

THE SONG OF THE SCYTHE.

ANDREW LANG.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Ereless over-word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something still they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

"Hush! hush!" the scythes are saying,
"Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
"Hush!" they say to the grasses awoy,
"Hush!" they sing to the clover deep.
"Hush!" 'tis the lullaby Time is singing,
"Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
"Hush! hush!" and the scythes are
swinging

Over the clover, over the grass.
—Boston Journal.

A Daring Deed.

There had been much talk of hypnosis, of its phenomena, of its use under various conditions.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the old doctor, who had been chiefly a listener hitherto, and a smile played about his good-humoredly cynical mouth, "let me tell you of a certain incident. I premise my recital by the state that I can vouch for ever. The principal actor in my story is personally well known to me. I will call him, for the sake of a name, Harkman—Henry Harkman.

"At this time Henry Harkman was twenty-eight. He stood six feet two in his stockings and was broad in proportion. He had graduated from the medical college with brilliant honors. He was impetuous, hot-headed, immensely clever; an embryo great man in the eyes of his friends—myself included. At this juncture—with next to no practice and next to no money—he saw fit to do what most young men do under like conditions. He fell in love. I will grant that the young girl wanted many a folly. She was a beauty of beauties, and, withal, modest as any little wayside flower. But consider, pray, that she was the only child of a very rich and very pompous father. My young friend's chances were nil. Yet he went to the house, tortured himself by seeing his divinity, came away each time with death toward the old Colonel in his heart.

"This matters stood when the Colonel, for lack of anything else to do, developed a great interest in hypnosis. Harkman spoke of certain tests he had made during a short visit to the Paris hospitals for neurotic patients. The old Colonel's curiosity became aroused. He invited Harkman to dine with some of his friends, and after dinner suggested that hypnotic experiments be tried on any member of the assemblage who would lend himself to the same.

"I think that, at the time, Harkman stood in actual need of medical attendance himself. He told me afterward, in making a clean breast, that he doubted whether he had been temporarily quite sane. His passion, his resentment at the conditions of fate which kept him away from his object had worked away within him until he was not himself. He said that he felt a rabid desire to annihilate the Colonel, with his portly, well-fed frame; the hard eyes and false smiles of these society women exasperated him; the base physiognomies of these clubmen irked him past words. What right had they to own, because of the tie of association and the bond of common social interests, that flower of girlhood—his flower? For he felt as though she belonged to him. Something in her answered to the cry of his inmost soul.

"The first subject hypnotized—a blonde, weak-eyed young man—was quickly disposed of. He did various more or less interesting things under the control of Harkman. But the latter, with his habitual boldness, had already been seized by a new desire and determination. He put them into words at once:

"Will Miss Zabriske consent to try? I think she would be the best object in the room."

"He said it indifferently, impassively, as though it were a simple and usual thing. He had, with all the inward fire, wonderful outward control over himself. To have the pulse of her whole being under his control; to see her move, stand still under the pressure of his volition—it had sent a thrill through him. In another moment, disregarding the slow, lifted surprise of the Colonel's massive brows, he had held the glittering crystal prism close to the young girl's eyes. Her lids fluttered. The delicate head bent a little to one side. In an incredibly short space of time hypnotization was complete.

There was a little sensation in the room. The women poised their fans; the men leaned forward with an accession of interest. Then it was that a desperate idea—the idea that made him afterward confess to me that he doubted whether he had been quite sane at the moment—took possession of Henry Harkman. The thought came to him like a flash of lightning. For an instant it seemed to blind him. Everything appeared in that flash to lose reality. Then he recovered himself, and, in the interval, his darddevil purpose had taken definite shape.

"He turned—the whiteness of a still intense excitement on his cheek, but outwardly as calm as before—I can imagine just how he looked—to the little knot of spectators.

"There is an interesting experiment that can be tried," he said, "if you will retire to the next room and trace out by common consent, some series of actions to be carried out by the hypnotized subject—

"His one object was to get then one and all, out of the room. On his was accomplished he leaned toward the girl, grasping her hands and throwing all the strength of will he possessed into his tense, compressed rapid words, spoke to her in a low voice commanding, insisting.

"When the Colonel and his guest returned the recipient seemed, a little curiously, to have lost faith in his power to cause the subject to go through the movements that had been decided upon. Miss Zabriske was evidently of a very nervous temperament he said. She received impressions very strongly, no doubt. In short, he preferred not to extend the experiments.

"You might have thought of this before, sir," said the Colonel, rather stiffly.

"Harkman overlooked the remark. His interest in the proceedings seemed to have wavered. Miss Zabriske was brought out of her state of trance looking pale, with a faintly distraught expression in her eyes. Shortly after Harkman said good-night.

"I have remarked that I had a fondness for the young man. I believed in his capacity for ultimately accomplishing much. Therefore when he came to me the next day and asked me if I would do him a favor I replied with a ready enough assent. He did not care to go into details at the time, he said, but would I meet him at a given time and at a given place that afternoon?

"Are you going to be married or are you going to fight a duel? I inquired jocularly.

"I will tell you later," he replied, already half out of the door.

"The place of rendezvous he had mentioned was the well-known gallery of a certain picture dealer. He met me there with a face whose pallor and suppressed agitation struck me as portending something out of the common.

"Come," he said. And I went with him out of the gallery and up to the steps of a small, quiet Episcopal church hard by on a side street. A side door was open, and through this we penetrated into the dim interior.

"At that instant there came in behind us Edwina Zabriske! She was followed by a middle-aged waiting-woman and both advanced up the aisle together.

"The truth flashed upon me like a ray of light flashing into a dark room. Harkman and this young girl had come for a clandestine marriage and I had been decoyed into becoming a witness. But this was not all. As Edwina Zabriske drew nearer something totally abnormal in her gait, her look, her expression arrested my attention. Her eyes were set and glassy; she walked with automatic movements; she had in short—I won't say that I saw it clearly at that moment—the whole aspect of a person accomplishing mechanically a purpose under the obsession and possession of an idea influenced by another mind during a state of hypnotic trance.

"I was about to go up to Harkman and tell him that he had made a mistake, that much as I cared for him I did not like the idea of being a witness to a clandestine ceremony which would forever cause a breach between daughter and father, when there was the sound of carriage wheels drawing up at the side door, and the next moment the Colonel himself stood before us!

"Never shall I forget his face. He drew his daughter's arm within his own and turned to Harkman.

"I will reckon with you later, sir," he said. To me he did not vouchsafe a glance.

"When he had disappeared with Edwina—the clergyman meantime had come into the church in his surplice—the sound of the departing carriage wheels echoed through the death-like stillness of the little edifice I looked at Harkman.

"What do you propose to do, my young friend? I inquired. 'As for me, I shall let that worthy man know that my share in this pretty business was involuntary.'

"He returned my glance with eyes that stared straining out of a bloodless face.

"Go to the devil!" was all he replied.

"The next day I looked him up.

"Just give me your attention a moment, if you please," I requested him. "This matter needs investigation. I have seen the Colonel, and I can assure you that confusion and dismay reign supreme in that house. Miss Zabriske was in so pronounced a condition of nervous collapse last night that old Ventnor, the specialist, was called in. The young lady has since told the Colonel that she acted, in going to that church to meet you yesterday under the impetus of a compelling force which she could not explain, but which seemed to dominate her. She says that she had to go; she could not resist the feeling that drove her. She weeps piteously; she thinks she is going mad; she does not understand herself. I leave you to judge of the Colonel's condition of mind, the more that old Ventnor, who has hypnotized on the brain, talks of hypnotic suggestion. He learned, it appears, that Miss Zabriske was hypnotized by you the night before. All this strikes me as a very strange business. If you have any explanation to offer you would do well not to delay it."

"Then he confessed. Thwarted and convicted he broke down and made a full acknowledgment of his folly. The remarkable sensitiveness the girl had exhibited to hypnotic influence had tempted him to repeat with her the oft-tried experiment of implanting a suggestion to be acted upon later. He wanted her—he wanted her for his wife—and he despaired of ever being able to win her with her father's consent. He had conceived the daring plan without a

moment's forethought and carried out all details the next day with the full persuasion that, constituted as she was, Edwina would succumb automatically; at the time he had impressed upon her; to the command forced upon her brain tissues in those few moments in which, alone with him, she had lost all volitional consciousness. But now he saw that he had been a madman. If she had ever cared for him she would hate him now. It was all up with him, he knew. He would go away—go West. There were greater openings for ambitious young men there. Not that his ambitions could ever be as they had been. A manspinner of action was broken. He could never forget her. Nothing could be the same now that he had irrevocably lost her. He raved on, throwing his effects into satchels and portmanteaus, while I listened. When I left him I went straight to the Colonel's house and saw Miss Zabriske alone.

"This is the true state of the case," I said. And then I repeated all that Harkman had told me. I spoke of his love, his temptation, his remorse. She sat by with pale, motionless features and averted eyes.

"I don't defend him," I concluded. "But I plead his own excuse—temporary aberration. Moreover, he loves you, and to love—we have great authority for it—much may be forgiven. I have a sneaking weakness for the fellow myself. I should like him not to go away all unaccompanied. If I could bring him your pardon before he goes it would be new life to him."

"Oh, woman, woman!" She had listened so icily that I rose at last, despairing of a response. As I reached the door I heard her give a little cry. She stood trembling, flushing and paling in turn. Her lips quivered like those of a child that had been hurt.

"Oh?" she panted tremulously, "tell him not to go at all!"

"That is the end of my story, ladies and gentlemen. I have long since come to the conclusion that a woman will forgive everything and anything in a man if he only loves her enough. The Colonel took another view, of course. But Edwina, once she had acknowledged her love for my young friend, like a true woman that she was, held fast to him, and in time this mutual attachment conquered. I had the pleasure of being present at a ceremony conducted in all due order and not abortive like the first!

"This only proves that the newly discovered scientific fact of hypnotic suggestion may be employed not alone to further criminal ends, which is the phase of the subject that has been chiefly considered, but for a great variety of uses as well. We may, on the whole, congratulate ourselves that it is a force so few can handle.

"An Assignment."

Henry Saylor, who was killed last month in Covington, Kentucky, in a quarrel with Antonio Finch, was once a reporter on the Cincinnati Commercial. In the year 1893 a vacant dwelling on Vine street, in Cincinnati, became the centre of a local excitement because of the strange sights and sounds said to be observed in it nightly. According to the testimony of many reputable residents of the vicinity, these were inconsistent with any other hypothesis than that the house was haunted.

Figures with something singularly unfamiliar and uncanny about them were seen by crowds on the sidewalks to pass in and out. No one could say just where they appeared upon the open lawn on their way to the front door by which they entered, nor at exactly what point they vanished as they came out; or, rather, while each spectator was positive enough about these matters, no two agreed. They were all similarly at variance in their descriptions of the figures themselves. Some of the bolder of the curious throng ventured on several evenings to stand upon the doorsteps to intercept the ghostly visitors or get a nearer look at them. These courageous men, it was said, were unable to force the door by their united strength, and invariably were hurled from the steps by some invisible agency and severely injured; the door immediately afterward opening, apparently of its own motion, to admit or free some ghostly guest. The dwelling was known as the Roscoe house, a family of that name having lived there for some years, and then, one by one, disappeared, the last to leave being an old woman. Stories of foul play and successive murders had always been rife, but never authenticated. One day during the prevalence of the excitement Saylor presented himself at the office of the Commercial for orders. He was handed a note from the city editor which read as follows: "Go and pass the night alone in the haunted house on Vine street and make two columns if anything occurs worth while." Saylor obeyed his superior he could not afford to lose his position or the paper.

Apprising the police of his intention, he effected an entrance through a rear window before dark, walked through the deserted rooms, bare of furniture, dusty and desolate, and with feelings which it is perhaps needless to describe seated himself at last in the parlors on an old sofa which he had dragged in from another room, and watched the deepening of gloom as night came on. Before it was altogether dark the curious crowd had collected in the street, silent, as a rule, and expectant, with here and there a scoffer uttering his incredulity and courage with scornful remarks or ribald cries.

None knew of the anxious watcher inside. He feared to make a light; the uncertain windows would have betrayed his presence, subjecting him to insult, possibly to injury. Moreover,

he was too conscientious to do anything to enfeeble his impressions and unwilling to alter any of the customary conditions under which the manifestations were said to occur. It was now quite dark, but the lights from the street faintly illuminated a part of the room that he was in. He had set open every door in the whole interior, above and below, but all the outer ones were locked and bolted. Sudden exclamations from the crowd caused him to spring to a window and look out. He saw the figure of a man moving rapidly across the lawn toward the building—saw it ascend the steps; then a projection of the wall concealed it. There was a noise as of the opening and closing of the hall door; he heard quick heavy footsteps along the passage—heard them ascend the stairs—heard them on the uncarpeted floor of the chamber immediately overhead.

Saylor drew his pistol and groped his way up the stairs, entered the chamber, dimly lighted from the street. There was no one there. He heard footsteps in an adjoining room and entered that. It was black-dark and silent. He struck his foot against some object on the floor, knelt by it and passed his hand over it. It was a human head—that of a woman.

Lifting it by the hair, this iron-nerved man returned to the half-lighted room below, carried it near the window and attentively examined it. While so engaged he was half-conscious of the rapid opening and closing of the outer door, of footfalls sounding all about him. He raised his eyes from the ghastly object of his attention and saw himself the centre of a crowd of men and women dimly seen; the room was thronged with them. He thought the people had broken in. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, coolly, "you see me under suspicious circumstances, but—" His voice was drowned in peals of laughter—such laughter as is heard in asylums for the insane.

The people about him pointed at the object in his hand and their merriment increased as he dropped it and it went rolling among their feet. They danced about it with gestures grotesque and attitudes obscene and indescribable. They struck it with their feet, urging it about the room from wall to wall; pushed and overthrew one another in their struggles to kick it; cursed and serenaded and sang snatches of ribald songs as the battered head bounded about the room as if in terror and trying to escape. At last it shot out of the door into the hall, followed by them all with tumultuous haste. That moment the door closed with a sharp concussion. Mr. Saylor was alone in dead silence. Carefully replacing his pistol, which all the time he had held in his hand, he went to the windows and looked out.

The street was deserted and silent; the lamps were extinguished; the roofs and chimneys of the houses were sharply outlined against the dawn-light in the east. He left the house, the door yielding easily to his hand, and walked to the Commercial office. The city editor was still in his office—awake. Saylor waked him and said, quietly: "I passed the night in the haunted house." The editor stared blankly as if not wholly awake. "Good God!" he said, "Are you Saylor?" "Yes—why not?" The editor made no answer; the reporter's face was seamed with lines like those of age; his hair and beard were snow white. "They say that things were uncommonly quiet out there to-night," said the editor, trifling with a paper-weight upon which he kept his eyes, "did anything occur?" "Nothing whatever."—San Francisco Examiner.

My Neighbor's Chickens.

Of all the nuisances that make
A rural life accursed,
My neighbor's chickens take the cake
For being just the worst.

I rise betimes to plant a bed—
As soon as I'm away
Those hens, by the big rooster led,
March in and spend the day.

And when I hasten home at night
To see my labors crowned,
Those chickens, with a cyclone's might,
Have scratched my pretty ground.

My wife the baby leaves alone
To show these hens a way,
But as she cannot throw a stone
They laugh at her and stay.

Around my house is little seen
But dusty holes and dirt;
They eat my grass before it's green
And all my flowers hurt.

My neighbor has a garden, too,
And keeps it looking fine,
For he has trained his pirate crew
To fly right into mine.

In case of shoot the feathered plagues
I go to jail a-lack;
If in my yard they drop some eggs
My neighbor wants them back.

Beneath my window ere the dawn
His rooster comes to crow,
Till I, half crazy, seek the lawn,
And chase it with a hoe.

AT LAST.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsmiling spaces
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and
ship.

And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

Have not Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
If of perch, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Thy gift, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both, forgive through Thy abounding
grace,
And yield by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
panse.
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Our old friend, the plaid shawl, which has for years kept up its square form, is to be transformed into a long scarf.

Handsome picture scarfs and tidies can be made of cheesecloth worked with heavy rope silk, which comes in all colors and will wash. The Roman patterns look well worked in the different shades of brown and tan.

A very useful and pretty night-dress case may be made of pale blue liberty silk buttoned at the back and tied like the mouth of a sack at both ends. The apparent openings at each end are edged with white lace. The silk comb and brush bag matches the night-dress case.

A picture frame which will be odd, cheap and pretty can be made by taking a common whitewood frame. First put on a coat of glue; while still wet, sprinkle with tapioca (the ball tapioca) and long pieces of macaroni; when dry, glid over, and you have a frame fitted for any parlor.

A lamp mat or mat for a gas drop may be made of wallflower brown plush. A band of wide tinsel braid is placed diagonally across each corner. The embroidery is worked with pale blue stitches. The plush should be placed over a square of cardboard, which is lined with thin silk or glazed lining. The edge should be finished with narrow fringe.

Many stores are showing some very pleasing novelties in hammock pillows, and the stamped materials are offered for sale. These are merely a round cut-work design on gray or brown linen, to be button-holed in a darker shade of gray or brown silk. The linen, when cut out, is placed over a round pillow covered in plain or figured India or Persian silk of a pretty harmonizing or contrasting color, and padded around the edge. The back is cut round also, of a plain piece of linen, and the front and back are laced together with a silk cord over the puff.

The ever-needed waste basket, or wicker, can be purchased at any store for a trifle. Drape with rich silk, embroidered with clematis and foliage, edged with a handsome chenille and tassel fringe. The silk is cut in the shape of a half circle, pleated at the top corners. Handsome tassels ornament each handle. Line the basket with pongee silk. A less expensive one may be had by gilding or bronzing the basket and running satin ribbons of different shades in and out of the open work. A large bunch of rubber flowers or fruit attached to the front of the basket adds much to its beauty.

Parlors can now be made rooms of art. I had the pleasure of visiting one in which no set of heavy upholstered furniture found a place. Upon the polished floor and heavy large mats were laid rattan rockers and odd chairs. One rattan was painted white, with pink trimmings, pink ribbon in profusion, a pink satin cushion, on which was painted water lilies; the other rocker painted black, with gold trimmings, gold ribbon bows, a gold plush cushion, a three-cornered chair gilded, with an upholstered seat of brocade blue satin. The table scarf was of blue plush, with raised pink roses on one end and on the other golden rod, embroidered with chenille. The mantle drape was of yellow India silk, with painted apple blossoms and caught up on one side with large loops of pink ribbon.

A game that does not call for so much exertion as tennis has been found in "lawn bagatelle."

The piece of ground should be long and narrow, and resemble a bagatelle board in shape; a large canvas screen of semi-circular form takes the place of the cushion of a bagatelle board. The holes are formed of cups made for the purpose, sunk into the ground, and there are nine balls, as at bagatelle. The game is played with long mallets, and the scores are made in the same way as at ordinary bagatelle. At the conclusion of the game the cups can be covered with small lids made to prevent the soil or rain spoiling them. I will be found that this game of lawn bagatelle has the recommendation that it can be played in a shady part of the garden, which, for our climate, makes it a pleasant addition to the outdoor amusements of this summer.

RECIPES.

Lemons could be hung in bags of netting.

In buying game and poultry in summer, draw it at once, thoroughly wash, dry, and hang it in a cool, dry place.

Squash Pie.—One egg, one pint of milk, one cracker rolled fine, one cupful sifted squash, sugar, nutmeg, and cinnamon to taste.

Make starch with soapy water and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods. It prevents the iron from sticking and makes a glossy surface.

When molasses is used in cooking it is a great improvement to boil and skim it before using. The raw, rather unpleasant taste of the poor qualities of molasses is much improved by this process.

Kisses and Cream.—Beat in all the powdered sugar the white of one egg beaten stiff will take. Bake in patty pans in a slow oven. When cold, invert, scoop out the inside and fill with whipped cream.

Ham and Eggs.—Soak ham overnight in milk. In the morning fry until brown, then remove to a platter. Fry eggs by dipping gravy over them, take up, instead of turning, then take up carefully and lay upon the slices of ham.

Panikins.—Warm minced ham or tongue or veal in a thick cream sauce,

and pile it in the centre of a plate. Heat and butter some earthen cups, break an egg in each, and bake till the egg is firm. Turn them out, and arrange around the meat.—Mrs. Lincoln.

If you are obliged to buy meat some time before you use it, sprinkle it thickly with pepper; it can easily be removed before cooking. Powdered charcoal is excellent to preserve meat from becoming tainted. Wash the meat as soon as it comes from the butcher's and thoroughly dry it.

Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate, and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten, and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately, and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.

Baked Irish Potatoes.—Slice Irish potatoes very thin, butter an earthen pudding dish and put in a layer, cover with bits of butter, pepper and salt. Continue this until the dish is about two-thirds full; have plenty of butter on the top. Then fill up the dish with sweet milk and cover close; bake two hours in a slow oven; eat hot.

Coffee.—To make good coffee, allow a tablespoonful of finely ground coffee for each person. Add sufficient cold water to cover well, and place of the stove until it boils three minutes; then fill up with boiling water. This coffee will require no egg to settle it. Before serving at the breakfast table, pour out a teaspoonful of coffee and return to the coffee-pot.

Cream Biscuit.—One pint of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little warm water; stir into the cream the white of one egg, well beaten; a little salt; when the cream foams nicely, stir into it as quickly as possible enough sifted flour to make soft dough; roll out, cut and bake in a quick oven.

Lemon Rice Pudding.—To two-thirds of a cup of rice, boiled and cooled, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, salt, a teaspoonful of butter, three teaspoonfuls of sugar and the grated rind of two lemons, with milk enough to make very moist. Bake forty-five minutes. Use whites of eggs and juice of lemons for frosting, and brown.

Twine Holder.—With pale-blue knitting-silk crochet a bag large enough to hold easily a ball of pink druggist's twine. Work the bag in treble crochet, and draw in at the top with a pink satin ribbon, using a loop of the same with which to suspend it. Tie to one of the ribbon loops a small pair of scissors for use in cutting the twine when wanted.

Slice eight bananas very thin, place them in layers with powdered sugar between, cover and place on ice several hours before using, beat the whites of two or three eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavor with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla and place on top just before serving; a delicious dessert with a delicate cake.

Baked Eggs.—Take five eggs and put the yolks in a bowl and stir with a little salt and pepper. The whites should be beaten to a stiff froth, and if there are more whites than yolks, the dish is so much better. After the whites are stiff as can be, pour the yolks over them and mix lightly with a spoon, then turn all instantly into a hot baking-dish with a little melted butter in the bottom and bake immediately.

Coffee Custard.—Makes an agreeable dessert. Put in a saucepan eight egg yolks, with eight ounces of sugar; mix well, and dilute with six custard cups full of boiling milk and a good cupful of concentrated black coffee; pass through a fine strainer; fill the cups and put them in a vessel of boiling water to half their height; take off the froth that may have risen to the surface, cover the vessel and let simmer gently for twenty minutes; see if the custard is well set; let cool in the water, drain, wipe the cups and serve cold.—Althea.

Vegetable Soup.—Put a soup bone weighing two or three pounds into as much water as you want for soup. When it comes to a boil remove the scum and salt to taste. Take a bunch of parsley and a couple of stalks of celery with the green left on; chop up with a knife on a board and put into the kettle. Add half a teacup of barley, two potatoes, a small turnip and carrot, also chopped up, and lastly a teacupful of canned tomatoes. Do not stir it at all. Cook three hours. The last hour let it boil slowly on top of the stove.

Fried Tomatoes.—Select medium-sized, smooth, fleshy tomatoes, and cut them in round slices an inch thick; dip them in beaten egg, and then in bread crumbs; then fry in a little hot fat on both sides and serve with this sauce: Mix one tablespoonful of flour smoothly with a pint of milk, adding one ounce of butter creamed, whisking it well with the milk, one beaten egg, a little salt, pepper and mace. Place the stew-pan on the range and simmer until thick. Put the tomatoes in the middle of a warm dish; pour the sauce around them, and serve.

Card Case.—Take a piece of myrtle-green satin nine inches long and for and a half inches wide, and a piece of bright gold surah silk of the same dimensions. Between these pieces put a thin layer of perfumed cotton and sew the pieces together neatly. Fold up to within a third of the top, the surah on the inside, and fasten the sides together with blind stitches, thus forming a pocket. Turn down the top third so that it overlaps the pocket, and press it down so that it will lie quite flat. Embroider or paint on this top third, if liked, a spray of golden-rod, or the monogram of the owner in gold.