

A PARTING WORD.

Once I shall see you again, or twice,
Near or far, knit or apart—

SAVED.



MISS VIOLET, will you give
this letter to Mrs. Saltyb?

The drawings were little studies
I had made while down at the seaside,
where I had spent my vacation; made
for Mrs. Saltyb—to whom I had been
'companion' for a year—and Mrs. Saltyb
had been interested in them, say-

horror with which he seemed to regard
her. But she spoke with unaltered
composure:
'I told you more than a year ago
that I should pay no more debts of
yours, contracted in gambling or in
any other way,' she said.

'Yes, you have been just, but you
have never been merciful,' he replied.
'Oh, God!'
He hung up his arms with a bitter
cry that wrung my heart.

'I am going,' he said. 'I—' He
met her eye, and asked: 'Why do you
not kill me? I was altogether in your
hands once. You killed her, you will
remember.'

'If she had lived! Oh, Heaven! if
she had lived! Winifred, may God
deal by you as you have dealt by me.'

He remained but a moment longer.
Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave
her one look of reproach and left the
room. I looked wistfully at her; she
did not speak to me, and I, too, went
down the following day she appeared
much as usual.

Of all that I thought and felt, I, of
course, said nothing. The matter was
no affair of mine. I understood that
the two were brother and sister; that
the young man was named Guy Sedley,
that he was dissolute and in disre-

But on the second night I was awak-
ened by a light shining into my cham-
ber. It was something unusual, for
the little clock on the mantel was
chiming 12. After a moment I slipped
out of bed and glided toward the open
door. The long, embroidered folds of
my night dress nearly tripped me up;

With a presence of mind equal to
my own, he put the roll of bank notes
he had been searching for into the
pocket of his waistcoat, and with a
glittering eye regarded me specula-

'You refused me,' he said, in a far
different tone from that in which he
had first spoken, low and concentrated.
'Certainly,' she answered.

'I washed my hands clear of you
long ago,' she answered composedly.
'Long ago,' he repeated.

'I tell you, Winifred, I must have
this money,' he said; 'I must have it,
and to-night, to-night,' he repeated.

'Let me have it, Winifred,' he said,
pausing before her, 'and I promise
you it shall be the last time.' She
made no reply. 'The last time, I
mean it, Winifred.' His voice fal-

I flung open the door next to my
writing desk, and came back to him.
'These I give you freely,' I said,
opening the roll of notes. 'You said
to her that it would be the last time,
and I hope—'

He had taken the notes into his
hand, looking at them in a kind of
unbelieving way.
'You may hope that you have saved
me,' he said in a low voice.

'Yes, in a drawer in her dressing
room.' I wondered how he had ob-
tained it. 'Hasten and get away.'
'There is no danger. I made my way
hither carefully. Pure, brave lit-
tle girl, how fearless you are for your-

When I arose I saw the dirk knife
glittering in the sunshine near my writ-
ing desk, where I had laid it. Then I
shuddered.
A year later I was the mistress of
Redburn—the beautiful home, the spa-

On her dying bed she said:
'Violet, you are my heiress. There is
only one living being who has my
blood in his veins. Him I disown.' She
paused and went on: 'You have seen
my brother; I loved him. I was ambi-

He said I killed her.' She grew pale,
even past her dying pallor; she went
on: 'When I saw him last the officers
of justice were after him; he was a
defaulter. He had stolen money to
pay his gambling debts. He is prob-

Three years passed. I had never
heard a word of Guy Sedley, when one
day the Bromleys, of London, who
were coming to visit me, asked leave
to bring a friend. I extended the invita-

I loved him, but I thought:
'He must hate me, the usurper of his
rights. He is poor because I have his
patrimony: I have no right to Redburn,
and I will not keep it. I will give it
back to him.'

An opportunity came. He was sit-
ting on the terrace one bright even-
ing. I went and took a seat near him.
'How lovely this view is!' he ex-

'Yes, and you shall wish for your
right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn
is yours. I have no claim to it.' He
did not speak, and I went on. 'Your
sister was just, and she would have
made you the heir if she had lived to
see what you are to-day.'

'But it was your mercy, not her jus-
tice, Miss Blanchard, that saved me.
Violet, I love you, and will take Red-
burn with your hand, not else.'

Feeding the Germany Emperor is
no light task. Despite all that is said
about the Kaiser's Spartan habits,
there are few monarchs who keep more
elaborate tables. He has no fewer
than four chefs—Schlenderstuecker,
a German; Harding, an English-

'Do not do that,' said I. 'I am your
friend. I was sorry for you that day.'
He did not speak, but a troubled look
disturbed the pale fixedness of his
face.

'One hundred pounds.'
'And you need it very much?'
'Very much,' he replied, with a bit-
ter smile.

Launceston, England, has an eccen-
tric town clock. The other day at 11
a. m. it struck twenty-four times. At
4 p. m. it did better, with 100 times,
and at 5 p. m. it was breaking the re-



CREAMED POTATOES.
Have cold boiled potatoes, cut in
lice shaped bits and lay in a sauce-
pan in which you have a white sauce.
Make the sauce of two ounces of
butter, one ounce of flour and half a
pint of cream. Heat thoroughly and
serve, sprinkling over the top chopped
parsley or chopped chives as you like.

APPLE BAVAROIS.
Pare and slice half a dozen sweet
apples and set them to cook with the
juice of a lemon, a wineglass of sherry,
a cup of sugar, or more if it seems
necessary, and an ounce of gelatine
dissolved in a little warm water and
strained. When the apples are so-
lender they fall to pieces, take up,
press through a fine sieve and let get
perfectly cold. Whip in then a pint
of cream and pour into a mould. Turn
out when set.

Wash the fruit; save all the nice
parings and seeds; cook for an hour
or more in more water than will cover
them; then run them through the
colander and let them sit until next
day, or until the fruit substance has
settled; now throw off the clear juice
through a thin muslin bag and set on
the fire; when boiling well add one
pint of sugar to each pint of juice and
boil until it rolls off the spoon; fill
the jelly cups and let them set by a
stove or any warm place a couple of
days without covers, so as to evapor-
ate any water if the jelly is not stiff
enough.

A delicious jelly, which is in high
repute with English people and fam-
ilies of English descent in this coun-
try, is made of barberries. The bar-
berry is a rather seedy fruit for pre-
serves, but it is sometimes put up, as
currants are, with a pound of raisins
to every five pounds of itself and a
pound of sugar to a pound of the
whole. The barberry should be pick-
ed late, after it has been touched
with the frost, and the fruit is a deep,
dark crimson. The demand for the
fruit is so limited that it seldom sells
for more than ten cents a quart, so it
must be classed among our inexpen-
sive preserving fruit.

Chop fine one pint of good-sized
cucumbers, one pint of large onions,
one head of cabbage and six red pep-
pers. Add one pint of very small on-
ions and one pint of very small cu-
cumbers, leaving these whole.
Sprinkle with half a cupful of salt and
let stand for twenty-four hours. Take
one cupful of sugar, two quarts of
vinegar, one tablespoonful of dry mus-
tard, three tablespoonfuls of white
mustard seed, half an ounce of tur-
meric, half an ounce of white celery
seed and half a cupful of flour. Mix
the flour, the dry mustard and the
turmeric with a little cold vinegar,
and very carefully add the rest of the
vinegar. Add the sugar, mustard
seed and celery seed and let it come
to a boil. Put in the vegetables,
chopped and whole, and boil for five
minutes. Seal and put away.

This is a dish for hungry hunters,
and is delicious served anywhere. Cut
up three pounds of venison in small
square pieces and place them in a
saucepan with a tablespoonful of but-
ter or dripping to brown. Then add
a tablespoonful of flour and stir until
it is well incorporated. Moisten with
a quart of white broth or water, add
six small onions, salt, pepper, a pinch
of nutmeg, and half a teaspoonful of
kitchen bouquet. Let this cook, cov-
ered, on top of the stove for three-
quarters of an hour. Lay in a deep
porcelain dish and cover the top with
a moderately rich pie crust, taking
care to wet the edges of the dish.
Brush the surface with the beaten
white of an egg, make the proper in-
cisions, and bake in the oven for
about forty minutes.

All canned fruit should be kept in
a cool, dark place.
A little sugar put in the cooking
turnips improves them wonderfully.
A stone jar with a close cover is a
safe match safe. Keep it out of the
reach of the children.
Gum arabic and gum tragacanth, in
equal parts, dissolved in hot water,
makes an excellent mucilage, always
handy and ready for use.
Mush for frying should not be so
thoroughly cooked as that which is to
be eaten without frying. Pour into a
deep pan when cooked sufficiently,
and when cool, slice and dip the slices
in beaten egg; they will then fry
crisp.
To brighten the isinglass in a stove,
rub briskly with a rag dipped in vine-
gar and water.
Old newspapers are better than
clothes to rub off the stove with.
A cloth wrung out of warm skim-
med milk and water is good to clean
fily specks from varnished woodwork
or furniture. It not only removes the
dirt more easily, but it makes the
varnish look fresher.
Carpets well sprinkled with salt
and then wiped with cloth squeezed
out of warm water containing a spoon-
ful of spirits of turpentine to every
quart, will look bright and new and
will not be troubled with moths.
Keep a good-sized piece of charcoal
in the refrigerator until the frost
comes, removing the charcoal every
ten days or two week.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.
Philad. & Erie R. R. Division
and Northern Central Ry.

Table with train schedules, including times and destinations like Harrisburg, Scranton, and Philadelphia.

Table titled 'CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA' showing condensed time tables for various routes.

Table titled 'LEWISBURG AND TYONE RAILROAD' showing schedules for Westward and Eastward directions.

Table titled 'DRINKING MATCH IN PARIS' describing a competition between Herr Schnellman and others.

Spring Mills Hotel advertisement listing amenities and location.

Centre Hall Hotel advertisement listing amenities and location.

Old Fort Hotel advertisement listing amenities and location.

Penn's Valley Banking Company advertisement listing services.

Hotel Haag advertisement listing amenities and location.

Advertisement for Attorneys J. H. Orvis and C. M. Bower.

Advertisement for Attorney Clement Dale.

Advertisement for Attorney W. G. Bunkle.

Advertisement for Attorney N. B. Spangler.

Advertisement for Livery service with special effort to accommodate commercial travelers.

Advertisement for Patents with Scientific American logo and contact information.

Large advertisement for BARGAINS! with text about finding goods at low prices.