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SUNDERED

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

O love, since you and I must walk apart,
Spare me one little corner of your heart—
A shrine
That shall be wholly mine!

Others may claim, and rightfully, the rest;
If there I know I am not dispossessed,
All bliss
I, eager, shall not miss.

And if so be you sometimes offer there,
Though but in thought, the fragment of a prayer,
No more
Can I, alas! implore.

But that is much, and shall, forsooth, avail
To make my footsteps falter not nor fail,
Though far
Our pathways sundered are.

Then, love, since you and I must walk apart,
Spare me one little corner of your heart—
A shrine
That shall be wholly mine!
—Harper's Bazar.

Cupid With a Jimmy

By Helen Follett.

WHEN John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of forty. His general actions were those of a youth of eighteen undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was decided by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of twenty, whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being henpecked to the queen's taste.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the one-sided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, being selfish and possessing a thistle-down intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him. Some old lady had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose—it stuck up of its own accord by the way—and went her usual pace of bullyragging and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that what John thought didn't matter.

But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world, but, strange to say, he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive and just the kind of man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin, almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it, the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell his best clothes to the rag man or turn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same—faithful, adoring, enduring.

One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went downtown to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid, and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old time vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old-time tactics, Mrs. John would in return comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge. John's heart would sink and he would tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and creased trousers.

As it was not John's nature to war against any one, he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went out for a walk. Sometimes he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissipations.

On Sunday afternoon, when he and his old friend were discussing some particular exciting college scrimmage that had taken place fifteen years back, the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the 'phone.

"Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please. I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's, and everybody in the building is out and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I am scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right, dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes." She was twisting her handkerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was distracted about something.

"I know you think I'm silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars or ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peeking out from behind a window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbull's abode was in the flat opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house.

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'am, I'll go through your window."

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocketbook while she clambered from one window sill to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the floor below were unlike those heard when Hendrick Hudson played ninepins in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shriek, such as the stage heroine gives vent to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife. It was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window, and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the matter?"

The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with: "The flat's been robbed!"

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back and hands clutching the folds of a bath robe, go shooting through the library out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at her husband.

"John, what do you think? The Smith's flat has been robbed and there's hardly a scrap of anything left. They came through the kitchen window. They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's sealskin. And the silver's all gone, and the house—oh, you just should see it! It's knee deep with the things that they've pulled out of the dressers and wardrobes!"

John continued to read his Spencer.

"That's too bad," he said.

Silence of five minutes.

"John," she spoke, very softly.

"Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here."

John smiled sadly.

"You won't go off on that hunting trip, will you?"

"Well-ll-ll," he drawled uncertainly.

"I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my candlestick, or the baby, or my grandmother's set of china. And I'm not a bit afraid when you're here. Honest, I'm not!"

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the dining-room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscle swelled as it did when he was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through their bit of flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eyes.

She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his moustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head and he'd never have known it.

"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I filled any want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar-scarer. God bless that man that stole those things downstairs. It'll be hard on the Smith's, but it's a mighty fine thing for me."

And they lived happily ever after. Or had for a week, as the burglary only took place that far back.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Menzel's Idea of Rest.

The German artist, Adolf Menzel, is a great favorite, and his vagaries afford endless amusement to the Berlin art fraternity.

It seems that Menzel was engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a scaffolding in his studio, on which his model was requested to stand. For two long hours the poor "poseur" stood up aloft in a most fatiguing posture. Menzel, meanwhile, worked at his sketch, heedless of the fact that his model was growing tired.

At length the model found it necessary to speak.

"Herr Professor," said he, "how about a recess?"

Menzel apologized profusely for his forgetfulness.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear sir," said he. "Come down and rest yourself a bit."

The model had clambered from the scaffolding to the ladder which led down from it to the studio floor.

"Stop!" cried the artist, suddenly. "That pose is fine! Don't move a muscle!"

And once more the model was forced into strained rigidity, while the enthusiastic draughtsman set about sketching him.

At the end of half an hour Menzel looked up from his work.

"There," said he, "that will do nicely! Get back on the scaffold. We have had our rest. Let us get back to work again."—The Youth's Companion.

EGG CANNING INDUSTRY

LARGE EXPORT TRADE IN PRESERVED PRODUCT OF THE BARNYARD.

Valuable When Decaying — Rotten Eggs in Cans a Boon to the Leather Industry—Shells Used For Fertilizers and Hen Food—Use for Cloudy Eggs.

When the warm weather of spring and summer come the hens all over the country compete with each other in laying eggs, and the receipts multiply so rapidly that the markets would be completely overwhelmed in every city if it were not for the cold storage houses, which absorb a large proportion of the surplus, says the New York Times. Beginning early in April, the receipts of eggs in New York average between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 a day right through the spring and summer, and prices naturally drop rapidly. The consumptive demand of the city averages only something like 3,000,000 eggs per day, and the query is, What becomes of the other million or two?

If one should visit any of the large storage warehouses in hot weather he would soon ascertain, for now is the season when speculators are purchasing eggs by the hundreds of thousands for future use. Next winter, when the hens are on strike because of cold weather and refuse to lay more than a few eggs a week, prices will go up rapidly, and the consumers will have to pay something like thirty and forty cents a dozen. It is when prices have reached these outside figures that the storage-house speculators expect to unload their stock and sell them at a material advance.

The average consumer of fresh eggs may consider this an imposition, and wonder if he is going to have served up for his next Christmas dinner the eggs that are laid here in May and June. This is not exactly what he may expect, but in a more indirect way he will eat some of these summer eggs next winter, and he will be perfectly satisfied that they are all right. The eggs will not be served to him as fresh country eggs, fried, poached or boiled, as he orders, but they will be deftly mixed with his cake, confectionery and other fancy bakers' stuff so that he will never know the difference.

When the cold storage houses begin to stock up with the eggs in summer they have to buy in such enormous quantities that there is naturally a great loss in cracked and broken eggs. In handling several million eggs a day no amount of care could prevent breakage. Indeed, thousands of them are broken in transit to the city, and others are cracked in moving from the railroad cars to the stores. If these cracked and broken eggs were all thrown away the annual loss would easily mount up into the millions. To offset these losses the storage houses have invented all sorts of ways to utilize the broken eggs. The most successful so far is to can the broken eggs and sell them to bakers and confectioners.

Canned eggs keep just as well and fully as long as canned meat, fruit or vegetables. When put in cans that are rendered absolutely air-tight there is no chance of their decaying. It is the air which enters through the shell of an egg that causes its meat to decay. This is proved by the many methods of preserving eggs. Fresh eggs coated thoroughly with paraffine and then stored away in limed water will keep for months in a comparatively fresh condition, and their keeping powers will be in proportion to the success in excluding the air. Of course, a certain amount of air will reach the eggs even in this condition, and gradually they will show a decaying tendency, although eggs have been preserved for six months and a year.

Before the eggs are canned, however, they are separated, and the whites and yolks are put up in different cans. When the baker or confectioner wants to make white frothing for his cake he opens a can of the whites of eggs, or if he wishes to make custard for his pie or puddings he takes the canned yolks. Thus there is no waste, and time and labor are saved also.

In the middle of winter, when eggs are soaring away up in price, these canned eggs make it possible for the baker and confectioner to serve us with cakes, pies, candies and creams at the same price charged in summer. Thus the storage warehouses which have canned the eggs for us save the consumers considerable in the winter, and also lighten the labors of the bakers and confectioners. They are fresh and sweet when canned, and they do not deteriorate in the least unless the cans happen to be imperfect, in which case they spoil the same as canned fruit or vegetables.

In hot countries canned eggs are used quite extensively, and the storage houses can considerable quantities for export. In some years the cheap eggs in the height of the laying season are actually broken for canning. In hot countries the canned eggs will keep a long time, especially if stored away in cool places, and the people can use them as needed. In many tropical countries fresh eggs are difficult to secure, and the natives often prefer the canned northern eggs to the so-called fresh eggs sold in the markets. The Americans are the only people so far who have entered into this egg-canning industry, and American canned eggs in the South American countries and the West Indies have no competition from similar goods from Germany, England or France.

But sometimes the decayed and cloudy eggs are canned. In fact, all that come to the market are handed over to the canners if they cannot be sold as fresh eggs. These rotten and cloudy eggs, however, are never put on the general market, nor is there any chance of their being sent to bakers by mistake. They are canned for the leather trade, and not for the consumptive market. In tanning leather, and especially in putting on the fine gloss of expensive leather, eggs have long been recognized as indispensable articles. But good eggs are too expensive for the work, and tanners do not like to accumulate rotten eggs owing to their odor.

The eggs that reach the market in a cloudy or decaying condition are not so far decayed as to have a very disagreeable odor. If canned immediately they become no worse. When the tanners open a can of such eggs the odor may be a little offensive, but not so overpowering as might be the case if a few dozen eggs were stored away for use in hot weather. A can of eggs is opened only when needed, and the contents immediately used. Thus the cloudy and decaying eggs find a market at prices that pay the canners and save the tanners' money.

The vast quantities of egg shells obtained from these canneries are also sold for various purposes. They are both utilized for making commercial fertilizers and for manufacturing some of the numerous hen foods that are now put on the market. In order to make the hens lay more eggs in winter it is necessary to feed them with lime-forming food, such as green bone, clam and oyster shells. The egg shells are even better than any of these, for they contain the exact substances that the hens require in their systems to facilitate the work of nature in producing eggs. So hen food that contains a fair amount of ground or powdered egg shells is excellent for stimulating the birds to greater energies in winter.

So He Lost the Case.

"I once had a case," said a member of the bar, "against a man in the country, which was as clear as daylight in my favor, but, by the cunning of his lawyer, he had continued to avoid coming to trial for about two years.

"At last the case was called late in the term and late one hot day, with the court and jury tired and impatient. I stated the facts, and produced the evidence, which was all on my side.

"The judge asked the counsel whether they wished to argue the case, stating that he thought it might easily be submitted without argument. The jury went out, and immediately returned with a verdict for the defendant.

"As soon as the court adjourned I sought out the foreman of the jury and asked him how in the name of common sense he came to render such a verdict.

"'Why, you see,' said he, 'we didn't think much of the lawyer against you, and it wasn't strange he had nothing to say, but we thought you one of the smartest lawyers in the country, and if you couldn't find something to say on your side it must be a pretty hard case, so we had to go against you.'"—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Moths as Large as Bats.

There are hundreds of moths which fly about in the light and cause great annoyance; some of these grow to very unusual size. One, about as large as a bat, caused great excitement at a song service one Sunday evening not long since. It became frightened and flew from one person to another, seeming to select the feminine portion of the company, each of whom gave a little shriek each time it lit on her. The men, most of whom were army officers, undertook to catch it, and rushed at it with waving handkerchiefs, open song books and anything else they could find. This was kept up for about fifteen minutes, and instead of a dignified song service the meeting degenerated into a boisterous romp.—Havana Letter in New York Times.

Turkish Time.

A recent visitor to Constantinople reports one custom of the Turks which causes a vast deal of trouble and confusion.

This is the Turkish system of reckoning time. A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset; at that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of twelve.

As the sun has the same habits in presiding over Turkey that he exercises with regard to other localities, it may easily be seen that this system of reckoning time necessitates setting the clocks every day.

It appears that a watch which could run for weeks without gaining or losing a minute would be of no special value to a Turk.

His Last Witticism.

Of the late Doctor Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, a man of pleasant humor, the New York Observer tells this anecdote:

During one of the periodical epidemics of cholera which swept Ceylon, Doctor Poor was violently attacked. A messenger was at once dispatched for Samuel F. Green, M. D., a medical missionary residing about five miles away. When Doctor Green came into the room, Doctor Poor exclaimed:

"Well, this is a bad prospect! Here is a Poor patient and a Green doctor."

This was his last witticism.

The Development of Farming.

Modern farming methods in the Northwest challenge the admiration of the world. Steam and electricity are made to serve the farmer's purpose. He plows, reaps, thrashes by machinery. He telephones from his farmhouse to his granaries. Sometimes he receives the latest grain quotations over a private telegraph wire in his dwelling. Often the acreage of his farm is expressed in the thousands, sometimes in five figures. He comes from the poor places of the earth and finds a home and self respect.—Chicago News.

The total length of the railroads in Asia is 30,000 miles.

DIET OF A BOAT'S CREW.

HOW MEN IN TRAINING FOR A RACE ARE FED.

The Results of an Investigation Conducted by the United States Government—Some Interesting Observations Are Drawn From It.

"Dietary Studies of the University Boat Crews," is the title of a pamphlet which has been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, at Washington. It is a report upon the studies of Harvard and Yale boat crews, conducted by Professor W. O. Atwater, special agent in charge of nutrition investigation of the Department of Agriculture, and his assistant, A. P. Bryant.

These studies were undertaken primarily to secure data regarding the food requirements of men performing severe muscular work. The regular course of diet and exercise pursued by boat crews in training, and the conditions under which the men live at such times give a favorable opportunity for obtaining relatively valuable data. Few statistics of the dietaries of persons thus engaged are available. With the exception of dietary studies of football teams and a dietary study of the food consumption of Sandow, few exact observations have been made of the actual food consumption of young men engaged in active training for a contest in which they would be called upon to exert their muscular powers to the utmost extent during a brief period.

Studies are made in the report of the food consumption of both the 'varsity and freshman crews of Harvard and Yale during the month preceding the annual races. Two studies were made of each crew, one at the university training quarters, another after the crews had taken up their quarters at the scene of the forthcoming race.

In the study of the Harvard University crew at their training quarters at Cambridge, the report gives the following regimen:

The diet was simple. Roast and boiled beef and lamb, fricasseed chicken, roast turkey and broiled fish, made up the meats. Eggs were used plentifully, either raw, poached or boiled in the shell. Large amounts of milk and cream were also consumed. Oatmeal, hominy and shredded wheat were eaten largely, and corn cakes were occasionally served. Bread was almost always taken in the form of toast. Potatoes were served twice a day. These were sometimes baked, sometimes boiled and mashed with a little milk and butter added, and at other times "creamed." Broiled rice prepared with a little cream and sugar was served instead of potatoes at some meals.

Beets, parsnips, green peas and tomatoes were used to furnish a variety of vegetables. Macaroni was occasionally served. For dessert, apple, tapioca pudding, custard pudding and other puddings containing a large proportion of milk and eggs was used. Milk was obtained from one of the large creameries supplying that vicinity, and was of unusual quality, containing 5.8 per cent. of butter fat. A very thick, heavy cream was also purchased, which was diluted about one-half with milk. The mixture, or thin cream, contained about sixteen per cent. of butter fat. The beef used during the studies was entirely from the loin.

The meat was sliced, freed from practically all of the clear fat and sent to the table in a large platter, from which the individual men were served. The beef was cooked rare, though not unusually so. Some of the other club tables in the same house had much rarer meat. The beefsteak was freed from bone and from nearly all the visible fat before being served.

Lamb chops were served with the bone. Lamb and mutton roasts, which were all from the leg, were also clear meat, trimmed so as to be practically free from visible fat. The turkey used was shipped from a distance and had been kept in cold storage. It was baked with force meat, i. e., "stuffing" or "dressing," although but little of this latter was served to the crew. Chicken was always fricasseed and served free from bone with the exception of those of the leg and wing.

Broiled fish, usually bluefish or Spanish mackarel, was very commonly served for breakfast, as were also eggs, either raw or poached. No pastry was allowed, and the puddings were, as above stated, composed largely of eggs and milk. A small amount of coffee jelly was served, and at one meal during the study ice cream. No fresh fruit was served with the exception of oranges for breakfast. Stewed prunes, rhubarb, or apples were also eaten, prunes most abundantly. Breakfast was served at 8, lunch at 1 and dinner at 6 o'clock.

About half an hour before meals the chemists who were conducting the dietary studies were on hand to weigh the food materials, which were sent to the table before the meal began.

In concluding the report on the dietary studies the authors make this interesting observation:

"The especially large proportion of protein observed in the dietary studies of the university boat crews, of football teams, of the professional athlete and of the pugilist, as compared with the dietary studies of college men with ordinary exercise, and with ordinary families of workingmen and professional men, accord well with a view not uncommon of late among physiologists. According to this view men who perform continued muscular labor, even if it is active enough to make the total amount large, do not require especially large amounts of protein in their food so long as they undergo no special mental strain or muscular fatigue, the principal requirements being an abundant supply of easily digested food material.

"On the contrary, when a man or animal must perform intense muscular work for a short period of time, and is therefore under more or less nervous as well as muscular strain, a considerably larger supply of protein seems to be required than under normal conditions of slow, long continued work. In other words, if a large amount of work must be done in a short time a considerable excess of protein is required in the food.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Electric Spark.

"Millie?"

The young lineman twirled his hat in his hands in an agitated manner and spoke in a voice that seemed to have a tendency to get away from him.

"Millie, the fact is, I—I there's something I've been wanting to tell you a long time, but I can't seem to fetch it. When you look at me like that you know, it breaks me all up. I've been coming here so long that I oughtn't to be afraid, I reckon, but—but you know how it is—or maybe you don't, either. I thought I could say it all right when I came in, but you're a little the livest wire I ever—I didn't think it would be so hard when I——"

Here he came to a dead stop.

"Millie!" he exclaimed in desperation. "I'm short circuited! I've burned out a fuse!"

"Jerry, are you trying to ask me to marry you?"

"Y-yes!"

"Why, of course I will, you foolish boy!"

And love's current flowed smoothly again, lighting up with its pure radiance the rose-embowered pathway that, etc., etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Stumps Drawn by Wind Power.

Utilizing the wind as a stump puller is an Oregon invention. It was the idea of the farmer at the State penitentiary, whose task was to clear six acres, and with the aid of the wind he cleared the whole tract in six weeks, although the timber was a dense growth, the firs measuring from one to four feet in diameter. The winds in the quarter blew strong from the south at this season. The farmer put his men to work on the north side of the fir grove. They cut a log and dragged it close to the north side of the bases of the fir trees that were to be felled. The preparations were made during the first day, and then the men went home and slept while the wind did the rest. During the night a strong south wind blew the trees down, and they, in falling across the logs, pulled up the taproots. The next day the men sawed up the fallen trees, burned the brush, and laid their logs for another lot of trees. They proceeded in this way until the whole grove had disappeared.—Farmer's Advocate.

Two Useless Buttons on Men's Coats.

An American, so the story goes, was once questioning a Chinaman as to the reason for many of the customs which seemed absurd to us. At length, after long endurance, the Chinaman replied:

"And now, my dear sir, I would like to ask you a question which has puzzled me greatly. Will you kindly tell me why Americans and Europeans wear two useless buttons on the back of their coats?"

Unable to answer, the American raised the question at home. Investigators set to work, and what do you think they discovered? Long ago when every gentleman wore a sword and had to hang it from a belt, these two buttons held the belt to the coat. Years passed; men became more civilized and left the sword to soldiers' use; the belt went out of fashion—for men are as particular about fashion as women, but the two buttons were left to this very day.—National Rural.

Where Cyclones Are Bred.

For the world west of the Mississippi the Rocky Mountains are the points of origin not only of the rivers and waterflows, but of the condensing of the moisture of the air, the banked snows, the subterranean currents which form the basis of the entire water shed. Their cold altitudes seem to start the waves of air which conflict with the warmer waves in the plains below, and in their battles generate the cyclones and the lesser windy terrors which devastate the Western plains. They are the beginning of the heart-breaking blizzards which tie up the traffic of the metropolitan streets, or chill beyond endurance the houses of the poor. They are, in a word, the atmospheric top of the continent.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Diamonds Scarce and High Priced.

"Nothing doing" is the plaint of men who work on diamonds. The stones are high in price and hard to get at any price. From South Africa there practically has been no output for six months. The Australian diamonds are so hard that the cost of preparing them for the trade precludes their being available, except for tools and other mechanical purposes.

"Diamonds that a few months ago could be bought for $50 a carat, now cost from $60 to $75. There's nothing in the business at such prices," declared an importer.

An Expensive Feather.

The tail feathers of the feriwah, a rare member of the family of Paradise, or birds of Paradise, are the most expensive known. Indeed, the price may be called prohibitive, for the only tuft existing in England—probably in any civilized land—was procured with such difficulty that it is considered to be worth $50,000. It now adorns the apex of the coronet worn on state occasions by the Prince of Wales.

Windows and Their Decorations.

Coats of arms on windows are almost always charming in their effect. Those of us who have not seen them in some of the old and beautiful houses abroad have at least done so in pictures of these places by celebrated artists. Coats of arms may be painted directly on the glass with the brush, or they may be stencilled—an easier process for most persons. Other designs are used when there are no coats of arms—for instance, the fleur de lis, circles, or any pattern which the fancy of the artist dictates. This decoration of window panes serves to keep outsiders from looking in, excludes ugly views, and helps to make the window pretty in itself. Sometimes in a New York house, when the window at the end of a long room opens within a few feet of an ugly wing, or of a neighbor's window, this treatment with coats of arms has been tried, leaded glass in these instances surrounding them. But the leaded glass is not necessary, and the ordinary square panes may be covered with decorations which give this effect.—Harper's Bazar.

A Bed of Roses.

One can buy mattress ticking to match almost any bedroom's decorative scheme in these accommodating days. Delft designs in blue on a white ground are too much like the old, conventional ticking to suit the novelty lover, but forget-me-nots and pale rosebuds scattered over a cream ground or red roses strewn over a gray ground striped with white should appeal to the most fastidious housewife. White and yellow stripes, red and white, red and gray, pink and blue and pink and heliotrope are all charming combinations and quite as serviceable as the ugly convict stripes which have given generations bad dreams. Probably the coolest-looking ticking for a summer room is dark green striped with a lighter shade of the same color.

Arrangement of a Lion Corner.

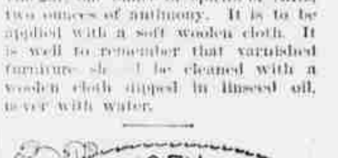
A "lion corner" is the latest fad. A poet, author, artist or composer whom one may lionize is selected, and a late portrait of the glorified one is hung conspicuously and appropriately framed, surrounded perhaps by pictures taken at various periods of his or her existence. An autograph letter, reproductions of the best pictures, if an artist, or the favorite books, if an author, enhance the value of such a corner.

Square in Shape.

New stair mats of plaid matting intended for porch furnishing are woven square instead of round this year. The why and wherefore of the new move is not apparent, they do not pack any better, and are nearly of the same size. These are nice for children who like to set on the grass, they serve on piazza or door steps, and are often found on the bench of rustic seats, which are uncomfortable to the sitter without some cushion.

A Good Furniture Polish.

Here is a very good polish for furniture. One pint of linseed oil, two ounces of black rosin, two ounces of spirits of nitre, four ounces of distilled vinegar, one ounce of spirits of salts, two ounces of antimony. It is to be applied with a soft woolen cloth. It is well to remember that varnished furniture should be cleaned with a woolen cloth dipped in linseed oil, never with water.



Corn Waffles (original)—Two eggs, two cupfuls of sweet milk, half teaspoonful of salt, sufficient cornmeal to make a batter, and to every cup of cornmeal used add one tablespoonful of flour. Bake in well-greased waffle irons.

Flat Plum Cake—Work two ounces of lard into one pound of dough, add one ounce of sugar and two ounces of currants, knead thoroughly and form into a flat cake on an old plate. Score across the top in diamonds and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Ten minutes before the cake is done brush it over with milk, scatter brown sugar over it and serve warm.

Dressing for Mixed Pickles—Half a pound of English mustard, three cups of light brown sugar, one cup of flour, moistened in a small amount of cold vinegar. Pour over these ingredients three quarts of boiling vinegar. If not thickened quite enough leave upon the stove a short time, stirring constantly. This will be found an excellent dressing for mixed pickles.

Ivory Jelly—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water for one hour, then stir into it one cupful of scalding milk and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar. Cool, add three-quarters of a pint of thick cream and one-half teaspoonful each of lemon and vanila, stir until the mixture begins to thicken, then turn into a wet mold. Set on ice to harden, turn it out into a glass dish and serve with cream and sugar.