

WALTER BLOOMFIELD

CHAPTER XX.

My cheeks tingled with indignation which I did not dare to express. I followed my uncle down the stairs. Thoroughly vexed and pained as I was to hear my dear father so pitilessly disparaged by his brother, I was not at all surprised at uncle Sam's bitterness. Circumstances seemed to show that my father and I had both fallen victims to the clumsy fraud of an ignorant old man. But the situation had now become hopeful. If uncle Sam's theory was correct, as I hoped and believed it might prove to be, reconciliation of the brothers was not only possible but highly probable, my uncle's recent declaration to the contrary notwithstanding.

As soon as he entered the brilliantly lighted dining room uncle Sam assumed his airiest manner, in no way indicating the serious thoughts which had occupied his mind a minute or so before. All the company, except Mr. Rosenberg, had departed; and my aunt and Miss Marsh, who were dressed for dinner, appeared very charming in white silk robes trimmed with old lace, each lady wearing a giraffe from which depended a superb fan ornamented with feathers and diamonds.

I shall not attempt to describe either the apartment or the decking of the table, being well assured of my inability to do so. Suffice it to say that both were as artistic and luxurious as the best artists in those things at the end of the nineteenth century can provide for men of lavish expenditure. As soon as dinner was over, we adjourned to the drawing room, with the exception of uncle Sam, who betook himself to the roof to smoke, saying that he would prefer to be untroubled and could not accomplish his purpose without consuming three cigars. "It is now," said he, glancing at his watch, "a few minutes past nine, and I may not see you again before morning, so good-night and pleasant dreams."

Dear old uncle Sam! How well I knew the subject on which he intended to exercise his thoughts, and how ardently I hoped a renewal of his friendship with my father would result from his deliberations! Whether her womanly instincts had perceived the attraction which her sister had for me, and her kindness of heart prompted her to gratify me, or that it so befell of accident I know not; but to my great satisfaction, on returning to the drawing room my aunt at once entered into conversation with Mr. Rosenberg, leaving Miss Marsh and me to pass our time as best we could.

What an evening was that! Why, I was almost happy and really believe I should have been quite so but for the shadow of the estrangement between the two brothers whose lives were bound up with mine. The conversation of lovers, so delightful to the parties immediately concerned, is notably uninteresting to everybody else; and it is not my intention to bring upon myself that ridicule which men past the amorous phase of their career so mercilessly and inconsistently mete out to their fellows engaged in it by recording in this place my conversation with Constance Marsh on that memorable occasion. Suffice it to say that in telling the tale of the sequins, which I seized this opportunity to relate, I greatly excited her sympathy. My long silence was forgiven as soon as its cause was understood and it was clear to me that I had established myself in her favor more firmly than ever.

"I understand you will be from home all to-morrow," I observed. "Yes," replied Miss Marsh. "I am going to Tarrytown. Mrs. Van Rensselaer has just returned from Europe, and is to give a reception." "Where is Tarrytown, and who is Mrs. Van Rensselaer?" I inquired. "Tarrytown is a beautiful village on the Hudson, about twenty-five miles from here. Mrs. Van Rensselaer is the widow of Martin Van Rensselaer, the railroad king. Everybody has heard of old Martin Van Rensselaer, who died two years ago worth fifty million dollars."

"Yes, I think I have read something about him somewhere," I said. "Tell me, Connie dear, will the Rev. Mr. Price be there?" "I don't know, I'm sure. I hope so," replied Miss Marsh. "I can quite understand your delight at your entertain such a hope. May I beg you will increase it by telling me why you hope he may not be there?" "Because he is a tease, and monopolizes my time when he has the opportunity to do so," confessed Miss Marsh.

"If the Rev. Mr. Price were to ask you to become his wife, what would you say?" "The same as I have said before." "What! has he asked you to marry him?" "Dear me, yes. Lots of times." "And what has been your answer?"

"No." "Dear Connie! And if I were to ask you that question, what would your reply be?" "The same." "Do you like me no better than Mr. Price?" "Oh yes; ever so much better." "Then who is it you prefer to either of us?" "Myself." "Connie," I said, taking one of her little hands and holding it tightly in both of mine, "I don't mind confessing to you that I was vain enough to hope your decision might be different. I would not ask you to marry me while I am poor; but all the world knows—and no place furnishes more examples than this city—that wealth is a thing which passes from hand to hand and is as often gained as lost. What if I were rich enough to keep my wife in the manner in which you have lived your life?"

"I was not thinking of money; my father left me more of that than I can possibly require in any circumstances. I don't think I'm much inclined to marry anybody." "You may change your mind. Some young ladies who have asked as you talk now have afterwards become admirable wives. It should be your case, what sort of man could you tolerate as your husband?" "Not Mr. Price."

"Dear Connie! And me—could you tolerate me?" "I think perhaps I could if I tried." "May I rest assured that, should you ever marry, it is my wife you will become? That provisional promise would make me happy." "Take it then and be happy, you silly boy." "Dearest Connie, I must seal this compact with a kiss." "Not now, Earnest dear, not now. Hush! Leave go of my hand; here comes my sister and Mr. Rosenberg."

CHAPTER XXI.

ANNIE WOLSEY FOUND. Though Constance Marsh had not promised to be my wife (indeed that could hardly have been, for I had not asked her for any such promise), her undertaking to accept me for her husband should she marry filled me with satisfaction. Her professed indisposition for marriage I regarded as a profession and nothing more—the bantering playfulness of a high-spirited, noble-minded girl. I had not lacked opportunities to observe that the ambition of every woman is marriage; and that the few, the very few women who deny this assertion with words, illustrate its truth in the failure of their lives. The girl of my choice was intensely feminine, her nature unworped by any of the pernicious humbug of woman's so-called rights, concerning which a shrieking sisterhood of the malformed, the neglected, and the deluded spoil much good paper and read the air in many lecture halls; and I did not at all doubt that I had now merely to raise my fortune to the level of hers to enable me to claim her hand and find my claim allowed. Love will lightly attempt tasks from which reason would shrink, and the difficulty of effecting the necessary change in my condition had no terrors for me, or I was too dazzled by the prospective prize to perceive them.

With an unquestioning faith in my uncle's perceptive powers, I was now more than ever disposed to unreservedly accept his theory of the robbery of the sequins, and I resolved to neglect nothing that might tend toward their recovery. Filled with this idea, I arose early the next morning, resolved to discuss with him ways and means expedient for me, and was surprised to learn that he had arisen before me and was engaged in his study. My mental condition was such that it appeared to me impossible that another man could have affairs comparable for importance with the matter upon which the possession of my dear Constance more or less depended, and I did not in the least scruple to interrupt my uncle. I found him seated at his desk, writing with marvellous rapidity. "You come early," he said, looking up, but without for a moment ceasing to write. "Take a chair. I will talk to you presently."

"Seeing that he was busy, I did not answer, but sat down as requested and listened to the industrious scratching of my uncle's pen. Presently the writer ceased, folded his papers, placed them in an envelope, on which he bestowed a vigorous blow at the sealing place, then threw himself back in his chair and folded his arms. He appeared to know perfectly why I had disturbed him at that early hour, though I had not yet spoken to him; and with his accustomed bluntness he at once grappled with the business he conceived I had come upon.

"With regard to those sequins," said uncle Sam, "I find no cause to revise the remark I made about them last night. Adams, the butler, or whatever you call him, stole them; of that I don't entertain the smallest doubt. He may have been assisted by another of the Holdenhurst servants, or by one of Knight & Faulkner's men; but it

is improbable. I have never heard it suggested that the old man was a thief; but I well remember his miserly habits of more than twenty years ago. Miserliness once acquired is never shaken off, but intensifies with time. What can be more reasonable than to suppose that when Knight & Faulkner were making the alterations in the Hall, the treasure was accidentally revealed to Adams—who would be quite safe, he would think, in concluding that its existence was unknown to your father or any other member of our family from the mere fact of its being where it was. Many people who can look with equanimity on piles of bank notes are strangely moved at sight of a heap of gold coins, and find the infernal stuff quite irresistible. This I believe was the case with Adams; and I base my opinion on his going so much in and out of the crypt about the time the robbery is supposed to have taken place, his strange finding of you there, his illness immediately afterwards, his lies to incriminate me, and his gift to you of fifty pounds. This last move of the old man was to save his conscience rather than to benefit you. That conscience is a vile thing and troubles a great many people, I know well; for I had a conscience myself some years ago. It was a great nuisance. However, I take only a remote interest in all these things, and but for your sake, don't care two straws what became of the sequins. Your father has treated me too badly for friendship between us even to be renewed; but I confess I should be gratified to learn that his frightful blunder has been demonstrated to him. The sequins, and if you intend to try to recover the treasure—good; I will help you with advice and money. Or if you don't think the amount worth the trouble, good again; and we will agree not to speak or think any more of the matter."

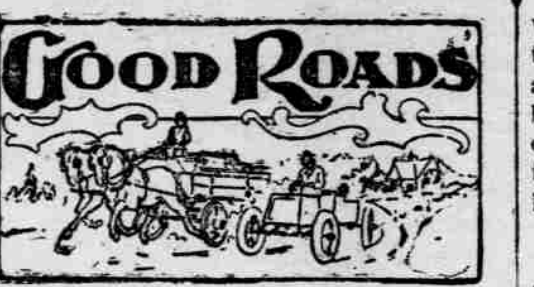
At another time my uncle's declaration would have depressed me, for certainly there was but one thing I more ardently desired than his reconciliation with my father. But I was not now disposed to be easily depressed. On the contrary, to my eyes all things had put on a rosy hue, and I not only looked for the speedy possession of a quarter of a million sequins, and of Constance Marsh as my wife, but also for the patching up of the miserable feud of which uncle Sam had just spoken. Lovers' thoughts are so extravagantly fantastical that I was oblivious of the fact that the sequins might never be recovered, or if recovered were not mine; that Constance Marsh had not promised to marry me; and that my uncle had just declared the impossibility of renewing his former friendship with my father. In this cheerful mood I answered that I had fully determined to follow up the clue he had suggested, and was prepared to accept any assistance he might think necessary and was prepared to offer.

"Very good," said uncle Sam. "The case is a simple one. You have not to deal with an accomplished thief, but an ignorant old miser, who was overcome by a large temptation and has already manifested a symptom of remorse. The world knows nothing of his greatest thief; their success prevents that. Your object, as I understand it, is to get a grip on those sequins; and mine merely to establish the fact that I had no hand in abstracting them. Am I right?" "Quite right, uncle."

"Well, you have but to follow my directions, and I venture to predict that you will recover every sequin before three weeks are over your head. Return at once to Holdenhurst, and for a few days closely observe every act of Adams; but be extremely cautious that the old man doesn't become conscious you are watching him. Talk to him freely, but make no attempt to sound him on any point which bears, however remotely, on the matter in hand. It is not unlikely your vigilance will be rewarded by valuable knowledge. About a week stolen your uncle send the old man on some errand which will keep him away from Holdenhurst for an entire day, and during his absence thoroughly examine his room and everything that is his. Don't scruple to turn out his drawers and boxes—his suspicious conduct fully justifies the act. Should you fail to find the sequins, when the old man returns, seize him by the throat and, forcing him against the wall thus—here uncle Sam suddenly arose and, grasping me tightly around the neck with his left hand, pushed me backwards against a large cabinet with such vigor that I was almost strangled, and my white tie, which I had spent twenty minutes in adjusting, hopelessly spoiled—"tell him you possess the clearest possible evidence that he has stolen the contents of ten chests belonging to your father; that if he immediately restores what he has stolen he shall be forgiven, but that if he dare refuse or even demur you will at once hand him over to the police and charge him with robbery. Be intensely earnest in your manner, and let your subsequent acts accord with your words. If you don't find the sequins while Adams is away, your accusation on his return will throw him into a deadly terror; he will fall on his knees like a penitent villain in a melodrama and give you information worth \$500,000. If you find the sequins, you can afford to deal less harshly with the old man."

"Yes," I gasped, as soon as my uncle relaxed his grasp on my throat. "To be continued."

Softly (who fell overboard and was traumatically rescued)—"Did you—aw—faint, when you heard them yell, 'Man overboard?'" Helen (sobbing)—"No no, Cholly. I never once suspected they could mean you."—Tit-Bits.



In the East. The last ten years the question of road improvement has received a good deal of attention from the legislators in the Eastern States, notably in Massachusetts and New Jersey. Careful study of the road question in these States soon developed the fact that the counties and towns were doing little and in many cases nothing, and that the roads were gradually becoming worse instead of better. In Massachusetts the idea was first conceived of having the State and civil subdivisions thereof cooperate in the improvement of the roads. A State law embodying this principle was adopted in New Jersey about the same time as in Massachusetts, and for the last ten years remarkable progress has been made in these two States. Indeed, the principle of State aid has become so popular within the last few years that this same principle has been enacted into law in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Delaware and Pennsylvania, and the idea is being carefully considered by the legislatures of many of the Southern and Western States.

Mr. O. Eldridge, Assistant Director, Office of Public Road Inquiries of the United States Department of Agriculture, recently made an inspection trip through the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York. In an interview Mr. Eldridge had the following to say in regard to the road conditions in these States: "I am fully convinced from my recent trip that the roads which have been built in the East through the aid of the States and under the direction of highway commissions are the best roads in the United States, and are equal, if not superior, to the best roads in the world. This is due to the fact that these roads have been built under intelligent supervision, by skillful workmen, out of the very best materials, and with American road building machinery; whereas most of the roads that I have seen in the old country were built by hand, and have since been maintained in the same way. In spite of the long drought which prevailed throughout the New England States during the spring and summer the State roads were firm and smooth, and although I personally inspected over 500 miles of improved roads, I did not see a single one which had revealed or which had signs of wear from the recent dry weather. In the southeastern part of Massachusetts and along Cape Cod Bay, and in the southern part of Connecticut, the old roads were composed entirely of sand, but in spite of the dry weather, the State roads built on these sand foundations are remarkably hard and smooth."

Mr. Eldridge was asked if he thought that the people of the Eastern States, who had already built some good roads, and who have organized to continue the work along the present lines, would be willing to accept assistance from the general Government in building roads as provided for in the Brownlow bill. "I believe," said Mr. Eldridge, "that the people of the Eastern States are so enthusiastic on the subject of good roads that they would be glad to accept the co-operation of the Government. They have been building good roads for the past ten years, yet the work of completing the system has just fairly started. Even if the present plans and liberal appropriations are continued it will take many years to improve all the important highways in these States, and consequently the people are anxious to secure any additional aid possible. The State Highway Commissioners of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey expressed themselves as being in favor of national aid, and I believe that all the good roads people in the Eastern States are in favor of it."—Good Roads Magazine.

Losses by Bad Roads. As to losses by bad roads, the office has learned, by consultation with many thousands of the most intelligent farmers of the country, that the expense of moving farm products and supplies averages, on all our country roads, twenty-five cents per ton per mile; whereas in the good road districts of this and other countries the cost is only about one-third of this amount. This extra expense amounts in the aggregate to more than the entire expenditures of the National Government, and taking into account all of the hauling done on the public roads, the loss is equal to one-fourth of the home value of all the farm products of the United States. The increase in cost of hauling actually done is by no means the only loss resulting from bad roads. The loss of perishable products for want of access to market, the failure to reach market when prices are good, and the failure to cultivate products which would be marketable if markets were always accessible, add many millions to the actual tax of bad roads. Moreover, the enforced idleness of millions of men and draft animals during large portions of the year is an item not always taken into account in estimating the cost of work actually done. The tax of bad roads will become constantly harder to bear as the people of the United States are brought into keener competition with the cheap producers of other agricultural countries. The continuous improvement in transportation facilities, both by rail and

water, is steadily opening our markets to countries where labor is cheaper and in many cases where roads are better, and the agriculture of this country will no long stand a needless tax equal to one-fourth the value of its products.

FREE FROM JUSTICE.

Out of the Way Nations Where Our Criminals Are Safe. There are scores of little nations with which the United States has no treaties at all. Abyssinia is one, and was an American fugitive to reach Addis Ababa he might remain there the rest of his life without fear of molestation. In the West Indies are two republics in which the American evil does almost as securely as a mouse. One is Haiti, and the other is Santo Domingo. Both are usually so torn by revolutions that the existing government is almost unrecognizable. In consequence, both are favorite resorts for American adventurers and fugitives of the more enterprising sort. One American who left New Orleans inconspicuously because of a little difference with the law rose to high rank in the Haitian Army, and was eventually killed in a fight with revolutionists on the Dominican border.

The little Republic of San Marino, in the south of Europe, is another secure stronghold for American fugitives. But it is so small that the average evil doer does not seek it out, for fear that he may toss in his sleep and roll over its frontier into Spain. And far to the eastward there is Sarawak, in the East Indies, where an Englishman holds forth as absolute monarch and every stray soldier of fortune is welcome.

Were he to be a daring knave, an American fugitive might find safety, at least from American justice, in a dozen or more of the queer nations of Central Asia, though it is more than likely that the natives would soon finish him. In Afghanistan the Amerced would find the rulers of the State would treat him as a distinguished visitor. In Tibet proper he would be under the eye of the Chinese authorities, but outwardly Tibet is not Chinese territory, and the treaties with China do not affect it.

High up on the Central Asian tableland are perched Kafiristan and Turkistan, neither of which recognizes even the existence of the United States. Southeast of Arabia is the independent kingdom of Oman, and toward the north are Bokhara and Khiva, vassals of Russia, but still not affected by Russian treaties. And in Africa there is the vast expanse of the Congo Free State—unhealthy, maybe, but still safe. In the west are Bornu and Waday, independent kingdoms, and Kanem and Bogirmi, no-man's-land.—Chicago Tribune.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A true saint never needs to seek persecution. To be great is to be misunderstood.—Emerson. Sectarian strength may be spiritual weakness. Going ahead depends on more than head power. An honest man says either what he means or nothing. Ignorance is less distant from truth than prejudice.—Diderot. All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.—Lincoln. The first years of man must make provision for the last.—Samuel Johnson. The surest way to a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.—Douglas Jerrold. The saying that an ounce of pluck is worth a ton of luck is not a tucker quotation, we believe. We never feel satisfied that we have got even with somebody unless we come out somewhat ahead. Football in England. The football craze in England has become serious enough to be dignified by an official report from the United States Consul at Hull. The complaint over there is not that college students are demoralized, physically and financially, but that the workmen and industries are injuriously affected. In addition to the regular Saturday half holiday a day off is coming to be asked for on Monday, according to a writer in the New Liberal Review, and Monday football matches are now a recognized institution. A writer in Macmillan's says that large establishments are frequently tied up in mid-week because the whole body of workmen decide that their football favorites are in need of encouragement. Persuasion is held to be useless, because the men make such good wages during the five days of the week that they are glad to lose the time. As evidence of interest in the sport Mr. Hamm, the United States Consul, says that the daily reports of games occupy several columns in the leading newspapers, and that on Monday a page and a half is often required to report Saturday's games, the English newspapers having no Sunday edition. Arsenic Eaters. The practice of eating arsenic is very prevalent among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Austria-Hungary and France. They declare that the poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could only otherwise climb with great distress to the chest. Pauperism. In Great Britain the number of paupers in each 1000 of the population is twenty-six. In southwest England it is thirty-three. In some American cities ten per cent. of the population receive charitable assistance, as, for instance, Cleveland, Ohio.

WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

Boisterous. There was once a pair of young beaux who sported the loudest of cleax, And the noise that they made Put the sea in the shade, By the sound of the serge, I appax. —Pennsylvania Bunch Bowl.

By Way of Variety. Helene—"So they are finally divorced. How about the child?" Percy—"Oh, the child got the custody of the mother, I believe."—Pack.

A Supposedly Good Authority. The Literary Lady—"Hannah, that cake you made was positively unpalatable. I never tasted such a mess." Hannah—"Yes, ma'am, I made it from the recipe in that cook book you wrote, ma'am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not in His Line. "They have a bright clerk down here at the drug store." "Why, what's the matter?" "I went in and asked for ten cents' worth of collodion to paint slungies on. 'Madam,' he said, 'we don't keep house paints here.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Living Up to It. Mrs. Gossipp—"Do you think that young man who calls on Agatha three times a week has serious intentions?" Mrs. Pinktea—"He ought to have, judging from his occupation. He edits a column called 'Something Doing.'"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Had Different Reasons. "I'm afraid you can't graduate (his year, after all," said the high school professor to the Sweet Young Thing, who was sly in Greek or something. "No," she replied, "I can't. The dressmaker simply can't get my dress finished in time— isn't it too bad?"—Cleveland Leader.

Work a Necessity. "Work," remarked Tired Timothy, "is the bestest thing wot is." "Since when did youse fall in love wid work?" asked Hungry Henry. "I allers loved it," replied T. T. "Why, if wuzn't for work, how'd de easy marks git money ter give us as works 'em, huh?"—Chicago News.

Commendation. "Do you consider Buskin a great actor?" "No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "He speaks very admiringly of your performance." "Buskin is not a good actor, but he is a remarkably fine critic."—Washington Star.

Concise Information. "How can I go to Jones' grocery store, sonny?" "Why, go down past Jimmy Bailey's barn, turn around the corner of Reddy Johnson's pigpen, go up past Swipe Mulligan's corn crib, down de alley dat Johnny Briggs lives on, cross de street where Danny O'Rourke's home is, go down a block, an' yer right there."—New York Journal.

A Flattering Comparison. "So you thing you are a neglected genius?" "I'm sure of it," said the solemn citizen. "Perhaps you have hidden your light under a bushel?" "No, it isn't that. But you must bear in mind that the star Arcturus, which is really many times as large as our sun, does not produce as much of a public impression as a bicycle lamp."—Washington Star.

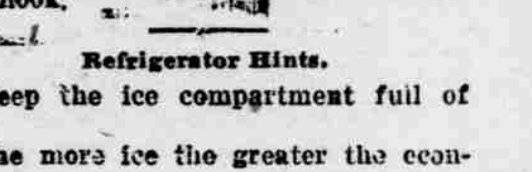
As It Often Happens. "Yes," said the hungry looking man, "I'm willing to do anything." "How does it happen that you are out of a job in such a time of peace, plenty and prosperity as this?" "Well, you see, there was a strike." "Oh. And you lost?" "No, we won all right, only they gradually discharged all us fellows who'd gone out." "I see. The operation was successful, but the patient died."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Memoriam. "Rather handsome young widow, isn't she?" "She's more than rather handsome. I think she's one of the handsomest women in town." "Too bad she has such poor taste." "I can't agree with you if you think she has poor taste." "Every one of her diamonds is nothing more than paste." "Oh, that may be so. She probably wears them in memory of her husband. He was a bill poster."—St. Paul News.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Keeps Off Flies. Flies will not settle on windows that have been washed in water mixed with a little kerosene. Orchid For the Table. "The orchid," says the House Beautiful, "supposed to be suitable only for the table of the millionaire, is really an economical decoration for the household of more moderate purse, since, with care, it keeps its beauty and freshness for weeks at a time." Three of them make an effective centerpiece for a table. Broom Holder. A broom and dustpan holder is a handy contrivance which the housewife simply screws to the wall about five feet from the floor and then has it ready for service. The broom handle is inserted in a U-shaped hook and is held there by its own weight, which creates a pressure against the thin edge of the hook. It can be removed instantly. The dustpan is hung on a spur projecting from the lower end of the hook. Refrigerator Hints. Keep the ice compartment full of ice. The more ice the greater the economy. Ice saving schemes are absurd, defeating the purpose of the refrigerator. It is the food that is to be kept in it that is the key. Keeping the ice in the sink room or at a picnic is another matter. Overripe fruits and vegetables are a menace to the health if left in the refrigerator. A cellar or other damp spot is no place for the refrigerator. On the other hand, it should not be put out of doors unprotected. If much ice be used on the table and for other purposes, an authority advises a storage box for extra ice. It should be sponged out often with warm water in which a little soda has been dissolved, and the drain should not be neglected. Should ants get into a refrigerator a saucer of tartar emetic mixed with sugar and water should be placed there. It will drive them away. Do not think of covering the shelves with cloth or paper any more than you do the ice. There must be good circulation, with consequent melting of ice, to preserve the food therein. That Front Yard. Country people have the opportunity of making their surroundings beautiful, but how seldom do we see an attractive doorway in the so-called country towns. In many places even the grass is not allowed to grow up and beautify the yard. The chickens are turned out and become the scavengers—they roam about at will, doing more harm than good. Most farmers leave the cultivation of the front yard to the women of the household; this is not right, for although they can plant the seeds and bulbs and do the weeding necessarily, they are not able to do the rough work that generally is required to bring about an attractive yard. Unless the soil is excellent and will produce a good crop of grass the yard should be plowed, enriched with dressing, then seeded down with grass seed and clover. Care should be taken that the young grass is not trampled upon and has a good, vigorous start. Such a lawn will last for years and give the owner much satisfaction. But a poor lawn may be enriched with dressing of hard wood ashes, and while this may not give such a beautiful lawn, it is often done, as one dislikes to plow up the yard—it is so unsightly—and it must be done early in the season to give best results.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Batter Bread.—One-half cupful of boiled hominy, half a cupful of white Indian meal, two eggs, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth cupful of melted butter; beat well; make in a buttered earthen dish half an hour. Gooseberry Jam.—Top and stem the gooseberries; to every pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar; put the gooseberries into the preserving kettle and barely cover them with cold water; after they are well boiled to in pieces add the sugar and cook half an hour; put into jars and tumblers, and when cold cover with paper. Celery Root Salad.—Pare the celery roots; then put them into cold water for twenty minutes, then put them in a stewpan, pour cold water over them, add a little salt and cook until tender; pour off the water; cut the roots in slices; and when cold pour over a French dressing made of one teaspoonful of salad oil and three teaspoonfuls of vinegar, a little salt and pepper to season. Okra and Rice.—Wash and slice sufficient okra pods to measure one quart; cut half a pound of rather lean ham into dice; scald, skin and cut in pieces four tomatoes; put medium sized onions (sliced), and one and one-half cupfuls of water or stock and one sweet pepper chopped fine; simmer half an hour; add salt to season; pile hot boiled rice in the centre of the plate, and pour okra around it.



RECIPES