The meadow-gates we swang upon.

Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To pump and stable, tree and swing,

And fare you well for evermore, O ladder at the hayloft door, O hayloft where the cobwebs cling, Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

threw them on the coverlet.

she had known this would be the

"No. I am sure it is turning sour.

Some cinders fell out. The poker

"I do not care. You know I have

"But you know quite well that you

"You know I would not mind any

I cannot breathe in these holes. You

would say the same yourself if you

had to live in them continuelly, and not

be able to get out whenever you;like."

never allowed out for more than an

hour at a time, unless it was for service

wring it out of you. I suppose they

against all papa's wishes, just because

The beef tea was boiling over. The

organist ran to the fire and rescued it

pouring it into a bowl and bringing it

to-day it was hitting her hard. Her

lifetime it seemed since Richard Tor-

rens had gone from her, not because

"Your beef tea will be cold, Betty."

But, of course, it is money! They are

"Yes, of course. She is a pretty girl

"How white you are. I believe you

ill. I think," Miss Collisson laughed,

and then looked startled at the note of.

in a dolly way. Did she look well?"

"She wore white satin."

the comforts she had lost!

ference.

"Lovely."

with Richard."

The organist was silent. She was

Crack goes the whip, and off we go; The trees and houses smaller grow; Last, round the woody turn we swing; Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!
-R. L. Stevenson.

## THE RESERVE THE THE THE THE PROPERTY OF THE PR Caught on the Rebound

BY FLORENCE QUEST.

WALL THE THE THE WALLESTON TO THE TOTAL TO T

HE new-mown hay smelled | breathless, the golden coins chinking so sweet as she walked be- in her hand, and ran straight to the ina side it. The wild roses in the hedges trailed against her shoulder, and the June sunocan's shone through the ash trees upon her. What a good, new world it greeting. "Did they make you play was after the night's rain! The grass double time for the pay? It is well was wet still: Miss Nannie Collisson | you get something extra sometimes." held up her skirt well, though it was short enough not to fear getting very lisson was already busy with the fire, damp, and her shoes were the ones she | for it was past dinner time, and Betty loved best for the orgap, because they | was always worse when she was hunknew every hollow in the worn, old gry. "You must have something nice pedals. But it was not fear of the wet | for tea, to make up for this scrappy that made her hurry through the field; dinner. Did you take your milk?" it was because she had told Stevie to be there early to blow for her. It was | Why can you not stop taking it from so seldom that she could get a boy for that woman? You know she has not so long in the morning, but, of course, the best milk in the village. She canthe school was getting a holiday to- not feed her cow properly on that bit day, when Miss Annacker was going to of land. It is mistaken philanthropy be married, and the organist was steal- to let her think so. I have told you jug an extra hour out of Stevie's time so again and again. If he only had to, for her own use. A wave of scented | that husband of hers could get up and air met her at the church door-what | work-" flowers! Lilies! everywhere white lilies and roses, all the best of the vil- followed. Miss Collisson rose in a lage for the young bride and her mate. hurry and knocked over a footstool.

What a day and a place for a wedding! Miss Collisson touched the flowers with her delicate, little hands lov- mutton broth to-day?" ingly, as she passed with eager steps through the chancel to the organ. never cared about what I get to eat Stevie was there faithfully. She called since we are so poor. What a noise to him and then pulled out her music. you are making. And I have such a She knew the wedding marches well headache. This cottage is like an enough, no need to practice them; she could spend this half hour with those rooms in that farmhouse? Mendelssohn and that lovely, little can- know I should like them so much betzonetta of Rheinberger's. She pulled | ter." cut her stops and played on, while her mind went dreaming on.

Twenty-eight years ago and she those birds and animals about you all wight have walked so, with white-shod | day"-Miss Collisson was laying the feet, upon a red pathway under the white cloth swiftly, with glass and palms-then she started guiltily. What china, and her face was quiet and her was making her think like this? It was many years now since she had not think you would tire of living in learned to play herself into forgetful- another person's house?" ness. This was just an episode. She had not even seen the man Miss An- thing if only I could get larger rooms. nacker was going to marry, and what matter? He would send her five dollars, and they would buy so many things for Betty; chickens and jellies and those dainty trifles that were all she could take pleasure in now. | Poor

Miss Collisson pulled out the Vox or practice. The fretful voice went on: 'Augelica with loving fingers. Ab. well, she herself had something better! How never tell me anything. I have to that canzonetta just sang to her!

The guests began to arrive at last, did everything in the best of style and she turned to brighter strains. Rich-people can. We would have given The church filled very fast; half the you as grand a one if you had only countryside and all the village were married Richard. Torrehs before papa there. Miss Collisson played her best. | became bankrupt. He would have had | and she had not loved her instrument to keep you then, instead of throwing thirty years in vain. She heard the you over like an old shoe, and I could taken another name with a fortune bridegroom and then the clergyman have had what I wanted, instead of and done well in life. He did not ask enter, and almost immediately she was having to put up with the scrapings much about her own. Perhaps he had told that the bride was at the door. of what you can earn. Oh, if you only Stopping short in the middle of a festal | had not kept putting off your wedding | air she struck the trumpet call of Elsa's wedding march. A fine thing! it pleased you to delay and dilly-dally It stirred the blood of soldiers in her veins; and she played it proudly at first, then softly and beautifully; then loud again, caring little whether the bride was waiting patiently or ner- to her sister quickly. Her face was

Then "The Voice That Breathed eyes, but not to Betty. That had been O'er Eden," and at last she could look useless twenty-eight years ago. Only

The choir came between her and all outer shell of calm had been broken the rest, but she saw the bridal group in the church, and it was impossible bit by bit; a crowd of girls in white; to hear all this unmoved. Oh, the long Miss Annacker herself, lovely as ever, in a white mist of veiling; and beside her-how like, oh, how like-that tall, she was poor, but because she would gallant, young man with the frank | not leave this helpless, deformed sister, years back and the rest was a dream!

But, no. The hot tears started to her eyes; it could not be; this was reality. Perhaps some relative; perhaps, indeed, his son-a bitter thought. Had new bread, not that stale loaf. You and so-it can never be." he married? She had not heard. She like old bread. What did Miss Anhad never tried to hear. When she nacker wear? I'do think she might Lad isolated herself with Bettey she have come to see me before this. She had endeavored to inter that "might came seldom enough, seeing we are have been." But there was no reason every bit as well connected as she is. why he should have done the same. "A man"-Miss Collisson turned rich and we are beggars. All the dif-

round to the dear, old organ, and her face was white now-"a man forgets so soon!"

And so she forced them all out of her mind and played "O Perfect Love," as all the church said they had never the hymn that had meant nearly life to know us?" for her once. "O Perfect Love" that | Miss Collisson was removing the soup had been denied her. Might it flow on piate. Suddenly Betty noticed her face. this dear head that was so like, so like that dear one that had left her so long | played that organ too long this mornago. Her head was bowed over the ing. Why can you not take care of yellow keys, her tears fell like rain. yourself? Think what would happen tient sometimes manages to eat as There was no bitterness in her if you were unable to earn any money. thoughts: that had been purged out We should have to go to the poorhouse. long ago by Betiy. This was her sim- and I should die of shame. Do think feet on those who suffer from anple lot-to play with such pure har- a little of me." monies the bridal hymn that her own life had missed.

But her face was shining as she bitterness in her laughter.

ning to cast their shadow over her. She sat down and choked over some dinner, unheeding Betty's intermittent string of grievances. To-day she seemed to hear them more than usual. Perhaps she was growing hopeless. Yes, she would get past work some time, and she never knew whom she wished would die first; poor Betty, who clung so pitiably to life, or herself, who in dying would leave the helpless, de-

fórmed thing so utterly alone. "Nannie! Are you deaf? What is Captain Torworthy like?" "Very good-looking," said Nannie, with pale lips. "Tall and dark."

"And his father, the General?" Miss-Collisson rose quickly and began

to clear the table. "I could not see him. You know the choir was packed, and I could only

catch glimpses of the people." "And you say you could not count the roses and the lilies. I wish you could have had some; they will only wither there now. Of course, your flowers are valid couch in the parlor kitchen, and good enough. I am not complaining. but you know I always liked really fine "So you have come at last!" Well fowers."

So it went on until Betty was finally settled for her afternoon sleep, and the organist had taken her hat and coarse gloves and tools to work in the garden. "Indeed, it is very well." Miss Col-"You are not going far?" Betty

asked, eying her suspiciously as she

pulled down the blind. "Remember I have been alone all the morning." "Yes, I remember. I do not mean to leave the garden. You can call me

when you awake." Then she escaped.

The Virginia creeper wanted nailing up and a storm of wind had dashed about her hedge of sweet peas. Then there was a bed of scarlet lobelias, edged with calceolarias, to be weeded, and she worked hard at one after another. Only not quite so hard enough to keep from thinking. Twice she started to go into the house for a book. but Betty must not be awakened, and she came back to her weeding. Therewas a new, strange listlessness about "There," she said, "that is lighting up nicely. Will you have beef tea or her slender, little form. Betty had spoken truly; she must have overtired herself at the organ. Or she was growing old. Old! And with old age increasing helplessness. All without hope of escape or change.

Two scalding tears fell upon the calceolarias. She looked up to dash them oven. Will you never agree to taking away-and there he was entering the little gate, tall, thinner than formerly, gray-headed and bronzed, but plainly the boy's father and the more than longer, and we strolled away to the Oleson continued to drift. friend of her youth. She rose and could never sleep with the noise of all turned to meet him, half dazed.

"I saw you in church," he explained, simply, striding over the little flower beds, and taking her hand, coarse glove and all, in his. "I am very glad. I voice as gentle as ever. "And do vou am very glad. I have looked for you several times, but my life has mostly been spent in the Far West. Did you

> "No." she faltered, her delicate little face flushing deeply. "I could not. But I saw him. He is so very like-" She looked up at the General with the tears still on her lashes. "And I thought-

"Yes. He is my only son. My wife died ten years ago. Here, sit down." He put her on the stone seat and "What was the wedding like? You prodded holes in the neat gravel walk till she controlled herself.

"They told me all about you." He gazed thoughtfully at the tiny little house before him. "You were always brave, Nannie.'

Gradually he told her of his life; of his success as a soldier; how he had guessed most of it, and had been told

"I did you a great wrong, Nannie." he said, "twenty-eight years ago. was young and very hot-headed. I repented soon enough, but you were gone. I never forgot you. I think I loved you always, though I loved my own dear wife also. I am all alone white; there was a dumb appeal in her now: my boy is gone, you see. I have thought very much about you lately. Am I too old? You are all alone, too. There is time for happiness still. Will you marry me now. Nannie?"

She started and trembled exceed-"Oh, you forget!" she cried, but softy, because they were near the window. -I can make no secret of it. Oh. Rich- Journal. eyes--surely she was twenty-eight who always tormented like this for ard, she is worse than she ever was! You do not know. But it is unalterable. I am all she has, and I cannot "No, it is too hot. Give me a soup leave her. And she will never leave me. In her way she is fond of me, plate to pour it into, and give me some

> The General stiffened his straight back and fixed his eyebrows in a stern air of command.

"Betty," he said, firmly, "Betty must come, too,"

And that was the way in which, after many years. Nannie was caught on the rebound .- New York Weekly.

The Improved Methods of Modern Society "Do you think that society is improving?" "Assuredly." answered the "I would not say that. Her features bookish man. "In old days when a heard it played before. She did not are not regular, and she is always man was robbed a pistol was shoved | behind me, cried out, dropped the rifle, supplies. Many mushers ran forty notice that half her choir had stopped smiling. I never could see what peo- into his face and he was made gener- and, followed by the others, bolted for miles a day behind the dogs, some singing to listen; she was breathing ple found to rave about in her. It is ally uncomfortable. Now he is perall her passion for sweet sound, and just because she is rich. We are as mitted to send his money by mail and among the bravest of the earth, and was exhausted, gnawing grass and all the starved love of her heart into good as they are, and yet who wants gets some sort of an engraved receipt for it."-Washington Star.

Pleasant Physic. The "grape cure" has now begun at Weisbaden. It is a pleasant one, though rather monotonous, as the pamuch as ten pounds of grapes during the day. The diet has an excellent efaemia, or from dyspepsia in all its "Oh, there is no danger of my falling | troublesome forms.-Vanity Fair.

Bloodhounds are not naturally cruel. Their mission is to track a fugitive, hurried home when all was over-ten | Had she really been thinking it would not injure. Those whom they follow dollars, not five! What luxuries for be well to fall ill and die? Surely are rarely, if ever, torn or injured by otherwise I should never be telling this which stopped and took the injured Besty. She reached the tiny cottage Betty's complainings were not begind the pursuing hounds.

## **७१०१०१०१०१०१०१०१०१०१०१०** Pluck and Adventure.

NARROW ESCAPE.

EE this?" said W. H. Leukpeared to be half a silver coin. "Well, cutting its knees to the bone. It

a chum of mine in the Navy has the other half, and it saved his life once. It's a coin of Colombia. We were doing duty on the Isthmus of Panama and stopped in at a little fruit shop. The coin is only worth about a fifth of with pain when they lugged me out, a cent, but what we bought did not and, though I had a broken ankle and come to that, and the old woman in was badly bruised. I thanked my lucky charge of the shop took out a knife star I was still alive." and cut the coin in two. It struck us as so absurd that we gave her another coin and kept that as a souvenir. We punched holes in the halves and strung then on our watch chains.

"About a year after that we were ernising in the Canary Islands, and some of the Spanish dons at Las Palmas invited the officers to a grand ball. When we landed we saw a curious procession making its way out of the town. What struck us as particularly peculiar was that the Captain of the company walked in the rear of his soldiers. As soon as we met some of the natives they explained that he was the head executioner and that the job was a hereditary one. Although he is in command of a company, he has to finished.

"We followed the procession to witness the peculiar execution. Finally we came to a deserted place and found place the victim in a chair, where a steel band is placed around his neck. With the turn of a screw the band is tightened.

would be a good chance to take a pic- steamship. This time it was an ocean chum got into the chair. We tightened | York. It was several miles away, and up the band a little bit and took the the man on the lookout again failed picture. Somebody decided that we had better leave him there a little hound went her way. Benson and grand ball. It was so interesting that we forgot the poor fellow for a couple of hours, and when we hurried back he was gone.

that he had gone back to the ship. The next morning, however, he was nowhere to be found, and we went on shore to search for him. To make a long story short, we spent all morning and most of the afternoon in trying to get a clue. Just as we were giving up in despair I noticed an old native sitting on the roadside. Around his neck was a string and on the string was the half coin.

"You can imagine that I grabbed the native and sent one of the boys for somebody that could talk the lingo. It seems that the natives who live in the Atalayan caves are supposed to take away the victims of the execution and bury them in caves. They get whatever is on the person.

"We started the old fellow up on the jump and pushed him up the hills on them home.-New York Times. the end of our walking sticks. He led us by little paths and lanes through the mysterious caves, and finally came to one that had a great stone rolled up against its mouth. Lying on a heap of bones was the Lieutenant in a dead faint. He was-stripped and his bair had turned white. We shook him up and gave him some stimulant, and in a little while he came around.

"That fellow had an awful lot of nerve. He declared that he knew we would get him out, but that we were an awful long time doing it. He thought the whole thing was a joke. in all the stunts on board ship, he took the whole thing in good part. It seems that he had dozed off, and, being one of the sleepers that you can't wake up with an ax, never quivered until the natives had left him in the 'You remember why we parted. And cave for some hours."-Minneapolis

HUNT FOR WILD BEASTS. "Hunting big game to capture it. says a writer in the London Magazine, "is a far more dangerous business than hunting merely to kill, and when on the trail one cannot be too cautious. One of the closest shaves I ever had was in the pursuit of a couple of rhinoceroses. I had news that a couple were in the vicinity; and, as I had an

creature is well founded, for it is the set Magazine. most ferocious brute I have ever en-

Even as I heard my gun-bearer shout Sladong! in his native tongue, I saw the huge beast bearing down upon me like a whirlwind. For the moment I was too paralyzed to move. The speed at which the sladong was going carried it past me, but as I turned I slipped, my foot caught in a root, and I felitwisting my ankle badly. In that second I thought my time had come, for I saw the animal turn and bear down hart, chief machinist's upon me again. In my left hand I mate in charge of the was carryng my piarang, a long, broad, naval recruiting station at keen-bladed knife that I used to cut the Postoffice Building, to- my way through the jungle, and with day, holding up what ap- it I slashed out wildly at the beast,

> to rise, but failed. "On seeing the sladong fall my treed coolies came down, and one put a builet into the animal's brain. I was sick

> lurched and fell across my knees, tried

A PERILOUS EXPERIENCE.

Ben Benson and Ben Oleson, Gloucester fishermen, missing since September 9 from the Gloucester fisherman Arbutus, turned up sound and well on the Scandinavian-American liner Hellg Olav. The two Bens were assigned one day by Captain Pfluger of the Arbutus to set out the trawls off the Grand Banks. They rowed away in the dory to do it, and that was the last the men of the Arbutus saw of them. A thick fog settled off the Banks about that time, and the trawl setters were unable to find their why back to the vessel.

Then they began to drift, and the seas got choppy, and they had all walk in the rear, and whenever he they could do to keep the sixteen-foot goes into a cafe to eat the proprietor dory affoat. For the next twenty-four smashes the plates as soon as he has hours they bailed out the water that poured with relentless regularity into their frail craft. They had neither food nor fresh water, and matters soon became serious. The second day a big that the method of execution was to tramp steamship was sighted and the cutwater caused the little dory to do all kinds of stunts, but the lookout on the tramp did not see them, and the steamer was soon lost to view.

"After the execution we thought it | The next day they sighted another liner heading at full speed for New to see them. The great ocean grey-

The Gloucester men were almost crazed for water and food, but they kept on bailing and hoping. For three days they hoped. The sky was clear "We did not worry any, supposing and blue all these last three days, but neither sail nor smoke from passing craft did they sight. They knew that unless somebody sighted them within a day it was a thousand to one that they would die.

Almost exhausted, but still bailing, when the sun came up on the morning of the seventh day, their hearts almost leaped into their throats, for only a few hundred yards away was the steamship Nicolai II., bound for Copenhagen. The lookout saw them, and ten minutes later the Nicolai had stopped and a lifeboat was on the way to rescue them. In an hour they were safe on board the Nicolai II, and on the way to Copenhagen.

When the Nicolai II. reached Copenhagen the American Consul took the Gloucester men in charge and sent

PROSPECTORS PLUCK.

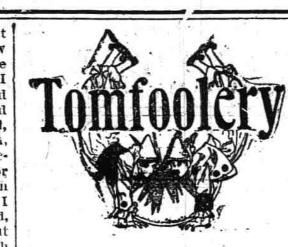
The story of the stampede over the Arctic divide of the Seward peninsula is one of the heroic pages of history which will probably never be written in detail. It abounds in instances of reckless daring and optimistic philosophy. Imagine, for instance, a starving man walking sixty miles with frozen feet and then cheerfully sitting down and amputating his own blackened toes with his pocketknife, in order to avert blood-poisoning. Such episodes as that are mere trivial details in the As he had been one of the ringleaders history of the "Arctic Ocean or bust" stampede.

There were no trails in those frozen wilds, and each party had its own ideas as to the best route. Half frozen and on famine rations they struggled northward. Some of them came upon lava beds that necessitated a painful and difficult portage, and often, for weeks at a time, they had no shelter but their sleeping bags.

It was impossible to calculate defiuitely on the day's travel, for fierce and sudden blizzards forced them to the shelter of their sleeping bags for hours. and even days. The spirit thermometer often registered sixty degrees be-

It was no uncommon thing for men to prospect through six feet of snow order for a pair. I started out with for a handful of dwarf willows in order eighteen Malay coolies to track and to procure drinking water, for insanity lurks in unmelted snow when men or "We had arrived, after a two days' dogs quench their thirst with it on the journey, at a spot where it seemed trail. Despite the scantiness of the possible to trap them, and were pros- supply of provisions they were able to pecting around, when suddenly iny carry, they had no fear of venturing gun-bearer, who always walked just hundreds of miles from their base of the nearest tree. Now the Malays are struggled on for days after their food will face any animal except the wild willow bark in an effort to keep body buffalo; and certainly their fear of this and soul together .- Marie Coe, in Sun-

countered. Not only will it attack on CARRIED WOUNDED HUSBAND. sight, but it will pick up a scent and A dispatch to the Chicago Recordtrack its quarry; while if it trees it. Herald from Monument, Col., says that it will wait around the tree till its Mrs. C. B. Wilson, wife of the station preveither comes down to fight or falls agent at that place, accidentally shot exhausted from hunger. It stands her husband while hunting. He five feet from the shoulder, weighs dropped to the ground insensible, but from a ton to a ton and three-quarters, the plucky woman, although weighing and moves with the speed of a horse. less than 115 pounds, carried the man, a loan." Its horns spread from three to four who weighs 155 pounds, a quarter of a feet pointed as spears, but its short mile up the mountainside to the tracks neck prevents it from using them on of the Denver and Rio Grande Railany object that is lying on the ground, road. She then signalled a fast freight, man aboard.



There's a train at 4.04," said Miss Jenny; "Four tickets I'll take. Have you any? Said the man at the door, "Not for 4.04, For four for 4.04 is too many."

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE. Mrs. Gad-"Did your husband enjoy nimself in Paris?"

Mrs. Fad-"Well, he brought me

home a \$30,000 necklace."-Brooklyn Life. FRIENDLY PATS. Rodrick-"They say Cholly Goodfelow is very popular around town."

he wears out two coats a month just from people slapping him on the back." -Chicago News.

Van Albert-"I should say so. Why

WHY HE BELIEVES. Pat-"Do yez belave in ghosts,

Moike?" Mike-"Oi do. Oi don't think thur's a ghost of a chance av me iver becomin' Prisidint av Amerikey."-Star of Hope (Sing Sing Prison).

SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT. Dumley-"What they call 'preferred stock' is the stock that pays dividends, isn't it?"

Wiseman-"Not at all; but the slock that does pay dividends is always preferred."-Philadelphia Press.

ENLARGING THE VOCABULARY. "They say that American traveling men will now have to learn Chinese." "Say, just think of a popular drummer telling a laundry full of grinning Chinamen the latest good story in choicest chink!" - Cleveland Plain

AGED.

"These are good chickens," declared the dealer.

"If that's true," replied Mrs. Housekeep, "there's no truth in the old say-"What old saying?"

"'The good die young.' "-Philadelphia Press.

MEDICINE.



Doctor-"How are the pains to-day; No better? Then don't take any more of those pills."

Patient-"I haven't taken any of them yet, doctor.

Doctor-"Why, that accounts for it. Take them as directed."-Ally Sloper.

CAUGHT. "I didn't think that story you told at dinner last night was very funny.'

said the man with the short memory.

"It was so utterly impossible." "Was it?" said his friend. "It was one you told me a long time ago. I didn't believe it at the time."-Detroit Free Press.

SUFFICIENTLY, REPRESENTED. "What does your wife think of wom-

an's suffrage?" "Not much," answered Mr. Meekton 'She believes that a woman who can't make at least one man vote the way she wants him to doesn't deserve to have any influence in affairs."-Wash- | ver spoons and forks by covering them ington Star.

THE REAL TROUBLE

cal young woman, "how distressing it flavor. is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice." "Perhaps not," replied the plain man,

ing it is when she doesn't realize it." -Chicago Journal. AN ILL WIND, ETC.

Old Mr. Brownstone (reading the paper)-"I see that in the recent storm at sea a ship loaded with passengers went ashore.'

Old Mrs. Brownson (placidly)-"How fortunate! I can imagine how glad those passengers were to get on dry land."-London Tit-Bits.

FROM BAD TO WORSE. "Mike," said Plodding Pete, as he blue water. If it is valuable it will beclimbed into a freight car, "I'm glad come a bad color, and cheap lace will de Government doesn't own de railroads." "Why?"

"Because when we takes a free ride now de worst dat happens is to be put off. But if de Government was runnin' de lines we'd be arrested fer graftin' sure."-Washington Star.

---AN EMBARRASSING BLUNDER. "How did your father treat George when he asked him for you?"

"It was one of papa's deaf days, and he thought George was asking him for

"What did he say?"

"He told George that while he would



to the side of the pot scri

a spoon. Continue scrapi

Make a paste as bread. Sweeten it stead of putting it in a pot with lard, and as the

are all cooked. It is a nice break dish. .--

soon as it adheres, until the con

TAPIOCA CUSTARD. Take one quart of fresh milk, two eggs, half a cupful of pearl tapioca, half a cupful of white sugar. Soak the tapioca over night, and next morning drain off all the water while the milk is scalding in the double boiler; when the milk is hot add the tapioca, and let it simmer ten minutes; beat the sugar and eggs together, and add the milk and taploca; flavor with cinnamon, vanilla or nutmeg.

STUFFED POTATOES.

Choose twelve good sized potatoes, wash them and scrub the skins with a brush; bake them until done (about an hour). Remove from the oven, cut a slice off of one end of each, scrape out the potato, mix it lightly with a small piece of butter, pepper and salt, replace it in the skin, and when all are done return them to the oven for ten minutes. In serving cut a slice off the other end to make them stand upright on a flat dish, leaving the top uncovered. . A little cooked meat can be mixed in before replacing the potato in the skin if desired.

CREAMED LIVER.

Cut two pounds of liver into small pieces; cover with cold water for ten minutes and drain. Heat three tablespoonfuls of butter and put in the liver; season with salt and pepper, and cook slowly for ten minutes, browning it on all sides, then take up the liver and put where it will keep warm. Put one slice of onion in the frying pan and cook one minute: add three tablespoonfuls of flour and cook constantly, stirring until it begins to froth. Draw the pan back, and add one pint of warmed milk to it, stirring carefully. Let it come to a boil. Put the liver in this and serve.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Spinach and carrots are both excellent for the complexion. Rice cakes with creamed fish is

excellent luncheon dish. Oil of sassafras will drive insect from the pantry shelves.

When canning pears that are flat and tasteless put a stick of cinnamon in each jar.

Enamelled saucepans can be easily cleaned by using powdered pumice Raspberry shrub is greatly improved by squeezing into each glass a little

lemon juice. A delicious salad is made of cucumbers, pears and piccalilli, dressed with mayonnaise.

Handkerchiefs should be put into a tub of cold water by themselves with a handful of salt. Chicken croquettes served on broiled tomatoes make a very appetizing lun-

cheon substantial. Flannelette goods may be taken by hemselves, or mixed with the ordinary personal linen.

mahogany by rubbing the spots quickly with a little grain alcohol. Egg stains may be removed from sil-

White stains may be removed from

with salt moistened with water. Lettuce leaves and water cress should be washed in salted water to "You can't imagine," said the musi- remove all insect life and improve the

To clean cake tins and other tinware, place them in boiling water with soap, and boil for an hour, when they will be but I've got a fair idea how distress- found equal to new.

> Immediately after taking the china from the dishpan rinse in warm water and stand in racks to drain, or else dry quickly while still hot. Very nice lace should be tacked onto

a flannel covered bottle, covered with an old handkerchief, and splashed about in the soapy water until clean. Wooden vessels will need constant

scalding and scrubbing with hot water and soap. Butter pats when not in use should always be kept in cold water. Lace should never be passed through

be improved by the absence of blue

. If the housekeeper is unable to obtain a regular brush for cleaning polished floors, a substitute can be made by covering an ordinary broom with a soft muslin bag.

A large ink spot was removed from a light colored Amminster carpet by the application of a common kitchen sand soap with a soft cloth that had been wrung nearly dry.

An old fashioned housekeeper has her carpets all "wiped off" while on the floor with a cloth wrung out of tepid

water with which a little ammonia be slad to loan him the trifle he asked has been mixed. But, unless the for, he had so many requests of the water out of which the cloth is fresame character that he begged to be quently wrung be changed often, more excused."--Cleveland Plain Dealer. harm than good will be accomplished.