her appearance. You can kill or weaken your stock by lack of care, and sometimes you can weaken them by too much care.—Ida Spher, in The Epitomist.

Chutes For Grain. In a great many farm barns the feeding grain is kept on the upper floor, and all that is fed out is carried down in one way or another. An American Agriculturist writer has a barn arranged thus and with suitable space in the basement for a grain bin. As a way out of the difficulty he put in some grain chutes to run from the bins above, as shown in the accompanying cut. In some cases the chute could be allowed to drop directly from the bin above without any joints. Under few circumstances will a chute with less than half pitch be satisfactory. Oats will run through such a pitch with little difficulty. Wheat or rye will follow even a less slant, but with lumpy stuff like ground feed there is considerable danger of clogging.

The inferior of the chute ought not to be less than six inches square—six by eight would be even better. The inferior should be free from all obstructions. The hopper shaped device just



A GRAIN CHUTE.

under the bin is quite necessary with oats and ground feed to give greater headway. The cut-off (A) is an ordinary draw supported by two cleats on either side. An extension is also made to the rear board of the chute so that it projects about half an inch outward, thus giving chance for holding a bag if necessary.—Connecticut Farmer.

Practical Farm Dairying. Thinking, perhaps, the experience of a "common" farmer with a common herd would be interesting as well as instructive, I submit this: During the year ended April 1, 1903, our herd averaged a trifle over 300 pounds of butter each. We sold the same at twenty-two cents net. During the last year we sold part of the cows. At the present time I am milking four October cows, which make an average of forty-two pounds a week. It would be somewhat difficult to average them to April 1, but I am confident the four will make 400 pounds each next year. The cows are common Jerseys. Not one is registered. No two are alike, not is there one which could compete in the show ring. In fact, they are what Mr. Pack would call "scrubs."

They are stabled in a rather cold underground stable, confined in stanchions, and let out twice a day for water and put back immediately, except on pleasant days, when they are given an hour's run. Their feed consists of plenty of good oat straw and timothy hay twice a day, and shredded corn fodder or chaff at noon. The grain ration is four quarts of whole oats and bran mixed and four quarts of buckwheat minus once a day. They are watered at a trough from which the ice has been removed beforehand. They have no ensilage or summer grain; are well bedded, but never curried. They are treated kindly, but in no sense are they under different conditions than are, or should be, in reach of every farmer. We try to have them dry through September. While I fully agree that cows will do better with scientific surroundings and better breeding, still there is better money for the plain farmer with a common herd of full blooded Ayrshires, but the scrub cow is where we got the start to do so, and, in defense of this much abused beast, will say that many a one with a reasonable chance would surprise the fellows with the high-priced fancies.—Lee Hathaway, in Tribune-Farmer.

Poultry Notes. See that there is vigor and activity in the male bird. Changing hens to new quarters is apt to check their laying. It is best to cook cut clover hay and then mix it hot with ground grain. Even if the chickens do belong to the wife, you should help her with the heavy work. Exposing fowls to heavy wind storms is as dangerous to their health as is rainy weather. Crowded roosts at night will bring colds to the flock about as quickly as anything we know of. Heavy forcing will no doubt increase the egg yield, but it will cripple the stamina of future generations. Sifted coal ashes should be spread, several times a week, upon the dropping boards. Never use wood ashes. Feed the morning mash before giving water to drink. It is a mistake to allow a fowl to become chilled by drinking cold water while the crop is empty. It is a very easy matter to improve the farm flock, and now is the proper time to look over the flock and select them up with the best cockerel upon the farm. They can be confined in a wire netting yard adjacent to a portion of the poultry house. The use of the lead pencil in putting down in black and white the number of eggs and fowls produced and the price received for them is a good way to change the mistaken belief that hens do not pay for their feed. A record should be kept of the fowls and eggs consumed for family use. This is the season when many farmers are moving from one locality to another. Changing hens from one place to another is a good way to cause them to stop laying. They may be coaxed to resume operations sooner than they would otherwise by changing their diet. Give something new and they will come to their meals with an appetite. Durability of Sycamore. The durability of sycamore wood is vouched for by a specimen in a Cairo museum. It is nearly 6000 years old and is in perfect condition.



Minced Meat Brownee. Mince cold roast beef very fine, add to it one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one cupful of grated stale bread, a little lemon juice and one cupful of stock or gravy; put this over the fire, then put it in a buttered baking dish; spread over buttered crumbs and put in the oven and when brown remove and serve with tomato puree.

Cocunut Fuff. The whites of three eggs beaten very light, a small teaspoonful of fine white sugar, one teaspoonful of corn flour. When these ingredients are mixed, put the mixture into a custard saucerpan or a jug set in a pan of boiling water; and stir constantly for twenty minutes, then take it off the stove and add a quarter of a pound of desiccated or grated cocconut. When well mixed, drop in teaspoonfuls on buttered paper. Bake in a very slow oven, as they must not brown at all.

Graham Griddle Cakes. Scald three cupfuls of milk, let it stand until cool; sift in two and two-thirds cupfuls of graham flour; beat the mixture until smooth; add two tablespoonfuls of butter melted, one tablespoonful of salt and half a cupful of water; heat again and let stand over night in a warm place or until the mixture is very light; beat yolks of two eggs; add them and then the well-beaten whites; let stand ten minutes; bake on a hot griddle. These are a little more elaborate than some griddle cakes and also very good.

Brown or White Sandwiches. Any kind of finely chopped nuts, beaten to a paste with a small quantity of mayonnaise, will make a delicious filling for either brown or white bread sandwiches. Waldorf sandwiches are made of white bread and butter spread with a mixture of equal parts of sliced apple and celery, a sprinkling of sliced walnuts, all moistened well with mayonnaise. Chicken sandwiches are made in the same way, omitting the nuts and apple. The ripe olive sandwich was very popular last season for afternoon teas. For one loaf of gluten bread use a pint of ripe olives, one breakfast cheese, one tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing and one tablespoonful of cream; stone and mince the olives; cream the cheese, adding first the cream and then the dressing, and, lastly, the minced olives. Stir to a smooth paste and spread on this slices of buttered bread.



For making sandwiches, bread baked in large-size baking powder cans will be just the right size and free from crusts. A simple dessert is whipped cream, sweetened slightly and flavored with pistachio. Serve the cream in shallow bowls, and in the centre of each drop a very fresh meringue kiss, one of the large rounds ones preferably. It is the present theory that one should eat a great variety of food. This does not mean that many different kinds of food must be taken at one meal, but rather that one's diet should be made up of many different wholesome things. Moreover, a wholesome diet should not be permanently rejected simply because it is not liked at first. It is frequently the case that by eating such an article a few times one acquires a relish for it. In table setting there is always something new. At a recent dinner the hostess surprised her guests by decorating the centre of her table with a cloth of pure gold thread solidly worked, the border a lace design of white silk and fine gold mesh in diamond-shape stitches. The green for the table was small ferns, set in an oval dish of dark blue china, with figures in relief representing peasants in holiday costume. At each corner of this gold centre was a candlestick in dull silver of Colonial design, furnished with a shade of translucent glass, which graduated from tones of light yellow to dark orange, and then to red. In the lighting of houses plenty of light judiciously shaded is what best suits the majority. The idea in artificial lighting is to suggest the brightness and warmth of sunlight within the house walls. The only real sunlight color being pale yellow, this should be used largely. It is far more comfortable and more economical to have the light down low, surrounding and warming the occupants of the room, and to have it standing out cold and chill from the distance. The wax candle is untidy, and its light is not practicable for reading purposes, but for general purposes there is no purer or softer light. Many women prefer to have their drawing-rooms undertiled.