

Bellefonte, Pa., March 7, 1913.

A FRIEND.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn in the place of their self content. There are souls like stars that dwell apart in a followless firmament; There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths Where the highways never ran. But let me live by the side of the road, And be a friend to man.

A WARNING TO VIRGINIA.

The scene was one which might have predicated love. The green hillside sweeping boldly down upon the little valley were aglow with a rosy mist of blossoming apple trees. Birds engaged upon aerial masonry fluted ecstatically in the tree tops. The sunlit atmosphere saluted the face like a betrothal kiss.

The latest novel, tennis, spring in the country—she glided rapidly from topic to topic, touching upon a number but nowhere lingering.

Her otherwise good-humored-looking companion sat with ruffled brow punching abstractedly among the violet leaves at their feet with his stick.

"And so," he said at length, interrupting with a determined irrelevance in his tone, "you never expect to marry?"

The young woman shook her head, averting her eyes.

"And yet," he pursued humorously, "it is not an unusual ending."

"Warren," she protested reproachfully, missing the humor, "you know I asked you not to revert to that topic. You know how it distresses me. I've explained to you why. Since that affair—that engagement, two years ago—it would be impossible for me to feel that way again toward any one. The disillusionment came so swiftly and proved so complete; the more so because at first, for me, the planets rose and set in him."

During the next moment or two Warren Colton pondered. When he spoke again it was with a brisk, businesslike tone.

"Now look here, Virgie," he said, "I want to put something to you as a woman of sense and discernment. You've probably noticed, as I have, that in every marriage there's always one person who is pretty badly in love and one who at best is only partially so. It is once in a month of Sundays that both persons are equally submerged, yet it works out well enough in the long run. You tell me you've had one dose of giving your affections which end badly. Why not this time try taking a fellow who thinks the world of you, but whom you don't care much about, and see if that arrangement does not work out better?"

The girl disposed of him with a comical gesture of both hands. "Please don't say anything further," she pleaded.

"But what do you propose to do with yourself?" he pushed on, apparently undaunted. "The Shelby family is a big one, and you told me once there wouldn't be much to go around if . . . well, if your father's income should suddenly stop. What do you propose to fall back on when that happens, as it surely must some day, you know?"

"I love this beautiful country so much I believe I'll take a place here and raise flowers to sell. I've read a book on 'Violet Farming,' and I feel that it is work I'd love."

"They tell me there is more money in cows and chickens," he returned with an amused grimace. "And it stands to reason or things go wrong, you can cut out the violets, whereas civilized man cannot live without butter and eggs. Hello!"

as the distant tinkle of a cowbell caught their ears. "There goes a fresh-and-blood proof of my theory this minute. Old Abbie Crombie has made a living out of cows for years."

He indicated as he spoke a point in the valley below. Between the pink masses of the apple trees, Miss Shelby could discern the bent figure of a crone leisurely conducting several red-brown bovines in a direction presumably homeward.

"Be warned in time, Virgie," said her companion in a tone of cheerfulness real or assumed, "you see before you a moving picture of what women come to who insist on living alone and raising things. For upward of forty years, old Abbie has inhabited the little brown cottage which looks for all the world like a chestnut burr, there, to the west. Have you ever heard her history? No? Well, forty odd years ago she was the prettiest girl in two counties. She was fitted by the man she loved for the parson's daughter in a nearby town. There was, it seems, another fellow, a good sober sort, who was fairly mad about her. Abbie, still smarting from her first experience no doubt, refused him. He afterwards married some other girl. Whether Abbie regretted it or not I don't know, but at any rate she has shut herself up with the cows in her little chestnut-burr cottage for nearly half a century of solitude."

There was silence for a while. Then her companion rose and faced her.

"Is it to be good-by, then?" he demanded, extending his hand.

Virginia clasped her hands in her lap. "Couldn't we just go on being friends?" she asked.

He shook his head. "When a man has been devoted to a girl for ten years as I have to you, Virgie," he replied with a new expression of seriousness, "and is no nearer to winning her than I am to winning you, in my opinion he should proceed to forget her and think of someone

else. I've a hunch that I can banish you more effectually from my thoughts if I do not see so much of you."

"Wouldn't it be better for me to curtail my visit to Hilltop, then?" she asked.

"Please don't think of such a thing," he urged earnestly. "Mother is able to go round so little and your visit is one of her greatest pleasures."

He advanced his hand once more and she caught it this time, giving it a brief protesting wring.

"I'm sure you don't really care so much, Warren," she said, "and that you will thank me some day for not having said yes."

She rose and put up her white parasol. "Wait a minute," he said in the decisive way peculiar to him. "There is an interment for which this spot seems particularly appropriate. So many of our walks this spring have terminated here."

She looked on curiously while he dropped down upon his knees among the violet leaves and fell to excavating with his pocketknife. Having by this means produced a grave a few inches wide and deep, he extracted from his waistcoat pocket a small and dingy photograph which he extended for her inspection before laying it carefully in the hole which he lined with violet leaves.

The picture represented a tall, somewhat lanky school girl in pinafore and pendent braids, with a background of country porch and vines.

"A picture of you when you were fourteen," he said. "I took it with a little pocket camera, and kept it ever since. That day was the beginning for me."

Well, ashes to ashes! He sprinkled a handful of turf upon the face of the picture with humorous solemnity, then covered it further, rounding the soil into a little gravelly mound; on the mound he laid a nosegay of violets.

They turned back toward the Colton homestead, where Miss Shelby was staying, following in silence the winding lane which led to the house, a silence which Miss Shelby, occupied by her own thoughts, did nothing to dispel.

She realized now, she thought, that Warren Colton had been much more in earnest in his devotion to her than she had given him credit for. Had she, unwittingly, been unfair to him by letting him hope when hope there was none? She was indebted to him for a thousand little kindnesses. It would mean a serious difference in her life if his threat not to see her again was carried out.

In her previous visits to Hilltop, Virginia had never even remarked old Abbie Crombie, but during the next few days her aged prototype seemed constantly to cross her path. She felt a certain relief that on these occasions Warren was not with her.

Warren himself was taking an unwonted interest in business these days and came out from the city only in time for dinner.

Virginia continued her morning rambles alone, but these and other outings were almost invariably marked by late, the pathetic figure of Abbie. Whether Miss Shelby strolled accompanied only by her own thoughts or drove abroad with Mrs. Colton, she never failed to encounter the old woman, either trailing rheumatically behind her cows or in the rickety phaeton delivering her milk pails.

In the latter case she drove a white mare as forlorn and decrepit of appearance as herself. The approach of the phaeton was invariably heralded by the jingling of milk bottles, trays of which surrounded old Abbie as she sat, while the ancient conveyance was lurched ominously on its mishapen springs.

After one such encounter Virginia walked slowly homeward with all the buoyancy which usually follows an open-air walk suddenly dissipated. Was this, after all, as Warren had predicted, what she herself might come to? But it was never she trusted, descend to Abbie's exact degree of dejection and dilapidation, but some day, if she lived, her hair would be white, her face furrowed, and her step faltering. If she held to her present plan of independence and single-mindedness she might be alone then, as Abbie was now.

Wasn't she, after all, making a mistake! She had found herself less content than she had expected under the loss of Warren.

During the evenings at Hilltop now, he was courteous and attentive as ever to his mother's guest,—all, in fact, that a host should be,—but she experienced a lack, nevertheless, of something that had been in the past. She missed the deep personal interest, the devotion manifested in innumerable little things and big, which had formerly marked his attitude toward her. He had altered at her own bidding, yet she felt unhappy under the change. She longed for the end of the week which would take her home and away from it all.

There were other guests one night at dinner and Virginia found the strain of assuming gaiety hard to sustain. Her head was aching—from the afternoon sun on the tennis court she told herself. She felt wretched throughout the meal and afterward made an excuse to steal away for a few moments in the quiet of the garden.

There was no moon and through the profound purple blackness of the country night the sparse lights of surrounding farmhouses glowed like vivid earth-stars. Only the spot on the landscape where Abbie's cottage stood remained in darkness. No fire of hearth, no glow of family lamp, came from there to pierce the night and mark the location of a home.

The lonely watcher sighed and, shivering she knew not why, returned precipitately indoors.

That night she lay sleepless, staring into the moonless dark. It came to her suddenly that she did love Warren after all. A different feeling, it seemed, from that which she had felt for the other man, but still love. It had taken loneliness, and the insistent picture of the forlorn old crone in the valley who had years before rejected an honest man's affections, to awaken her to an appreciation of how deep her feelings for him really were. And now when the realization had come, it was too late. What a fine fellow he really was! She blushed to think that she had compared him unfavorably with the other man, who had been full of fine phrases but wholly insincere. In a few days she was to leave Hilltop. She might never see him again. She saw before her a mental picture of his wedding to some other girl, with herself as one of the on-lookers. Another prophetic vision which came to her was of her future violet farm with Mr. and Mrs. Colton driving up in their car to buy violets and to patronize the violet grower. She wondered if she could really make the violets profitable after all, or if she had better confine herself to milk and eggs? Milk and eggs brought to mind old Abbie Crombie, and she shuddered.

Suddenly she became aware of a peculiar object in the bedroom. It was just where the tall post of the old bedstead had been, but it was alive and moving. Gradually she discerned that it was a large cow, whose sorrowful eyes were fixed upon her. It was shaking its head and saying:

"It's all your fault, you know. He was devoted to you for years."

The next moment the whole room was filled with cows, all regarding her sorrowfully. She endeavored to sit up—to scream, and awoke with a start; awoke to find it early morning in a world flooded with soft sunlight. From somewhere outside came a monotonous metallic tinkle repeated at intervals which at first she could not identify. She crossed to the window and caught sight of old Abbie painfully toiling up the curving road visible beyond the Colton lawns. The old woman was in the act of driving her cows to pasture. Virginia suddenly recalled her troubles and almost vehemently jerked down the shade, shutting out the hateful sight. She found herself too wide awake to sleep and too restless to stay in bed. She rose and dressed and stole out into the rosy morning. The crisp, sweet-scented air of spring refreshed her, removing the last traces of her headache of the night before. She strolled across the lawn and through the hedge, at first aimlessly, and then with a sudden inspiration which impelled her to go down and dig up the little picture of herself which Warren had preserved so long. She would disinter it and keep it forever as a souvenir of him. The desire to possess it made itself every moment, and it was with no easy pace that she hurried down the road and across the meadow leading into the orchard.

As she approached the stone fence she was startled by the figure of a man which arose suddenly before her. In the dimly light she recognized Warren. For a moment they stared at each other in an astonishment from which the young man was the first to recover. He came forward with the picture in his hand.

"You see it wasn't any one, Virgie," he said sadly. "I couldn't make myself forget you and I came back here for my talisman. I'll have to go on caring for you and having you trample on me till the end of my days."

Virgie made her confession bravely. "After all, I'm not sure that I want you, little kindnesses. It would mean a serious difference in her life if his threat not to see her again was carried out."

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FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country.—Spring Conditions Here in January. Water a Scarcity. Natives Without Implements or Comforts or Clothes. A Temple in Ruins. Houses Here Huts.

JHANSI, JANUARY 24.

Dear Home Folk:

You ask of our gardens. I wish you could see the golden glow and trumpet vines, one mad mass of bloom. The peas are about ready to pull and the cabbage and brussels sprouts heading; but a garden ever so small means work, work, as every bit of water must be carried in a bottle shaped skin on a man's back, and it takes so many, many trips to water even a small space. The water is gotten from wells and is pulled up in a big skin pouch; oxen are used for this as the wells are immense affairs, covered completely, save for the smaller springs, through which the pouches are filled. There is no grass here except those places watered by the bishti (water carrier); just long sandy spaces, but we have trees, some very beautiful large ones, with many, many palms, and the cactus growing in hedges all about our compound.

The mihtan (sweeper), came to clean my rooms, and when I saw her doubled over, drugging with a bunch of twigs, I wondered how our women at home would stand such "means" of keeping clean. These poorly-clothed, half-starved souls prove easy prey to the plague. If they have enough to barely cover their nakedness they think themselves well dressed and sit in the sun to keep warm.

Every scrap is accepted and used here. There is no waste among the people hereabouts. Coal oil tins are used for water carriers and also, I am told, for trunks. In the hospital we use them for tin-cups, after they are cut in small pieces and handles attached. The food thrown away in some places I know of in America, would be a feast of unknown pleasure for these poor humans.

One wonders, with ground so plentiful and weather so beautiful, why they do not grow more things that would be of use and unless one explains it with the caste custom, I cannot answer the question. They are truly apathetic and yet intelligent, some doing the work planned for them very well.

JANUARY 31st.

Some days I feel like pinching myself, to waken and see if this life is really real. Yesterday the household drove nine miles to Orcha, a place which has laid in ruins since the mutiny, but has one of the oldest as well as largest temples in northern India. It was to see these the trip was made and it quite repaid us for the long, hot, dusty journey.

The palace alone covered acres and acres and there were so many courts and inner courts that one was too confused to appreciate it all. One curious thing was, that an entire floor was underground; floors cemented, baths and rather good plastered walls. The entire place, bath and all, was connected with two immense chimney like towers which we were told conveyed fresh air to the house, and we found it delightfully cool and comfortable. The court yard of the old palace was ideal, being one beautiful basin with flower beds and grooves for holding water alternating eight or ten deep, about which the palace was built, with fascinating lattice fronted balconies around all the floors, permitting the women to exercise without being seen.

They did not seem to have furniture as we know it, but used cushions and rugs for chairs and beds. Think of that place, hundreds of years old and the inlaid work still in places in beautiful tones of gray, red, blue and black. The stone carvings are exquisite; the peacock and elephant designs predominating. The side walls and ceilings were frescoed and one could easily see the patterns.

We ate our lunch on the steps of the temple, which was most beautifully located on the banks of quite a large river. Watching the sun set over all these ancient spots and waiting for the moon to come up, was the most wondrous part of the day for me, and I was glad to have seen my first temple under such conditions.

Our home journey was delightful. The moon makes our nights like day. We passed lots of queer folks; a "fakir," with a wreath of marigolds about his head, naked, save for his loin cloth, presented each of us with a bouquet of flowers, with which his little patch was ablaze. The most curious thing was that, although clean, tidy and fairly thrifty, his dog was chained in his house and just by its side was a flat stone with the most awful image painted in black, resembling a bad attempt at photographing the dog-eaten to his red tongue. But it was the fakir's god.

All the native houses we passed were single storied, without a window; floor of beaten earth and sides of some sort of stone or brick and thatched roof. They drop a screen, resembling our porch variety, over the one door for their protection against snakes, flies and mosquitoes, of which there are many. Their stoves consist of a can about a foot in diameter, across which a little grating is placed and three prong-shaped wires projecting toward the center forms the rim, and it is on these the pot or pan is placed, while the fuel burns against the bottom. We use charcoal for fuel but the natives use the manure cakes which we see them gathering daily on the road.

I had an interesting case in a native policeman's family today; he belongs to

the native regiment, Sikh, (they are higher cast than the usual run with whom I have come in contact,) and I was too sorry that my native assistant had to carry on most of the conversation, for the language is awful, much like German in construction. The Hindustani is made up of Widu and Hindi, the first coming from Arabic and Persian so one must know all these to speak even moderately; consequently I have talked little to the natives so far.

(Continued next week.)

Well Known Minister Writes of Sojourn in the South.

(Through the courtesy of our friend, ex-sheriff D. W. Woodring, we herewith publish the following very interesting letter from Rev. W. Gemmill, a Presbyterian minister well known throughout Centre county, who is spending the winter at St. Cloud, Fla.—Ed.)

St. CLOUD, Florida, Feb. 24th, 1913. D. W. WOODRING.

Dear Friend and Comrade: Your letter at hand; I was glad to hear from you. I am sure you would enjoy the climate. The climate is the great asset of this country. It does get hot here some days in the middle of the day, but that only lasts a couple of hours and you only feel the heat when you are in the sun. When you step into the shade you at once note a pleasant change in the temperature.

We have some sudden changes, when it grows cold and a fire is necessary for comfort; but these cold snaps are nothing to be compared to the cold up north and they last at the longest for a couple of days only. They tell me here that the summer is more comfortable than the winter, as they do not have as sudden changes and there are always cool breezes blowing either from the ocean or the gulf and the nights are always cool. As a rule, when you have a blizzard up there it causes a change of temperature down here. This is my third winter and I like it down here. We are not troubled with colds and sniffing here as you are in the severe climate of Pennsylvania.

There are people here from all parts of the country; I think from every State in the Union, and there have been more people here this winter than ever before. All like the climate; some like the country and some do not. The soil and its products, as cared for by the natives, would not commend any section. The people live from hand to mouth and have low ideals of life and its comforts and lack energy and push. It is northern people who do the pushing. The progress made is largely the result of northern capital and energy.

St. Cloud is an old soldiers home and the bulk of its residents are old soldiers and their families and friends. There are also a goodly number of tourists who are not soldiers, who come here, buy property and settle down to a life of ease and comfort. It is one of the most sociable and neighborly towns in all Florida. We have here a choice set of people; intelligent, well to do; a refined and a religious people. That is true of a majority of the people here. They are friendly and they meet you as friends. It is indeed a northern town, the greater part of the people coming from all over the north.

There are four church buildings here and each has a resident pastor. Baptist, Christian, Methodist and Presbyterian. All have good, comfortable houses of worship and regular weekly services.

The general health here is good. The climate is conducive to health. The critical time is when people first come here. If they are careful in eating and drinking and exercising they will soon become acclimated without sickness. Many who are not careful suffer for their lack of care and self-restraint.

I understand that a letter written by a comrade here, to Bellefonte, represented the old soldiers as dying at the rate of one a day. A friend of mine when he heard that statement went to the undertaker and asked him for the number of deaths of old soldiers in the town of St. Cloud, from the middle of December to the 20th of February, and he said there were only three deaths of old soldiers in the town in that time. That, you see, falls far short of one a day. These men were all beyond the three score and ten mark. A comrade died the other day. He was around, and seemingly well and hearty Friday and Saturday morning was found dead in bed. I think you could easily find a multitude of men and women who would confidently tell you that health has been restored and life has been lengthened by their residence here.

Robert Hudson left here about two weeks ago and went up to Orlando, where some Phillipsburg people are visiting. He expected to stay here a couple of weeks and then go north. Harter left Friday for Tampa and St. Petersburg with a program or itinerary that was to take in the Panama Canal, Pensacola, and I don't know what else, and then home. I hope he may be spared to reach it.

I hope you are over your smallpox scare and all patients well and everybody out of quarantine. Glad your people had it so light. I am planning to go to Gettysburg. Am afraid the crowd will be so great as to cause some discomfort, but I feel as though I would like to see it notwithstanding that. I would like also to visit Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. You will surely remember some things that happened at Chancellorsville May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1863. Well, from the look of things, especially May 3rd, it did not seem at all probable that any of the boys there would last for nearly fifty years, and the fifty years are almost up. I thank the kind Providence that spared me all these years, and crowned the days with blessing. I am glad to hear of any improvement in our old Colonel's condition.

With kindest regards, your comrade, W. GEMMILL.

FOR 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 the thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

Some of the fashions which are now being tried out at Nice and the Riviera find their way over here in duplicate models, so that to a certain extent the models that are being shown even thus early will doubtless find an echo in those that will come over about the middle of March. Not until then will the final and definite proclamation go forth as to what shall and shall not be worn.

To those who wish to be sure before they go ahead the wiser plan is to wait for these heraldings, for the stamp of the seal of approval of Paris means much to many. The speculative, however, may indulge in those fashions which are being shown now with a reasonable degree of safety, for while they may not be the dernier cri, they cannot be far wrong and are sure to have many good points to warrant indulgence in them.

Fashion changes come slower than is at first apparent, and the rejected idea of last year is often the accepted one of this. One thing, however, can be reasonably relied upon as being fixed at this time of the year and that is the material of which these later models will be fashioned. These materials are decided so long in advance of the use of them that few midseason changes are effected. Some have a wider popularity than others, according to the various needs and tastes of the individuals or the section of the country, but most are generally accepted where they have the qualities to recommend them that many of the materials used in this season are the chief characteristics of all materials used this season, woolsens, silks and cottons, are their softness and suppleness, according to a New York Sun writer.

Instead of broadcloth this winter we had velours de laine, and it easily won on its merits for it had much that was necessary in the prevailing modes to account for its widespread adoption. The Bedford cords promise to take the place of the long popular serges.

A reflection of the winter materials with their luxurious weaving is being mirrored in the woolen suitings that are to be used for the spring costumes. The brocade influence finds a repetition in the wool brocades. Silk plush has been simulated in cotton plush and crepe everywhere reigns supreme.

For the plainer and more tailored suits all corded materials are supposed to replace the serges; those in plain colors or with fine stripes promise to be extremely popular.

Most of the striped and checked materials come in rough, heavy weaves and are extremely smart looking; they thus have the necessary weight for the narrow skirt, and the lighter weight material for the jacket is a feature which makes them possible and seasonable.

Coffee Mousse.—Three-fourths of a cup of strong coffee, one cup of sugar and one pint of cream, yolks of two eggs. Beat the eggs and sugar together, add the coffee. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly. Cool, stirring frequently. Whip the cream, mix the custard with it and freeze without stirring.

Tapioca Cream.—Four tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in one quart of sweet milk. In the morning sweeten to taste and boil till it thickens—too thin, stirring all the time. Beat the yolks and whites of four eggs separately. Stir in the yolks, then the white, slowly. Flavor with vanilla. Serve cold.

Some people, even those who ought to know better, think that whenever baby cries he must be hungry, but as a matter of fact he often cries because he cannot digest his last meal, and therefore to stuff him still further is the last thing any one of sense would do.

A baby should be fed with the utmost regularity if he is to be well. For the first three months food should be given every two hours during the day, and about every four hours during the night.

For the following six months he should be fed every three hours in the day time and twice or thrice during the night, and after each meal in the day as well as in the night, let the baby lie quietly for at least half an hour so that nothing may hinder the process of digestion.

Chintzes grow prettier and prettier each year. I have never before seen as pretty cheap ones as are shown this season, writes a contributor to Harper's Bazar. The colors are softer than they used to be. A chintz with a design of dull old-fashioned lavender roses and gray leaves caught my eye yesterday.

It was selling at 50 cents a yard. Near by hung a cretonne with dull old pink roses and gray leaves. This was a stripe at 75 cents. Most of the designs are roses. A lovely yellow rambler with an orange heart was greeted enthusiastically by every one who passed it. It is so difficult to find good yellow cretonnes and chintzes. Some narrower chintzes appropriate for dainty bedrooms had small rose designs in lavender and mulberry pink. Mulberry pink is that lovely new blue-pink that is such a relief after the bright pinks to which we have become accustomed. In darker colors there is a hollyhock and foxglove design. The blue and green coloring is beautiful. That costs 75 cents a yard.

When colored clothing is stained with mud, let it dry and brush out all you can. Then apply a mixture of salt and flour; let it remain on, in a dry place, for a day or two, then brush off.

Chicken Croquettes.—Put the chicken through meat chopper; add one half cup cream sauce; mix well; add seasoning to taste. Take spoonful in hands and form into cone shape, roll in bread crumbs; then dip in egg (one egg beaten with one tablespoon cold milk), and then in breadcrumbs; fry in deep hot fat. Any left over cream sauce can be used.

Lemon Snaps.—Two cups of granulated sugar and three-fourths of a cup of butter; mix, then add four eggs beaten, one tablespoon milk and half teaspoon of soda; about two teaspoons lemon extract and enough flour to make a soft dough. Flour board well, roll thin and cut with a shaped cutter.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure heartburn, flatulence, biliousness and the many other physical evils resulting from constipation. The "Pellets" are small. The dose is small. The benefits are large and lasting.