

**ISABEL LORNE'S PUNISHMENT.**

BY MARY GRACE HALL.

OSCAR HOWARD stood before Isabel Lorne, pleading with her for a word of hope, as the condemned might plead for life at the foot of the gallows.

Accustomed as she was to such things, even she was startled by the fierce eloquence of the impassioned words that fell from his lips.

"I cannot give you what I do not possess," she said, coldly, withdrawing her hand from his too ardent clasp.

"I have no heart. Don't mistake me," she added, as she noted the fierce jealousy aroused by these words. "It is not that I have bestowed it on any one. I have no heart to give. I don't think I ever had any. Men have come to me, asking of me what you ask, and telling me the same story. They spoke, as you have spoken, of feelings and emotions which are utterly incomprehensible to me, and in which I could not share if I would."

Young Howard turned his eyes steadily upon the face of the speaker; she rarely beautiful in outline and coloring, but as calm and passionless as a summer lake. He raised his hand to heaven, as if invoking upon her head a voiceless curse.

"Your time will come!"

The door closed upon the speaker, but there was something in that haggard face, in those desponding eyes, that haunted Isabel for some months after.

"I wonder if I shall ever love?" she murmured, as, drawing down the sofa cushion under her head, she nestled herself for the afternoon nap with which she usually refreshed herself for the evening. "I hope not, if it is going to affect me as it does most people."

"How very shocking!"

The sun had disappeared behind the Western hills, and refreshed by the quiet sleep she had, Isabel stepped out upon the veranda when this exclamation fell upon her ear, uttered by one of the excited group that had gathered in one corner of it.

"What is it?"

"Young Howard has shot himself!"

Fortunately, the gathering shades of twilight concealed the face that suddenly blanched at these words, and those present were too much absorbed in their own feelings of astonishment and horror to notice the unsteadiness in Isabel's voice, as she said:

"What could have induced him to do that?"

"He was, without question, insane," said a grave, pompous-looking man among the group. "Insanity is hereditary in his family; his mother died insane."

Isabel drew a long sigh of relief.

"Oh, that accounts for it, then."

"Who is he?"

Amin Isabel's eyes wandered across the room to where a plainly dressed man was standing, rather distinguished looking, and yet not sufficiently so to warrant the attention and interest he seemed to excite.

There was an unmistakable air of triumph in Mrs. Fane's manner, as she replied:

"Let my dear, don't you know? It's Maurice Dudley, the new arrival. So charming, and yet such an oddity! Half the women are crazy after him, though it's easily seen that he doesn't care for them. And he doesn't mind their knowing it, either. What do you think he said to Mrs. Hinds, the other evening, when she offered to introduce him to you—the reigning belle—as she called you?"

Isabel saw and felt the malice that lurked beneath those smooth, sweet words.

"How should I know?" she said, with an air of indifference that was feigned, as Mrs. Fane well knew.

"I've no especial liking for reigning belles," he said, as grand as the Grand Mogul himself. "Wasn't that an odd speech, my dear?"

"I suppose he meant it to be odd," retorted Isabel, unable wholly to conceal the wound he had just received from the malicious eyes that were watching her. "It's the height of some people's ambition to be odd. I don't see anything very alarming about him. I can point you to half a dozen men in our own set better looking than he."

"Ah! but you should hear him talk! He's been everywhere. I should say. And then he has such a musical voice, and such expressive eyes! Take him altogether, he is the most fascinating man I ever met, though you might find a score that he is handsome."

With these words Mrs. Fane walked away, taking with her the pleasant assurance that she had left her "dear friend" as uncomfortable as she could desire. Not that she had any special cause for ill will, except Isabel's superior personal attractions, though perhaps her feminine readers will consider that to be cause enough.

After this, Isabel met Mr. Dudley often—or, rather, saw him; for, much to her chagrin and mortification, he still continued to decline, at least tacitly, her acquaintance, which most men who were thrown within the sphere of her influence were so eager to obtain.

Stimulated by this unwelcome opposition, Isabel determined to bring about an introduction, by doubting that then the way would be clear to her for averting the slight that had been offered her.

This being effected, she lost no time in calling into play the seductive charms with which nature had so lavishly endowed her, never doubting that they would prove irresistible.

But her success was far from flattering. After the first few words, dictated by common courtesy, Mr. Dudley seemed scarcely aware of her presence.

So accustomed was Isabel to homage and adulation that she inwardly resented this as a personal wrong, and she redoubled the arts and allurements that had never been exercised vainly until now. Not that their object seemed altogether insensible to them; they were times when he even sought her society, causing her heart

to acknowledge the wondrous fascination, not only in his conversation, but in every look and tone. But she noticed—with a fierce jealousy at her heart of which she had not supposed herself capable—how easily he could turn from her to any other, forgetting, apparently, her very existence.

She could not but know that he took a strong interest in her, but of what nature this interest was she tortured herself vainly to determine. She often caught his eyes fixed intently upon her, a strange, inscrutable look in them, which made her heart flutter with the vague and delightful hopes to which it gave rise.

Mr. Dudley's moods were very variable, to say the least. Sometimes he saw her almost daily, and then absent himself for days at a time; sometimes he came into the room where she was without speaking to or even looking at her, and then he was almost lover-like in his looks and manner.

In this way Isabel was kept for some weeks in a state of alternate hope and fear, thus experiencing the tortments she had herself inflicted so often and so remorselessly.

"I thought that you did not believe in love?"

The two—Isabel and Mr. Dudley—were alone together, which seldom occurred.

Isabel's heart beat fast; there was something in the look and tone of the speaker that strengthened her hopes almost to certainty. She determined to bring matters to a crisis.

"That was before,"—the eyes lifted to those that were regarding her so intently, were wondrously bright—"before I met you, Maurice."

"And so you do love me, Isabel?"

A swift, burning flush swept up over neck and bosom, even to the temples.

"More than life—better than my own soul!"

The silence that followed fell coldly on the heart that gave utterance to this passionate outburst, and the look which met the questioning glance that Isabel lifted to that dark, stern face, struck more colder still.

"But she had gone too far to retreat now."

"Even as I believe—as I must believe—you love me."

"Did I ever say that I loved you?" Isabel was silent for some moments. He never had, as she was humbled and sick at heart to remember.

"Not in words, perhaps, but there are ways, there are looks, far more eloquent."

"True. But did you never look at me that you did not feel?—filling the cup of hope and joy to the very brim, and dashing it to earth as it was raised to the eager lip?"

She had done this many, many times, as she well knew. But she had no thought for this now.

"You do love me, Maurice?"

Not many men could have resisted that appealing look.

Taking a locket from his breast, Maurice Dudley touched the spring, revealing a fair young face, almost infantine in its innocence and beauty.

"This is all that remains to me of the only woman I have ever loved—that I ever shall love. If there are such things as angels, she is one now."

The fierce jealousy that had taken possession of Isabel's heart was followed by a sense of relief at the concluding sentence. She made no effort to disguise the joy that flashed on the suddenly lifted eyes.

"Dead?"

"Murdered! And by hands as soft, and white, and beautiful as yours, lady."

Isabel shrank, she scarcely knew why, from that burning gaze.

"How—how terrible!" she faltered.

"Ay, it was terrible, as you will find, woman. It was you that murdered her!"

"I?"

"You! Do you remember Oscar Howard, he whom your vile arts drove to despair, to madness, to death? He was her brother, her only brother, and when the terrible tidings reached her, her gentle heart broke. Now, farewell. To-morrow, at this time, I shall be many miles from here."

The despair, the agony in Isabel Lorne's face was something terrible to look upon.

"But you will return? Oh, Maurice, I repeat—I repeat! Do not utterly forsake me!"

"I shall never return! My work here is done. In your victim's letter to his sister he related your words to him the last time he saw you. I came to revenge his death and hers, who fell by your hand as well; to teach you that you have a heart that can feel, and love, and suffer as other hearts do. May this knowledge make you a better, if not a happier, woman. Farewell forever."—New York Weekly.

Definitions.

A Statesman.—A type of American that flourished from 1776 to 1865. He is supposed to be extinct.

A Poet.—A guileless innocent who Goddess of Beauty. He is very popular with the savants who write comic paragraphs for the daily press. He keeps them from starvation.

Love.—The poetry of life set to the music of eternity.

Marriage.—The prose.

Children.—The illustrations.

Bachelors.—Unbound copies.

Money.—A symbol of selfishness.

Fame.—A phantom.

A Philosopher.—A man who thinks he has solved life's enigma.

A Fool.—A man who knows he cannot solve it.

The Body.—A prison.

Death.—Freedom.—Ernest Neal Lyon, in Life.

Light to Cure Disease.

The bactericidal effects of the arc light are much superior to those of sunlight, says M. K. Washam, of Roentgen Ray Archives; the very rapid ultra-violet is absorbed by the atmosphere. A rapid oscillation high-tension arc, particularly between iron points, gives off an abundance of ultra-violet rays of extremely small wave length, with a fair proportion of lower refrangibility; to these ultra-violet rays quartz is transparent, transmitting sixty per cent. through 4.4 mm., gelatine is quite opaque, ice is transparent as air, and a film of iron oxide quite opaque. For use, as blood is opaque to the rays, they are passed through ice made to press upon the region affected, so as to make it ana-

model is made of black taffeta stitched with corticelli silk, but all coat and suit materials, both silk and wool, are equally appropriate.

The coat consists of a blouse portion, that is made with applied box pleats at front and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and underarm seams, and the skirt which is attached thereto beneath the belt. The skirt includes applied pleats that form continuous lines with the blouse and is laid in inverted pleats at the centre back, which provide graceful fullness. The right front laps over the left to close in double-breasted style beneath the edge of the pleat. The sleeves are box pleated from the elbows to the shoulders, so providing the snug fit required by fashion, but form full puffs at the wrists, where they are finished by flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, four yards fifty-four inches wide, four yards forty-four inches wide or four yards fifty-two inches wide.

Skirts that just clear the ground are among the latest de-reed by fashion and can be relied upon as correct both for the present and the season to come. The very excellent one in the large picture provides a graceful flare about the feet and is available for the entire range of skirt and suit materials, but, as shown, is made of Sicilian mohair stitched with corticelli silk.

The skirt is cut in five gore, which are so shaped as to fit with perfect snugness about the hips, while they flare freely and gracefully below the knees. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted pleats and can be stitched, as illustrated or simply pressed flat as preferred. The upper edge can be finished with a belt or cut in dip outline and under-faced or bound.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-fourth yard; twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or three and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide when material has figure or nap; three yards forty-four or two and three-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap.

New Dress Materials.

A beautiful material has appeared in the windows of late—a kind of basket cloth in elephant gray, with a

**NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES**

New York City.—Coats made in Prince Albert style are among the latest shown and are exceedingly smart. This May Manton one is made of plum



PRINCE ALBERT COAT.

colored zibeline simply stitched with corticelli silk in tailor style and makes part of a costume, but the coat is also appropriate for the separate wrap.

The coat is made with fronts, underarm gores, and side backs that are cut off below the waist line, full length backs and skirt portions. The fronts are fitted by means of single darts and closed with buttons and buttonholes. The skirt portions are seamed to the body and are laid in pleats at the side back seams. The sleeves can be plain ones in coat style with roll-over cuffs or the full ones shown in the black view as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, two and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide.

A Seasonable Costume.

Long coats are much in vogue and gain favor with each succeeding week. The May Manton one shown in the large drawing is made in Russian style and is well adapted both to the entire suit and the general wrap. The

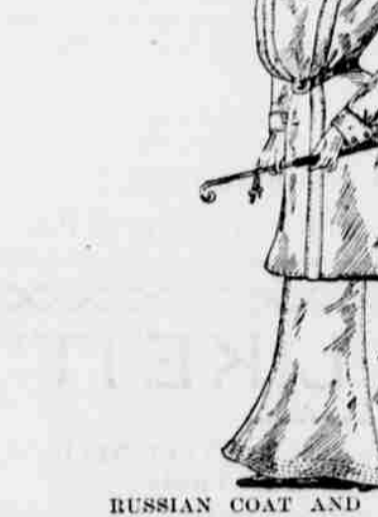
Veils continue to grow in length and breadth as well as thickness with the coming of cold weather, and the latest "automobile veils" are really picturesque scarfs, passing completely around the head and tied in an artistically careless knot on the left shoulder that can be accomplished only by a study of the model, considerably placed upon the veiling counters of the leading department stores.—New York Mail and Express.

Hygiene and Style, Too.

White-footed stockings are recommended by the pedicures, and one can now buy stockings that have white feet, and from the ankle upward black thread is introduced and woven with the white into a pretty pattern. The effect is extremely smart, and quite Parisian.

A Handsomely Trimmed Waist.

A dinner waist of tucke cafe au lait crepe de chine is trimmed with



RUSSIAN COAT AND FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

straps of brown velvet, ending in gold and amber buttons. It has a rest of Cluny lace over ivory silk. The bolero is fastened by bows of brown velvet tied through small round buckles of gold and amber. The collar and cuffs are of silk embroidery in delicate Persian colors.

Rain Coat.

Coats that afford perfect protection against the rain are essential to every woman's health as well as comfort. This one is adapted to covert cloth and all the materials used for coats of the sort, but is shown in Oxford gray cravenette cloth and stitched with black corticelli silk.

The coat consists of the fronts, backs and side backs. The fronts are without fullness, but the back is drawn in at the waist line and held by means of a circular cape and the neck is finished with a shaped and stitched collar. The sleeves are the ample ones of the sea-

Entire white costumes are distinctly elegant, and no spot of color should be introduced from shoes to parasol. Hat and gloves, as well, are pure white. This had led to wearing in extremely fashionable watering places robes so delicate and gossamer that the least roughness would destroy them. As they cost small fortunes, only the very rich have them.

It is astonishing how few gowns a woman may get along with and look always chic and well if she chooses wisely.

For the morning short skirts are suit-

son and are finished with straight cuffs pointed at their ends.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or five yards fifty-two inches wide.

**FROM A WOMAN'S BENEFIT**

THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

How One Commonly Served Servant Girl Problem.

From the San Miguel, a mining camp in the copper country of southern Arizona, come the glad tidings that the great problem of the centuries has at last been solved—and by women, of course. The recent celebration of its fourth anniversary by the San Miguel Co-operative Cooking Club calls attention to the manner in which the servant question has been robbed of its terrors through the successful inauguration of a "community of interest" plan.

The club consists of forty-five families, accustomed to refinements and pleasant surroundings. Some four years ago the women of the camp, after unsuccessful individual attempts to procure and retain proper domestic service, put their heads together and organized the club, leased a suitable house in the central part of the town, engaged a matron and hired a number of capable Chinese servants. Each family has its own table, and the unmarried ones have a table to themselves. The purchase of the supplies is entrusted to an executive committee of three. Experience shows that the families have saved on an average fifty per cent. in living expenses since the formation of the club, the service is better and the food is of a higher quality than could have been afforded under the old system.

It is apparent at a glance that the conditions which made the San Miguel Cooking Club a success are not common to all parts of the United States. Chinese servants, for instance, are not generally procurable, and there is a feeling of comradeship, engendered by the sharing of hardships, in the less thickly settled communities, that is so apparent in those sections of the country which have been longer inhabited.

But the relief experienced by the housekeepers of San Miguel from the haunting fear that Bridget may "give notice" any day, or exact a few additional "privileges" from her long-suffering employer, must be delightful, and the success of the San Miguel experiment will at least serve as a valuable object lesson in the solving of this most vexatious problem.—The Housekeeper.

Care of Finger Nails.

Nothing betrays the careless woman sooner than her nails, and nothing shows refinement better than the same possessions. Hands with beautiful nails always please, and those who desire good, firm, bright nails, gleaming and polished, at their finger tips should see to it that the food they eat contains abundance of the nail-making substances. Oatmeal is one of the best of these foods good for nail making and hair forming alike.

The nails become impoverished, chalky, liable to break through deficiency of gelatine and excess of lime deposits. Anything that interferes with the health of the whole body will interfere with the shining appearance of the nails at once.

A piece of lemon used once or twice a week is nearly a necessity if nails are to be kept bright. The acid acts on the nail substance with a wonderful effect of polishing and it softens the skin marvelously that is apt to drag itself forward over the shining nail surface. Any dirt about the nail, any stain of ink or fruit the lemon will dispose of at once.

A little oil rubbed over each nail after the lemon treatment continues the polishing process, nourishes the nail and skin, eradicates the last lingering atom of suspicious marks. A little vial of soft tannin is used when applying the oil. After the oil the hands are laid in soft water wiped and the nail polishing continued with a tiny bit of chamois leather. Violet powder or fine chalk on the chamois is an aid to great success. Brushing rather roughens the nails and should be avoided.

The Feminine Business Face.

It is a fact that the success women have attained in the field of work has had the effect of changing the expression of American business women and of giving to their faces an independent look that is recognized everywhere.

The feminine business face is becoming more and more pronounced as women share men's work in so many lines. There is a marked contrast in the face of a society girl and that of a wage earner, however refined the latter may be.

The business woman's face is bright, intelligent and thoughtful, but certain lines have been emphasized which in a way detract from the softness of expression about the mouth. This face does not express impulse or emotion. It is calm and logical and it is not prone to blushing.

Of course, the degree of hardness is in proportion to the character of the business. The woman who sews a machine all day or who stands behind a counter, is apt to have a careworn, resigned expression, that suggests coveted rest and relaxation, while the secretary or typewriter, having sat all day, does not betray physical fatigue, and consequently has a brighter facial expression.

In short, the business face is a great improvement on the vacant, frequently discontented, face of the society girl, whose thoughts are centered on fashion and novelty and who for that very reason lacks an expression that comes from serious thought along any line.—Mrs. W. Stone, in American Queen.

High Waist Belts at the back will continue to be worn. The "muslin 'granny'" bonnets with wide brims and strings tied beneath the chin, will be copied in velvet for fresh young faces. Crope de chine is giving way to chiffon and silk muslin.

New walking gowns will be made with two or three wide tucks on the skirt, with the fullness thrown well back and gauged closely at the waist. This will necessitate the use of soft wool materials. A black ribbon tied at the back and having bows and ends will be the popular belt. A band of black ribbon will be brought to a point between the shoulders and will be crossed in front or tied in a bow on the breast.

Staining Woodwork.

Before using varnish stain on boards or any wood article, brush over with a strong solution of permanganate of potash. This is not only a disinfectant, but makes a dark foundation for the varnish stain, of which one coat will then be found sufficient.

Silk Underwear.

Soap should never be rubbed directly upon silk underwear. Strong soap made of warm water and a white soap will be found best. Squeeze the garment in this water, and then, if the garment is very much soiled, press it through another warm sud. Pass between the hands to get out the water, shake well, press on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. Silk treated in this way will keep the color so long as it holds together.

Uses of Waste Paper.

Few housewives know of the numerous uses that waste paper can be put to. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept in a very good condition by rubbing it every day with paper. The teakettle, teapot and coffee pot can also be kept bright and clean in the same way. Knives and tinware can be polished till they shine like silver. Paper is better than a dry cloth for improving the appearance of mirrors, lamp chimneys, etc. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Paper is as good as wadding for putting under carpets, and two thicknesses placed under a spread make a covering as warm as a blanket.—Jessie Fordyce, in American Queen.

To Preserve Brushes.

Good hairbrushes are costly items, and a way to keep the bristles stiff and clean for years is worth knowing. A Russian colleur gives this recipe: Have ready two basins; put a lump of soda the size of a walnut in one and three parts fill it with boiling water; the other basin should be three parts filled with water as cold as you can get it, to which you have added sufficient lemon juice or good white vinegar to give it a noticeably acid taste. Shake the bristles of the brush well up and down in the boiling water till they are clean, then at once rinse them thoroughly in the cold water and stand them up to dry in the air in a warm place, but not too near the fire. Of course, the back of the brushes must not be wetted.

Rules For the Mistress.

Do not interfere with the girl's amusement after her work is done.

Besides regular afternoons and evenings off, give a maid an occasional day off.

Don't expect more from a servant than you could do yourself.

Meals shall be prepared at regular hours and the girl's work must not be delayed by tardiness.

Increase wages in proportion as services become valuable.

Remember that your servant is a human being not a beast of burden.

Place some room other than the kitchen at her disposal to receive company.

Order is of course a desirable thing, but when every article of furniture and every look is in its proper place, the room looks more like a show room than a living room. A magazine lying carelessly on the window sill or on a chair looks as if it were being read.

Too much order gives a stiff appearance to the most beautiful room, and destroys the artistic careless effect that few rooms possess.

Of course, there is the other extreme. The artist whose friends have to make their way as best they can through a chaotic studio or sitting room—when she does not affect the disorder—consols with the rather fallacious saying that "Genius knows no order."—Mrs. R. Baldwin, in American Queen.

RECIPES.

Egg Fondue.—Beat four eggs until light; add to them a little salt and pepper for seasoning, two tablespoonsful of Parmesan cheese and two tablespoonsful of milk; put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan; when hot, turn in the eggs; stir until thickened; serve on toast.

Omelet With Peppers.—Beat separately the whites and yolks of five eggs. Put them together, season with salt, flavor with a teaspoonful of onion juice, and add half a cupful of green peppers which have been chopped and fried in a little butter. Cook in a hot buttered omelet pan.

Pineapple Cobbler.—Four slices of pineapple cut in dice, one lemon and one orange sliced very thin, eight tablespoonsful of sugar, one pint of cold water and one cup of shaved ice. Place the fruit in a bowl, strewn with the sugar and a little ice, and in ten minutes add the cold water. Stir well and pour into glasses half full of shaved ice, decorate with ripe berries.

Egg Vermicelli.—Roll four eggs twenty minutes; make a white sauce with two level tablespoonsful of butter and two level tablespoonsful of flour; when the butter has melted add the flour and stir together until smooth; add gradually one cupful of cold milk; stir this over the fire until thickened and boiling; add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; toast six slices of bread; remove the shell from the eggs, cut them in halves, separate the yolks from the whites; put in small pieces of rings; mix them with the sauce; pour the sauce over the toast and rub the yolks over the top through a sieve.

**HOUSEHOLD MATTERS**

Staining Woodwork. Before using varnish stain on boards or any wood article, brush over with a strong solution of permanganate of potash. This is not only a disinfectant, but makes a dark foundation for the varnish stain, of which one coat will then be found sufficient.

Silk Underwear. Soap should never be rubbed directly upon silk underwear. Strong soap made of warm water and a white soap will be found best. Squeeze the garment in this water, and then, if the garment is very much soiled, press it through another warm sud. Pass between the hands to get out the water, shake well, press on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. Silk treated in this way will keep the color so long as it holds together.

Uses of Waste Paper. Few housewives know of the numerous uses that waste paper can be put to. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept in a very good condition by rubbing it every day with paper. The teakettle, teapot and coffee pot can also be kept bright and clean in the same way. Knives and tinware can be polished till they shine like silver. Paper is better than a dry cloth for improving the appearance of mirrors, lamp chimneys, etc. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Paper is as good as wadding for putting under carpets, and two thicknesses placed under a spread make a covering as warm as a blanket.—Jessie Fordyce, in American Queen.

To Preserve Brushes. Good hairbrushes are costly items, and a way to keep the bristles stiff and clean for years is worth knowing. A Russian colleur gives this recipe: Have ready two basins; put a lump of soda the size of a walnut in one and three parts fill it with boiling water; the other basin should be three parts filled with water as cold as you can get it, to which you have added sufficient lemon juice or good white vinegar to give it a noticeably acid taste. Shake the bristles of the brush well up and down in the boiling water till they are clean, then at once rinse them thoroughly in the cold water and stand them up to dry in the air in a warm place, but not too near the fire. Of course, the back of the brushes must not be wetted.

Rules For the Mistress. Do not interfere with the girl's amusement after her work is done. Besides regular afternoons and evenings off, give a maid an occasional day off. Don't expect more from a servant than you could do yourself. Meals shall be prepared at regular hours and the girl's work must not be delayed by tardiness. Increase wages in proportion as services become valuable. Remember that your servant is a human being not a beast of burden. Place some room other than the kitchen at her disposal to receive company. Order is of course a desirable thing, but when every article of furniture and every look is in its proper place, the room looks more like a show room than a living room. A magazine lying carelessly on the window sill or on a chair looks as if it were being read. Too much order gives a stiff appearance to the most beautiful room, and destroys the artistic careless effect that few rooms possess. Of course, there is the other extreme. The artist whose friends have to make their way as best they can through a chaotic studio or sitting room—when she does not affect the disorder—consols with the rather fallacious saying that "Genius knows no order."—Mrs. R. Baldwin, in American Queen.

RECIPES. Egg Fondue.—Beat four eggs until light; add to them a little salt and pepper for seasoning, two tablespoonsful of Parmesan cheese and two tablespoonsful of milk; put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan; when hot, turn in the eggs; stir until thickened; serve on toast.

Omelet With Peppers.—Beat separately the whites and yolks of five eggs. Put them together, season with salt, flavor with a teaspoonful of onion juice, and add half a cupful of green peppers which have been chopped and fried in a little butter. Cook in a hot buttered omelet pan.

Pineapple Cobbler.—Four slices of pineapple cut in dice, one lemon and one orange sliced very thin, eight tablespoonsful of sugar, one pint of cold water and one cup of shaved ice. Place the fruit in a bowl, strewn with the sugar and a little ice, and in ten minutes add the cold water. Stir well and pour into glasses half full of shaved ice, decorate with ripe berries.

Egg Vermicelli.—Roll four eggs twenty minutes; make a white sauce with two level tablespoonsful of butter and two level tablespoonsful of flour; when the butter has melted add the flour and stir together until smooth; add gradually one cupful of cold milk; stir this over the fire until thickened and boiling; add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; toast six slices of bread; remove the shell from the eggs, cut them in halves, separate the yolks from the whites; put in small pieces of rings; mix them with the sauce; pour the sauce over the toast and rub the yolks over the top through a sieve.