

THE SORROWING MOTHER.

Last night I dreamed he came to me; I held him close and wept and said, "My little child, where have you been? I was afraid that you were dead." Then I awoke; it almost seemed as though my arms could feel him yet.

I had been sobbing in my sleep; My tears had made the pillows wet.

I can not think of him at all As the bright angel he must be, But only as my little child Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise, Angela—ye who know; I am dull and slow to learn, Telling here below. Do not fill his heart too full With your heavenly joy. Lest the mother's place be lost With her little boy.

Last night the air was mild; The moon rose clear though late, And somehow then it did not seem So very hard to wait. There seemed so much to learn, So much for me to do, Before my lessons here were done And I was ready, too.

Those may dare to doubt who have Their loved ones here below; For me, I do not now believe, I do not hope—I know. —Katharine Pyle in Harper's Eszlar.

The house stood in a piece of ground enclosed by a low rail fence, and my part of the performance was to watch for the burglar, and should he by any means give the detective the slip, to chase and collar him if I could.

"But s'pose," I said, as soon as I could get a word in, "s'pose a regular policeman comes along and catches sight o' me in those grounds at midnight?"

"Well," the little gent replied, laughing, "you've only to give the police signal, three loud whistles, and tell them Detective Dawker has engaged you."

"We left the place together and parted just outside, promising to meet at the house he had described to me, at Highgate, at twelve o'clock the same night."

"Twelve o'clock came, I reached the meeting place in time, and found the detective waiting for me."

"He was dressed in clothes something like my own, and looked the flash gentleman no longer."

"He seemed rather impatient, and hastily pulled me into the garden and into a part of it where thick shrubs grew."

"Now mind," he said, quickly, "if you see the burglar run, chase him; if a policeman comes, give three loud whistles. I must be off, or I shall lose my chance. I shall be back in an hour. If I want assistance I will give you the three whistles."

"With these parting words the man disappeared."

"I stood waiting there for quite half an hour I should think, when I heard on the still night air the heavy tramp of a policeman."

"He was coming my way, I fancied. Slowly he drew nearer and nearer, until he stopped right abreast of the place where I was hiding close to the garden gate."

"He put out his hand and tried the gate fastening. It opened; he came inside, and flashed his lantern full on the very bush behind which I was standing."

"Quick as possible I gave three very loud, shrill whistles; but instead of the policeman being awed by the sound, he dashed at me, and caught me by the throat, in about half a minute nearly choking me, and stopping me from explaining why I was there."

"Finding I didn't resist he loosened his hold and questioned me."

"I told him plump and plain that Detective Dawker had engaged me—that I was doing my duty, and that he had not better spoil our game."

"He only gripped my arm the tighter and laughed, telling me not to try it on with him," and blew his whistle.

"In a few minutes another officer arrived, and between the two of 'em, what with their laughing and their questions, I had a lively time of it."

"I was taken to the nearest police station and locked up on suspicion."

"The next morning, when brought before the magistrate, I learned to my great surprise that the man I thought was a detective was none other than the burglar he pretended to be after, and that, instead of trying to catch a criminal, he was robbing the house while I kept watch outside, and warned him by my loud whistles of the arrival of the police."

"I was remanded for inquiries to be made, and they being found satisfactory I was brought up again this morning and discharged."

"Having ordered a fresh glass of the foaming beverage for my innocent acquaintance, I left him apparently quite comfortable."

"But I heard him mutter as I turned away."

"Wait till I meet him. I'll break every bone in his body!"

Detective Dawker's Scheme

By H. Carpenter.

It is not often that I find myself within the precincts of a police court, but a short time ago, happening to be seized with a sudden and unaccountable curiosity, I wondered my way toward one of those interesting institutions, and effected an entrance.

The policeman on duty that day was an old acquaintance of mine, and upon noticing me, he immediately beckoned to me.

"There's a peculiar case just decided," he said, "one you might like to know about. The fellow is discharged, and will be coming out in a minute. Here he comes!" ejaculated the officer, "that man in the shaggy suit."

The "man in the shaggy suit" had only just got into the street when I overtook him.

He was standing still, looking up and down the thoroughfare, apparently undecided what to do, all the time feeling in his trousers pockets as though he had lost something. I divined his thoughts, and accosting him quietly, said:

"After the unpleasant proceedings just concluded perhaps a little light refreshment might be acceptable."

"Just what I was a-thinking, sir," he replied, smiling. "An' I was just a-feelin' to see if I'd got the price of a glass of beer; but I find I'm quite broke."

"Never mind," I observed, and in less than a couple of minutes I had him comfortably seated at a table in a neighboring public house.

I was anxious to know what crime he had been charged with, and I mildly inquired if it had been a matter of "assault and battery."

"No, sir," he said, "but it will be next time—that is, if I lay hold of the chap that made a fool of me."

"Is it a long story?" I queried.

"Not very long. Would you like to hear it, sir?"

I assented eagerly.

"Well, then," he began, after he had drained his glass, "ye see I've been out o' work now for nigh two months, scarcely knowing which way to turn for a meal, and glad to pick up a shilling when and where I can."

"Well, one mornin' I went out as usual—that would be just nine days ago—and found myself with only sixpence in my pocket in the neighborhood of Leicester square."

"No job was to be had that mornin' so, feeling rather down at heart, and a little thirsty and hungry, I turned into a coffee house where I knew I could get a cheap meal."

"I hadn't been sitting there long before a short, stumpy gent, with no end o' watch chain in front of him, comes sauntering in and seats himself plump alongside of me."

"I ought to have felt flattered no doubt, and perhaps I did a little bit, when he said, presently, in a very pleasant way, 'Nice mornin'.'"

"'Yes,' I said; 'it is for those in work, but the mornin' doesn't seem partikler nice to me.'"

"'You're out o' work, eh?' he asked. 'Well, I might have guessed as much by your crestfallen expression. What would you say if I put a little job in your way?'"

"I should say Heaven bless ye, and mean it! I answered, picking up my cap and looking full in the little gent's face."

"'Can I trust you?' he asked."

"'Perfectly,' I said."

"'Now, look here,' he says, speaking quite confidential like, and in a very low voice. 'I'm a detective. Tonight I'm going to have a good try to nab a fellow who has been fooling the police of London for the last three months. I've got reliable information, and with your assistance I believe I shall have him.'"

"He told me that the man he intended to catch was going to commit a burglary at a house at Highgate—who informed him he didn't say, but he said he knew it—and that he meant to nab him in the very act."

The city of Cape Town, South Africa is about to extend its water works at an expenditure of \$10,000,000.

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A post-mortem examination was held over the body of William Kress whose death at Roanoke, Ind., aroused suspicion among the authorities. Ter 32-caliber cartridges, 4 carpet tacks and a needle were found in the stomach. Kress was ambitious to beat the hardware-eating record, comments the Path Finder, but succumbed in the process.

When Admiral Cervera reads that Rear Admiral Prince Ouktomsky's orders are imperative to go out of Port Arthur harbor or destroy his ships he yond possibility of repair before the fortress falls, he must find some comfort in the thought that there is at least one man who understands how he felt at Santiago, says the Indianapolis News.

People who think that all the world is dishonest will sniff at a cash which has just occurred in Chicago, where Thomas Taylor, an L-road guard found a satchel containing \$14,000 in gold and checks, belonging to the Woodlawn bank, states the Path Finder. His honesty was rewarded by a gift of \$100.

The Southern Pacific road pays two colored men \$1.75 a day to strike mosquitoes where track layers are at work in a swamp. The men have struck for \$2 a day. This will draw the company's attention to the fact that for a week's wages they can buy enough oil to cover the swamp and do up the mosquitoes that are always on strike, the Brooklyn Eagle states.

Finland demands her old constitutional rights, the rights which a line of Czars had sworn to preserve, but which were taken away from her the other day. Nicholas II. allots her 3,000,000 roubles for the benefit of her landless classes out of gratitude for the birth of a son. The New York Evening Sun says this is like asking for bread and getting a stone.

During a recent session of the Pan-American Presbyterian Alliance in Liverpool, a paper on "Christianity and Current Literature" was read by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University. At the outset of his address, which is printed in full in The British Weekly (London, July 7) and is declared to have touched "the oratorical high-water mark" of the convention, Dr. Van Dyke endeavors to define the scope both of literature and religion. Literature, he says, is "the art in which the inner life of man seeks expression and lasting influence through written words." Religion is "the life of the human spirit in contact with the divine." Therefore, he argues, religion needs literature to "express its meaning" and "perpetuate its power."

In many sections of the country since the R. F. D. lines have knocked out so many of the rural postoffices, the custom of naming the country homes and farms has revived, says the Danburg Reporter. We hope it will obtain in our county of Stokes. Such names as "Oak View," "Chestnut Shade," "Maple Glen," "River Foam," "Meadow Brook Farm," and others suitable to the taste or fancy of the owners, are used. The custom is old and colonial-like, savoring of the good old ante-bellum days. We have always thought that the effacement of the individuality of the neighborhoods and postoffices was the only objectionable feature about the rural free delivery. It is easily neutralized by the naming of the farms and country places.

An Indiana man who paid \$600 for an automobile and then spent \$2,000 for repairs has filed a petition in bankruptcy and asks the courts to relieve him of one of the white man's burdens. Once upon a time, the ways of the automobile were less known than they are now and the human race was less sophisticated, says the New York World. Then it was that he makers of the devil-wagons used to bait their victims with this deceptive sign: "The automobile does not eat oats." Ah, but doesn't it? Where the devil-wagon that does not eat? Its appetite is voracious. The animal is as indiscriminate in its tastes as a shark devouring everything that comes its way, preferring only that its food shall be predigesting by conversion into greenbacks and certified checks. And such an appetite!

Indication That We Have About Reached Limit for Present Time.

It is a much discussed question where the building of bigger ships is to end. Various authorities in engineering have attempted to predict the future rate of progress in marine construction, and the fact that at a single stroke 3,000 tons have been added to the size of the record vessel will doubtless be made much of. Nevertheless, there is much reason to believe that we are near the limit in size of ships, for the present at least, and there may even be a reaction. The size of ships is governed by the depth of the channel en route to seaports, and these latest huge vessels draw so much water that they can only enter a few ports and at only a very few can cargo or passengers sufficient to fill them be secured.

Besides this, it will readily be conceded that the reason why bigger and bigger ships have been built is purely a commercial one. The question: "Will it pay?" is the question to be answered in determining whether the size of ships is to go on increasing, and if so to what extent. It will be readily granted that a ship of 10,000 tons can be operated more cheaply per ton of freight carried than one of 5,000 tons, provided the volume of traffic is sufficient to keep her employed, and provided, also, that cargo-handling appliances are such as to keep down delays in port. But, granting this, it will readily be seen that there is not a like saving to be made in again doubling the size and going from 10,000 to 20,000 tons. Perhaps under certain circumstances the 20,000-ton vessel may be worth while, but even if this is the case it does not follow that a still bigger vessel would be still more profitable. It must be remembered that these very large vessels cost considerably more to build per ton of freight capacity than vessels of moderate size.—The Engineering News.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If the Czarevitch had been twins Russia might have got a constitution remarks the New York World.

The city of Cape Town, South Africa is about to extend its water works at an expenditure of \$10,000,000.

Any one who wishes to buy a town will be interested to know that there is one in county Cork, Ireland, that is soon to be put up at auction. It is long to a count who happens to be in need of ready money.

The St. Louis house which proposes to build a large wooden-ware factory could increase its business by making new arms and heads for people who reach out of the street car windows, the St. Louis Republic declares.

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A WOMAN PAINTER.

The first woman painter to receive an order from the German Government is said to be Fraulein Greta Walden, who decorated the hall of the German building at the Paris Exposition, and who was also commissioned to furnish paintings for the St. Louis Exposition. These last are four in number in the Hall of Mines and Metallurgy, two representing the mines of Konigshtuttee in Silesia and two views of the Krupp plant. Another painting in the educational building shows the famous Berlin thoroughfare "Unter den Linden."

NEEDN'T SPOIL CLOTHES.

Women who boat, fish, camp, and otherwise amuse themselves with nature in her wet as well as dry woods, will find an oilskin suit a convenient feature of the outing wardrobe. The skin might be purchased and made up into a coat and skirt suit, or a ready-made suit of the lightest possible form of oil skin. The short pocket of these suits has a military standing collar lined with corduroy to make it comfortable, and a skirt of good sporting length.

Clad in a suit like that the sporting girl can dabble around wetness to the content of her gyping nature.

ABOUT SOME BRIDES.

Some one has made the interesting discovery that most of the recent brides and some of the prospective ones, so far from being divinely tall, incline rather to petite stature. And this has been quite sufficient basis for an argument on the relative power of little women and the daughters of the gods over the opposite sex. The women of commanding presence certainly have the advantage in some respects; but in affairs of the heart it is generally the little ones who score. Comparisons, of course, are odious, but it is impossible to help seeing that tall women, who unquestionably look more dignified and elegant than their shorter sisters, cannot so effectively assume the coaxing airs, the piquant manner, the pretty helplessness, the fascinating pertness, the bewitching tenderness that enslave man to little women. Besides, little women have invariably big, warm, loving hearts.

WISDOM OF ONE WOMAN.

A certain woman who has a good library and is always buying books and music is very generous in lending both to her friends. Naturally she has found that people are often more ready to borrow than to return, so, in order to be able to lend without loss she has devised a nice little plan. In a certain album each borrower writes his or her name opposite the title of the book and the date on which the book is borrowed. On returning it the borrower is expected to comment on the book and to initial it. This album is naturally quite interesting, and, as it is always to the fore, it is often turned over by visitors, who soon see who is and who is not prompt in returning books lent. The result is that books are always returned, and yet there are no irritating reminders from their owner, whose album is always kindly regarded.

NEW COATS.

RINGS FOR THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

Curious little finger rings, symbolizing the various summer sports, are worn by athletic girls and make pretty and appropriate prizes for golf matches, boat races, etc.

The golf ring is a golf stick twisted into a circle, the gold is corrugated to reproduce the heavy, leather covered handle, and a pearl ball ornaments the tip.

The rowing ring is light, delicately made, and very pretty. The oar is the thin, curved spoon oar of the racing shell.

The hunting ring is a horn twisted into a circle with a fox's head for an ornament.

A riding crop with a horse's head is a pretty device also.

None of these rings are very expensive, although the luxurious may embellish and elaborate them, having the heads of diamonds, etc. In the simpler form they seem far more appropriate and in better taste.

With a knockabout coat a woman is ready for anything.

There are Scotch tendencies in coatdom.

A clever buyer says the coat of the Scotch peasant has been the inspiration.

In materials the American taste is all for the fine, handsome, durable covert cloth.

Knockabout coats of tweeds and Bannockburns are the top of the style for those who like coarse effects.

Zebelines are coming in strong for half dress coats, and are very smooth and silky.

Except in a few of the coat suits, coats are of the three-quarter length. Many of the heavy, more or less coarse coats may be matched in cloth, making smart walking or sporting suits.

Broad shoulder effects are to be continued, and an extra seam is carried up to each shoulder in the back. The belted back is the proper thing.

though the belt interferes very little with the fullness.

In the finer face cloth coats inverseness effects are seen, the sleeved inverseness being very practical as well as picturesque.

One beautiful brown broadcloth carriage coat shows a sextuple cape effect over each sleeve, and the narrow collar and cuffs are of panne in oignon crule, a brilliant light brown shade.—Philadelphia Record.

EARLY FALL FASHIONS.

While there are no radical changes in late summer and early fall styles from those of the earlier season, the attractive suggestions are developed and the extremes toned down. A frock of the fascinating lingerie type must needs be accompanied by one of the new three-quarter coats of dull color tinted taffeta if one wishes to be smartly costumed. The taffeta used to make these pretty wraps is of a soft lustrous quality. Very pretty summer frocks show a bodice or hip yoke of smoking, the sleeves also being smoked, either at the lower or upper part, or possibly both. No other trimming need be employed with the smoking, the girle of flower ribbon providing the finishing touch. While dressy gowns have extremely full skirts, growing fuller all the while, the smartest tailored effects show the fullness only around the bottom, and this is achieved by plaits in various forms, laid flat around the hips and falling out below, with the kilted effect around the feet. To be thoroughly approved, such costumes must have hat, shoes and all accessories to match in color or there must, at least, be perfect harmony among them. All the fancies of the last few years seem to have been combined in this season's styles and with the most artistic effect. Pinking has come in again, and ruffles and pipings appear on almost every summer dress. It is a white season for the little folks, and from the top of the picture hat to the tip of the slippered toe the fashionable little maid is all in white.—The Delineator.

FASHION NOTES.

Have a smart little brown and yellow toque for autumn.

The shaded sash is pale at the waist, deepening into darker ends.

Dot's are still with us, but the check is the thing.

The new Gainsboroughs are to have high crowns.

It's a wise woman who lays in her winter linings at summer silk sales.

The French think very highly of a little black velvet bow.

The frilly muslin hat that is not distinctly smart is decidedly dowdy.

Next is the sleeve of "Bluebeard's" time—tight cuff, puff and shirring to shoulder.

The summer girl displays a beautiful impartiality in her Russian blouse trimmed with Japanese embroidery.

White ties with veiled soles are almost exclusively used with white frocks.

Very fetching are the soft felt outing hats shown, and one can imagine them tilted jauntily on the head of a pretty girl.

There never was a better season to display heirlooms in the way of brooches and necklaces.

Notice how few long skirts and thin-soles shoes one sees on the street these sensible days.

Even better than the sheer china silk are some of the dollar bargains in blouses, of a figured silk, with more durability.

A bow under the chin is the proper accompaniment of the big Victoria shade hat.

Lots of lace applications differentiate the afternoon shirtwaist from its plainer morning sister.

There are prettier adjuncts to the toilet than a black mesh veil drawn tightly over the face beneath a big hat.

High canvas boots that lace half way to the knees accompany an imported bathing suit.

Work a wee touch of black in somewhere if you would be truly modish.

The latest in sleeve decorations is an applied square of ecru lace showing a heraldic design. Angels and ministers of republican simplicity defend us!

Put in your spare time making little wheels of silk and lace. They are sure to come in useful.

Here's an idea on making the lace cuff stay up: Stiffen it with fine wire. Hoopskirts in miniature!

Canvas ties are less costly than buckskin, and—what is amazing in view of that fact—they are really cooler and lighter.

Stockings to match the colored ribbons on the gown are worn with white shoes.

Have you noticed how many throats are dressed simply with a straight band of white embroidery?

HOW TO FRESHEN CARPETS.

Remove the dust by means of a lamp cloth. Put a spoonful of ammonia in half a bucket of warm water, and wipe the carpet with a cloth wrung out very dry from this water. Go evenly over all the carpet, but do not make it wet. By this method the dust is removed and the colors freshened, and every moth meets with sudden death.

THE USE OF GLYCERINE.

A leading specialist, and authority in matters pertaining to the skin, says if glycerine is really very harmful to the skin; it evaporates the water in the pores rapidly, particularly, will result in breaks of the skin, or chaps and roughness. This may be a surprise to many, for it is a fond belief that for chapped hands and lips it is an excellent remedy and preventive. Mixed with other ingredients so that a chemical change occurs in it, it may not be harmful, but glycerine, in a pure state, should never be applied to the skin, or its health and appearance will suffer, and cracks and chaps will only be aggravated.

HOW TO PLACE BREAKFAST DISHES.

Head of the table: Coffee stand, cups, saucers, strainer, sugar bowl with tongs, cream, jug, bowl for waste coffee.

Foot of table: Carving set, table spoon.

Cover: Berry dishes.

Left side of each cover: Knife, three teaspoons tumbler.

Knives should be placed with sharp edge of blade turned towards the plate.

Place salt and pepper holders within reach of each person.

In the warming oven put covered dishes for cereal and potatoes, platter breakfast plates and plate for muffins.

Arrange cereal dishes and spoon for serving on side table.

Two minutes before the meal hour, place dish of berries at each cover, butter on bread and butter plates and fill the glasses.

Too much form is not practical for the woman who is her own housekeeper, but it is necessary that meals be neatly and daintily served. The happiness and health of the household depend upon it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

RECIPES.

Veal in Aspic.—Take any remains of cold veal and mince it finely. Mix in a little chopped lean ham, a piece of butter, and a little cream or good milk. Line a mould, previously wetted with cold water, with pale aspic jelly, and decorate the sides and bottom with slices of hard-boiled egg, cucumber, beetroot, and tomatoes. Secure these with another coating of jelly, fill up the mould with the prepared veal, and pour in enough liquid aspic to cover the top. When set, loosen the edges carefully with a knife, turn out on a dish, and garnish with finely cut salad, cucumber, egg, etc.

Raspberry Sponge.—Put two eggs whites into a basin with one-quarter pound of castor sugar; beat up a little, adding gradually one gill of cream; dissolve one-half ounce of French leaf gelatin in a gill of raspberry juice; mix it with the rest, and whisk till light and spongy. A drop or two of concentrated raspberry essence and a drop of pink are an improvement. When ready lift out in rough heaps on a glass or china dish.

Hasty Fruit Pudding.—Put a pint of raspberries or red or black currants in a rather deep pie dish and sugar them liberally. Mix in a baking basin one-half pound of good, self-raising flour, three ounces of butter, well rubbed in, a dessertspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt; make a light dough with half a gill of buttermilk and lay on top of the fruit. Bake half an hour in a quick oven or steam for an hour, covered with a buttered paper.

Apricot Jelly.—Stone eighteen apricots, cut them into slices, and place them in a basin with the juice of two and a half lemons; then pour over them one and a half pints of boiling syrup, cover the basin and leave the contents to cool. When almost cold add one and a half ounces of gelatine; mix this well in, strain into a jelly mould and leave to set. When set, serve on a dish garnished with thin strips of apricot.

Oranges Filled With Jelly.—Take half a dozen oranges that are perfect; make a hole at the stem end about half an inch in diameter; take a tea spoon and remove the pulp, and then soak the oranges in cold water for an hour; then scrape with the spoon until they are smooth inside; rinse with cold water, and drain on a cloth and put them in ice box. Prepare pink and clear orange jelly, with the juice of the two lemons added. Fill half of them with the pink the other half with clear jelly, and when they are set wipe clean and cut each orange in four quarters. Heap them in a pretty glass dish for the table.

Cheese Custard.—Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of bread cut in pieces one inch square, with crust removed, sprinkle thin-sliced cheese over the bread, dust with salt and paprika, or a few grains of cayenne. Add other layers of bread and cheese, seasoning as before, using in all half a small loaf of bread, one cup of cheese and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs slightly, add one pint of milk, and pour the mixture over the bread and cheese. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.



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Arrange cereal dishes and spoon for serving on side table.

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Too much form is not practical for the woman who is her own housekeeper, but it is necessary that meals be neatly and daintily served. The happiness and health of the household depend upon it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

RECIPES.

Veal in Aspic.—Take any remains of cold veal and mince it finely. Mix in a little chopped lean ham, a piece of butter, and a little cream or good milk. Line a mould, previously wetted with cold water, with pale aspic jelly, and decorate the sides and bottom with slices of hard-boiled egg, cucumber, beetroot, and tomatoes. Secure these with another coating of jelly, fill up the mould with the prepared veal, and pour in enough liquid aspic to cover the top. When set, loosen the edges carefully with a knife, turn out on a dish, and garnish with finely cut salad, cucumber, egg, etc.

Raspberry Sponge.—Put two eggs whites into a basin with one-quarter pound of castor sugar; beat up a little, adding gradually one gill of cream; dissolve one-half ounce of French leaf gelatin in a gill of raspberry juice; mix it with the rest, and whisk till light and spongy. A drop or two of concentrated raspberry essence and a drop of pink are an improvement. When ready lift out in rough heaps on a glass or china dish.

Hasty Fruit Pudding.—Put a pint of raspberries or red or black currants in a rather deep pie dish and sugar them liberally. Mix in a baking basin one-half pound of good, self-raising flour, three ounces of butter, well rubbed in, a dessertspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt; make a light dough with half a gill of buttermilk and lay on top of the fruit. Bake half an hour in a quick oven or steam for an hour, covered with a buttered paper.

Apricot Jelly.—Stone eighteen apricots, cut them into slices, and place them in a basin with the juice of two and a half lemons; then pour over them one and a half pints of boiling syrup, cover the basin and leave the contents to cool. When almost cold add one and a half ounces of gelatine; mix this well in, strain into a jelly mould and leave to set. When set, serve on a dish garnished with thin strips of apricot.

Oranges Filled With Jelly.—Take half a dozen oranges that are perfect; make a hole at the stem end about half an inch in diameter; take a tea spoon and remove the pulp, and then soak the oranges in cold water for an hour; then scrape with the spoon until they are smooth inside; rinse with cold water, and drain on a cloth and put them in ice box. Prepare pink and clear orange jelly, with the juice of the two lemons added. Fill half of them with the pink the other half with clear jelly, and when they are set wipe clean and cut each orange in four quarters. Heap them in a pretty glass dish for the table.

Cheese Custard.—Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of bread cut in pieces one inch square, with crust removed, sprinkle thin-sliced cheese over the bread, dust with salt and paprika, or a few grains of cayenne. Add other layers of bread and cheese, seasoning as before, using in all half a small loaf of bread, one cup of cheese and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs slightly, add one pint of milk, and pour the mixture over the bread and cheese. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.