

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Spring Lamb and Mint Sauce

March is the month for spring lamb just as April is the time for early violets and other sorts of spring beauties.

Mint sauce is always mentioned in the same sentence with lamb and yet many cooks do not know how to serve the two articles in combination. Other things, like new potatoes, asparagus, green peas and spinach are more frequently eaten with this meat. An excellent recipe for making mint sauce is this one:

Chop the spearmint very fine and add enough vinegar to cover it and sugar to suit your taste. Let this stand tightly covered for an hour or longer and serve with the meat. The mint must be washed through many waters to remove all the sand or dust that clings and then all the coarse fibres and stems must be discarded.

Spring lamb is small so that the cuts are not like those of mutton but of young sheep.

The finest chops are at least two inches in thickness; if you have them cut thinner you cannot cook them to best advantage. The only way in which they should be cooked is by broiling. The heat should be high at first, and may be reduced after they are started cooking.

When they are thoroughly done serve with mashed potato and peas.

A fore-quarter of lamb comprises shoulder, neck and breast, it weighs from seven to ten pounds and needs to be roasted two hours. If you do not serve mint sauce with it sprinkle it over with lemon juice as this improves its delicate flavor.

Boiled leg of lamb is delicious eating. The time required for cooking this depends on the size of the cut. It is usually served with parsley sauce or with spinach.

A lamb dish that is justly popular is spinach and lamb cutlets. The cutlets are taken from the neck and must be well trimmed. Egg and bread them and fry in deep fat. Steam the spinach or boil it and drain very well and use it to garnish the meat.

Lamb pie seems to be the natural ending of a left-over bit of lamb or mutton and this is right, for it is enjoyed by all the family. Cut off the lean meat from the bones in nice, small pieces, season and place in small baking dishes for individual serving or in a large pie dish. An under crust is not used for it sometimes becomes moist before the pie is served. Cover the meat with gravy, add some diced cooked potatoes and if convenient, a layer of asparagus tips also cooked. Put on the lid of the pastry and bake it to a light brown.

DAILY MENU
Breakfast
 Rice with Cream
 Preserves Gems
 Scrambled Eggs
 Toast Coffee

Luncheon
 Cold Lamb (left over)
 Horseradish Sauce
 Mashed Potatoes, Cream Gravy
 Custard Cups, Loaf Cake
 Tea

Dinner
 Chicken and Rice Soup
 Spanish Onions, stuffed with Minced Chicken, served with Butter Sauce
 Veal Cutlets, Potato Croquettes
 Fruit Fritters, Fruit Sauce
 Iced Coffee, Cake

Printer Leaves \$10,000 to Charity
 Lancaster, Pa., March 25.—Henry Carson, this city's veteran printer, left his \$10,000 estate equally to St. Joseph's hospital, General hospital, the city's poor coal fund and Franklin and Marshall College.

We Recommend That You Use
Rexall
"93" Hair Tonic
 George A. Gorgas

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY THE DOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER I

A Serious Event.

Le Comte de Sabron, in the undress uniform of captain in the Cavalry, sat smoking and thinking. What is the use of being thirty years old with the brevet of captain and much distinction of family if you are a poor man—in short, what is the good of anything if you are alone in the world and no one cares what becomes of you?

He rang his bell, and when his ordonnance appeared, said sharply: "Que diable is the noise in the stable, Brunet? Don't you know that when I smoke at this hour all Tarascon must be kept utterly silent?"

Tarascon is never silent. No French meridional town is, especially in the warm sunlight of a glorious May day.

"The noise, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "is rather melancholy."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed the young officer. "It's infernal. Stop it at once."

The ordonnance held his kept in his hand. He had a round good-natured face and kind gray eyes that were used to twinkle at his master's humor and caprices.

"I beg pardon, mon Capitaine, but a very serious event is taking place."

"It will be more serious yet, Brunet, if you don't keep things quiet."

"I am sorry to tell, mon Capitaine, that Michette has just died."

"Michette!" exclaimed the master. "What relation is she of yours, Brunet?"

"Ah, mon Capitaine," grinned the ordonnance, "relation! None! It is the little terrier that Monsieur le Capitaine may have remarked now and then in the garden."

Sabron nodded and took his cigarette out of his mouth as though in respect for the deceased.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that melancholy little dog! Well, Brunet!"

"She has just breathed her last, mon Capitaine, and she is leaving behind her rather a large family."

"I am not surprised," said the officer. "There are six," vouchsafed Brunet, "of which, if mon Capitaine is willing, I should like to keep one."

"Nonsense," said Sabron, "on no account. You know perfectly well, Brunet, that I don't surround myself with things that can make me suffer. I have not kept a dog in ten years. I try not to care about my horses even. Everything to which I attach myself dies or causes me regret and pain. And I won't have any miserable little puppy to complicate existence."

"Bien, mon Capitaine," accepted the ordonnance tranquilly. "I have given away five. The sixth is in the stable; if Monsieur le Capitaine would come down and look at it."

Sabron rose, threw his cigarette away and, following across the garden

caused by the muttering of the wine dress down by the poplar walk.

To-night he would have the pleasure of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner.

"See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "the poor little fellow can't swallow it."

The water trickled out from either side of Pitchoune's mouth. The sturdy terrier refused milk in all forms, had done so since Sabron weaned him; but Sabron now returned to his nursery days, made Brunet fetch him warm milk and, taking the quill, dropped a few drops of the soothing liquid into which he put a dash of brandy, down Pitchoune's throat. Pitchoune swallowed, got the drink down, gave a feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. When he opened them the glazed look had gone.

The officer hurried into his evening clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a little of the stimulant every hour until

Sabron looked at the letter and its fine clear handwriting. Its wording was less formal than a French invitation is likely to be, and it gave him a sense of cordiality. He had seen, during his rides, the beautiful lines of the Chateau d'Esclignac. Its turrets surely looked upon the Rhone. There would be a divine view from the terraces. It would be a pleasure to go there. He thought more of what the place would be than of the people in it, for he was something of a hermit, rather a recluse, and very reserved.

He was writing a line of acceptance when Brunet came in, a tiny bundle in his hand.

"Put Pitchoune over there in the sunlight," ordered the officer, "and we shall see if we can bring him up by hand."

CHAPTER II.

Julia Redmond.

He remembered all his life the first dinner at the Chateau d'Esclignac, where from the terrace he saw the Rhone lying under the early moonlight and the shadows falling around the castle of good King Rene.

As he passed in, his sword clanking—for he went in full dress uniform to dine with the Marquise d'Esclignac—he saw the picture the two ladies made in their drawing-room: the marquise in a very splendid dress (which he never could remember) and her niece, a young lady from a country whose name it took him long to learn to pronounce, in a dress so simple that of course he never could forget it! He remembered for a great many years the fall of the ribbon at her pretty waist, the bunch of sweet peas at her girdle, and he always remembered the face that made the charm of the picture.

Their welcome to him was gracious. The American girl spoke French with an accent that Sabron thought bewilderingly charming, and he put aside some of his reserve and laughed and talked at his ease. After dinner (this he remembered with peculiar distinctness) Miss Redmond sang for him, and although he understood none of the words of the English ballad, he learned the melody by heart and it followed with him when he left. It went with him as he crossed the terrace into the moonlight to mount his horse; it went home with him; he hummed it, and when he got up to his room he hummed it again as he bent over the little roll of flannel in the corner and fed the puppy hot milk from a quill.

This was painstaking operation and required patience and delicacy, both of which the big man had at his finger-tips. The tune of Miss Redmond's song did for a lullaby and the puppy fell comfortably to sleep while Sabron kept the picture of his evening's outing contentedly in his mind. But later he discovered that he was not so contented, and counted the hours when he might return.

He shortly made a call at the Chateau d'Esclignac with the result that he had a new picture to add to his collection. This time it was the picture of a lady alone; the Marquise d'Esclignac doing tapestry. While Sabron found that he had grown reticent again, he listened for another step and another voice and heard nothing; but before he took leave there was a hint of a second invitation to dinner.

The marquise was very handsome that afternoon and wore yet another bewildering dress. Sabron's simple taste was dazzled. Nevertheless, she made a graceful picture, one of beauty and refinement, and the young soldier took it away with him. As his horse began to trot, at the end of the alley, near the poplars at the lower end of the rose terrace he caught a glimpse of a white dress (undoubtedly a simpler dress than that worn by Madame d'Esclignac).

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it is any use," Brunet told his master. Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat before a table on which, in a basket, lay Michette's only surviving puppy. It was a month old, Sabron already knew how bright its eyes were and how alluring its young ways.

"Be still, Brunet," commanded the officer. "You do not come from the south or you would be more sanguine. Pitchoune has got to live."

The puppy's clumsy adventuresome feet had taken him as far as the high road, and on this day, as it were in order that he should understand the struggle for existence, a bicycle had cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, "there wasn't much use!"

Pitchoune was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

"He won't eat anything from me, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremoniously opened the puppy's mouth and thrust down a dose. Pitchoune swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from a long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pitchoune. A second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until this night. It seemed too good to be true, he thought, that another picture was to add itself to his collection! He had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, when he dined at the chateau; but there had been a thrill in the second

CHAPTER III.

A Second Invitation.

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it is any use," Brunet told his master. Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat before a table on which, in a basket, lay Michette's only surviving puppy. It was a month old, Sabron already knew how bright its eyes were and how alluring its young ways.

"Be still, Brunet," commanded the officer. "You do not come from the south or you would be more sanguine. Pitchoune has got to live."

The puppy's clumsy adventuresome feet had taken him as far as the high road, and on this day, as it were in order that he should understand the struggle for existence, a bicycle had cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, "there wasn't much use!"

Pitchoune was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

"He won't eat anything from me, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremoniously opened the puppy's mouth and thrust down a dose. Pitchoune swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from a long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pitchoune. A second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until this night. It seemed too good to be true, he thought, that another picture was to add itself to his collection! He had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, when he dined at the chateau; but there had been a thrill in the second



Sabron Looked at the Letter.

in the bland May light, went into the stable where Madame Michette, a small wire-haired Irish terrier had given birth to a fine family and herself gone the way of those who do their duty to a race. In the straw at his feet Sabron saw a ratlike, unprepossessing little object, crawling about feebly in search of warmth and nourishment, uttering pitiful little cries. Its extreme loneliness and helplessness touched the big soldier, who said curtly to his man:

"Wrap it up, and if you don't know how to feed it I should not be surprised if I could induce it to take a little warm milk from a quill. At all events we shall have a try with it. Fetch it along to my rooms."

And as he retraced his steps, leaving his order to be executed, he thought to himself: "The little beggar is not much more alone in the world than I am! As he said that he recalled a word in the meridional patois: Pitchoune, which means 'poor little thing.'"

"I shall call it Pitchoune," he thought, "and we shall see if it can't do better than its name suggests."

He went slowly back to his rooms and bustled himself at his table with his correspondence. Among the letters was an invitation from the Marquise d'Esclignac, an American married to a Frenchman, and the great lady of the country thereabouts.

"Will you not," she wrote, "come to dine with us on Sunday? I have my niece with me. She would be glad to see a French soldier. She has expressed such a wish. She comes from a country where soldiers are rare. We

caused by the muttering of the wine dress down by the poplar walk.

To-night he would have the pleasure of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner.

"See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "the poor little fellow can't swallow it."

The water trickled out from either side of Pitchoune's mouth. The sturdy terrier refused milk in all forms, had done so since Sabron weaned him; but Sabron now returned to his nursery days, made Brunet fetch him warm milk and, taking the quill, dropped a few drops of the soothing liquid into which he put a dash of brandy, down Pitchoune's throat. Pitchoune swallowed, got the drink down, gave a feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. When he opened them the glazed look had gone.

The officer hurried into his evening clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a little of the stimulant every hour until



"He Won't Eat Anything From Me."

he should return. Pitchoune's eyes, now open, followed his handsome master to the door. As Sabron opened it he gave a pathetic yelp which made the captain turn about.

"Believe me, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance with melancholy fatality, "it is no use. If I am left with Pitchoune it will be to see him die. I know his spirit, mon Capitaine. He lives for you alone."

"Nonsense," said the young officer impatiently, drawing on his gloves.

Pitchoune gave a plaintive wail from the bandages and tried to stir.

"As for feeding him, mon Capitaine," the ordonnance threw up his hands, "he will be stiff by the time . . ."

TO BE CONTINUED

Aged Lebanon Woman Dies
 Lebanon, March 25.—Mrs. Maria Unger, aged 89 years, died here yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George B. Schock. Congestion of the lungs caused her death. Some time ago she fell and fractured her hip. The surviving children are Mrs. George B. Schock, of this city, and Richard A. Unger, of Naperville, Ill. She was the oldest member of Trinity U. B. church, this city.

MAMMA, DADDY AND CHILDREN ALL LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

Harmless "Fruit Laxative" Cleans Stomach, Liver and Bowels

A delicious cure for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, indigestion, coated tongue, sallowness—take "California Syrup of Figs." For the cause of all this distress lies in a torpid liver and sluggish bowels.

A tablespoonful of night means all constipation, poison, waste matter, fermenting food and sour bile gently moved out of your system by morning without griping. Please don't think of "California Syrup of Figs" as a physic. Don't think you are drugging yourself or your children, because this delicious fruit laxative cannot cause injury. Even a delicate child can take it as safely as a robust man. It is the most harmless, effective stomach, liver and bowel regulator and tonic ever devised.

Your only difficulty may be in getting the genuine; so ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." Say to your druggist, "I want only that made by the California Fig Syrup Company." This city has many counterfeit "fig syrups," so watch out.—Adv.

MURDERER ADMITS HIS GUILT
 Court, However, Orders Plea of "Not Guilty" in Montvid Case
 New Britain, Conn., March 25.—Bernard Montvid was held by the police court yesterday for trial for murder in connection with the killing here last month of the Rev. Father Zebrias and his housekeeper, Miss Iva Gimara. As the accusation was read to him the prisoner replied: "That's right, I'm guilty." The court ordered entered, however, a plea of "not guilty."

Montvid was brought here early yesterday from Wilmington, Del., where he was arrested.

LONDON MAY BAN KISSING
 Medical Men Tell of a Germ Spread Abroad by Osculation
 London, March 24.—An unkissed London in the near future is probable unless Cupid's new enemy here, technically described by medical men as diplococcus, can be conquered. Also, because of some cases of cerebro spinal meningitis, practitioners are advising against kissing.

Diplococcus is an ally of influenza and is causing much sore throat affection. Cupid has been turning the thoughts of so many young men in khaki to love that the diplococcus, commonly referred to as the kissing germ, has been having a fine time.

Directory of Leading Hotels of Harrisburg
The Metropolitan
 Strictly European
 For something good to eat. Everything in season. Service the best. Prices the lowest.
HOTEL VICTOR
 No. 25 South Fourth Street
 Directly opposite Union Station, equipped with all modern improvements; running water in every room; hot bath; perfectly sanitary; nicely furnished throughout. Rates moderate. European Plan.
 JOSEPH GIUSTI, Proprietor.

The Cook's Reputation

You know that without good, reliable range coal all the skill of the cook, her labor, her time and her reputation for cooking and baking—are in vain.

The cook doesn't want to burn coal that requires constant watching.

The cook who burns Kelley's Coal has time to do her work well.

The cook who burns Kelley's Coal has time to do her work well.

H. M. KELLEY & CO.
 1 N. Third Street
 Tenth and State Streets

THE PLAZA
 423-425 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 At the Entrance to the P. E. B. Station
 EUROPEAN PLAN
 F. B. ALDINGER, Proprietor

BUSINESS COLLEGES
Begin Preparation Now
 Day and Night Sessions
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
 15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

H.B.G. BUSINESS COLLEGE
 329 Market Street
 Fall Term September First
 DAY AND NIGHT

STEAMSHIPS.
To Bermuda
 Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, and Cycling
 Tours Inc. Hotels, Shore Excursions. Lowest Rates.
 Twin S. S. "BERMUDIANS" 10,518 Tons displacement.
 Fastest, newest and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer by tender.
 For full information apply to A. E. O'NEILL & CO., Agents Quebec S. S. Co. Ltd., 32 Broadway, New York, or any Ticket Agent.

THE WORDEN PAINT AND ROOFING CO.
 H. M. F. WORDEN, Proprietor.
 Slag, Slate and Tile Roofs, Damp and Water Proofing, Paints and Roofers' Supplies
 Genuine Pen Argyl Inlaid Slate for Flat Roofs.
 HARRISBURG, PA.

Cumberland Valley Railroad
 In Effect May 24, 1914.
 Trains Leave Harrisburg—
 For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5.45, 7.50 a. m., 3.40 p. m.
 For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5.05, 7.55, 11.25 a. m., 2.40, 5.25, 8.45, 11.05 p. m.
 Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.45 a. m., 2.15, 2.27, 5.30, 5.30 p. m.
 For Dillsburg at 5.05, 7.50 and 11.55 a. m., 2.15, 3.40, 5.25, 8.30 p. m.
 Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
 H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A. Supt.

Carpets and Rugs

This year they are made from a most perfect selection of materials and colors.

The Blended Effects are luxurious—pleasing to the eye—sure to wear well and to last a long time.

Our stock is larger and more complete than ever before. Come and inspect them.

Our prices will please you.

Best quality printed Linoleum now 40¢ per yd.
 Vacuum Cleaner with brush, \$5.00

Harrisburg Carpet Company
 No. 32 North Second Street

THE ALE AND BEER

produced by the Master Brewer at the DOEHNE Brewery cannot be surpassed for purity, health, tonic and food qualities.

DOEHNE BREWERY
 Order It--Phones Bell 826
 Indep't. 318

CASH FOR YOU

Find a purchaser for the article you possess and want to sell.

If it has value—an advertisement in the Classified columns of

THE STAR-INDEPENDENT
 will get you effective results.
 ACT WITHOUT DELAY
 Bell Phone 3280 Independent 245 or 246

ASK FOR
 Lancaster's Favorite Brew
RIEKER'S BEER
 JNO. G. WALL, Agt.
 Harrisburg, Pa. Frank J. Rieker, Mgr.