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KITCHEN ECONOMY.

How to Make Two Good Dishes—Suggestions For Young Housewives.

It is common for young housewives to believe that because nothing is allowed to go to waste in their kitchens the strictest economy is being observed. With this in view, and no end of using left overs in mind, expensive meats are purchased without regard to the quantity required.

To make a ragout, boil a piece of the rump or round of beef, or of the fore-quarter of mutton or of veal until it is nearly done. Let it get cold and cut it into small pieces. Dust them with flour, salt and pepper; put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucpan and when it bubbles add the meat. Cook it until it browns. Add the water in which the meat was first boiled and cook for two or three hours.

A delicious fricassee of lamb may be made by cutting the neck and shoulder into small pieces, dredging it with flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper and sauteing it in butter until it is brown. The next step is to add to it hot water to more than cover it and cook slowly until the meat falls from the bones.

How to Make Lobster Salad. Cut the meat of two small lobsters into small pieces. Add a little of the fat and coral. Then season with salt and pepper, and pour over enough mayonnaise dressing to moisten well.

How to Write on Iron. Take one tablespoonful of blue vitriol and put in a small bottle, putting in about one-third more water. Allow it to stand about an hour, then take and coat over any smooth surface of either iron or steel with lard, tallow, soap or beeswax, spreading evenly.

How to Make Fruit Custard. A good way of varying the simple custard is to put in each cupful before the custard is poured in a tablespoonful of either strawberry or raspberry jam.

How to Make Chicken Jelly. To make chicken jelly clean and disjoint a chicken, cut it into small pieces, break the bones and place it in a saucpan. Add one pint of cold water for every pound of chicken. Heat slowly and simmer until the meat falls from the bones.

How to Keep Cool. A thoroughly wet blanket wrung out just enough to keep it from dripping and pinned over a door or window where the air strikes it will lower the temperature of a room several degrees.

How to Make Croutons. Croutons and sippets to serve with broth are dainty and appetizing. To make croutons for the sick butter a slice of bread, cut it into dice and brown in the oven, drying them first. Sippets are evenly cut oblongs, toasted.

The home industry of some women is expended in chasing moth flies.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Topic For the Week Beginning Aug. 20, "Ministering to Christ," Text, Math. xxv, 31-46.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." The dramatic features of this word picture given by Jesus are not the most important considerations for study.

Heart devotion is the test of all true piety. External ceremonies and forms of ritual are of value only as they assist to awaken and express the inner heart life. Thought and feeling and soul determination are the factors which make up personal life.

This world is adapted to develop all heart powers into outward expression, so as to embody thought in deed and aspiration in active beneficence.

The man whispered apart to the judge and then made his way to the table and threw down two gold eagles. "What name?" "Give it to the woman." "Eh? The girl herself?" "Yes, give her a chance."

"Now for the dice, gentlemen." The dice were brought on, and the shuffling commenced. Of the first ten throws 99 was the highest cast.

Our Bishop in China. Dr. David H. Moore was elected bishop on the seventeenth ballot by a vote of 534 cast by the general conference at Chicago in May.

Reference at Chicago in May. His residence was fixed by order of the general conference at Shanghai. This will enable him during the next four years to supervise our work in the orient as no previous bishop has been able to do.

The Complete Man. The aim of the gospel of Jesus Christ is to present every man before God perfect. At least that is the way Paul puts it, and certainly that is the aim disclosed in all the teachings of Jesus.

Tea Drinkers. Tea drinking is a constant occupation for a Tibetan. In every tent and in every house the teakettle is always on the fire. The laws of hospitality bind all to present tea to their guests, and every Tibetan carries with him a wooden bowl of Himalayan maple by way of teacup.

Side Lights on History. "Socrates," exclaimed Xantippe, crossed eyed with wrath, threatening of aspect, and shrill as to voice, "you say you have been to the lodge, you were delayed by a street car accident and you had no time it was so late! Those three stories don't hang together. You clumsy wretch! You have built a structure of lies, and it falls to the ground at a touch, like a house of cards. Look at it, and see if you don't feel small."

How to Make Fete de Venn. Lard two pounds of calf's liver; with one-fourth pound of bacon cut into long, narrow strips, place it in a steupan and let it brown on both sides in two tablespoonfuls of butter.

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ON THE CAST OF A-DIE.

It was on the Mississippi in 1858. The "colored" had lost his last dollar at poker. "Bring the girl and boy here that I bought at Natchez. Hold on the game just one minute, gentlemen, and I'll make a raise."

The man went away and shortly returned, accompanied by the "girl and boy." Said "girl" proved to be a bright mulatto of five and thirty or thereabout, and the "boy" was her son.

"Look here, gentlemen," spoke the planter, rising; "here's as likely a pair, for a girl and her brat, as you can scare up. I paid \$800 for 'em. Who'll give \$200?"

"Why not put 'em up separate?" asked one. "I won't do it 'em separate. The girl has sworn that she will kill herself if her boy is sold away from her, and her old master says she'll be sure to keep her word. But don't ye see the woman is worth more'n I ask for the pair. Now, 'I'll give 'em. Who'll take 'em at \$600?"

The owner waited a few seconds without receiving an answer and then said: "I must have the money, so here goes for a raffle. Twenty dollars a throw and 30 chances for the pair."

The chances, all but two, were quickly taken by those at the table. "Two more chances, gentlemen."

"A man whispered apart to the judge and then made his way to the table and threw down two gold eagles. "What name?"

"Give it to the woman." "Eh? The girl herself?" "Yes, give her a chance."

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ALPHEUS CHUBBUCK'S MEN CART.

By Susan Brown Robbins.

Alpheus Chubbuck was rather theoretic than practical. His wife was very different. She took great pride in her little village home and its trim yard. She cared for the flower garden, but it was the duty of Alpheus to hoe the vegetables and mow the lawn.

It is said that satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Whoever furnished it, mischief was certainly done by Alpheus Chubbuck—not by his hands, but by his lively imagination and his active tongue.

By gentle ridicule, insinuation and the repeating of things people said he soon had the whole town unsettled. Old family feuds were revived, new ones started, while half the people would not speak to the other half.

One day—it was April 1—Mrs. Alpheus heard a strange sound in the yard. She went to the window and saw a clattering, rickety, dingy hen cart drawn by a ravenedon't sorrel horse.

Then Alpheus took out his pocketbook and gave the man some money. The man swung himself on the horse's back and, with his legs dangling against her thin sides, ambled out of the yard and down the street.

"Well, of all things!" said Mrs. Alpheus, and she went out to make inquiry. "I'm going into the hen business," said Alpheus. "And, just think, Loizy, I bought that cart for \$3."

"And got cheated, too," she said sharply. "But then it's your own money," she added.

"Yes, and I've got \$1 left to fix it up with." "A dollar!" she said contemptuously. "How far will that go? It won't set the tires, to say nothing of painting it and fixing the broken doors."

"Oh, well," said Alpheus easily, "I shall have some more money next month, and I'll do all I can on it myself."

For more than two months Alpheus was missed from the street, and the village became so strained. One pair of lovers after another became reconciled and a number of the family feuds were as if they had never been.

All this time Alpheus was at work on his hen cart, and people began to drop in to look at it.

"I've got it just about in condition to paint," he would say proudly. "It's taken me a good while to get it ready, but I believe that if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and my wife will tell you that it was a pretty hard looking old trap when I got it. You see, it's fixed up pretty nice now. Of course, it won't show how much it was painted. In due time the cart was painted. But now, instead of going into the hen business, Alpheus began again to loiter about the grocery store and to resume his old habits.

When he went home at noon, he would look proudly at his hen cart, and he always smoked his after dinner pipe and read his evening paper in the shade of his striped awning.

Alpheus was walking home from his ladylove's house one evening in July. He was one of the lovers who had been estranged by Alpheus the previous spring. Tonight he was gloomy and morose. Alice had shown a marked coldness that evening, and he remembered how their former trouble began in just that way.

"He's up to his old tricks again," Arthur muttered as he came opposite the Chubbuck cottage. He frowned darkly at it and at the hen cart that showed plainly in the moonlight.

He walked on to the next corner, where he stopped suddenly. He turned about and retraced his steps, and for a long time he stood looking at the pink and green of the hen cart. "Yes, I've got it," he said at length. "Yes, I'll do it the very first cloudy night." And with that he walked briskly away.

It was several mornings later that, when Alpheus, as was his habit, went to the dining room window to look out at his hen cart, he gave a start of surprise and exclaimed, "What in thunder!"

Then he snatched up his hat and ran out into the yard.

There stood a rickety, dilapidated hen cart. Alpheus looked at it blankly; then his eye caught sight of an envelope tacked to the side. On it was written the one word "Boot." With trembling fingers he tore it open and drew forth a \$5 bill.

When he went in to breakfast, his eyes were sparkling.

"It's worse than the other one," he said enthusiastically, "and the wheels are dished like pie plates. The color of the other one did not just suit me," he said after a pause. "I think I'll paint this one yellow and purple, and it won't take me so long as it did before, either."

Just before the last coat of purple paint was dry Arthur, Wade and Alice were safely married.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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His Consecutive Letters

"Now, Arthur," said Mrs. Barrington as her husband put three handbags in the seat beside her in the sleeper and handed over six baggage checks, "I want you to be sure and write to me every day and tell me everything you think, just how much you miss me and all about the way the servants get along—don't omit any of the details, thinking that I won't be interested, for every word that you write, dear, will be precious to me. Put plenty of local color in your letters."

"Oh, I'll keep you posted," he replied. "You go ahead and have a good time and don't worry about me. I'll get along some way. Of course, it'll be lonely and all that, but I'll manage to pass the time. I'll be rather dismal for me to sit on the front porch alone when it begins to get dark, thinking of you in the gay crowd having a good time and never giving a thought to—"

"Arthur Barrington," his pretty wife interrupted, "if you continue to talk that way I just shan't go. You know I shall think of you every minute I'm away, and if the doctor hadn't said the sea air would be good for me I wouldn't have thought of accepting Aunt Laura's invitation. Please don't fret me, love, will you? Remember that, wherever I may be and no matter how gay my surroundings, I shall be thinking of you, and, lowering his voice to a whisper, "my soul will still be consuming with your soul."

They threw kisses at each other as the train moved away. Then Barrington went to his office and began writing letters. They were to his wife. He wrote 14 of them—enough to last for two weeks. In general outline the letters were about the same. He started each by filling a sheet with endearing words and declarations that he was very lonely without his darling. Then followed the local color she wanted in the form of comments on occurrences of the day in and around their home. The letters were not dated, but he sealed and addressed them and arranged them in a bunch, so that the stenographer could take off the top one day after day and drop it into the mail box.

He had been gone nearly a week when there came a telegram for him. Of course, telegrams had to be opened, and when Miss Wilbreth, the stenographer, read the message she turned pale.

"Why don't you answer my questions about the household's ankle and your liver? Am I really worried?"

"That was what Elizabeth Barrington had telegraphed. After studying the matter for awhile Miss Wilbreth decided that it was necessary for her to act. She was clever enough to hold a position that not more than one man out of 50 could have filled, and she had the habit of keeping her eyes and ears open. Still she said to herself:

"The household's ankle? I can see how he might know something about his own liver, but—and why should his wife, of all people, want him to see about it? Well, if I ever got married—"

But instead of finishing what she had started to say she wrote the following dispatch:

"Leg and liver O. K. Don't worry." It was the first day of the new day when another telegram for Arthur Barrington was received. It read:

"Yesterday's letter contradicts telegram. Why are you deceiving me? Are you better today? Shall I come home?"

The stenographer's reply was as follows:

"Am true as steel. Don't think of coming home."

Miss Wilbreth had just begun to feel that she had succeeded in settling the disagreeable business when a messenger boy arrived with another telegram, in which her employer's wife said:

"Don't understand. What do you mean by being true as steel? Something tells me you are worse. Wire immediately to my home."

The stenographer replied:

"Never mind reference to steel. Am all right."

Mrs. Barrington watched eagerly for the postman on the following day, and when he handed her Arthur's letter she opened it with trembling fingers. Eagerly she scanned the first page and was about to pronounce the local color when she jumped up and ran to her aunt, crying:

"Merciful goodness, what can this mean? Three days ago Arthur wrote that the household's ankle was still laid up with her lame ankle, which I have tried in vain to get him to tell me about, and that he was not feeling well and the doctor had told him his liver was out of order. Yet here in today's letter he tells me that the household's ankle has just fallen out of a cherry tree, spraining her ankle, and that he made himself a Welsh rabbit night before last and ate so much of it that his liver is all upset. Why on earth did the household climb a cherry tree when she was lame, and why did she ever possessed Arthur to eat a Welsh rabbit when the doctor had just warned him about his liver?"

Her aunt was trying to figure it out, when Elizabeth Barrington happened to think of the telegrams she had received the day before.

"This letter must have been written about the time they were sent," she said. "I'm going home. Something's wrong. Arthur's liver trouble has gone his reason. He writes a thing and then denies it by telegraph. By starting tonight I can be with him tomorrow forenoon. Oh, how shall I pass the weary hours?"

Miss Wilbreth broke down and made a great confession when Mrs. Barrington rushed, wild eyed and pale, into her husband's office. Then the two young women sat together in the private room and wept.

"If I hadn't accidentally knocked over the pile of letters he left to be mailed," the stenographer sobbed, "they would not have been mixed up; they would have been in reference to the spraining of the household's ankle before it happened and his liver would not have troubled him until after he ate the rabbit. How shall I ever be able to explain it to him?"

"You needn't try," Mrs. Barrington answered. "I'll explain to him when he comes out of his woods. Dear Arthur, I'm so glad he doesn't know anything about this. He mightn't be having a good time at all if he did."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Large ocean going vessels can go up the St. Lawrence river as far as Montreal, over 1,000 miles from the Atlantic ocean.

Strategy. "Why do you do that?" "I like to live just so much that she can't talk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Prodigy. "My boy Jimmie, aged 9, is a corker in psychology—and it's only his second term at it, too."

"Indeed?" "Yes; the other day he said he was certain that the higher moral influence had nothing to do with my being a good citizen."

"Then how did he account for it?" "He said I was afraid of the police."

Her Wasted Hint. "Some men are so stupid," said the summer girl.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the other summer girl, "that he hasn't proposed yet?"

"No; not when he said last night that he could not find words to express his love for me and I suggested that he make signs, it never occurred to him what signs would be proper to make in expressing affection."

Wedding Stories. Several of Bishop How's stories relate to weddings. Mr. (Iberson of St. Michael's, Walthamstow, was marrying a couple, when the ring was found to be too tight. A voice from behind exclaimed, "Sack your finger, you fool!"

Again it is related that the rector of Thornhill, near Dewsbury, on one occasion got the woman to say "oh-ye" in the marriage service, and he repeated the word with a strong stress on each syllable, saying, "You must say Oh-ye." Whereupon the man interposed and said, "Never mind. Go on, parson. I'll make her 'O' by and by."—Good Words.

Tobacco. Numerous observations prove that the use of tobacco is a potent cause of disease of the eye. Total blindness from degeneration of the optic nerve has been traced to this cause. Recent observations point to tobacco and alcohol as the great causes of color blindness, and this accounts for the fact that it is much more common in men than in women.—Health Culture.

South Dakota's Wind. Few people realize that the Wind near Hot Springs, S. D., is the most and most beautiful cave in the States. No one knows how long it has been there. Over 100 miles of 100 and 3,000 chambers have been explored. There are four different kinds of chambers, and they are known to the public. They are known as Garden of Eden, Fair Ground, Pearly Gates.

PODD'S ERROR

Miss Corn's daughter Betty was the acknowledged belle of Bungtown. Excelsior Podd, the only son of Philetus Podd, editor of the Bungtown Banner, went wild after her, and his father rather encouraged him. He was sure he had made a conquest, especially when George Deering brought him a note written by Betty's fair hand.

It was in these words: "My Dear Friend Excelsior Podd—I believe that you love me. Come tonight at 11 o'clock. The dog is chained, and there is no one to fear but father, and I am sure that you are smart enough to keep out of his way. Do not fail, and I am yours ever."

Excelsior was in ecstasies. He proceeded to her home. After passing through a grove he reached the fence which he saw to cross. It was a high post fence and not easy to climb, but Excelsior went over it like a bird. On the inside he saw a short stepladder and had forethought enough to place it against the fence to assist his ladylove in her flight.

Then he began his progress toward the house.

When he was half way across the lawn, he was startled by the deep voiced barking of Squire Corn's bulldog, but he recovered his courage when he remembered Betty's assurance that old Towser was chained.

The only fear was that the dog would alarm the house, and that fear was soon realized. The voice of Squire Corn was heard speaking to the dog, and it was apparent that he was about to issue from the house with the intention of searching the grounds.

Excelsior was equal to the emergency. He ran to the garden fence, jumped over it and hid in the currant bushes. But he was oppressed by a terrible fear.

"Suppose the squire should turn the dog loose!"

But the squire did nothing of the kind. He looked about the lawn a little, muttering that old Towser had been barking at some cat or stray dog, addressed some words of reproof to the animal and returned into the house.

The night was very dark, and he did not try to find the precise spot at which he had previously climbed the fence. The result was that when he leaped over he found himself standing in something soft and sticky that slushed up about his legs very unpleasantly.

He felt and discovered, to his infinite disgust, that he was standing in a pot of soft soap which had been made during the day and left out to cool.

"Never mind," he thought. "If she loves me, as I am sure she does, she won't care about the soap."

Again he worked his way toward the house. To his great delight, the dog was now quiet.

There was a light burning in Betty's window, and toward it, as the guiding star of his hope, Excelsior directed his steps. But just as he came beneath the window the light was extinguished.

While he wondered at this a side door opened, and Betty herself appeared before him. She was evidently prepared to clope, and the young man's happiness was complete.

"My brave Excelsior!" she exclaimed. "My noble Podd! How shall I ever thank you for this? But what is the matter with your shoes? They sound so queer."

"The fact is," stammered the young man, "that I got into a pot of soft soap out here."

"Have you endured that for me? What a splendid fellow you are! I am ready. Let us hurry. Can you get me over the fence?" she asked.

"Yes, I'll put a stepladder there."

"Let us make haste, then."

They reached the fence speedily and without difficulty. Excelsior went over first; then Betty climbed the stepladder and jumped off, and he received her in his arms. Blessed privilege! Glorious moment! He even forgot the soap in his shoes.

He was beginning what he intended to be a very pretty speech, expressive of his love and devotion, when Betty interrupted him.

"There is no time to speak of that now," she said. "I am safe and will be far from here when Father wakes. But there is no time to lose."

"Where shall we go, Betty?"

"I will show you. It's all arranged. Come with me."

She led him through the grove to the road, where a horse and buggy were standing. At the horse's head was a man whom Excelsior presently recognized, to his great surprise, as George Deering.

"Why, George, what on earth are you doing here?" he asked.

"I knew what was going on," replied Deering, "and brought a buggy to help the young lady off. I always stand by my friends. Have the kindness to assist Miss Betty into that vehicle, my dear Podd, and soon everything will be lovely."

Excelsior did as he was requested to do and was about to follow the young lady into the buggy when Deering halted him.

"Wait a moment, dear fellow," said the latter. "We must consult the safety of Miss Betty. No one but myself can manage this horse, and it is necessary that I should get in first."

Excelsior stood aside while the other got in and seated himself by the side of Betty. Deering then whipped up the horse, went ahead a short distance, stopped and looked back.

"Farewell, my dear Excelsior!" he said. "You are the best Podd that ever grew on a bean stalk."

In a few moments the buggy had whirled out of sight.

"I swear to gracious!" exclaimed Excelsior. "I've a great mind to go and tell the squire."

But he didn't; he went home, cleaned the soap off his clothes and held his tongue.—New York News.

The Entertaining Desk. Miss Gablemore—Jan't straggled of all the moon, one meets on a really entertaining? Mr. Slightfoot—Yes, it is really entertaining. There are so few good faces Harper's Bazar.

Polygamy and Inheritance. "Polygamy is a mark for inheritance course?" "Of course, it brings such an assistance of enlightened divorce legislation.—Detroit Journal.

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Triumph. One morning, while on my way through the north of England, I met one of the two hundred. I was in the little town of Priddy, in the hope of cashing a small check. I was awaiting my turn at a bright, dressed Irish girl entered, with a horrid air, and said to me, "I made my way for you, as you went straight up to the counter without uttering a word. The clerk raised his head and demanded: "What?"

The girl seemed rather abashed, and offhand interrogated, as if she had never perfectly well, but she was but after a moment's hesitation, she said: "Plazo an can ye give me the for that?"

"What's your name?" inquired the clerk in the same rough tone. She said many well executed, for she felt she was floating out. "Bridget," replied the girl. "Who do you come from, my dear?" said the clerk, evidently thinking I was an evasion. "Come from," stammered