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THE·MYSTERY·OF·THE INN·BY·THE·SHORE

BY Florence Warden,
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

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CHAPTER XV.

Continued.

There was an adjournment for luncheon at this point, and afterward came the supreme sensation of the day—the appearance of Nell Claris as a witness.

Tongues had been busy with her name since the crowd filed out of the court. No one could doubt the import of the questions the coroner had put to Miss Bostal. It was plain that Nell, the only person, except Clifford, who was known to have had any cause of ill will toward the deceased man, now lay under the suspicion of being concerned in his death.

Perhaps the girl herself, when she came from the magistrate's room into the court, was the only person present who did not realize the position in which she stood. For she alone had been absent when the searching questions were being put to her friend.

Nell made a bad impression from the very first. She was wrapped up to the eyes in a long, squirrel-lined cloak and a boa of brown fur, and she wore a large hat, which helped to hide even the outline of her face from the crowd in the court behind her. But from the glimpse which could be caught of her features as she moved hurriedly into the place pointed out to her, it was evident that her far-famed beauty was for a time under eclipse, for her complexion was blurred with crying and her blue eyes looked sunken and colorless.

All that seemed to concern her was to hide as much of her face as she could, and to give her answers so that they should be heard by as few persons as possible. Throughout the whole of her evidence she had to be admonished to "speak up," and to answer at once and straightforwardly, instead of taking time to think out her replies, as she showed a strong disposition to do.

Moreover she was a bad witness, decidedly the worst of them all. Not even even Mrs. Mann gave so much trouble. If there had been no breath of suspicion of the girl before she took the witness's place, her manner and her answers would have been sufficient to awaken the feeling in all who saw and saw her give evidence.

"Did you hear the noise of Mr. George Claris's departure?" And you were present when she quarrel took place between the deceased and Mr. Clifford King?"

"There was no quarrel. Jem Stickels attacked him. He struck Mr. King with his fist through the window. He knocked him."

"And Mr. King struck him back?"

"No. Yes. At least he caught hold of him and flung him away."

"Flung him to the ground, in fact?"

"I don't know whether he meant to do that."

"But, as a matter of fact, the deceased did fall to the ground, and lay there, stunned."

"He struck his head against the edge of the window."

"Yes. Do you know the reason why the deceased attacked Mr. King?"

Nell made no answer.

"I am sorry to have to press for an answer. Remember, there is nothing whatever discreditable to a lady in being the object of jealousy between two hot-blooded young men. I believe it is an undoubted fact that Jem Stickels, the deceased, was jealous of Mr. King, and that it was the sight of Mr. King and you together which provoked him to attack a rival whom he regarded, rightly or wrongly, as more favored than himself."

Nell blundered into a hasty, inadequate answer.

"No. It was not that. He didn't. He couldn't. It was not that he was jealous. I always hated Jem Stickels, and he knew it. How could he be jealous when I detested him?"

And for the third and last time in the proceeding her evidence Nell's voice was heard clearly to be heard throughout the room as she uttered this terribly damaging speech.

When she had spoken and stood startled at its effect, with wide-open eyes at a great wave of horror passed over the room, and the jury to a man took sides against her. They had all known that disappointed lover, they all felt the force of exasperance that must have existed between this refined young girl and him. And, while the conclusion was forced in upon their minds that she had taken violent means to rid herself of him and his persecution, they felt that they would have given a great deal to have been able to hold the verdict.

The coroner, who was so frank's expressed annoyance at her coming on the other hand, her frankness, several of feeling, perhaps, which it was not greatly to her credit to hide, seemed to show that he was in a state of mind in which he would hardly be considered responsible for his actions.

Meanwhile, however, the inquiry had to go on.

"Well, then," pursued the coroner, turning away from the fatal subject and speaking with extra dryness to hide his own sympathy, "you went to Colonel Bostal's house, and you and Miss Bostal went together to see Jem Stickels at his lodging to ask how he was?"

But here again Nell blundered past the opportunity thus given her for clearing her own character.

"I didn't want to go. Miss Theodora made me go," said she.

"Well, you went, at any rate, and you saw him, and spoke to him."

"No; I didn't speak to him."

"Well, you saw him, didn't you?"

"No; I wouldn't look at him. I heard him; that was all."

"You heard him tell Miss Bostal that he was going to Stream?"

Here a frightened look passed suddenly across the girl's face, causing the jurymen, one and all, to look at her more attentively than before.

"Yes."

The answer was a whisper.

"And, of course, you didn't notice whether he seemed in his usual health or not?"

"I didn't notice."

"Of course not. Then you went back to Colonel Bostal's house with Miss Bostal?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the time at all? Can you tell us what time it was when you reached the house?"

"No."

"You can't give any idea?"

"No."

"Not even within an hour?"

"No."

"And when you got to the house what did you do?"

"I cried."

"Where? In the kitchen?"

"Yes, I think so. I hardly remember."

"Miss Bostal left you to go upstairs and mend her dress. Do you remember that?"

"No. Oh, yes, I think I do."

"Now I don't want to worry you, but I want you to think before you answer me. When Miss Bostal left you to go upstairs, what did you do?"

"I—I—I went into the kitchen."

"And you cried there?"

"Yes."

"And can you tell us about how long you sat there crying?"

"No."

"Presently you made the tea, didn't you?"

A pause.

The coroner went on:

"Try to recollect. It only happened last night, you know. Miss Bostal says you brought in the tea, brought it into the dining room. Don't you remember doing that?"

"Oh, oh, yes!"

"And did you then look at the clock? Do you remember?"

"No, I don't remember."

"You found Miss Bostal in the dining room. What was she doing?"

"She was lighting the fire."

"Yes. And you had you been in the kitchen all the time after she left you until you took the tea into the dining room?"

"Yes."

"You had not been outside the house for a moment?"

This question Nell answered promptly.

"Oh, no!"

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Have you, gentlemen, any questions to ask this witness?" went on the coroner, turning to the jury.

A stout man with gray whiskers leaned forward in his seat.

"I should like to ask Miss Claris," he said, "whether the deceased had not used certain threats towards her? He is known to have said that he had used threats."

The coroner looked as if he was uncertain whether he should allow this question, but Nell answered by a movement of her head in assent.

"He did use threats to you?" persisted the juryman.

"Yes, but—"

"He threatened to tell the police who it was that committed the robberies at your uncle's house?"

Nell turned very white, and threw at the persistent juryman a frightened glance.

"Yes. He said that he knew."

"And he threatened to give information?"

"I don't think," interrupted the coroner, "that you ought to put it like that. Threaten is hardly the word. He said he would give information, did he not?"

"Yes," said Nell, almost inaudibly.

"Are you engaged to Mr. King?" asked he.

"Really, gentlemen, we must keep to the point," protested the coroner. But Nell answered this question in a louder voice.

"I am not engaged to him," she said, firmly.

"That will do, I think," said the coroner, who saw that there was a strong tendency on the part of the jury to satisfy their curiosity on points quite outside the subject of inquiry.

And Nell was allowed to retire from her prominent position. Miss Bostal was waiting for her, and with a gentle hand she drawing the girl into a seat beside her, where little could be seen of her now flushed and frightened face.

"There is now only one more witness," went on the coroner, addressing the jury. "It is the second medical man who helped at the post mortem."

"Is not Mr. King to be called?" asked one of the jurymen.

"He is unable to attend. I have a doctor's certificate to that effect. But after the evidence which has been given I think his presence was hardly material."

"Now, I think it very material," objected a juryman. "He was known to have quarreled with the deceased—"

"It can be proved that he was in bed at the time of his death," answered the coroner. "He was so much injured that he was watched from the moment he fell down, fainting, after flinging the deceased off."

"Well, but I submit that we ought to have proof of this in evidence. When a man is found dead, with a bullet in his head—"

He stopped short, his attention arrested, like that of every other person in the court, by a cry, a movement, on the part of Nell Claris. Springing upon her feet she gave a moan, a gasp and then looking round her with one quick, frightened stare, sank down in her seat.

There was a buzz of whispering, which was checked by the loud cry of "Silence!" as the second doctor was called and sworn. His evidence was only an echo of his colleague, and was hardly listened to by the crowd in the court, who were occupied with a stronger situation.

The coroner's address to the jury was a very short one, and indicated more doubt in the mind of the coroner than existed in the minds of his hearers.

When the jury had retired the murmurs rose higher and higher, and the excited discussion of the probable verdict, although repressed a little by the presence of Nell, who sat like a statue by Miss Bostal's side, had grown into a loud roar before the jury returned into court.

When they took their seats the roar of the crowd had suddenly given place to a hush, in which the voice of the coroner asking if they had agreed upon a verdict was distinctly heard.

In a few minutes the news had spread from the court to the crowd in the market place outside that the verdict was "Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown."

CHAPTER XVI.

When Miss Bostal, at the end of the proceedings, turned to Nell and told her to get up and come home, she found that the girl had fainted.

George Claris, who had not been near his niece during the inquest, but had stood in a corner by himself with folded arms watching the proceedings with a heavy frown, came forward sullenly at Miss Bostal's imperious gesture.

"Look, look, Mr. Claris, don't you see the poor child has fainted?" cried she, astonished at his apathy.

"Yes, I see," replied he, shortly, with a cool nod.

"Poor little thing! The horror has been too much for her! Poor little thing!" went on the lady, as she quickly unfastened Nell's cloak and loosened the front of her gown. "A glass of water, some one, please! And don't crowd around her; let her have all the air we can."

When the girl came to herself, as she did in a very few minutes, thanks to the administrations of Miss Bostal, she was led away to the dog cart which was waiting outside.

"Take great care of her," said Miss Bostal, solicitously, as Nell was bundled in, very pale and listless and miserable. "And if you will take my advice, you will send her off to her aunt in London by the first train tomorrow morning."

George Claris, who had remained taciturn, sullen, and on the whole rather neglectful of his niece, frowned as he threw a quick glance at her.

"Oh, she's all right," he said, with gruffness most unusual with him in speaking of his darling Nell. "She only wants the fresh air to bring her to. How are you going to get back, Miss Bostal? Can't I give you a lift? We will make room for you."

He looked up at Nell, expecting her to echo his words, and to make room for her friend; but the girl never moved.

Her uncle looked angry, but Miss Theodora smiled indulgently.

"Leave her alone," she whispered. "She's not herself yet. This terrible business has been too much for her."

"Why should it be too much for her more than for anybody else?" asked the innkeeper, fiercely.

Nell turned with a start, and her eyes were full of horror as she met those of her uncle. Miss Theodora pulled him impatiently by the arm.

"Men have no sympathy," she said reproachfully. "My father is just the same. You don't make any allowance for a woman's nerves. And yet, if we don't have nerves, you complain that we are mannish and unlovable. Oh, Mr. Claris, I didn't think it of you! I didn't, indeed. I've often thought that your gentleness to Nell was a pattern to be copied by other men in their treatment of ladies."

The excitement of the day had rendered Miss Bostal much more loquacious and condescending than was usual with her. Her father, who had not been in court, came out at this moment, and, with a nod to George Claris and a cold salutation to Nell, drove Miss Theodora away.

The old gentleman looked cold and was decidedly crisp.

"Come away. Come along," said he. "Mrs. Lambedowne will give us a lift on her way home. I don't know what you want to go hanging about the place for a minute longer than you need. I should think you were glad to get this grievous affair done with. Come along."

And Miss Theodora dutifully allowed him to lead her away.

To be Continued.

Dr. Loeb says electricity is the underlying cause of vital action, but he has not as yet made a fair demonstration of it.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

A CLEVER DRESSMAKER.

Borrowed Her Neighbor's Gowns to Exhibit to First Customers.

How one dressmaker got her start in New York City is the pet story of the woman who started her.

"She rented two rooms on the first floor of a Ninety-fifth street house," said the woman. "I occupied the floor above. I had seen her sign in the window for several weeks before I saw her. One day I met her in the hall. Two days later she called at my apartment.

"'I am in an awful pickle,' she said, 'and I am going to ask you to help me out. There are two women down stairs who want some dresses made, but before they give me the order they want to see some samples of my work. With the exception of my own clothes, and you could put all of them in a handbox, I have nothing to show them. I find it awfully hard to drum up trade here. I haven't had a customer since I moved into this house, and I will lose those two women if I cannot make the raise of a few nice gowns to show them. Would you mind letting me have three or four of yours for a few minutes? I will return them as soon as the women go away.'

"The pure nerve of the girl staggered me. 'But you didn't make my gowns,' I said. 'They were made by a dressmaker who runs a very fashionable shop.'

"'So I supposed,' said my neighbor. 'Are they marked with her name?'

"'No,' said I, 'that woman's style is her trademark, and I ought not give another the benefit of it.'

"The girl just stood there and looked at me, and the pitiful drooping of her eyes appealed to me more effectually than any words. The upshot of the matter was I loaned her five of my newest, best gowns. Naturally the callers were delighted with them, and gave the girl a large order for summer clothes. I worried myself sick over the affair.

"'What will you do,' I said, 'if you turn out poorly made garments? How will you square yourself?'

"'I shall not need to square myself,' she said, confidently.

"And she did not need to. Her work, instead of being botchy, as I had expected it to be, was beautiful. All she needed was an introduction, and after she got that, through gowns made by a swell dressmaker, her reputation and a good income were easily made."—New York Times.

Modish Tea Parties.

Japanese tea tables are distinctly the fashion, and as they stand only about twelve to fourteen inches high it is quite impossible to sit at or about one in our long-legged Western chairs, therefore a modish tea party is about the newest, most easy and picturesque little entertainment possible. No man and no small woman need apply for admission. The unbidden individual is usually a sad and sorry object when he actually attempts to compose his lifeless form into lines of comfort and grace on a cushion. To achieve these desired ends you must be slim and you must be supple, and you must have the draperies and know how to compose them well. On arriving at a Japanese tea party your hostess does not rise to greet you. She is coiled and curled on a lot satin bag filled with down beside a low lacquer table, and she merely bids you cordially, points to a like pile of cushions in the corner of the room and bids you join the revelling, when the maid is arranged in exactly the right way on the floor.

The tea is but the cup is a treasure, very quaint is supposedly pretty and perhaps, for the next five minutes you must do some actual wriggling, indeed, in order to slide naturally into a perfectly comfortable posture without spilling a drop of tea, endangering the emperor looking miserable. It is in such humanly successful moments that we realize that the plant grace of the species comes from generations of ancestresses who took tea on the floor.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Smart Swiss Dresses.

The country girl who haven't the attendance of a millionaire's daughter to do her dressmaking over the outlook for her summer wardrobe. She can buy some exceedingly dainty stuff for dirt cheap as low as twelve and a half cents a yard. She can get them even lower than that, but for this money she can find really pretty things for evening dresses.

Let her beware, however, of getting the Swisses for this purpose, for she will be amazed at the sheer offerings for so little money.

One pattern showed the white ground covered with a monstrosity of white dots, and then lest in this snowy field were too many for feeds with a lot of green leaves. Can you think of anything daintier? A considered such practically an idea, or something as airy as the fabric itself would help her to get it.

Another with the same dotted surface had stripes like satin ribbon in pink and lilac pompadour combinations. One had just a long, indefinite design in stripe effect in real old rose pink.

These are hints of other patterns, all dainty and summery, any one of which would make a charming gown quite suitable for little summer dinners and informal affairs. But one should not try to build elaborate frocks out of this material. Its charm is its freshness, its daintiness, its simplicity.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Nice Point of Etiquette.

It is a much-mooted question whether letters of condolence should or should not be answered. Some people assume that they are never replied to, others feel an obligation to reply in writing to the kindly meant words of consolation offered by friends of the bereaved. It is true that members of a family who have sustained a loss are sometimes too much overcome to undertake the duty of correspondence. The letters of condolence are not easy to answer, and at one time there was little effort in this direction. During the past few years, however, a change has come over the face of public sentiment in this connection. The duty of replying to such letters may be divided among different members of the family and the labor of writing these need not be undertaken at once. But all the same, sad and often heart-breaking as it is to write on the theme of the loss, these letters are now acknowledged.

If a letter has been sent it is duly acknowledged; a few lines written on a visiting card does duty in many cases, particularly when the volume of condolence received has been very great.

The letter of acknowledgment may be brief. One page is often sufficient, for a few lines to the point are better than pages of florid writing. But the reply should be sent whenever it is possible.—Philadelphia Record.

Brushing the Hair.

There can be such a thing as brushing the hair too much, it seems. The good old "one hundred strokes of the brush night and morning," which our mothers used to preach as a sine qua non to a fine head of hair is more observed in the breach than in the observance—at least, that's what the most famous hairdresser in London is saying. He has startled the fashionable women of England by warning them that in following the old traditions they are brushing the beauty out of their hair. "The incessant brushing of the present day is ruinous to the hair," he says. "Some women used to give their hair one hundred strokes of the brush night and morning and have good hair in spite of it; an occasional person might do so now; but the good hair is in spite of the brush, not because of it. All new hairs appear first as a soft, delicate fuzz, easily pulled out or destroyed. Stiff brushing will wear them out just as it will wear out the nap of cloth. The hair roots try to make up for the destruction. They are forced into abnormal growth and their force is depleted. The old hair is falling. The new hair is not being allowed to live and grow. The life force is being exhausted. The hair gets thin, straggling, unhealthy, dies out altogether, and there you have the bald woman."

Exalted by Gossip.

Sometimes a bit of gossip about a person, when it is not scandalous, scores to his or her advantage and creates a personage out of an individual who might otherwise remain entirely unnoticed. A certain man who has made his way into the innermost precincts of smart society became persona grata entirely on account of the mystery which seemed to envelop his antecedents. No one could find out just where he came from. He was a crack polo player and capital cross-country rider, and gradually got to know a lot of men, who found him a thorough sport and liked him for his quiet, gentlemanly ways. Some of them introduced him to their wives, and he began to be socially known in a small way. Then the mystery idea was started, and people began to talk about him. Data being acquainted with only a smart set he became known to society generally, and smart women who had nothing to do grew interested in discovering his antecedents. There was a well-bred dignity about him, however, that prevented direct questioning, and no one could find out anything about him. As his conduct is irreproachable in every way, his means abundant and his manner exceptionally good, he has become a great social success.—New York Tribune.

Stencilled Gowns.

From Paris comes the very latest idea in dress decoration. The women art students are the originals and those who have seen it pronounce it charming. Where heretofore embroidery has been used the new style is to stencil the design, and, as the peculiar method used is said to be very simple, it is not necessary to have an immense art education or talent. Any clever woman can have a dozen frocks, each different, or hence scope for her own individuality. The work is done on all textiles, from an silk or cotton or wash materials, even the silks and chiffons. Unusual as the idea sounds to those who have not seen the results, it has already passed the fad stage and has become a permanency, at least as much so as fashion is ever permanent, and many of the noted modistes are giving the art students large orders to fill.

Lohengrin Downy Bed.

The Queen of Servia is a true and disconsolate convert to the idea that if one would preserve a good figure she must eschew luxurious beds. Her Majesty is regarded to possess the best figure and most stately carriage of all the royal women of Europe.

She has given up the soft bed and down pillows and sleeps on a hard cot covered with a mattress and no pillows. There is no vestige of pillow under her head, but her feet rest on a cushion. Previous to taking up with this unusual method of resting the Queen had been a sufferer from insomnia and indigestion, but from both these losses she is now entirely free.

Leaway for Gossip.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but allows enough uncovered to meet the requirements of gossip.—Puck.

GOOD ROADS

Progress of the Good Roads Idea.

THERE is no subject to which the Constitution has given more undivided attention than that of good roads, and we are highly gratified to see that the leaven of road improvement is working in almost every county in Georgia.

From day to day the Constitution has contained excerpts from the weekly press of the State telling how one county after another is directing its attention to improved highways, and it is evident that before many years the county in Georgia that hasn't a thorough system of modern, well-graded, macadamized or graveled roads will be the exception and not the rule.

The frequent rains of the past winter have, as usual, made the roads almost impassable in a majority of the counties of the State, and this has helped to place the good roads idea uppermost in the people's minds. Farmers, whose hauling has been so seriously interfered with thereby, and merchants, whose trade has been correspondingly hurt, are coming together on the proposition that good roads are the cheapest in the end—that bad roads, in fact, as the Constitution has so often said, are about the most expensive luxuries that any community ever indulged in.

In connection with the good roads movement in Georgia it is both interesting and important to study what other States are doing in the effort to improve their highways. The Pennsylvania Legislature, for instance, has just appropriated $6,500,000 to be spent in road building throughout the State. New York and other States have a similar law providing for State aid for those counties that undertake to secure modern roads.

In Pennsylvania the State aid idea has taken firm hold. The plan just adopted is for the State, the county and the township to co-operate in the work of building and improving the roads. The State is to pay two-thirds of the expense and the county and township in which the work is done each one-sixth of the expense. The State has made available for this purpose $6,500,000 to be expended during the next few years.

The principle involved in the State aid plan is exactly the same as that involved in the scheme for National aid which has developed such popularity recently. The fundamental idea of both is that road improvement is not merely a matter of local interest and responsibility, but a matter of interest and concern to the whole people; or, to put it another way, road building is coming to be viewed as a species of "internal improvement" belonging in the same class as river and harbor improvements.

Another reason advanced why National and State aid are becoming so popular is the realization that unless operations of the kind latitudinized, the burden of bad roads, like the roof, will be always with us. The latitudinless roads of the country constitute a sort of "slough of despond," in which people are sinking to thunder until some one comes along to help them out. In fact, the expense for improving the roads in many localities is a burden which the local population is wholly unable to bear. It is urged that whenever the State or the Nation reaches out a helping hand to such communities, they will grasp it and bend all their energies to the great work of improving their highways.

An Eastern man who has recently taken a trip through Texas says the enthusiasm with which the people have taken up the "good roads idea" is wonderful. In some counties they are in danger of "going wild" on the subject. Funds are being raised, mainly by the issue of county bonds, and a similar plan is being adopted in North Carolina.

All of these plans can be studied with profit by the people of Georgia, now that we have become aroused to the necessity of improving our highways. Too much attention cannot be given this all-important subject.—Atlanta Constitution.

Worthy of Emulation.

Judge W. A. Falconer of Fort Smith, Ark., has applied the principle of State aid in a new way. As State aid is not very forthcoming in Arkansas, though it will soon be provided for, Judge Falconer put himself in the State's place, and offered to donate $2500 to that city of the four most important roads in the township which would take the largest bonus to obtain it. One road raised $2750 in guaranteed cash subscriptions, in addition to the engineering work and unlimited quantities of stone. To the road coming next in the liberality contest the Judge offered one dollar for every dollar it would raise, provided it would raise as much as $1000 by April 1; that road had on March 8 in cash and in checks payable April 1, $1800, and expected to raise $500 or $600 more. Judge Falconer has done more than help Fort Smith to get good roads; he has set an example that may well be emulated throughout the Nation.—Good Roads Magazine.

Give a Rebate.

The council of Hammonton, N. J., has passed an ordinance allowing a rebate of $1 in taxes for each wheel on a wagon having a tire four inches or more in width.

Wild red deer are increasing so rapidly in Devon and Somerset, England, that special efforts are to be made to reduce their numbers.

Household Matters

Care of Table Tops.

In caring for a polished table top, it is the rubbing and not what is put on it that does the best work in keeping it in good condition. A polished table top should be frequently rubbed with a soft cloth, moistened with a pure oil of some kind. This is better than unprepared furniture polish, for usually this is made to give a polish without the necessity of rubbing. The table should have what is called a hand polish, for this will wash without spoiling, and does not easily stain or become defaced by the heat of dishes, while constant rubbing makes it more attractive.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Hygienic Pie.

The old English pie is more hygienic than the New England article, simply because in England the soaked and soggy undercrust is never encountered. The deep dish pie with an upper crust held up in the centre by an inverted tea cup, is familiar, even in this country, but the pie mould is not often seen on this side of the water. To make a pie mould use what the Scotch call a "half-puff" paste—that is, a fairly rich pastry. Cover the outside of a small tin or graniteware pan with the paste, taking care to prick it all over to keep it from breaking out in bubbles. Cover a lid with another layer of paste and bake very carefully, turning frequently. When cold slip off the mould and fill it with stewed or fresh fruit, as desired.—New York Post.

The Perfect Potato.

A modern gourmet deplores the rarity of the well-boiled, properly cooked potato, saying that that vegetable is almost always waxy, ill boiled and watery. The secret lies in drying the balls after the water is poured off. This should be done by holding the saucepan over the hot fire a moment, then shaking vigorously until the "flouriness" comes, as it most certainly will if the process be kept up long enough. "I have never yet met the potato so unregenerate as to fail to respond to this treatment," said a noted housekeeper, who had read the lament of the gourmet.

In making potato salad, a cooking authority says, much better results will be obtained by pouring a hot dressing over cold potatoes or a cold dressing over hot potatoes, than by using dressing and potatoes both either hot or cold. The unpleasant clamminess noticeable in many potato salads is obviated in this way, she thinks.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How to Boil Water.

"To boil water is the simplest thing in the world," said the steward at one of the leading hotels in Washington. "But how to boil it is quite another thing. I believe we have the name of having the best coffee of any hotel in this city. Of course, we use good coffee, but let me tell you much of the [illegible] water with which to make the coffee has been properly boiled. The secret in boiling water is just this: Always use fresh water and let the kettle be warm before the cold, sparkling fluid is put into it. The fire should be quick, so that the water will boil at once, and the water should be removed from the fire the instant the boiling point is reached and poured upon the coffee or tea or whatever beverage is in demand immediately.

"So many people make the mistake of permitting the kettle to remain over the fire, where the water steams and simmers away, wasting the good water in vapor. Those who drink hot water before breakfast, as many do, should insist on the use of fresh water and having it served as soon as boiled."

Doctors say, however, that to kill germs in suspicious water boiling should last about five minutes.—Washington Post.

. . RECIPES . .

Olive Sandwiches—Cut very thin slices of bread from a loaf a day old; cut off the crusts; spread the slices with a little butter; cut stuffed olives in very small pieces; mix with a little mayonnaise; spread over the bread; serve on a folded napkin at teas and receptions.

Quickly Made Beef Tea—Pour three-quarters of a cup of cold water over half a pound of raw hamburg steak. Allow it to stand ten minutes in a cool place, then set on the stove and let it cook slowly for ten minutes. Add a little salt, just before taking from the fire and strain.

Chicken Pudding—Boil one or two chickens as for a fricassee. Make a batter of one pint of milk, one of flour, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, two eggs and a little salt. Butter a pudding dish, put in a layer of chicken, bits of butter, then a layer of batter, and continue this way, having the top layer of batter. Moisten with the chicken stock and serve with a gravy made from the remaining stock.

Potato Croquettes—Beat the yolk of one egg until thick, then add to it one cupful of mashed potatoes, one tablespoon of cream, a few drops of onion juice, half a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoon of minced parsley, a slight grating of nutmeg, salt and cayenne to season; mix and turn into a small pan and stir until it leaves the sides of the pan; turn out to cool; when cold shape into croquettes; roll each in beaten egg, then in fine bread crumbs; fry in smoking hot deep fat; drain, arrange on a platter.

There are nearly 270 different religions in the United Kingdom.