

UNSELFISHNESS.
The commonly asserted, "We're all selfish men, that every blessed fellow looks out for number one."
Land sales, just look around you to see "is not the case; the world is overflowing with charity and grace."
One chap has information what figure stocks will be; he does not mean to use it, so he tells the tip to me.
A bachelor has knowledge of how to win a maid; he does not mean to use it, so he tells me for my aid.
We'll all succeed by taking advice on what to do; if I don't intend to try it, so tell this plan to you.
—McLanburgh Wilson, in The Sun.

A Tangled Family.

THE remarriage of Mrs. Vanstone, after a long widowhood, was the popular gossip of the season, yet no one could solve the problem and no one seemed entirely satisfied except the new husband. The Vanstone relations were vexed, the servants sulked, and the widow's son and daughter, Charley and Millie, just of age, imagined their prospects blighted.

"Oh, George, what shall I do?" said Mrs. Beverley—which was the lady's new name—ready to cry.

"Don't mind 'em, my dear," said her husband, with a great, rolling laugh. "They're only children; they'll grow wiser as they grow older."

But the squires' determined good humor aggravated his stepchildren more than any amount of positive opposition would have done, and they made no effort to conceal their feelings.

"I never, never can call that man father!" said Millie.

"My dear, he doesn't want you to," said Mrs. Beverley.

"I can't endure the sight of him!" pouted Millie. "And Charley says exactly the same thing."

"Charley is a disobedient, ungrateful son!" sobbed Mrs. Beverley.

But here Mr. Beverley himself came to the rescue.

"Young people," said he, "I don't object to your making yourselves as miserable as you like, but you mustn't torment your mother. I'll have none of this."

Millie lost no time in carrying this revolutionary speech straight to her brother.

"Very well," said Charley, coolly; "I'll accept the challenge."

"I'll not submit to his tyranny," said Millie. "I've got a plan."

"To have I," said Charley, "lots of 'em; only they don't seem to work when I try to put them into practice."

"I've been writing to Louise Vane," said Millie.

"It seems to me as if I had heard the name before, now that you mention it," said Charley, rumpling up his brown, curly hair. "But why should you write to her?—and what has she to do with our affairs?"

"She sympathizes so thoroughly with me," said Millie. "She considers second marriages as sinful as I do. And she has asked me to come to her and stay as long as I please. There is a nice hotel in the village, Charley; and her father is very hospitable. And there is a fine supply of trout and delightful shooting, Louise writes, and plenty of agreeable society."

"Not a bad idea," said Charley, reflectively.

"Oh, George, what shall we do?" cried Mrs. Beverley, turning pale when she comprehended that her children were gone.

"Give 'em their heads," said her husband, composedly drinking his coffee. "Never drive young coits with too tight a rein. They'll be glad to come back in six weeks or less."

"But it's such a fuss about nothing," said Mrs. Beverley, half laughing, half crying.

"That's the beauty of it," said her husband. "That's precisely what they enjoy!" and the jolly fellow shook with laughter.

Louise Vane received her former schoolmate with effusion.

Her father, a stately, middle-aged gentleman, spoke a few kindly words of welcome.

"Oh, dear!" said Millie, when she was alone with her friend. "I do hope we shall not disturb Mr. Vane."

"Nothing disturbs him," said Louise. "He will never think of noticing such chicks as we are. Every old maid and widow in the village has tried to marry him ever since poor mamma died."

"How dare they?" said indignant Millie. "I think the Legislature ought to pass a law against second marriages. They are wicked, sinful; an outrage on civilization!"

"Of course they are," said Louise. "But don't worry, darling. Remember that you are with me now."

And the two young doves fluttered into each other's arms, with renewed vows of eternal friendship.

Three months of happiness at Vane Lodge followed. Millie and Louise read their favorite novels together, and worked hideous screens and impossible portieres in crevices.

And all this time neither she nor Charley wrote a line to Mrs. Beverley.

"I am afraid they have discarded me," said the poor lady. "I fear that they never mean to forgive me," she added, with a deep sigh.

"My dear, don't be a goose!" said her husband. "You don't regret our marriage do you?"

"Never," said Mrs. Beverley, with a gleam of spirit.

"Neither do I!" said Mr. Beverley, laughing.

But one day Mr. Vane called his daughter into his study, with a serious face, and when she came out she was drowned in tears, and fled straightway to the haven of her dearest friend's room.

"Darling!" cried Millie, "what is the matter? Tell me, I beseech you."

"The worst that could possibly happen!" cried Louise tragically. "Papa is going to marry again."

Millie crimsoned to the very roots of her hair.

"He told me so himself," said Louise. "I never stopped to ask him who it

was that I to desecrate our happy, happy home. I just clasped my hands and cried, "Papa!" and ran away, sobbing as if my heart would break. Oh, and I had so hoped that, when I was married, we could stay on here just the same; but with a stepmother, of course, nothing will ever be the same!"

"You married, Louise?" cried Millie.

"Didn't he tell you? But it only happened this morning. Charley has asked me to be his wife."

"But," faltered Millie, "if your stepmother loved you very much indeed—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Louise; "as if a stepmother could love one! Oh, I hate her already! And you, too, my poor wounded gazelle, will be driven from your refuge. If I could only offer you a home—"

"It's so good of you, darling!" whispered Millie. "But I don't really think that it will be necessary, because, because—"

"You're not engaged to be married, too?" almost shrieked Louise, struck with a certain consciousness in her friend's face.

"Yes, I am," said Millie, hanging down her head.

"And to whom, your precious little conspirator?"

"To—your father!" said Millie.

"Oh, don't blame me, Louise; indeed, I couldn't help it!"—Clare Jaynes, in the 400.

PETS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.

One Regiment Had Emu and Kangaroo, Another a Snake.

No less than thirty regiments in the British army have pet animals attached.

The dogs of the "Fighting Fifth" and "Jack," the retriever, of the Twelfth Lancers, march with their companions when on active service, and have taken part in more than one battle. The drum horse of the Seventh Hussars—presented by the late Queen Victoria—marches proudly at the head of the men, with white tail and mane flowing.

"Billy," the goat of the Welsh Fusiliers, is better known, and is a very showy soldier indeed, as he struts along in all the glory of scarlet coat, with white facings, and the badge and crest of the regiment on his forehead. The Queen's Own Hussars has also a goat.

A deer is the pet of the Seaforth Highlanders. "Antony," a little donkey, attached himself to the Twenty-sixth Battery while in India, and became an established favorite, marching, eating and drinking with the men. A pet bear was the mascot of the Gloucester regiment, but becoming ill tempered had to be shot.

The Lancers of New South Wales have an emu and a kangaroo. "Peter," the goose, became the pet of the Grenadiers while in Canada. The lame bird limped up to a sentry one night and held up a hurt foot for his inspection. He attended to the wound, and the bird thereafter refused to leave the camp, so the soldiers adopted it.

When the Devonshire regiment was in India, a snake was for many months adopted as a pet, and, though poisonous, it never attempted to hurt any member of the company. When the men returned to England this uncanny pet was left behind.—From Reynold's Newspaper.

The Paper Habit.

"Very old persons," said an observer, "nearly always, on unfolding their newspapers, turn to the columns of 'Deaths.' This is because, in the first place, they are more likely to find news of their friends there than in the column of 'Marriages,' or any other part of the paper, and because, in the second place, they are interested in death—they have it much in their minds."

"Young girls turn first to the society news and weddings and after that to the fashions. Young men of the health, open-air sort turn first to the sporting news, while boys universally turn to this page first. The actor, of course, reads the dramatic columns, and the writer the book reviews, but neither of these departments, I fancy, does any part of the disinterested public consult first of all."

The elderly gentleman of a pompous appearance reads the editorials first, while his corpulent, cheerful wife reads the recipes on the "household" page. Some clergymen read the wills of the dead to see what charities have been remembered with bequests. There are many people who read the crimes, the scandals and the shocking accidents first. Poets, as a rule, will not read the newspapers at all.—Philadelphia Record.

When Gold Boils.

Professor Henri Moissan has been trying some interesting experiments in vaporizing gold in the electric furnace. He finds that it boils at 2400 degrees centigrade, and that 100 to 150 grains can be vaporized in two or three minutes. By condensing the gold vapor on a cool surface, either platinum masses or cubical crystals can be obtained. It is found that gold, like copper and iron, dissolves a certain amount of carbon when in the liquid state, but this separates out as graphite on cooling. Gold is found to be less volatile than copper. The properties of distilled gold are the same as those of hammered gold, or the melted metal reduced to a fine powder. Professor Moissan has found no indications of an allotropic modification of gold. When an alloy of copper and gold is distilled the vapor of copper comes over first, showing that there is no definite compound. In the case of alloys of gold and tin the latter metal burns in contact with the air. This tin oxide is found to be of a purple color, due to a deposit of fine gold on its surface.—London Globe.

The Finest Swords.

"Japanese swords are the finest," said a swordmaker. "They are finer than the blades of Ferrara, of Toledo or of Damascus. The blades of Ferrara, of Toledo and of Damascus must bend into a perfect curve without breaking, and a pillow of down being thrown in the air they must cut it in two with the clean stroke."

"But the Japanese blade must do all that and more. The final test of a Japanese blade is its suspension; edge upward, beneath a tree. It must hang beneath the tree for twenty-four hours and every lightest leaf that falls upon its edge must be severed neatly. One failure, and back to the forge goes the Japanese blade again."—Denver Times.

What Coal Tar's Magic Has Done.

FIFTY YEARS AGO IT WAS A WASTE BY-PRODUCT.

Chemists Will Celebrate the Perkin Discovery, Which Did Much to Put the Profession in the Front Rank of Utilitarian Occupations.

BY producing delicate tints from the ugly black tar, a hitherto waste by-product of coal gas, William Henry Perkin, an English chemist, rendered a public service unappreciated at the time. His discovery turned the manufacturing industry of the world into new channels and chemistry leaped to the front rank of the professions. That is why the chemists of England, Germany and the United States are now planning a fitting memorial to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of this remarkable discovery.

Perkin is not to be memorialized alone for his color discovery. The knowledge of his use of coal tar opened the way for other chemists to bring their learning to bear, and in rapid succession the world was given artificial perfumes, flavors, carboic acid, medicines and compounds employed in developing photographic plates. Chemists are now so well acquainted with the properties of coal tar that they can almost make a color to order. In perfumes their best known product is lonic, which is the basis of imitation violet; in medicinal products acetanilid, sulphonal, phenacetin, analgine and antipyrine; and the oil of bitter almonds and saccharin are perhaps the best known of the artificial flavors.

Before Perkin created his sensation, chemists from the beginning of the nineteenth century, and even before, had been working for these results. Synthetic or constructive chemistry was their subject, and the years they put in on tedious research made them a secluded, reserved class of men, who to-day would be known as "grinds." Their labors brought them little returns, financially. The gay outside world regarded them as hermits, looked patronizingly on, and wondered, maybe, at the sacrifice.

But all this weary toil was not a waste of time. Years later, profiting by the studies of the pioneers, a man appeared who hit upon a solution of the problem. Artificial color was the result. The article he made had been known to exist in indigo, and its constituents were known, but no one before had ever put them together in a laboratory. The beauty and the cheapness of the color Perkin made excited great admiration, especially among those engaged in supplying the market with fabrics, and development was rapid.

Other products followed in quick succession, and the manufacturing world received an impetus such as it had never known. Results of the chemist's research work still continue, and each year sees brilliant discoveries added to the records of science. There is no reason now why any organic body should not be synthetically made if chemists can find what its composition and structure are. The only reason they cannot make an egg is that they do not know how to build the fabric. They have each composite part, but they cannot put them together, and, as one chemist remarked to the writer, "Building the structure doesn't properly belong to chemistry, anyway."

Synthetic quinine is the aim of the large body of chemists engaged in research work just at present. Others are working to produce sugar, and the men who find these formulae will make their fortunes. A way to produce synthetic quinine has been found, but it is yet too expensive for commercial purposes. Chemists have just begun to be appreciated in this country. Forty-five years ago, when the sugar industry was begun here in the United States, Professor Chandler, of Columbia University, then a boy still at his studies, was given a job by a friend in the storerooms over in Brooklyn. The position was more to help the boy through his scientific course than anything else.

"But what shall I do?" asked the student.

"Do?" his benefactor replied. "Oh, do anything, but keep out of the way and don't ask questions!"

He who was some day to add his contributions to science took the patronizing friend at his word and did what he wanted to do without going to a superior every day for permission. The experiments and formulae learned in class room and laboratory were put into practical use and soon "the boy out in the back room" began sending in recommendations to headquarters as to savings here, expenditures there, a mass of economic detail that surprised the older hands.

That was years ago. To-day each sugar plant in the country has a laboratory and hundreds of chemists are employed. They are being taken into factories generally and put at research work and analysis. In competition the house that can produce the cheapest and the best is the successful one and here economy counts—therefore the research chemist.

In Germany, where the profession is farthest advanced, manufacturing establishments usually have a group of chemists. Maybe they will work for years without accomplishing any results, still their pay continues. Then, some day, the long-sought process or solution is obtained, and thousands of dollars saved. That is one reason why the Germans and the English excel in chemical industry. They recognize the chemist's worth, and have forged ahead through his ingenuity.

William Henry Perkin, F. R. S., LL. D., Ph. D., D. Sc., V. P. C. S., is still alive, although this string of abbreviations after his name might lead some to think differently. He is working patiently in his laboratory in research study and experiments with just as much zeal as before the day when he made his "strike" in coal tar. Dr. Perkin was born in London on March 12, 1839, and studied chemistry under Dr. A. W. Hofmann at the Royal College of Chemistry, where he was afterwards assistant in his research laboratory. It was here Dr. Perkin made his coal tar sensation by the discovery of the mauve dye in 1856. He was then only eighteen years of age. Subsequently he became interested in the manufacture of coal tar colors, and continued in this work until 1874. Since then Dr. Perkin's time has been occupied in research work and writing. His publications are numerous, and include a circle range of subjects.

Although an Englishman discovered the value of coal tar and English manufacturers were the first to put the country's large deposits of the raw material to practical use, Germany has succeeded in taking the industry away from the Britons, and is now importing the raw material to keep her factories supplied and running. Germany has taken the lead, because the Government has done everything possible to encourage the profession as well as the industry, and her chemists are masters who lead the world.

America produces immense quantities of coal tar. It is formed from the old-fashioned process of making coal gas, and although this system is now out of date, it is still used to make the coal tar now instead of the gas. A stove is told and vouched for by an eminent authority that illustrates how highly this by-product is valued. It seems that not many years ago on the banks of the Schuylkill River, in Philadelphia, was a gas works. That was in the days prior to Perkin's discovery. The gas men had no use for the coal tar, and its rapid accumulation soon became a nuisance and a burden to them.

The city would not permit the company to run the tar into the river, so the gas men put down a drain, which ostensibly was to empty into a big underground reservoir, but which really discharged into the river beneath the surface of the water. Coal tar is too thick a substance to mix with water. It congeals just like molasses candy, when in making it you drop it into a glass to see if it has boiled to the proper consistency. That is just what the coal tar discharged from this Philadelphia gas works did. When it flowed from the pipes of the gas works into the river it sank into a pocket in the river bottom, and formed a hard, solid deposit, gradually accumulating in size as the years rolled on. Then the new process of making gas came into vogue, and the old works on the Schuylkill were abandoned.

Several years after the value of the despoiled coal tar became known, a sharp-witted chemist, in nosing around the old gas works on the Schuylkill, discovered the drain pipe, and following it up found that the output of coal tar for years had been emptied into the river. It did not take long to engage a diver and set him to work, with the result that the rich deposit was located, finally brought to the surface and utilized to a considerable profit.

The chemical industry is on the gain here in America, and is coming up with rapid bounds. One thing that has acted to keep it down is the present tax on alcohol, which, it is expected, will be removed by this session of Congress. Alcohol is a great solvent, and in the different processes of manufacture and research work it is used in great quantities. Not in the United States, however. Here at \$2.50 a gallon it is prohibitive.

Alcohol can be made for fifteen cents a proof gallon, yet the tax on it here is \$1.10 for every proof gallon made. It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true. In England and in Europe there is not this handicap, and with such a difference in the price existing in favor of the foreigners, one advantage they hold in research work is plain to be seen. Sentiment and a popular agitation on temperance has helped greatly in influencing the Government to maintain its tax on alcohol. The United States has been against any policy which should encourage the production of alcohol as a beverage, and the enforcement of the law has cost the Government a lot of money. The moonshiners in the mountains and the illicit distillers in the crowded cities have been the transgressors.

Chemists acknowledge the danger of taking down all bars and permitting the wholesale manufacture of all kinds of alcohol. They have, however, at last made it plain to Congress that the sort of alcohol they wish to use in their profession is as different from raw alcohol as whiskey is from water.

The New York section of the Society of Chemical Industry, which has done so much to advance all branches of the profession in America, is the group of men who are now working to raise a Perkin memorial in the form of a scholarship to encourage chemical research.—H. J. C., in New York Post.

Free-Jack Railroad's Con rolled.

In France nearly all the railroads are owned by private corporations. Of a total trackage of 30,000 miles, the companies own about 25,500 miles, the Government only 3407 miles. Those that believe that the solution of our troubles lies in government control and not in government ownership can find much to interest them in the examples of France and England. In both countries the government controls but does not operate, but the methods of control are different. In England there is a general supervision and regulation; in France the government takes part in the actual direction, supervises the working of the lines, and can interfere at any time in any way it sees fit to modify rates or make other changes it may desire. The French railroads operate under the eye of the national minister of public works; they are essentially attached to his department, and are subject to severe regulations and restrictions that for a very good and sufficient reason they cannot disregard.—Everybody's Magazine.



WOMAN'S REALM

Buttons. They're in favor. Small ones are first. Metal ones stand high. Crochet buttons are very smart. Buttons are covered with silk or silver.

Bone buttons, if carefully chosen, are very smart.

Modern Hair Dressing. The very newest way of arranging the hair is to wave it prettily, draw it up on top of the head, with side locks, out soft and fluffy, but not over the eyes at all, the entire arrangement being topped off with a crownlike braid. Simplicity is the present rule in hair dressing.

The big, horrible pompadour is left to chorus girls, and its place is not of the stage. There was never anything more truly hideous than the pompadour ratted up by an amateur hair dresser.

The straight lines brought out every defect of the complexion, says the Philadelphia Press.

Just how you should dress your hair is a question that you must settle for yourself. Your neighbor may look very pretty with her hair done a certain way, but the style may not be acceptable for you. Experiment until you find the secret. If you can afford it go to a hair dresser and let her give you ideas. The expense of such an experiment is trifling and it may set you on the right track.

The clever woman who discovers a becoming way of doing her hair seldom changes her style, but cottons to it as long as she can.

The girl with a high forehead must bring her hair down a little. The girl with fine temples and a lovely forehead should arrange her hair so that these beauties are displayed.

Beautifying is but bringing out the good points and glossing over the poor ones.

An invisible net will keep all the flying shreds of hirsute decorations with the rest of the hair. By brushing them the way they should go they will soon take the hint.

Back combs have been the salvation of the woman who always tagged around with a fringe of hair hanging down the back of her neck.

If modern beautifying has done no more than teach women to pin up those shaggy ends it has certainly been worth while.

Hard Working Americans. The moment a singer, virtuoso or conductor returns to Europe from a first visit to America it is the custom nowadays to interview them as to their impressions of their tour, observes the Boston Transcript. Miss Marie Hall, the violinist, gave hers with the nervous eagerness that is in all that she does, and she heaped fiery goals on our Bostonian heads by paying us compliments in return for our indifference to her. "I was sometimes in doubt whether there were any Americans except in Boston and thereabout. In New York, for instance, I fancy nobody is quite a real American yet. If I asked anybody I met, 'Are you an American?' the answer was always, 'Well, yes, but not exactly, quite, altogether American all the same'—and the explanation was that he or she, or the father or mother, was born in Germany, or Ireland, or somewhere, not in America. All the American men are in such a hurry to become Americans that they make themselves perfect slaves, they work so hard. Nowhere have I seen men have so universal a passion for making money, and so universal a content in seeing their wives spend it. I am sure it is true that America is run by its women, at any rate, if the men do run it, they do so only for the women's sake. The men go about shabbily dressed and work from early morning till late at night, even though they are millionaires. To live in America you must either be an American, or be buoyed up by a sustaining, glorious hope of becoming one. No one, otherwise, could live there for long without being cut off in his bloom by premature old age. I calculated one night that I should run through my span and pass out a centenarian in about two years."

New Costings. The art of dyeing is rapidly being acquired in America. Anything more charming than the colors of the season's silks can hardly be imagined, and the American products are not behind the imported. The rajahs and burlinghams come in fifty or more shades, and the colors are finely graded, that any complexion may be suited. Purples range from deep dahlia tones to amethyst and violet and mauve. The delicate tone called orchid is especially lovely. In reds the variety is much greater. From darkest claret, through crimson, cherry, raspberry, which the importers call "framboise" and strawberry, which is also supposed to sound better in French, "fraise," coral, salmon and several shades of pink. One can have a dozen blues, of which Alice, blue, delft, "campanule," or harebell, and all the pastel shades are fashionable. There are several good browns, two or three grays, of which London smoke is the latest, and three or four very good greens, including myrtle and two "resedas," which, of course, is misnomer in English.—New York Post.

Italian Women Pack Heavy Loads. In Italy the people take it for granted that the women should carry heavy loads. Horses and wagons are scarce, and it is common for women to carry heavy loads of wood from the dock to the market place. Often they are so heavy the women look as if they would stagger underneath. They carry this wood all day for less than fifty cents, though the lumber is disposed of in the market at a good price.

Embroidered Albums. The postcard album has reached the fancy work stage, and that means it is very popular indeed. Square albums, with plain stiff board covers, are bought, to be recovered with silk or linen and needlework. Some of the handsomest are of silk, with the words "Postcard Album" embroidered in solid work, and a floral design—forget-me-nots are naturally the most appropriate—is done in ribbon embroidery.

Ivory Beads For Beads. To patch up an old string of beads, which needs something to give it distinction, there are the prettiest of carved ivory beads. These vary in size and color, and can be bought for fifty cents apiece. Some are ivory white, others shade from deep cream to soft brown, while others are very dark, from being touched up with lacquer. Little ivory heads and other designs (small animals and the like) can be used as pendants.

Brains on Tap For Beauty. If you live in Boston and "have the price," advice as to just what to buy when you go shopping may be yours. A young woman in that town, says the New York Press, who recently was thrown on her own resources, decided that her unflattering eye for color harmonies and taste in dress was a marketable commodity, and opened an office, where for a small sum she tells women what they ought to wear. Should her enterprise prove a success, doubtless many women in the same circumstances will take the shoppers in tow.

Ellen Glasgow's Method. Ellen Glasgow, the author of "The Wheel of Life," writes her books in what may be called three processes. The first is the rough draft, written rapidly, which is sometimes finished in six months. The second draft occupies a much longer time, for in this the story begins to develop. The third draft is a careful elaboration of the second. Miss Glasgow writes best when she has locked herself into her study, and she usually devotes two years to each book, working in the mornings and devoting the afternoons to recreation. She wrote the opening chapter of "The Battleground" fourteen times; the first chapter of "The Voice of the People" twelve times.

Empire Coats. Three-quarter length cloaks in the Empire shape are seen among the wraps as much as they were in the winter fashions. A model with straight front, double-breasted, with yoke beginning at the side and continuing across the back, the lower part of the coat being cut slightly flared below, is to be in favor. Other models, declares Harper's Bazar, have this same front panel and yoke, with the lower part of the coat pleated. Short, square box coats, coming only to the hips, are made of covert cloth and also of cloth to match the skirt of the gown. There are very smart little covert cloth coats, with long seam from the shoulder to the hem, as well as those with many gorges and strapped seams.

Sewing Tables Become the Vogue. Sewing tables are quite a fad among many belles, and the girl who has not a mahogany receptacle for clothes in need of repairs is no longer up to date. The favorite style is of dark brown mahogany, with glass or brass knobs, as one piece, and with strips of brass along the edges. It must have a deep basket-like appendage lined with silk which harmonizes with the shade of one's room. These pretty tridles cost anything one may wish to pay, but the least expensive cost about \$25. There are sewing tables in cherry, but antique mahogany is the thing. Many tables have wonderful accessories in the shape of gold-handled scissors and gold thimbles. One girl is the fortunate possessor of a half dozen gold cases for spools of cotton.—New York Press.

Indian Girl's Dancing Robe. An Indian girl, daughter of Howling Crane, once the head of the Cheyenne Indians, recently sold her "party gown" to a syndicate of territorial curio gatherers for \$1000.

The garb was old and worn, moth-eaten and ragged, yet the price was cheerfully paid—incidentally, the purchase was a good investment. The dress was decorated with 728 elk teeth, all very valuable for lodge jewelry, and the transfer from the original purchaser to an Eastern jewelry manufacturer was made in advance of the securing of the teeth at a price that was almost double the amount the girl, Nannie Howling Crane, received, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

As years go by the number of elk teeth is becoming smaller, while the number of lodge men wanting teeth is growing larger, and the result is that the laws of supply and demand boost the price. Almost any genuine elk tooth will sell for \$2, while the choice

Household Matters

Delicious Mustard Dressing. Delicious mustard is made by first slicing an onion in a bowl and covering it with vinegar. Let this stand forty-eight hours, when pour off the vinegar into another bowl, add a little red pepper, salt, sugar, and enough dry mustard to thicken to a cream. The proportions should be a teaspoonful of the pepper and salt and twice that of sugar, but tastes different somewhat as to the quantity of sweet used.

Oil Painting Cleaner. Whenever an oil painting becomes dusty and discolored, it may be cleaned by the use of white raw potato, for artists frequently make use of this method. Commence at one corner of the picture and rub the surface with a raw potato which has been flattened by removing a slice; as fast as the potato becomes discolored remove a thin slice with a sharp knife and continue to rub the picture until the entire surface has been cleaned. Then wipe the picture off with a soft cloth, and it will be found quite clean, and the paints will not be injured or faded, but simply cleaned.

How to Cook Fish. Mrs. Rorer, in the course of a lecture, gave the following directions for cooking fish:

Fish like meat must be put either into a hot oven or into boiling water to coagulate the juices on the outside and keep the flavoring in. A fish may be planked wholly or in part. The time of cooking does not depend upon the weight of the fish. A roast of beef, for instance, the heavier—the greater the time of cooking. A fish takes its weight in length rather than in thickness, so we do not increase materially the time of cooking. Cold cooked fish may be made into a number of dainty entrees, like cutlets, cusk a la creme, croquettes, scalloped fish, or mixed with mashed potatoes and made into cakes.

Secret of Frozen Sweets. The making and moulding of ice cream, according to Mrs. Rorer, is as follows: "To make perfect ice cream it is wise to scald half the cream and allow it to get perfectly cold before freezing. Fruit ice cream may have a portion of the sugar added to the fruit and a portion added to the hot cream. A good rule is to scald half the cream and add to it the sugar. When this is cold add the remaining half of the cream, allowing seven ounces of sugar to each quart of cream.

"The fruit should be added after the cream is frozen, and if the ice cream is to stand any length of time the fruits must be thoroughly mashed or you will find little frozen lumps throughout the cream. Fruit juices freeze at a higher temperature than sweetened cream. In making fruit ice cream allow to each quart of cream eight ounces of sugar and a pint of mashed fruit. Scald the sugar and half the cream; when cold add the remaining cream; freeze; and when frozen stir in the fruit; repack and stand aside to ripen. If you are to mould the ice cream, after the fruit is stirred in is a very good time for moulding. The moulds must be dipped in cold water. You must have the salt and ice for repacking ready at hand. The seams of the moulds—that is, where the lid is placed on the mould—should be covered with strips of muslin dipped in paraffin. The moment the muslin touches the cold mould it hardens and so covers the seam that it prevents the salt water from entering the cream."

Good Things to Eat AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM

Railroad Pudding—One cup sweet milk, one cup molasses, one cup chopped suet, one cup chopped raisins, one great spoon vinegar, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda. Steam three hours and serve with sweet sauce.

Macaroni and Eggs—Cook macaroni until tender and place in a small baking dish. Beat together two eggs and half a cupful of milk, add salt and pepper and pour over the macaroni. Bake in the oven until the top is nicely browned.

Chocolate Sauce—Put one-half cup each of sugar and butter in a saucepan and cook five minutes. Add four squares of chocolate broken up and when melted add one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Add one-half cup of thin cream and serve.

For Lemon Sauce—Mix two level tablespoons of cornstarch with three-quarter cup of sugar and a pinch of salt and turn into two cups of boiling water. Cook ten minutes, add one level tablespoon of butter and a teaspoon of lemon juice. If the sauce is now too thick add a little boiling water.

Sweet Potato Fritters—A pint of hot mashed sweet potatoes, two eggs, a cupful of flour, into which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder, salt, and enough milk to make a batter. Drop the batter, a tablespoonful at a time, in deep fat, smoking hot, and cook to a light brown. Tomato sauce may be served with the fritters.

Tomato Cheese—Stir together one pound of soft grated cheese and a cupful of strained tomato juice. The best way of "grating" soft cheese is to pass it through a potato ricer or press it through a coarse sieve. Season the mixture with one teaspoonful of salt, and sprinkling of paprika and a cup of soft breadcrumbs. Pour the mixture into a saucepan and stir rapidly until smooth and creamy. Serve on toasted crackers.

Carrot Soup—Scrape and cut into small pieces six carrots, add an onion, sliced, two or three stalks of celery, and a leaf of parsley. Cover with boiling water and cook until the carrots can be rubbed through a sieve. Add a pint of hot milk and thicken with a tablespoonful each of flour and butter creamed together. Season with salt and red pepper and the least bit of nutmeg. Serve over cubes of fried bread, and dash paprika over all just before sending to the table.