

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

by RANDALL PARRISH
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee instructs Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by sergeant Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. They get within the lines of the enemy and in the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the horses succumb and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and the lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge man attacks Wayne. The girl shouts the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lewis, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is rescued by Jed Bungay, who starts to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the ball-room, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and later Edith Brennan, who is disguised as a man. Edith Brennan recognizing Wayne, says she will save him. Securing a pass through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who a knocked senseless. Then, hiding Edith away, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters Thurgay, who reaches the Lee camp and are sent with reinforcements to join Early. In the battle of Shenandoah the regiment is overwhelmed, and Wayne, while in the hospital, is visited by Edith Brennan. Wayne and Bungay are sent on a scouting detail, and arriving at the Minor place, Wayne meets Miss Minor and Mrs. Bungay, and later Edith appears. Wayne's detachment is besieged by guerillas. Brennan and his men arrive and aid in repelling the invaders until a retreating party of bluecoats reach the scene. Brennan challenges Wayne to a duel; the latter fires in the air, and is himself wounded.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

"Damn it, Moorehouse," he roared, fairly beside himself, "the charge was too heavy; it overshot."

"Are you much hurt?" panted Caton. "Merely pricked the skin."

Then Brennan's angry voice rang out once more.

"I demand another shot," he insisted loudly. "I demand it, I tell you, Moorehouse. This settles nothing, and I will not be balked just because you don't know enough to load a gun."

Caton wheeled upon him, his blue eyes blazing dangerously.

"You demand a second shot?" he cried indignantly. "Are you not aware, sir, that Captain Wayne fired in the air? It would be murder."

"Fired in the air?" he laughed, as if it was a most excellent joke. "Of course he did, but it was because my ball disconcerted his aim. I fired a second shot, but his derringer was covering me."

Caton strode toward him, his face white with passion.

"Let him have it his way," I called after him, for now my own blood was up. "I shall not be guilty of such neglect again."

He did not heed me, perhaps he did not hear.

"Major Brennan," he said, facing him, his voice trembling with feeling. "I tell you Captain Wayne purposely shot in the air. He informed me before coming upon the field that he should do so. I positively refuse to permit him to face your fire again."

Brennan's face blazed; chagrin, anger, disappointment fairly infuriated him, and he seemed to lose all self-control. "This is some cowardly trick!" he roared, glaring about him as if seeking some one upon whom he could vent his wrath. "Damn it, I believe my pistol was fixed to overshoot in order to save that fellow. I never missed such a shot before."

Moorehouse broke in upon his raving, so astounded at these intemperate words as to stutter in his speech.

"Do do you dare to insinuate, Major Brennan," he began, "that I have—" he paused, his mouth wide open, staring toward the shed. Involuntarily we glanced in that direction also, wondering what he saw. There, in the open doorway, as in a frame, dressed almost entirely in white, her graceful figure and fair young face clearly defined against the dark background, stood Edith Brennan.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Last Good-bye.

She exhibited no outward sign of agitation as she left her position and slowly advanced toward us. Daintily lifting her skirts to keep them from contact with the weeds under foot, her head poised proudly, her eyes a bit disdainful of it all, she paused before Caton.

"Lieutenant," she questioned in a clear tone which seemed to command an answer, "I have always found you an impartial friend. Will you kindly inform me as to the true meaning of all this?"

He hesitated, hardly knowing what to reply, but her imperious eyes were upon him—they insisted, and he stammered lamely:

"Two of the gentlemen, madam, were about to settle a slight disagreement by means of the code."

"Were about?" she echoed, scornful of all deceit. "Surely I heard shots as I came through the orchard?"

"One fire has been exchanged," he reluctantly admitted.

"And Captain Wayne has been wounded?"

I was not aware until that moment that she had even so much as noticed my presence.

"Very slightly, madam."

"His opponent escaped unharmed?"

Caton bowed, glanced uneasily toward me, and then blurted forth impulsively: "Captain Wayne fired in the air, madam."

"A most delightful situation, surely," she said clearly and serenely, "but what exactly happened here, and what exactly was the result of the second discharge?"

"I believe for an instant that we were alone, and my blood roared through my veins in sudden expectancy; then my eyes fell upon Mrs. Minor, who suddenly appeared in an armchair before the fire, and I realized that she was present to restrain me from im-

getfulness. But in very truth my lady hardly needed such protection—her speech, her manner, her proud constraint told me at once most plainly that no existing tie between us had caused our meeting.

"Captain Wayne," she said softly, her high color alone giving evidence of any memory of the past. "I scarcely thought that we should meet again, yet was not willing to part with you under any misunderstanding. I have learned from Lieutenant Caton the full particulars of your action in connection with Major Brennan. I wish you to realize that I appreciate your efforts to escape a hostile meeting and esteem you most highly for your forbearance on the field. It was indeed a noble proof of true courage. May I ask why did you fire in the air?"

Had she not held me so away from her by her manner I should have then and there told her all the truth. As it was I durst not.

"I felt convinced that if my bullet reached Major Brennan it would injure you. I preferred not to do that."

"I believed it was for my sake you made the sacrifice," she paused; then asked in yet lower tones: "Was my name mentioned during your contention—I mean publicly?"

"It was not; Caton alone is aware I refrained because of the reason I have already given you."

"Your wound is not serious?"

"Too insignificant to be worthy of mention."

She was silent, her eyes upon the carpet, her bosom rising and falling with the emotion she sought in vain to suppress.

"I thank you for coming to me," she said frankly. "I shall understand it all better, comprehend your motive better, for this brief talk. Whatever you may think of me in the future," and she held out her hand with something of the old frankness in the gesture.

"I do not care to know," she answered coldly, "nor do I ever expect to learn that murder can right a wrong."

"Murder! You use strong terms. The code has been recognized for centuries as the last resort of gentlemen."

"The code! Has it, indeed? What gentlemen? Those of the south exclusively of late. That might possibly pardon your opponent, but not you, for you know very well that in the north no man of any standing would ever venture to resort to it. Moreover, even the code presupposes that men shall stand equal at its bar—I am informed that Captain Wayne fired in the air."

He hesitated, feeling doubtless the uselessness of further protest, yet she permitted him small opportunity for consideration. "Major," she said quietly but firmly, "I should be pleased to have you escort me to the house."

These words, gently as they were spoken, still constituted a command. Her eyes were upon his face, and I doubt not he read within them that he would forfeit all her respect if he failed to obey. Yet he yielded with exceeding poor grace.

"As it seems impossible to continue," he admitted bitterly. "I suppose I may as well go." He turned and fronted me, his eyes glowing. "But understand, sir, this is merely a cessation, not an ending."

I bowed gravely, not daring to trust my voice in speech, lest I should yield to the temptation of my own temper.

"Captain Wayne," she said, glancing back across his broad blue shoulder, and I thought there was a new quality in her voice, the sting had some way gone out of it. "I shall esteem it a kindness if you will call upon me before you depart."

"With pleasure," I hastened to reply, my surprise at the request almost robbing me of speech, "but I shall be compelled to leave at once, as my troop is already under orders."

"I shall detain you for only a moment, but after what you have passed through on our behalf I am unwilling you should depart without realizing our gratitude. You will find me in the library. Come, Frank, I am ready now."

We remained motionless, watching them until they disappeared around the corner of the shed. Brennan walked with averted face, his step heavy, she with stern eyes, a slight smile of triumph curling her lip. Then Moorehouse stooped and picked up the derringer the Major had thrown away.

"By thunder, but she's right!" he exclaimed emphatically. "I tell you that's a mighty fine woman. Blame me, if she didn't face us like a queen."

No one answered, and without exchanging another word we walked together to the house. There I found the remnant of my troop standing beside their horses, chaffing with a dozen idle Yankee cavalrymen who were lounging on the wide steps.

The time had come when I must say a final farewell and depart. Not the slightest excuse remained for further delay. I dressed the ordeal, but no escape was possible, and I entered the house for what I well knew was to be the last time. My mind was gravely troubled; I knew not what to expect, how far I might venture to hope. Why had she desired to see me again? Surely the public reason she offered could not be the real one. Had she only been free, a maid whose hand remained her own to surrender as she pleased, I should never have hesitated, never have doubted her purpose; but now that could not be.

As I knocked almost timidly at the closed library door a gentle voice said, "Come," and I entered, my heart throbbing like a frightened girl's. She stood waiting me nearly in the center of that spacious apartment, dressed in the same light raiment she had worn without, and her greeting was calm and friendly, yet flagged by a proud dignity, I cannot describe. I believed for an instant that we were alone, and my blood roared through my veins in sudden expectancy; then my eyes fell upon Mrs. Minor, who suddenly appeared in an armchair before the fire, and I realized that she was present to restrain me from im-

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Furling of the Plugs.

The close of the long and bitter struggle had come to those who had met their fortunes with the south it seemed almost as the end of

the world. I had thought to write of those last sad days, to picture them in all their contrasting light and shadow, but now I cannot. There are thoughts too deep for human utterance, memories too sacred for the pen. I rejoice that I was a part of it; that to the lowering of the last tattered battle-flag I remained constant to the best traditions of my house. I cannot all here now, beneath the protecting shadow of a flag for which my son fought and died, and write that I regret the ending, for years of peace have taught us of the South lessons no less valuable than did the war; yet do I rejoice today that, having once donned the gray, I wore it until the last shot of the war. It is hardly more than a dream now, sometimes vague and shadowy, again distinct with living figures and historic scenes. I require but to close my eyes to behold once more those slender lines of ragged, weary, hungry men, to whom fighting had become synonymous with life. I pass again through the fiery rain of those last fierce battles, when in desperation we sought to check the unnumbered blue legions that fairly crushed us beneath their weight.

I saw it all; I held a part in it all. Upon that April day which witnessed the turning of the last sad page in this tragedy, I stood without the McLean house, ankle deep in the trampled mud of the yard, surrounded by a group of Federal officers. Within was my commander, the old gray hero of Virginia, together with the great silent soldier of the North.

Few words he spoke as we waited in restless agony. No one addressed me, and I think there must have been a look in my face which held them dumb.

I know not how long I waited, standing beside my horse, with head half bowed upon his neck, seeing the

figures about me as in a dream. At last the door was flung open, and those within came forth. He was in advance of them all. In that pale, stern, kindly face, and within the depths of those sorrowful gray eyes, I read instantly the truth—the Army of Northern Virginia was no more. Yet with what calm dignity did this defeated chieftain pass down that blue lane, his head erect, his eyes undimmed—as dauntless in that awful hour of surrender as when he rode before his cheering legions of fighting

men. Only as he came to where I stood, and caught the look of suffering upon my face, did he once falter, and then I noted no more than the slight twitching of his lips beneath the short gray beard.

"Captain Wayne," he said, with all his old-time courtesy, "I shall have to trouble you to ride to General Hill's division and request him to cease firing at once."

I turned reluctantly away from him, knowing full well in my heart I was hearing my last order, and rode at a hard trot down the road between long lines of waiting Federal infantry. I scarcely so much as saw them, for my head was bent low over the saddle pommel, and my eyes were blurred with tears.

The sun lay hot and golden over the dusty roads and fenceless fields. The air was vocal with blare of trumpets and roll of drums, while every where the eye rested upon blue lines and long columns of marching troops. I formed one of a little gray squad moving slowly southward—a mere fragment of the fighting men of the Confederacy, making their way homeward as best they might. As the roads forked I left them, for here our paths diverged, and it chanced I was the only one whose hope lay westward.

Silently, thoughtfully I trudged on for an hour through the thick red dust. My horse, sorely wounded in our last skirmish, limped painfully before me, his bridle-rein flung carelessly over my arm. Out yonder, where the sun pointed the way with streams of fire, I was to take up life again. Life! What was there left to me in that word? A deserted, despoiled farm alone awaited my coming; hardly a remembered acre, scarcely a future hope. The glitter of a passing troop of cavalry drew my mind for an instant to Edith Brennan, but I crushed the thought. Even were she free, what had I now to place at her proud feet,—I, a penniless, defeated, homeless man? At a cross-roads a Federal picket halted me, and I aroused sufficiently to banish the paper which entitled me to safe passage through the lines. He handed me back the paper and motioned me to pass on. I had gone a hundred yards or more when I became aware that he was calling after me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Using Time.

It is always easier to wish that we had more time than to use the time that we have. So, by wasting time in wishing, we still further reduce the precious asset of the actual and only time that is really ours. The person who is not capitalizing all the time he has at the rate of sixty seconds to the minute would not be much better off with forty-eight hours in his day. Those who turn out what is, to the rest of us, a discouragingly large amount of work, have simply learned the art of using all their time—particularly the nooks and corners, the odds and ends, of their time. They utilize a five or ten-minute scrap of time as eagerly as they do a half-day. And so things get done, and their year's output seems stupendous. With the average man, unless he can see several hours clear for a piece of work, he will attempt little of the ordinary; and that is why he remains an average man.—Sunday School Times.

Wives for Tobacco.

In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying one of these matrimonial shipments, dated London, August 12, 1621, says:

"We send you in the ship one widow and eleven maids, as wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good recommendations. There are nearly fifty more that are ready to come. For the reimbursing of charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them, give one hundred pounds of the best leaf tobacco for each of them."—Kirkland, Commercial and Business Anecdotes.



"I Felt Convinced That if My Bullet Reached Major Brennan It Would Injure You."

ture, "do not hold me as ungrateful for a single kindness you have shown me. I have not fully understood you, Captain Wayne; indeed, I doubt if I do even now, yet I am under great obligations which I hope some day to be able to requite, at least in part."

"A thousand times they are already paid," I exclaimed, eagerly, forgetting for the moment the presence of her silent chaperon. "You have given me that which is more than life."

"Do not, Captain Wayne," she interrupted, her cheeks aflame. "I would rather forget. Please do not; I did not send to you for that, only to tell you I knew and understood. We must part now. Will you say good-bye?"

"If you bid me, yes, I will say good-bye," I answered, my own self-control brought back instantly by her words and manner, "but I retain that which I do not mean to forget—your gracious words of invitation to the North."

She stood with parted lips, as though she struggled to force back that which should not be uttered. Then she whispered swiftly:

"It is not my wish that you should."

Was there ever such another paradox of a woman? I knew not how to read her aright, for I scarce ever found her twice the same. Which represented the truth of her character—her cool dignity, her impetuous pride, or that gentle tenderness which befitted her so well? Which was the armor, which the heart of this fair lady of the North?

As we rode down the path to the eastward, a snowy handkerchief fluttered for an instant at the library window. I raised my hat in silent greeting, and we were gone.

Why He Used the Bad Word

Little Matt Explained That the Two Pigs He Was Driving Got His Goat.

Matt Perkins, engine driver on the New York Central, thought his little farm, out near Peekskill, wouldn't be complete without pigs. So he bought a couple and had them sent out, much to the dismay of Willis, his oldest boy, who tearfully protested that the family would be disgraced if their acquaintances found they kept pigs.

But the father was obdurate, and assigned to Matt, Jr., his six-year-old and youngest hopeful, the task of caring for the pigs. This has proved a hard task, and little Matt has been having his troubles during the hot weather.

One day the pigs, being pigs, roamed far afield. Mattie, rounding them up, drove them past the veranda, where his mother happened to be. Mattie was talking to the pigs in so uncertain terms, and it must be confessed he used a word which he really should not. Where he got it no one knows.

The mother promptly called him to task, and Mattie, having passed in the pigs, returned, hot and red of face, to the veranda.

"Mattie," said his mother, sternly, "I shall have to punish you. I heard

you say a naughty word."

"Well, I guess I did," was the lad's penitent rejoinder, "but you see, mamma, them pigs jest got my goat."

—New York Herald.

The \$13 Fine.

Courtrooms are not free from superstition, a lawyer remarked. "For instance, it seems to be an unwritten law of the bench that nobody shall ever be fined \$13. In my seventeen years' experience at the New York bar I have seen offenders fined nearly every other amount from \$1 to \$1,000, but no judge has ever defied fate by imposing a \$13 fine."

"Nothing but respect for superstitiousness prevented him from doing it. It was the logical fine. Several times I have labored in the lost cause of unfortunate clients whose fines from the standpoint of damages inflicted should have been \$13, but the judge had not the hardihood to name it; he always undershot or overshot the mark and made \$12 or \$14."

Telephone on St. Bernard.

The monks of St. Bernard have fitted the telephone into the most peculiar spots with infrequency, which will enable travellers in distress to ring up for assistance.

PAPER BAG COOKING

WONDER-WORKING SYSTEM PERFECTED BY M. SOYER, WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHEF

FOR VARIOUS MEATS.

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

Every manner of meat, even the humblest, may be made tender and palatable by means of paper bag cooking, if only the cook knows how and is willing to take the pains. Even the humble pig's head and feet. An extreme example, you say? Try it—and see if you incline to gaily say further.

Scrape the outer skin very clean, cut off the ears and nose of the head, scalding both head and feet well and removing all removable integument outside and in. The brains, of course, will have been removed. Break off any sharp projecting bones from either head or feet, blanch them by pouring boiling water upon them, taking out and draining in very cold water, then drain and season lightly with salt. Lay in a large well-greased paper bag with a stalk or two of celery if at hand and a single slice of onion. The pepper and herbs come in later. Add half a pint of cold water, according to the bulk of the meat, seal bag tight, lay on trivet, set in hot oven for five minutes, then reduce heat two-thirds and cook for five or six hours. Take up, empty into a bowl, and as soon as it can possibly be handled, pick up, removing all bones. The gristle will have dissolved. Now add the seasoning—pepper, powdered herbs, especially sage, a bare dash of tarragon vinegar, and a bare suspicion of garlic. If there is much liquid, add either sifted cornmeal or bread crumbs, both browned in the oven. Pack smooth in an earthen mould and let get cold. There will be headcheese worth eating.

Nor is stuffed pork tenderloin, which is as full of relish as either goose or turkey, or even the lordly baron of roast beef to be despised. Get large fat tenderloins, have them split, lay the halves' left together down the side, lay a good breadcrumb or mashed potato stuffing, highly seasoned, with butter or dripping, pepper, sage, and onion, in the split, skewer the edges together with the stuffing, and cook in a well-greased bag with a very little water until well done. This is especially economical, in that there is no bone to be thrown away.

Either a fresh ham or shoulder, boned, stuffed and cooked in a paper bag, will furnish a mighty satisfying dinner meat. The oven ought to be very hot and stay so for seven to ten minutes, depending on the size of the meat. Then slack heat one-half and cook until thoroughly done.

A square of rib-pork, the skin cut in checkers, well seasoned and baked in a paper bag with apples or sweet potatoes about it, will need no water, only a well greased bag. Spare ribs can be paper bag baked if care is used in handling them to see that the rib-ends do not go through the paper. Loin-roast, cooked thus with either apples or potatoes, or white potatoes with a slice or two of onion, will make any hungry soul rejoice.

Perfect capon is none so plenty in the markets, but if to be had is the best of all poultry. Get a big bird—eight to nine pounds. Stuff, but not too tight, putting a handful in the crop-space. Truss extra firmly, fastening thin slices of bacon over the breast and thighs underneath the trussing strings. Grease all the rest of the body liberally with soft butter, put a little butter under the bacon on the breast, then pop into a loose-fitting well-greased paper bag, lay on a trivet, set on broiler in hot oven, let cook till bag corners turn very brown, then slack heat half, or even a little more if the heat is fierce, and cook for an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters.

Choose your goose young and fat, even though you know the paper bag will make a tough bird tender. Singe,

well-beaten yolks of three eggs and the whites, whisked to a firm froth with a tiny pinch of salt and a little lemon juice. Mix lightly, but very thoroughly, and then form into balls about the size of a small tangerine. Make an aperture in each as carefully as possible, and insert a small spoonful of either apricot jam or marmalade in the middle. Close up neatly, then dip in egg and breadcrumbs. Have ready a well-greased bag, put in the baignets, and cook for fifteen minutes. Take out and serve at once.

(Copyright, 1911, by Sturgis & Walton Company.)

Prepare fruit over night, if possible. Two such flavors as lemon and vanilla, vanilla and rose-water, or rose-water and almond, give to cake a tang as delicious as it is unusual. A spoonful of brandy or even a good corn whiskey, beaten well through the cake just before the flavoring—which should be put in the very last thing—will make the cake lighter, better colored, and of better keeping quality.

Sift spices through a fine sieve, adding the sifted cake alternately with what is left plain. Always sift sugar, and more than once if it is clammy. Warming it gently helps to make light cake. It should be sifted afresh after the warming.

As I have said, paper bag cooking bakes cake as much as it does meat or pastry. It can be done in the bags, but I advise using in conjunction with the bags either paper soufflé-cases or very thin tin moulds, square, oblong, or round, or cases made from the bags themselves.

Paper bag baking is a little quicker, and ever so much more certain.

Small patty pans, or fancy-shaped muffin moulds, filled with cake batter and baked inside bags, will afford an almost infinite variety of ornamented good things.

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Sweets for the Sweet

By Nicolas Soyer, Chef of Brooks' Club, London.

Baignets a la Portugaise: Wash well six ounces of Caroline rice, place it in a clean stew pan, adding four ounces of powdered sugar, two ounces of butter, half a stick of cinnamon and a strip of lemon peel or a very little grated rind of lemon. Allow the butter to melt, shaking the pan to avoid burning, then add a pint of milk. Cover closely and bring gently to the boil. Then draw the pan to the side of the fire and simmer slowly for rather more than a quarter of an hour, when the rice should have absorbed all the milk and be perfectly tender. Withdraw the pan from the fire and allow the mixture to cool a little. Then add the

well-beaten yolks of three eggs and the whites, whisked to a firm froth with a tiny pinch of salt and a little lemon juice. Mix lightly, but very thoroughly, and then form into balls about the size of a small tangerine. Make an aperture in each as carefully as possible, and insert a small spoonful of either apricot jam or marmalade in the middle. Close up neatly, then dip in egg and breadcrumbs. Have ready a well-greased bag, put in the baignets, and cook for fifteen minutes. Take out and serve at once.

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Felt Case Was Desperate

Driver's Advice to His Passenger Probably the Best Thing Under the Circumstances.

A colonel who happened to be in a great hurry to catch a boat at Dublin accented a jarvey and offered him 10s. If he could drive him to the North Wall in ten minutes. The jarvey said his horse was too old, it being an old war-horse.

At this the colonel said: "If it is an old war-horse, why, I'll drive it myself," and getting into the driver's seat he waved the whip in the air and roared "Charge!"

The animal ran as hard as it could go, and when it arrived at the North Wall the colonel shouted "Halt!" The horse stopped, and he caught the boat.

A few weeks later a minister happened to be catching the same boat as the colonel, and having only about ten minutes to do it in, he accented the same jarvey, stating that if he could drive him to the North Wall he would give him 15s. The jarvey

jumped and drain the same as capon, and hanging in a cold place a day and night improves it. For the stuffing boil mild onions very tender, slice them and letting them lie in salt water half an hour before cooking. A medium goose will take two to six onions, according to size, and two or four apples. Peel and slice them, cook soft with the onions, adding a very little chopped celery. Mash all together, then add to mashed potato enough to fill the goose, but not too full. Season with salt and pepper, also a table-spoonful of powdered sage and a tiny pinch of mixed herbs. Add a large spoonful of lard or butter, stir it well through the hot mass, let it cool a bit, then stuff the goose, which has been seasoned inside and out, truss very firmly, rub over well with lard, butter or drippings, put into a thickly-greased bag of generous size, add a table-spoonful of cold salt water, seal, and set in hot oven for ten minutes. Slack heat half and cook done, allowing twenty-two minutes to the pound.

Stuffed Tomatoes, Milanese.—Cut out freely the stem ends of six large tomatoes, scoop out the seed and part of the pulp, dust the insides well with pepper and salt and put a bit of butter in each. Fill with finely minced cold meat—beef, veal, lamb or chicken, mixed with minced raw bacon and seasoned lightly with salt and pepper. Sprinkle fried bread crumbs thickly over the top, put in a well-greased bag and cook in a quick oven ten to twelve minutes. Serve on a very hot dish.

BAKING FAVORITE CAKES.

Paper bag cooking bakes cakes as much as it does meat or pastry. Please to keep this fact in mind. Also the fact that you should never try to make cakes at haphazard. Instead, take a day or several days off from bridge and shopping and give your whole mind to the matter in hand. Decide first what cakes you care to make, then reckon up what you will need to make them of. Many a good cake has been saddened past all remedy through waiting at the wrong minute for some essential ingredient, overlooked in the general buying.

Never melt butter unless melted butter is specifically called for in your receipt. Set the butter cork outside the refrigerator for several hours before you need its contents—the kitchen temperature will make the butter just right for creaming. Keep eggs cool—they beat light the quicker for it. Always add a tiny pinch of salt to the whites in beginning to froth them—it makes the frothing easier and improves the taste. Eggs, it is needless to say, must be above suspicion. Sift flour and set it where it will get warm and dry without scorching, then sift it again before using it. Measure it after the second sifting, and if baking powder or soda and cream tartar are to be put in it, add them to the measured bulk, and sift a third time.

Cake must be beaten well, and thoroughly, if you want it firm, yet light, and of fine, close texture. Sweet milk helps to this fine texture. Sour milk or cream, contrarily, tends to a coarse, bubbly grain.

Prepare fruit over night, if possible. Two such flavors as lemon and vanilla, vanilla and rose-water, or rose-water and almond, give to cake a tang as delicious as it is unusual. A spoonful of brandy or even a good corn whiskey, beaten well through the cake just before the flavoring—which should be put in the very last thing—will make the cake lighter, better colored, and of better keeping quality.

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Jumped at the offer, and after the minister had ascended into the car he waved the whip in the air and cried "Charge!"

The animal again ran as hard as it could. But, alas! when nearing the boat a look of consternation was plainly seen on the jarvey's face. Then, yelling with all his might at the minister, he cried: "Jump, yer siverence, jump! I've forgotten the password!"

Chicago's Traffic Problem.

Tunneling beneath the Chicago river at all points where drawbridges are now operated is the only solution to the traffic problem which is being faced by Chicago, according to Col. George A. Zinn, government engineer stationed there. Property constructed there, the engineer contends, have every advantage over the bridges in operation, and comparing the money cost with the bridges the submarine passages would prove a real economy to the city of Chicago.