THE BUSY MAN.

If you want to get a favor done By some obliging friend. And want a promise, safe and sure, On which you may depend Don't go to him who always has ach leisure time to plan. But if you want your favor done Just ask the busy man

The man with leisure never has A moment he can spare: He's busy 'putting off" until His friends are in despair. But he whose every working hour Is crowded full of work. Forgets the art of wasting time He cannot stop to shirk.

So, when you want a favor done, And want it right away, Go to the man who constantly Works sixteen hours a day. He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere, That has no other use And fix you while the idle man Is framing an excuse.

CRENSHAW OF THE GOLD MILL

"He struck her," explained Brill, calmly; "knocked her down." "Struck her?" I echoed, aghast.
"Whole-arm blow, straight from the shoulder; but he couldn't have put his heart into it or he'd have killed the

"The brute! Now's your chance to fire him, Brill." The superintendent grew thoughtful.

"Kennedy," he said, "I'll not improve the chance. For several reasons, he made haste to add, noting my look of protest. "Senorita Ynez Garcia is a very beautiful young woman. She knows it, more's the pity, and it has spoiled her. Half the young Mexicans in this camp were at daggers drawn about her until she turned her back on them all and laid siege to Crenshaw. If it comes to getting rid of anybody for the general peace, per-haps it's the senorita and not Crenshaw who ought to go.

I scoffed at his argument. "A woman is entitled to considerate treatment," said "even though she is a Mexicana and a

I could see that Brill was deeply stirred by the episode in spite of his judical

"Down by the cyanide tanks," he went on, "she flashed those big, lustrous eyes at Crenshaw a good many times before they pierced his armor. He's a lump of a man and his imagination is small, so those languishing glances were quite a while accomplishing their purpose. At last the barrier went down and Crenshaw came through with a rush. I happen to see the finish of the big fellow's romance. I'm face. Finally Jose snarled and lurched sorry I was around, Kennedy, for what I outward with his knife. saw and heard left a disagreeable impressaw and heard left a disagreeable impression. The performance was elemental and carried the human race back to the over the hand, fell short, and the old particle of the first the carried the carried the first the carried the carried the first the carried the ca stone age. Crenshaw asked the girl to dre was cuffed completely off his feet. He

Brill paused, frowned, and knocked the ashes out of his briar against his palm. "Well?" I interrogated.
"She laughed at him," said Brill; "not

her feet on him—on, but she went on. When one of these Mexicans lets go her words can scorch. Crenshaw stared at her, his face as blank as a piece of paper. Then, suddenly, he swept an awkward arm around her, pulled her to him and tried to smother her lips with a kiss. He was about as graceful as a rhinoceros. The senorita slapped his face and called him a brute. He released her then, and her viperish tongue rattled on. He couldn't stop her with a kiss so he did the next thing. The blow fell, and the senorita fluttered to earth like a shot sparrow. Crenshaw flung his arm across his eyes and staggered into the mill."

Once more Brill paused.

"The girl is a vixen," he finished, "and I can't find it in my heart to blame Crenshaw, as I should. It would kill him if I made him leave that gold mill. And, anywhen "he added grimly, "the senorita's how," he added grimly, "the senorita's father and her three brothers are even now grinding their dirks. Nothing but blood will wipe out that blow!" 'What about the senorita?"

"Her olive cheek is swollen and discolored. If she profits by the lesson I could almost be glad that Crenshaw used his fist. But those dirks! By Jove, Kennedy, I'm glad I'm not in Crenshaw's shoes.' So was I, for I knew the Garcias.

Before the senorita came Grenshaw's life had known but one love, one over-mastering passion. And that was for the

The mill was the heart of the camp. There all the arteries converged; and the beating stamps, quickened with the ore-flood, released the gold that gave life to that small community holed away among the bleak mountains. Master of the heart was Crenshaw. He held the watch on its throbbing pulse and moved like an inspiration through its sounding chambers. His affection was crude, but it had its roots in the fibers of his soul. To understand this it will be necessary to under-stand something of Crenshaw.

He was big and broad, this boss of the day-shift. When he lounged in the door

of the ore loft, the dancing stems of the ten stamps at his back, the whole framework of the mill shaking in every timber and the shoes, spurning the dies ninety-eight strokes to the minute and sending the echoes roaring down the gulch-when you saw him thus he looked his part, that of a shaggy god from the ma-

and bitter fight. The circumstances he faced were merciless, and his soul had tempered itself inexorably to resist them and to beat them down. In all his thirtyodd years the sordid call to conflict had left him, apparently, no time for dreams. And yet the dreams came. Brill made a still serviceable discovery and told me, but I was doubt "Is that brut ful and only half believed.

al and only half believed.

Now that Crenshaw's dreams of the I asked, "or is it only the beginning?" renorita had been roughly broken, I won-dered what was to follow. One result

the blacksmith shop, and the gloom of the parked cyanide tanks, a flutter of excitement manifested itself in the village. The women first huddled into a group and then began a concerted movent toward the concerted movent towar

by the brown cyanide tanks, "and there has the place of honor.'

The senorita emerged from the throne and took up her position at the forefront.

A box was placed for her by an admirmake what is call' de committee. Me, I ing girl friend, and she seated herself.
Her mantilla dropped to her shoulders, revealing the full blaze of her eyes and the bruised and discolored cheek for "Si, si!" responded the rest of the committee. Me, I spik for de committee, and de committee he spik for all at de mine. Eh?" and he whirled on Silva and Santarre.

"Si, si!" responded the rest of the committee. which the Americano was to pay.

Presently, from behind one of the ugly,

rehensively. "If it comes close to that," answered Brill, "we must act quickly. But I have confidence in Crenshaw. The senorita heavy hand for insolence and revolt. seems sullen and uneasy; is it lack of "Tm the superintendent here, Jose," confidence-or what?"

The senorita's elbow was on her knee and her chin in her hand. Her dark eyes were fixed steadily on the front of the mill. As I looked at her I saw her start, while a quiver of excitement ran through the group behind her. The Garcias spread out abreast of one another pluck-

ed at their knives.

Leisurely, without the least indecision or undue haste, the boss of the day-shift appeared from the sunless gloom of the mill, crossed the ore platform, and swung to the ground. Coming placidly on toward the waiting Garcias, he removed coat and hat as he walked and pushed his sleeves to the elbows over his hairy

Within a few feet of his armed foes Crenshaw drew to a nonchalant halt and dropped his coat and hat. He measured the Gracias with a casual, almost a listless air. If his nerves were strung to show it. Jose writhed forward, crouching. The mill boss did not so much as ready to strike. First must come the in-

Rearing upward, Jose began to speak.
Frenzy and hate boiled out of him in seething words. His high-pitched voice carried to us, there in the laboratory, but the words themselves were indistinct. He made many gestures toward the senorita. Crenshaw threw a contemptuous glance at the girl. She did not move, nor lift her chin from her hand, but her burning eyes held unswervingly to Crenshaw's

Crenshaw's hand went up swiftly. The him. It was clumsily done, of went down on all fours, ludicrously becourse. What else could you expect of Crenshaw? And the senorita—" went down on all fours, ludicrously be-wildered. A fierce shout burst from the bystanders, spurring on the three hermanos. They needed no urging, for their blood was hot and the eyes of the women were upon them. Cunningly they separated to close in from the front, the rear, only that, but she taunted him. She called him a dog, said she wouldn't wipe and Crenshaw suddenly awoke. I could see the lowering of his brows, the ominous set of his under jaw.

Three lengths of naked steel reached for Crenshaw like so many tongues of flame. Somehow he evaded them. Dashing at Manuel, who faced him, he caught his wrist, wrenched it in a cruel grip and hurled him against his brothers. Pedro, nuried nim against his brothers. Pedro, under the impact, went down with Manel. Tadeo kept erect, jumped and struck. The dirk slashed through Crenshaw's shirt at the shoulder. Tadeo's arm crooked lightning-like around Crenshaw's throat, and, with exultant cries, Jose and the other two brothers fall as a procured.

the other two brothers fell as one upon the Americano. The mill boss was borne to his knees.

Out of a phantasmagoria of swiftly shifting hands and straining, swarthy bodies appeared the face of Crenshaw. His arms moved here and there so swiftly that the eye could not follow. The swarthy champions dropped to the sand, hurled backward and overset by the mill man's crushing blows. Manuel lay quivering, Tadeo swayed drunkenly on his knees, and Pedro was dazedly lifting himself on an allow. Jose alone was grared self on an elbow. Jose alone was spared the humiliation of the Americano's fist, but he contributed to his own humilia-tion by staggering into the protecting ranks of his countrymen.

the sand, and the fourth he drew from his lett forearm. Passing the senorita, he gave her a look and a laugh and cast all four weapons at her feet. Then he picked up his hat and coat and went placidly on to the bunk-house

The senorita arose, spurned the knives with her foot, and walked away, her body erect and her eyes straight before her. She gave not the least heed to the hermanos, nor to the padre who was shouting maledictions at the bunk-house and shaking his skinny fist. Her mantilla fluttered in the evening wind, and a tress of her blue-black hair whipped around her brows. What were her thoughts? A Mexicana's thoughts are always a mys-

"I fear we're not at the end of this," mused Brill, while we watched the wom-en troop away to their quarters and the men minister to the hermanos and assist them from the field. "Let's go over to the bunk-house, Kennedy."

perintendent. "Are you badly hurt?"
"Nicked, that's all. You didn't think I ould get away from all four of 'em withleft hand and clinched it to show it was still serviceable.
"Is that brutal exhibition to be one of this Crenshaw of the laborers. Crenshaw possessed a weapon and might have done the shooting; but, if so, why had he fall-out a scratch, did you?" He lifted his still serviceable.
"Is that brutal exhibition to be one of this Crenshaw of the crowbar?

"Is that brutal exhibition to be one of this Crenshaw of the shooting; but, if so, why had he fall-out a scratch, did you?" He lifted his still serviceable.

"Is that brutal exhibition to be one of this Crenshaw of the laborers. Crenshaw possessed a weapon and might have done the shooting; but, if so, why had he fall-out a scratch did you?" He lifted his still serviceable.

"I've lived south of the Rio Grande for seven years now," Brill answered, "and the one thing about a Mexican that has

When the mill whistle sounded, and is, or their hatred of Crenshaw may grow shapes that united into a blur of shadow the roll of the stamps dwindled with stac-cato thumps into some silence, and the

group and then began a concerted movement toward the open space between mill and bunk-house. The husbands and fathers trailed after them.

"There's the setting, Kennedy," said Brill, pointing from the laboratory window to a stretch of trampled sand backed by the brown cyanide tanks, "and there that it fairly shock the words out of the with Brill about to throw himself into the mill.

Quick hands, reaching out of the night, suddenly laid hold of me. "Pare usted!" cried a breathless voice; and, whether I would or no, I was compelled to halt.

At the same moment I heard an exclamation from Brill and saw him fighting that it fairly shock the words out of the night, suddenly laid hold of me. "Pare usted!" cried a breathless voice; and, whether I would or no, I was compelled to halt.

At the same moment I heard an exclamation from Brill and saw him fighting that it fairly shock the words out of the night, suddenly laid hold of me. "Pare usted!" cried a breathless voice; and, whether I would or no, I was compelled to halt. that it fairly shook the words out of are the specators. Ah! Senorita Garcia him. His mercurial nature ran largely to pantomime, and his oral exercise was

"Si, si!" responded the rest of the com-

mittee. "Senor Breel," pursued Jose, "we come reeking tanks appeared Jose Garcia and his sons, Manuel. Tadeo, and Pedro. They were barefooted, bare headed, stripped to the waist and girt with sashes. Through each sash was thrust a dirk, ground to razor edge and needle point.

"This looks like murder!" I said, ap"This looks like murder!" I said, apshaw hees time pronto, or por Dios! something go wrong tonight sure. That was the wrong way to take Brill.

> said he, sharply, "and no understrapper is going to tell me my business. Cren-shaw is the best mill-hand in Sonora, and he stays. Do you catch that, Silva? And you, Santarre? And here's something else for you to paste in your bell-crowned hats: Another, exhibition like the one we had here last night and I'll have every

man up before the Tres Alamos alcalde In order that his terse English might not be misconstrued, he turned it into vivid Spanish. "That will be all," he finished, spinning on his heel and vanishing inside the office.

The committee retreated, cowed and sullen. It was not yet at the end of its resources, however, for Silva and Santarre, an hour later, called at the mill and served Crenshaw with a notice to quit. Jose Garcia, watching from a distance, saw Silva huried bodily from the engineroom and Santarre make an undignified exit through an open window. Crenshaw a tighter tension than normal he did not had given the two members of the committee a characteristic answer to their demand. He came to the laboratory, put up his hands. But Jose was not yet told me what had happened, then went ready to strike. First must come the in-Silva and Santarre with his one uninjur-

ed hand. The afternoon passed in the usual humdrum, workaday routine of all our afternoons. The mill roared its uninterstamps, and the wagons creaked com- from my mind. plainingly as they passed my quarters on their way to the ore platform. If there was a volcano smouldering under our feet the peaceful activities of the camp offer-

Brill and I came together at the evening mess. The unattached Mexicans who took their meals in the chuck-shanty had her eyes. finished their supper and gone away, so just lighting a tin lamp on our table as own hand?
we slid into our chairs. He fumbled the A deathlike silence fell over the

nearly set fire to the table-cloth.

"Too much pulque, Pablo, or what?"
asked Brill, peering at the Mexican it was to me or Brill. "No pulque, senor," said Pablo. His voice was not as strong as usual,

o'clock with a line requesting the alcalde to loan us a few rurales."

The Tres Alamos alcalde was our friend, by virtue of certain gratitudes which Brill had been shrewd enough to turn over to him. He would have stretched his authority to the limit to protect our works at the mine, for they were the source of personal revenue.
"You think the situation is critical,

then?" I queried, surprised.
"Whether critical or not it's well to take time by the forelock. The rurales can't get here much before eight o'clock, but I imagine that will be in ample time

A sullen report from without cut into One by one, without let or hindrance from the Garcias, Crenshaw gathered the scattered knives. He lifted three from shout—a lusty call in the voice of Crenthe sand and the fourth he days from the sand and shaw. Brill and I were on our feet in a flash.

"That was from the mill!" exclaimed the superintendent on his way to the door. "Crenshaw is on guard there." As we plunged from the chuck-shanty the pool of darkness around the mill could be seen to ripple with flaring lights. There were half a dozen of the orches moving swiftly, erratically, in all

directions.
"The scoundrels!" shouted Brill They're trying to burn Crenshaw out!"
The Mexican is a creature of impulse. These men, in a fit of passion, were not only trying to burn out Crenshaw, but to

burn themselves out of employment. We were only three against thirty, and how could we cope with such unreasoning violence! Yet something had to be done.

Brill and I were both arried. With revolvers drawn, we rushed headlong toward the mill. As we came closer we were able to make out a shadowy throng at the edge of the one platform. The part, that of a shaggy god from the machine.

His bull-like strength is still a tradition in that country, even as his slow wit remains a theme for jest and story. It was long, very long, after he came before any one suspected him of harboring fancies so nearly akin to sentiment.

Rowelled by fate from its very beginning, Crenshaw's life had been a constant of the long the bunk-house, Kennedy."

We found Crenshaw on the edge of his bunk, smoking a cob pipe and putting a bandage around his arm. He was neither region field in the edge of the ore platform. The red glow of the torches gave us a glimpse of upturned faces and brandishing fists; above these, in the full glare, was Crenshaw. Armed with a crowbar, he was striding it against his enemies.

We found Crenshaw on the edge of the ore platform. The red glow of the torches gave us a glimpse of upturned faces and brandishing fists; above these, in the full glare, was Crenshaw. Armed with a crowbar, he was striding it against his enemies.

I can make it last till we get a new one from Tres Alamos."

drop the bar and stagger to the support of the wall behind him.

Mexicans poured from the shaft-house, any rate, until we know which way the scene and do our part in defending the mill, we saw the Mexicans go down in a twisting heap; and then, from the vortex of the flurry, saw Crenshaw emerge and strike down a torch-bearer, who was about to throw himself into the mill.

> mation from Brill and saw him fighting with more of the Mexicans. He threat-

ened, ordered, implored, all to no pur-pose. Like myself, he was held helpless

by many hands On the platform, not fifty feet away, the struggle of one man against a score went forward under our starting eyes. Again and again Crenshaw, with only one mighty arm at his service, fought him-self clear of a smother of the Mexicans. Some he hurled from the platform upon the heads of those below, and others he overturned and trampled ruthlessly. There was method in his work, hampered though he was in carrying it out, for whenever a torch fluttered toward the opening into the mill he was there to stay

his course. It was easy to forsee the end, however. Even Crenshaw's marvelous strength and almost superhuman endurance could only postpone for a few tragic minutes the fate of the mill. Some one of the many foes reached his back and tried Tadeo's trick of the arm. The trick succeeded. For a heart's beat that huge fist was powerless, and the laborer's, seizing their opportunity, fell upon their victim like a pack of ravening wolves. Crenshaw sank downward, still feebly resisting, and a tangle of human forms hid him from our

In that moment Brill, with a terrible cry, wrenched away from the hands that held him. He dashed for the platform, and at the edge of the planks was seized again and thrown back. His revolver must have been taken from him, just as mine had been taken from me, or he would have used it then. Swarthy peons, who cringed at the flash of his eye and humbly removed their hats when they came to talk with him, now shouted curses and shook their clenched fists in his face. They held the whip-hand; they knew it, and the insolence of unbridled

power was theirs. Old Jose was lifted to the platform and a torch was placed in his hand. With a shrill, frenzied laugh he flourished the torch and stepped toward the dark open-

ing that led into the ore loft. sore and stiff; nevertheless he seemed to have experienced no difficulty in ejecting burn the mill? Could they draw reason and sentiment so fine as to know that when they struck at the mill they struck at Crenshaw's most vulnerable part? Oddly enough in that brain-benumbing

crisis such useless questions intruded of hammer on anvil floated musically the answers when something occurred on through the husky monotone of the the platform that drove everything else

opening of the ore-loft. Jose came to an astounded halt as it barred his way. her head was thrown back in a resolute poise and the torchlight struck fire from

we had the bare, primitive room to our from the mill! Had she deemed it her and the child in the end. selves. Pablo, our youthful mozo, was privilege to fire the structure with her

She snatched the torch from her fath-

er, swept it in front of his face and forced him backward and off the platnor as steady; also his manner was fur-tive and he made a hasty retreat to the stood around Crenshaw. "Go!" she cried kitchen. Brill grew serious.

"Our trouble is proving a flash in the pan," said I, hopefully. "Nothing to it, Brill."

stood around Crenshaw. "Go!" she cried in her own tongue, pointing into the darkness around the head of the mill.

To my amazement the platform slowly cleared and at least only the complexity of the

"So many of you, and against one! Is it -she struck her clenched hand against her breast—"that you have done this? Then, for me, go away now and leave the mill and the Americano. You do not want him here? Let it be so. I promise you that he shall go! Is my

word to be fairly taken? A faint protest went up from some one below. The senorita stamped her foot.
"Ay de mi, what fools!" she went on.
"Senor Brill has sent for the rurales. Do you want them to find you here?"
A master-stroke, that. In fancy, the

mutinous laborers heard the beat of hoofs. Fleet horses were bringing the ru-rales! They heard the rattle of steel and the crash of musketry. The rurales came prepared and they knew how to shoot!

A panic set in. The crowd dispersed as if by magic and melted into the shad-Brill and I gained the platform togeth-

The senorita was on her knees with Crenshaw's head in her arms. "Novio, novio!" she was whispering, brokenly, and

with every repetition of that word of love she was pressing her lips to the mill "The more you live with these Mexi-

cans," pondered Brill, as we sat in the shadow of the headquarters adobe next morning, "the less you know about

Once more the camp was quiet and peaceful. The events of the night were forgotten, apparently, by all save Brill and myself, and a man and a woman in the bunk-house. Brill was making out a

"How's Crenshaw, Kennedy?" the su-perintendent asked, knowing I had just ome from the bunk-house. "The doctor says two weeks." I answer-

ed; "the senorita says one week, for she intends to take care of Crenshaw her-

Brill whistled softly. "What does Crenshaw say?" he inquir-"He says that you will have to get another boss for the day-shift, for he is going to Arizona with the senorita."

The mill was at work, with a substithe wall behind him.

"Keep back!" roared Brill, firing his and the flow of gold. Its sounding chamFOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also

will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed by its thoughts .- Marcus Aurelius.

Care of Baby's Nose, Throat and Ears.

BY MARIANNA WHEELER, in Harper's Bazar. There is no doubt that much of the nose, ear and throat trouble, with the consequent sore throat, coughs and discharging ears which are so prevalent among children, might easily be avoided if a little more careful attention were paid to them. These individual organs are so closely connected with each other that if one is affected one or both of the others is almost sure to suffer also.

The means of entrance, by which air reaches the lungs, is through the nose pipes between the two. As an opening for the air to enter, the nose is far better than the mouth for many reasons, one of which is that the mucous membrane of the nose is much tougher and less sensitive than that of the mouth and does not dry so easily when coming in contact with the air. Again, the nostrils are lined with fine hairs which act as a filter to catch dust and foreign matter which the air contains, thus preventing much that is irritating from entering the lungs. The air breathed into the lungs through the can before digging. There will be far less an breathed into the lungs through the nostrils, especially in cold weather, loses some of its chill, thus entering the lungs warmer whereas, if they had been left in the earth

When air is drawn through the mouth the mucous membrane of mouth and throat becomes unnaturally dry. Dust germs of the air are allowed free entrance, and coming in contact with the delicate throat causes irritation and soreness. From this irritation the throat becomes swollen, the tonsils enlarged, and a growth soft and spongy appears at the base of the nostrils, stopping them up.

Consequently the nose, as a means of carrying fresh air to the lungs, is put out of commission and the result is catarrh, colds and almost constant irritation of larnyx and bronchial tubes.

The nose and ear are in close connection by means of a tube, and the mucous that is constantly forming and finding insufficient outlet naturally forces its way through this tube leading to the middle ear. Finding no escape, an abscess forms, causing intense pain until the ear-drum becomes perforated by natural or artificial means. If the pus formed does not find escape through a perforated eardrum it is apt to burrow still farther, and what is called a mastoid abscess forms, which is most painful and not without danger of serious consequences.

Begin Prevention Early.—The preventive treatment of these ills cannot com-A slender form took shape in the black being of the ore-loft. Jose came to an isounded halt as it barred his way.

The senorita!

There were red roses in her black hair, resolute if you find the lower jaw dropped, with mouth open, gently close it. At first it may be necessary to do this many times day and night, until the child naturally to the plants will be well blanched by month the plants will be well blanched by

One thing should be remembered, and that is to keep the nostrils perfectly clean and free from obstruction. Otherwise ers and They stood like statue's and watched the when the mouth is closed all means of girl's every move. Plainly her presence there was as great a surprise to them as air to the lungs is completely cut off. Therefore it is most essential that absolute cleanliness of the nose should be observed if the child is to breathe through that organ. Its toilet should be attended to before putting the child to bed at

The best method of accomplishing this cleared, and at last only the senorita and is by means of a swab made with a small "You're mistaken, Kennedy," he anawered. "There's something on for to
sight. Pablo knows it, and it makes him
nervous. I sent Jorge to town about four
o'clock with a line requesting the alcalde."

Cleared, and at last only the sentorita and the prostrate Crenshaw were left there.
Gliding to the edge of the planks, she held the torch above her head.

"Cowards!" she breathed, scathingly.

"Cowards!" she breathed, scathingly.

"So many of you and against one! Is it ton about the size of a dime in circumference and almost as thin as a cobweb will answer the purpose. In winding it on be sure that the end of the tooth-pick is well covered so as to prevent injury. Go answer the purpose. In winding it on be sure that the end of the tooth-pick is into the nose very gently and remove any accumulation of mucus there may be. sify and horseradish, freezing does not hurt, so the main lot may stay out where Sometimes when the secretions become hard, and are tenacious, as in the case of cold in the head, the swab must be slightly lubricated with white vaseline, sweet oil, or alboline in order to soften the secretions and make the removal less difficult. Secretions of mucus should not be allowed to accumulate in the nose or run back down the throat and be swallowed by the child; if so, catarrh of nose, throat and stomach is likely to result.

> Prune Puff.-Remove the pits and add much of the skin as possible from one pound of stewed prunes. Press them through a fine colander or sieve. Beat er. Brill picked up the torch from the place where the girl had dropped it, and as he lifted the smoking flame we saw a a picture that capped the wonders of the night.
>
> Press them through a fine colander or sieve. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add one cupful of fine sugar and beat again, then add the strained prunes and beat until thoroughly mixed. Put in a beat until thoroughly mixed. Put in a buttered baking dish and bake about half an hour. Serve with whipped cream or custard made with the yolks of the eggs.

[Continued next week.]

Orange Icing.—Take the clear juice of a small orange and confectioners' sugar as needed. Stir the sugar into the juice until it is the right consistency to apply to cake. Any other fruit juice, fresh or canned, can be used. Especially nice is clear currant, raspberry or strawberry juice.

Creamed Chicken.—The remnants of a former dinner may be served in this way: Cut just enough of the bottom from the peppers to allow of their standing upright on a greased pan, and also cut a thin slice from the stem end; scoop out all the seeds and tough white membrane, rinse in cold water and then fill with the chicken mixed with hot cream sauce. Cover with fine bread crumbs moistened with melted butter and set in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. Fish, cooked meats and smoked beef parboiled in wa-ter may be substituted for chicken. Cooked rice, cream sauce and cheese will also make a nutritious filling for either peppers or tomatoes to be baked.

Marshmallow Filling .- A cup each of dered what was to follow. One result was scarcely a theme for speculation: the senorita's tathers and three brothers were not grinding their dirks from mere love of the spectacular.

Seven years now," Brill answered, "and the now of gold. Its sounding chambers would know Crenshaw no more. I spoon of vinegar. Boil together until it threads, then take from the stove and tell what he'll do in a pinch. The Garbon of the spectacular.

Seven years now," Brill answered, "and the now of gold. Its sounding chambers would know Crenshaw no more. I fancied there was a mournful note in the case of the platform, writhing, spectral threads, then take from the stove and tell what he'll do in a pinch. The Garbon of the spectacular.

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—The American farmer has nearly \$40,000,000,000 invested in his business. He produces \$25,000,000 of new wealth every day. He uses hundreds of millions of dollars of bank credit every crop sea-

-A hundred pounds of aweet milk contains several pounds of sugar. The same milk when sour contains no sugar, but equal amount of acid. It does not take a chemist to discern between the value of the two.

-There is an increasing demand for currants. The fruit is always in great demand by housewives for jelly making and the juice is also used largely in soft drinks. The fertile heavy soils are best adapted to the growing of this fruit.

-Breeding stock should never be saved. A full corn-crib and a well-filled smokehouse as their offspring are always restand mouth, or both. The larnyx, trachea less and chasing about the pasture, beand bronchial tubes are the connecting cause a quiet disposition is no small factor in the production of cheap pork.

-Be careful not to treat in any way or feed your pigs so as to stunt their growth, for a pig once stunted never can be fed so economically as before the stunted period of his life began, and he will never be such a hog as he or she otherwise would have been.

-If potatoes are inclined to rot, don't be in a hurry to dig yours. Leave them in the ground as long as you than that which is taken through the till cold weather came on, most of them might have been saved.

-Boards are used almost exclusively in blanching the early celery crop. If the demand is good and the supply is short, it may pay to put the crop on the market before the plants are fully blanched. I have known Golden Self Blanching to be sold in a week's time after the boards have been placed, while two weeks are necessary to make the stalks as white as they should be.

—In the large producing sections cab-bages are stored in specially prepared frostproof houses. But they are often stored in cellars, barns or caves. Some growers store in pits and there is no better way to keep the heads crisp and fresh. The main thing is to keep out frost and provide for ventilation. Whatever the plan of storing, don't wait for freezing weather before harvesting.

-When a sow's udder gets out of condition on account of irrational feeding there is no question but that her milk will be abnormal also. Heavy corn feeding right up to the time of farrowing will bring about an unhealthy condition in many cases, particularly when a sow is fat and lazy and does not take much exercise. To prevent it there is nothing better than the use of laxative foods, like bran or oil meal.

Why was she there? She had come closed. Watchfulness will pay both you the first of November. Rusting is very likely to occur if the soil is drawn up to the plants during the month of August.

place in the patch, pull up the cabbages and stand them close together, heads down. Cover with soil from five to ten inches deep, thinly at first, so they will not heat, covering only enough to prevent freezing as the season advances.

The burying beds may be made from four to six feet wide. A few cabbages for present use can be stored, heads down, in a barrel in the cellar; but the bulk of the crop should be left outdoors.

-Storing vegetables. Onions: Store in a loft rather than in the cellar. In the latter, they will sprout to their injury. A few parsnips for winter use may be lifted and stored in sand in the cellar; but, as freezing sweetens them, it is best to leave many of them outdoors for later use. Po tatoes: Store in bins one foot or eighgrown; but some should be dug and put in the cellar for winter use. Farm Jour-

-I have called attention in this column to the use of manure mulch in my home plantation of asparagus. The plants have made the second year's growth under this system of culture and home the results have been highly satisfactory. There has been absolutely no tillage since the plants were set a year ago last spring. I am convinced that there is no better plan to grow asparagus on a small scale than to apply manure very freely every year. A few weeds will appear occasionally, but they are quickly removed by the use of the hoe or by pulling by

—Some housekeepers prefer the pointed varieties of cabbage for fall and winter use. These varieties may be grown for late use if the plants are set in the open ground not later than the middle of August. Unless plans have been made in advance, it is not often possible to find plants of Jersey Wakefield, Charleston Wakefield, or other pointed varieties as late as the middle of August. When the pointed varieties are set close together, as is the custom in the early spring quite as is the custom in the early spring, quite a large yield can be secured to the acre, although it is impossible to grow as great tonnage as with standard late varieties.

-Line breeding is accomplished a great deal for the commercial vegetable grower. By these terms is meant the careful selection of specimen plants of a given variety and continue the selection year after year until a superior variety has been produced. One of the best examples of its use was the development of the Peerless tomato by J. H. West & Sons, of Irondequoit. Peerless is nothing more than a selection of Lord Roberts, which is an English variety, but the variety has been so improved that the originator is justified in giving it a new name, The Improved Jenny Lind musk-melon is another example. I have met many growers who claim that they have materially increased production and se-cured higher quality by careful line breed-ing. The work may be undertaken by intelligent gardener.

"What did your wife say when you got home the other night?" "Not a word. She just sat down to the piano and played 'Tell Me the Old, Old