THE WOOL-GATHERER.

Where has thou been in the wind and rain?
"Gathering wool on a far plain.

"Four shepherds keep those flocks afar
In pastures where no hedgerows are.

"They give no tithe, they take no hire,
They warm their hands at no man's fire.

"When one has driven the flocks all day,
At no far fold they make their stay.

"For one comes hot-foot o'er the plain
And drives them hurrying back again.

"Though the yield should fill the world's wains full,
Never to market comes the wool.

"They cast it all, those wastrel herds,
To naked stars and screaming birds.

"It makes no rug nor coat of frieze;
It makes men shrouds in stormy seas."
—C. Fox Smith, in the Academy.

DULLOO D. S. O.

By OSCAR KING DAVIS.

BECAUSE he came from India and because our knowledge of that far-away land was very little, and we peopled it with the men and beasts of Mr. Kipling's stories, we called him Dulloo.

Dulloo seemed to be a good Indian name, and in the general topsyturvy of conditions and things in the settlements at Tientsin that summer it mattered very little whether names or clothes or anything else fitted their wearers.

He was attached to a regiment of Indian troops, one of those strange aggregations of Sikhs, Pathans, Afghans, Punjabis, Rajputs and even Bengalis, which, although they bore differentiating names, and could be told apart by their officers and the country-wise among their observers, were perforce lumped all in one class by the inexperienced American soldiers, and denominated "them Sykes," partly in amazement, partly in amusement, partly in contempt—the foolish contempt so many men feel for what is strange and not understood.

To Uncle Sam's fighting nephews any one of the tall, thin, spindle-shanked, grizzle-whiskered and turban-covered soldiers of the White Empress was a "Syke," and Dulloo and all his kind were simply "them Syke mules."

Any one of the Missouri six-footers who hauled the heavy American escort wagons about as easily as if they were the little red wagons of the mud-pie bakers would have made almost as much in weight and surely did as much in work as Dulloo and his whole team.

Undoubtedly in appearance Dulloo was just a plain mule, of the small Indian breed. His color was a dingy brown. It looked as if there once might have been elements of brightness in it which had long ago faded away under the fierce onslaught of his native sun. His mane was duly roached; but his tail, instead of being cropped like a paint-brush, the inalienable and distinguishing decorative feature of the mule the world over, was bushy, with long, coarse hairs.

Moreover, the light, sun-dried brown of his thin little legs was striped at regular intervals with the broad dark bands that suggested irresistibly some relationship to the zebra. He had soft, contemplative, blue-brown eyes, in which the traditional mule patience mingled with a wisdom as subtle as the East where he was born.

But even to the casual observer Dulloo was something more than simply one of his class. To be sure, during the first two weeks of my acquaintance with him I saw nothing extraordinary about him except the spectacular part he played the day I first beheld him, when, chained to his two team mates, and loaded with a bundle of forage twice his own bulk, atop of which his driver sat under the shade of a huge umbrella, he led the little procession through the tangled maze of soldiers, equipment and camps.

Grim-visaged war dealt bitterly with the settlements at Tientsin in those days. The Chinese realized that their opportunity lay in surrounding the harassed allies before help could come up the tortuous river; and they strove to win the settlements.

But through shell-fire and "sniping" alike, morning and afternoon, calmy indifferent to his disturbing surroundings, Dulloo led his team mates at the head of the little column that passed through the Taku gate in the mud wall and plodded out into the green country after the forage that was to be the salvation not only of us, but of the sorely beset legations in Pekin.

Pekin! It was very far away from us then, and sometimes we were inclined to wonder a little if we should ever get there. For between us and that dearly desired goal there stretched nearly a hundred terrible miles, and right in our front lay the great walled city of Tientsin, swarming with its thousands of trained soldiers of the Imperial armies and its many more thousands of Boxers. Also it had huge warehouses full of the best rifles the Germans and the Austrians could make, inexhaustible supplies of ammunition and guns. First, then, we must take Tientsin.

It was eleven o'clock of a June night when I first passed through streets where fires burned unheeded on both sides and reached headquarters.

"To-morrow afternoon," said the major, "we are going to take the Walled City. Will you come?"

But all through early July the allies were still preparing to take the Walled City, and day by day, as the preparations went on, we saw from our house near the mud wall Dulloo setting forth after forage, with a man on his back.

There came at last an evening when the major said again, "To-morrow we take the Walled City," and this time his prophecy was true.

The curtains of night had hardly parted enough for dawn to peep through when the fearful work began. As usual, the Chinese commenced it. Their fire had hardly begun before all along our line the batteries lifted their hoarse voices in answering challenge.

The columns formed to march out to the direct attack on the great walls of the Chinese citadel. Simply and with few words the men took their places. The occasional orders came clear, but in lowered tones.

The special correspondent and I stood on the mud wall by our house and watched the preparations. Finally the men moved forward. Three columns, British, Japanese and Americans, swung out through the grave-dotted level plain, toward the point in the mud wall whence the main attack was to be delivered.

And as they filed away, there was Dulloo. Now he was neither forage-gatherer nor water-carrier. Instead of being chained to two team mates, with but one driver for the three, he marched alone, with two men to guard the precious load he bore. Lashed to the light pack-saddle, one on each side, were two cases of ammunition. Dulloo was going into the fight.

The special correspondent and I turned up along the mud wall to come in ahead of the columns again at the western point of concentration.

Up to this time the morning quiet had only been punctuated, as it were, by the slow firing of the guns. But now, as the head of the marching column came within range of the Mannlichers, the parapet of the city wall broke into a rattling roar. A sheet of flame flickered along its front.

Then the word was given and our attack was delivered. Japanese, British and Americans went in together. Gaily they trotted through the gate of the mud wall, the swords of their officers flashing in the sunlight. Once in the open, the long lines of skirmishers spread out, and then all together they went forward.

Instantly it was as if a new Chinese army had re-enforced the thousands already behind the parapet. The fire that had swept the field before was doubled and quadrupled. The special correspondent and I, looking over the top of the mud wall and watching the magnificent bravery of the advance, saw men fall in appalling numbers, although the line went steadily forward.

The generals thought they could take the city by direct assault, and their plan of attack was the result of that belief. They had agreed with the Russians, whose work was on the east, to have their flags hoisted on the city walls by eleven o'clock that morning.

It was a bold, daring plan, with little to commend it besides its audacity, but urged by the Japanese, because they knew their old enemy could least successfully resist such a move.

But just when the line should have reached the crest of the attack, it faltered and stopped. There it hung for an hour, and then men began to straggle back from the front with tales of bitter losses, raging at the dreadful folly of assaulting in such fashion an impregnable position.

They delivered their messages for help and went back to their work. Reenforcements went in, one company, then another, then a third. Soon all were gone, and there were hardly men enough behind the mud wall to take care of the field-hospitals established there, which were filling up with desperate rapidity.

Then came a call from some of the British for more ammunition. There was a laconic command to a non-commissioned officer of one of the native regiments, and he turned to the mules huddled close in behind the wall, out of danger, with their valuable loads.

He was a fine, upstanding Pathan, his huge grizzled beard curled back of his ears, and a great buff turban topping his tall figure. With his hand on the mule's bridle, and one of his men following on each flank, he walked through the gate and out on the hard yellow road, where the bullets spattered so thickly it seemed not a sparrow could live. All the dignity of his fighting race was in his bearing, and no contemptible Chinese should hurry his gait.

They walked steadily through the hail of bullets that fell round them, and it made us wonder, watching them from the top of the wall, of what stuff their hearts were made.

Fifty yards in the open they went unharmed. The Chinese had their range, and it seemed as if every man on the parapet was firing at them. Another fifty yards then the man at the left threw up his hands, staggered forward a step or two, and went down at the roadside.

His comrades seemed not to know that he was gone. They did not even look round, but went ahead in the old steady way. Twenty yards more they made, and the man at the right was hit. He fell full length in the road, but the "non-com" went forward with the mule. The ammunition was going in. It was an order, that was all.

He had almost reached the cover of a cluster of mud huts beside the road; about half his distance had been covered, when we saw him waver and stop. Then he started on, took a single step, and pitched forward, shot, surely, through the heart.

The mule, all its attendants gone, was still unhurt. It looked inquiringly round, as if wondering what had happened, then started on up the road. It cleared the group of mud huts and came out in the open beyond them. Suddenly we saw it throw up its head, brace its leg outward, sway from side to side, and fall in a heap. The ammunition had not gone in. Some one must try again.

They chose a non-commissioned officer of the Wei-hai-wei regiment, a smooth-faced, square-jawed, fine-eyed South of England man. He had won the notice of half the field that morning by his steady bearing, and we felt when we saw him that if any man could take the ammunition in he was the one. They gave him two men of his own regiment—and Dulloo.

He took the leading-strap of our wise little friend in his hand, and with a sharp call to his men, went through the gate and out into the open on the run.

The Chinese seemed to have waiting in expectation of his coming. They filled the road with bullets, and although we saw that all along our line the fire had increased to terrible rapidity to check the Chinese until the ammunition came, we knew the men were doomed. They got the first one almost at the beginning. His legs doubled under him and he went down with his arms crossed in front of his face, and lay quite still in the road.

The Englishman was running swiftly, and Dulloo trotted easily along, undisturbed by spit of bullet or scream of shell. All the Chinese in Tientsin were shooting at them.

The Englishman turned off the road to go across to his own men at the right. By the first ditch the second man went down, and the Englishman was hit himself. It must have been in the shoulder, for it spun him quite round. But he gathered himself together and went on at a smart trot.

Dulloo followed. He seemed to know all about it and understood just why there was need to hurry.

Perhaps he knew, too, that even after the ammunition had been delivered up to the men there in the ditch, there would be no cover that he could take. But he just kept his head down and his ears forward, and trotted along as fast as he could.

Can you realize how it felt to lie behind the mud wall and watch that? Can you understand how we prayed for man and beast? They were almost at the goal. Surely the man would win. He could not be knocked down now.

But he was. It took him apparently straight in the head, through the brim of his helmet, for the big sun-guard flew off in front of him as his hands were thrust forward, and he went down on his face.

Only Dulloo was left. The men stood up in their ditch fifty yards ahead of him and waved their arms, and we knew they were calling to him. Not a step did he falter, even when the guiding hand left his lead-strap dangling between his feet. At the same steady trot he went ahead. He could hear the men telling him he was a good mule and should have a D. S. O.—Distinguished Service Order—all his own; and then the Chinese got him. One step he took, and was all right; the next he was down on his knees and rolling over.

But his work was done, the ammunition was delivered. It was only a few steps to the line from where he fell, and almost before he was down the men had run out to him, unlashed the boxes, and were rushing back to the cover of their little ditch. Surely Dulloo had earned the D. S. O.—Youth's Companion.

Early Career of Charles T. Yerkes.

I mean to begin with the career and personality of the late Charles T. Yerkes. For about fifteen years he was the largest and most conspicuous figure in Chicago traction matters, and when he went away with his heavy sack of loot he left a tradition that remains, to this day, an important factor in the situation.

He came to Chicago in the early eighties, from Philadelphia, where he had a brief though romantic career. He had flourished there during the regime of the gas ring, had been the friend and associate of Elkins and Widener, had finally made a disastrous failure in speculation, felt the bite of the law and gone to prison. This last act, to my belief, was more to his credit than otherwise. He owed the city money and refused to make it a preferred creditor, and under a statute, this refusal became a technical embezzlement. It was for the protection of his other creditors that he refused, and he was almost immediately pardoned. He afterwards cleared the slate by paying all his creditors in full.

He was by instinct and by training an adventurer, but much shrewder, more patient, more intelligent than most of these gentry. He spent his first two years in Chicago in the brokerage business, looking around, sizing up with wonderful skill and precision the men with whom he must deal.—H. K. Webster, in American Magazine.

Crusts Made Plump Cheeks.

A young man and his best girl, evidently from the country, had just finished sitting for their "engagement picture" after a lengthy discussion with the Knight of the Camera as to the best position to assume. After they had gone the photographer made some smiling comment about country patrons in general and added:

"I think the funniest experience I ever had was with an old lady of seventy years. She wanted a good-looking picture, because she'd got it into her head she wasn't going to live long and she wanted all her relatives unto her third and fourth cousin to have something by which to remember her. She couldn't bring herself to buy a set of false teeth, however, and her mouth fell in woefully without them.

"I was despairing of making an attractive picture of her, when she suddenly produced some crusts of bread from her handbag and stuffed them into her mouth. When she'd put in enough to make her lips and cheeks fill out she explained to me rather thickly, that the crusts would do just as well as false teeth. And the strangest thing was that they did do very well and I got a good picture."—New York Press.

Curious Coincidences.

The late Lord Acton for many years kept a record of coincidences. A very strange one occurred in his own experience.

A rumor spread that his wife had drowned herself. She had done nothing of the kind, but it was quite true that a Baroness Acton had drowned herself at Tegernsee, where Lord and Lady Acton were staying, and had drowned herself under their window.

The strangest of all coincidences noted by Lord Acton concerned Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was murdered at the bottom of what is now Primrose Hill, but was then known as Greenberry Hill, in London.

Three men were hanged for the murder; their names, respectively, were Green, Berry and Hill.

San Francisco is said to contain the largest families in the world. It boasts of having thirty-nine families each having more than fourteen children, and sixty-five families with more than eight children each.

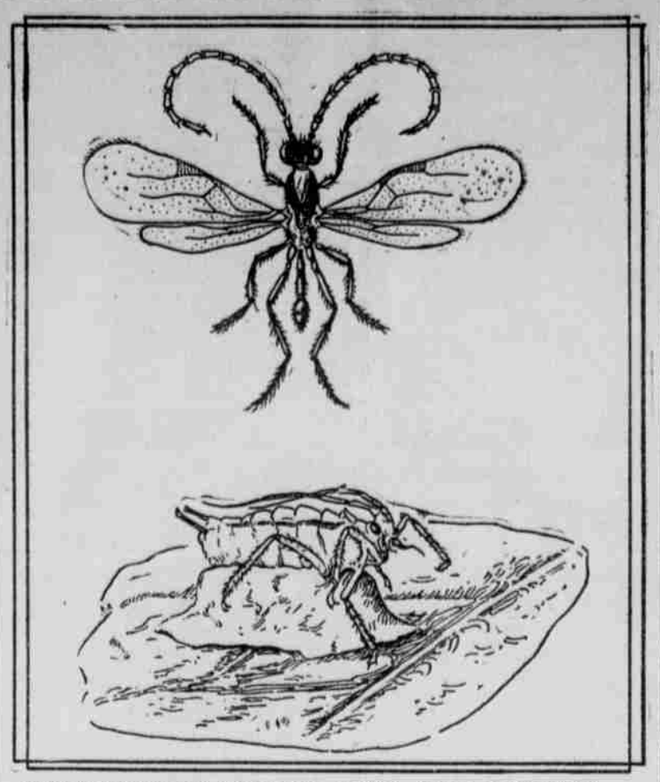
A LITTLE FRIEND OF THE ROSE

BY S. FRANK AARON.

THE flower-loving insects are all friends in need; but the unhoneyed flowers also have their insect friends, not agents of fertilization only, but protectors and champions that fight the battles of those that must depend on the flower stems and leaves and buds to survive, says American Homes and Gardens. But though the flowers are voiceless, they tell us with none the less eloquence what their enemies are and how they suffer by them. Ask the rose. The withered, skeletoned leaves proclaim the enmity of the saw-fly slug; eaten leaves and others folded over tell of the larva of the golden-winged tortricid moth; while cankerous, eaten buds and flowers denounce the rose bug, the aphides, that crowds the green stems and leaves of the newer growth and swarm all over the tender buds.

Annihilate the aphides upon a dozen stems of a thrifty bush and keep others off; then let a dozen others go full of the lice, and watch results. The number and the beauty of the blossoms will be the answer. Now, Nature generally makes a wise effort to strike a proper balance, and though we have heard this denied concerning the potato beetle, yet it is true, more or less. Thus she has furnished several antidotes for the aphides; if she did not, the little pests would become a nuisance indeed, past all calculation. This salutary purpose is effected by the several larvæ of the syrphus fly, the lace-winged fly, the ladybug and a number of very small Hymenopterous parasites. Of these latter the most interesting and the most common is the pretty little fly known to the scientists as Praon, which may be called the cocoon-making parasite of the aphis. Any one with sharp eyes may discover this little friend of the rose at work, and may follow, with a little care, its complete life history.

At the time when the plant lice are thickest a small insect resembling a miniature wasp, or an ichneumon fly, which it really is, may be seen making its way among the fat aphides, moving leisurely and with a dignity quite beyond its size, for it usually is not longer than an eighth of an inch. It approaches one of the larger aphides and touches it with its antennae as a means of certain identification, scent far outranking sight in such matters among insects. If this were an ant the aphis would respond with a liberal supply of the coveted honeydew, but knowing friends from foes it now slings its body from side to side, quite violently indeed for such a lethargic creature, and the little fly is pushed aside. Not liking this it moves on to another or smaller aphid with a less vigorous movement, or pausing a moment attacks the same aphis again, with perhaps better results. Choosing its position deliberately and carefully, with its slender, stiltlike legs lifting it high, it widely straddles its victim, its fore legs often resting on the aphid's back, its slender body and long antennae much jostled by the agitated plant louse. But now the fly is not to be dislodged. Its keen, swordlike ovipositor protrudes from its sheath, and in a moment is thrust deep into the back of the plant louse, and is held for just another moment, until an egg, so tiny as to pass through the slender organ, is deposited into the very interior anatomy of the rose pest. Then withdrawing, the fly straddles off and proceeds at once to convert another aphis into an incubator, and so on, until on doubt the egg supply, perhaps fifty or more, becomes exhausted.



THE PARASITE OF THE ROSE APHIS, MUCH MAGNIFIED.

The upper figure is the fly as seen from above; the colors, black, rufous, red and yellow, have almost a metallic luster, and the delicate, transparent wings reflect a beautiful iridescence. The lower figure is the cocoon of the parasite beneath the dead, dried and distorted shell of a plant louse, the insides of which have been eaten by the parasite larva while attaining its growth, after which it makes the cocoon.

Of course the aphis so treated does not die at once, else Nature's plan would miscarry. It lives and goes on feeding and maintaining the same stiff and seemingly contented attitude for a little while. Meantime the egg hatches a minute, white, maggot-like larva, and this at once begins feeding on the soft muscular tissues of its host. Some little time is required for the larva to complete its growth—five or six days during very warm weather, longer when it is cool. With an instinct that has ever been a marvel to the naturalist the little larva does not touch the digestive organs, the vascular system of the more important nerves for a period, thus permitting the aphis to live and feed until the appetite and growth of the parasite warrant it to eat all before it. Then the aphies dies, of course, and rapidly becomes only an outer skin, with head and legs attached.

For some strange reason the aphis, not long before dying, forsakes its place among its fellows. As if ostracized for its condition, although its disease is hardly catching, it crawls away to one of the larger leaves, fastens up it in exile and thus remains. It is obvious that this benefits the parasite; the aphis here is far less apt to be found and attacked by numerous other enemies that would endanger the life of its guest. But what can influence it? It departs from its habit, for it is altogether social and nonmigratory. It removes to a less desirable pasture ground. Normally, if dislodged from the stem and falling on the leaves it crawls back as fast as its indolent legs permit to the stem again.

The parasite is alone benefited, but it is out of the world, so to speak; it can not get at its host's locomotory appendages; it is a legless, eyeless creature that at best would make a poor guide if it should get out and take the lead. But the little thing, as unintelligent as it looks, maggot-like, has perhaps a mind of its own, as we have seen. The habit is almost invariable: the victims crawl from their usual places and position themselves on the leaves. Out of seventy-one parasitized plant lice I found two on the stem and one on the tip of a thorn, as if it thought a leaf ought to grow out there, but that was too far gone to search elsewhere.

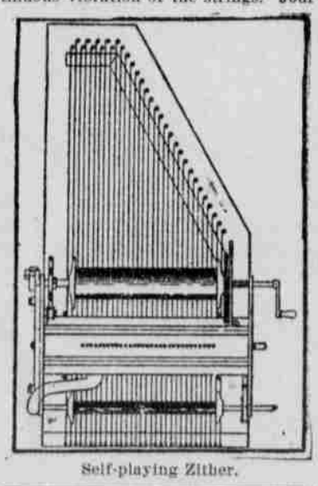
Upon attaining its growth the parasite larva cuts open the aphis skin underneath and squirms part way out, so as to have full swing with its head end. Then it begins the construction of its cocoon, made, as with most insects, of its saliva, and eventually becoming, after a few hours' work, a silken, parchment-like, bulging, tent-shaped affair, upon which the now shrunken and distorted skin of the aphis rests as on a pedestal. The parasite enters the completed cocoon and becomes an inactive pupa or chrysalis, and in a few days thereafter, if it is warm, the perfect insect, the tiny fly, emerges and takes wing to work more mischief among the rose pests. The illustrations fully elucidate the facts set forth in the text. They present a wonderful insight into a small natural force, not the less masterful because of its mimic scale.—Scientific American.

MINIATURE PIG STICKING, AS SEEN THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS.

The fly of the rose aphis parasite stinging and laying its egg in the body of a rose aphis. The plump little plant lice look like hybrids between a verdant goat and a green pig and they get about much like overfat swine. Their inactivity permits them to be readily attacked, and their only attempt at defense is in wagging their bodies from side to side, which sometimes for a moment disconcerts the parasite fly.

SELF-PLAYING ZITHER.

Inventors are quick to attempt anything that affords a chance of reward. Why they do not tackle musical instruments is a query hard to answer, but the fact still remains that practically no new musical instruments are patented. Improvements on those already in use are occasionally recorded, one of the most recent being the self-playing zither, illustrated here. This is an attachment for zithers or similar stringed instruments to produce a continuous vibration of the strings. Journaled in the centre and at one end of the zither are rolls to receive a long strip of perforated music. Between the rolls are a number of holes which connect with a wind bag beneath the instrument. The passage of the roll of music over the holes operates a series of pickers, the latter vibrating the strings. The action throughout is similar to that used in pianolas and eolians.—Philadelphia Record.



Self-playing Zither.

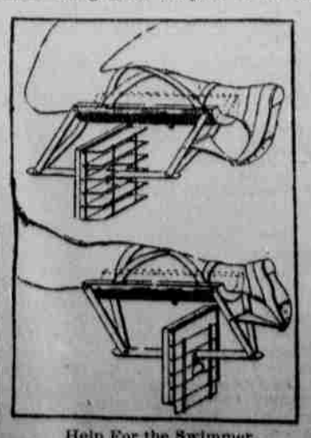
That is but an imperfect science which studies a world of effects and neglects their cause.

DEVICE TO AID THE SWIMMER

A recent invention of a Canadian will be of interest to those who delight in swimming. It is an attachment which, being worn by a swimmer, will facilitate his progress in the water by affording him an enlarged area with which to push himself forward. In the illustration it is shown attached to the leg of a swimmer, although it can be modified to fit the arms also. The operation will be obvious.

The device consists of an open rectangular framework, within which are suspended a series of light vanes hinged along one edge of the open framework in such a manner as to be susceptible of setting themselves with the current, of water going through them as the legs are drawn forward or bent for the stroke.

During the back stroke or thrust the vanes will close and form a plane normal to the movement of the limb. A framework of vanes of this kind is supported from each limb of the swimmer, to which it is secured by bands or straps, certain portions of the frame being made buoyant to an extent sufficient to sustain the weight of the device in the water. This constitutes the primary element of the attachment, the form and manner of attachment being modified to the requirements of arm and leg.



Help For the Swimmer.

To supplement the leg movement with the instep action of the foot, the vane frame is pivoted to the leg attachment by a system of parallel links, which link motion is connected by a light rod to the toe of a sandal or shoe on the foot. The feet, instead of acting merely as paddles, are utilized to impart considerable muscular power to propel the body forward, the legs being kept merely far enough apart to avoid striking the frames together.—Philadelphia Record.

Record of Kaiser's Voice.

Dr. E. W. Scripture, who has been making researches in phonetics under a Smithsonian Institution grant, has secured a gramophone record of the voice of Emperor William of Germany. It will be preserved by the National Museum at Washington and, of course, will not be used in any public way in the Kaiser's lifetime.

Use Up Your Coal Dust.

Housekeepers frequently find a difficulty in using coal dust so as to avoid waste. An excellent way is to place a pieces of paper about ten inches long and about six inches wide, pile coal dust on it, lift carefully and place gently on the fire. The corner of the paper will, of course, catch fire, but the part under the coal dust will remain, says Home Chat. If left undisturbed this will gradually burn through and improve the fire, instead of causing the usual deadness that results from burning coal dust.

Quaint Old Wall Papers in Use.

Mural decorations of a bygone day, when folk didn't dabble much in so-called decorative art, are forming a quaint background for polished mahogany and rare china. The scenic wall papers found in the few old mansions that have not been "done over" to suit modern notion always have been of interest to lovers of old furniture. Now, certain seekers after odd effects are having the old wall papers reproduced. The hunting scene, the impossible castles on cliffs and other subjects are being turned out, but the reproductions, say persons with critical eyes, "lack the venerable atmosphere of the 'really truly' antiques, no matter how closely it follows them in design."—New York Press.

Water as a Medicine.

A strip of flannel or soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has croup, will surely bring relief in a few minutes. A proper towel folded several times and dipped in hot water quickly wrung and applied over the site of toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. The treatment for colic has been found to work like magic. Nothing so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied early in the case and thoroughly. Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is an excellent cathartic in case of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued a few months, with the addition of a cupful of hot water slowly sipped half an hour before each meal, with proper attention to diet, will cure most cases of dyspepsia. Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. —The Epitomist.

Omelet Pan and Its Possibilities.

If omelets are frequently desired for breakfast a special omelet pan should by all means be provided. A French cook always keeps a pan exclusively for this purpose, and, however it may sound to lovers of soap and water, the pan is never washed. After the omelet is cooked the pan is wiped as clean as possible with crushed tissue paper and put in a dustless cupboard. Choose a perfectly flat pan, for if it has a bump in the middle the omelet will never come out well. There are almost as many varieties of omelet as there are weeks in the year, and once one learns how delicious a stuffed omelet is there will be a new use for left-over oysters, chicken, fish, and vegetables. Fried bacon cut in tiny cubes, minced ham or chicken, minced herbs, grated cheese, all are good. If a few spoonfuls of tomato or oyster sauce happen to be left over from dinner they may also be used. Cold curry, asparagus, shrimp, lobster. Minced and stirred in thick sauce, are very good. If no better sauce is at hand, make this one: A tablespoonful of butter stirred into the same quantity of flour, the yolk of an egg, a full tablespoonful of Parmesan cheese, a little sweet milk, and seasoning of salt and red pepper. Stir this together over the fire and add minced meat, fish, or whatever is to go into the omelet. Just as the omelet is ready to be folded, drop the mixture in.—New York Post.

Salad Dressing—Particularly nice on vegetable salad. One pint of whipped cream, juice of one-half lemon, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Gelatine will help set the cream if for any reason it will not whip properly.

Cream of Corn Soup—Put one pint of grated corn or one can of corn into a double boiler; add a pint of milk and one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed together; add a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a teaspoonful of onion juice. When boiling hot serve.

Apple Cake—Place a thin layer of short pastry on a round baking dish, pinching up the edges with the fingers so as to make a little ledge round the cake. Peel and cut in two some large apples, carefully taking out the cores. Slice them and arrange in a circle around the pastry, one slice overlapping the other. Sprinkle with ground cinnamon and sugar and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a steady oven. When cold sift powdered sugar over the top.

Clear Soup—Purchase a shin or a leg of beef; cut the meat from the bone, then cut it into small pieces; put the bones in the bottom of a soup kettle; put on top the meat; to each pound of meat allow one quart of cold water; bring to boiling point and skim; simmer gently three hours; add an onion, one carrot, a little chopped celery, a bay leaf and twelve cloves. Simmer gently one hour and strain. Stand aside to cool. Remove the fat and it is ready to use. If the soup is not perfectly clear, clarify it with the whites of three eggs.