

A Story in Clay.

By James O. Fagan.

On a day late in the fall of the year 1906, a young Scotchman appeared on the streets of a Western town, in the guise of a peddler. His stock in trade consisted of a small ornament, or model, in clay, representing a young Highland lassie. The figure was in a kneeling posture and the girl appeared to be looking up at some crags which formed the back, or frame, of the ornament.

The expression on the face—indeed, the whole design—was so strikingly beautiful and realistic, that the young Scotchman and his handiwork attracted considerable attention. Moreover, his method of hardening, polishing and coloring the clay was something of a mystery, even to connoisseurs. It was also noticeable that the name Maggie was invariably to be found cut into the pedestal of every example of the young Scotchman's plastic skill.

Before long, several well known citizens endeavored to cultivate the man's acquaintance with the idea of learning something about his history. To these gentlemen he was extremely polite and deferential, but his replies to the kindest inquiries were either evasive or entirely incomprehensible. To one of these gentlemen he answered as follows:

"Where do I come from? I do not know. Yes, my name is McGregor—I am Ian McGregor. I try to remember things. It is such a beautiful world, don't you think so?"

Then an effort was made to induce him to try his skill on some subject other than Maggie, but with very little success, although occasionally he would so far vary his work as to model daintiest little hands and feet, but they were all unmistakably inspired by the same beautiful Scotch ideal. In this way the young modeler sold his ornaments on the streets for nearly a year before his customers awoke to the fact that the man was mentally unbalanced. Then the authorities thought proper to have him examined by an alienist, whose diagnosis of the case seemed to indicate that it was a very extraordinary instance of mental paralysis, and that Ian McGregor was probably suffering from a severe shock of some kind.

He was intelligent and sane in a certain way, but all his faculties and ideas seemed to be bound up and absorbed in his occupation of clay modelling, and as one of the doctors remarked, "Maggie seems to be the centre of some action or tragedy from which the man's mental activity is unable to break away."

So, finally they consigned McGregor to the State Hospital for further examination and treatment.

Dr. Richard Hoyt, of the State Hospital for the Insane, who had received a communication from a New York Detective Agency, making inquiries about a much-sought-for man, by the name of Ian McGregor, sat at his desk reading the following letter from this very man, who was one of his most interesting patients. It was dated and addressed from the Power House of the institution:

"I understand that you are not yet prepared to recommend my discharge from this institution. In submitting to your decision, I have no word of protest to trouble you with, but before settling down to my duties for another term, I wish to write you a letter of thanks, coupled with an unusual request. To begin with, I wish to assure you that I shall always look upon these premises as holy, sacred ground. You and your noble assistants seem to surround me, the unfortunate inmates, with infinite tenderness and pity, together with never-ceasing vigilance and care. This sort of plan is surely an inspired keenness. You lead us from cottage to cottage, up from darkness and oblivion to light and liberty, by a series of the happiest, most skillful gradations. That you are, yourself, the heart and soul of this noble system, I am well aware, for, only a few days ago, I stood in your office, and noticed hanging on the wall a picture of the post Tennyson, with these noble lines underneath:

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in diverse tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"You perceive, Dr. Hoyt, my memory is perfectly true and clear, and believe me, I am now altogether sane and in my right mind. And yet, in spite of my attempted resignation, I cannot conceal from you the fact that I write to you tonight with deepest earnestness and emotion, pleading for my freedom. I cannot steal away from here like a thief in the night, my heart is too full of thanksgiving. I am too grateful for that. On the contrary, I must go on my way with your kind wishes and your blessing. So, to further my interest and to enlarge your sympathy, I desire to make a confession. I am in love with a young girl who lives in the Highlands of Scotland. I was torn from her side by a fate surely the most cruel and heartrending in the history of human misfortune. Now for the story and the method of it:

"Behind the Power House where I work as assistant engineer, there is a deserted shed. With cunning and secrecy such as lunatics frequently manifest, I probably took possession of this shed over a year ago. To-day when you throw open the shed a grand panorama is before you. It is a bit of landscape or scenery in miniature, modelled in clay and other materials. It represents a bit of the coast line in the northeast of Scotland. Some time ago, as my identity and consciousness returned to me, I recognized with the greatest surprise in this strange model the country of my birth and the home of my childhood.

"With much technical skill, with minute geographical knowledge, and I think you will add, with the art of a magician, your patient has made use of materials such as clay, sand, rocks, plants, water and electricity, and the result of this curious fancy and labor is a piece of wonderland.

"Now, Dr. Hoyt, I beg you to consent over to the Power House this evening, that you may examine your patient's handiwork while you listen to the story that must have inspired its creation. Meantime, please do not be surprised that I now sign myself,

"Very gratefully,
"IAN MCGREGOR."
"King of the Cragmen." Dr. Hoyt was accustomed to receive appealing letters from his patients, but this one was, he thought, decidedly out of the ordinary. So that evening, according to the man's request, he called upon McGregor at the Power House, and together they repaired to the old shed.

The doctor was prepared by the letter for some kind of a surprise, but when once inside the building his astonishment knew no bounds. But before he had time to express himself in words, McGregor hastened to remark:

"Dr. Hoyt, this visit is evidence of great kindness and interest on your part. Kindly seat yourself on this little platform while with this pointer in my hand I at once proceed with my story:

"The scene before you represents a piece of the coast line in the northeast of Scotland. At our feet is Chanoury Point, with its famous lighthouse. You notice it is built of little blocks of granite, and the revolving light in the tower is in good working order. The water in the Moray Firth and in the Channel before us comes from yonder faucet and flows out again through that narrow defile into the Caledonian Canal at the other end of the shed. On the other side of the Channel before us is Fort George. You can see the diminutive sentries in their boxes, and a company of Highlanders on the parade ground, and that cluster of little white tents on the hillside is a field hospital. Turning now to the right, we have Culloden Moor, where the battle was fought in '45, and beyond it, at the head of the Firth of Inverness, is a representation of the beautiful capital of the Highlands with its romantic castle, where, if you remember, Macbeth entertained the generous Duncan in groomsman fashion. That picturesque lodge back on the hills yonder is the seat of the Master of Lovat, whose ancestor was out with Prince Charlie.

"Now, coming back to the left hand, the scene is of a different nature. Here we have a rugged, rock-bound coast, a land of crags and cliffs, stretching away to Cromarty Point on the horizon. The only relief to this rugged outline is this short stretch of sandy beach curving inward from the lighthouse to the village of Rosemarkie. On the margin of this lovely bay many fishermen have built their houses, and here are a few of their little fishing boats, or cobles, riding peacefully at anchor a few inches from the shore.

"In this little cottage, which I now touch with my pointer, I was born. At the back of the village, and running up along the coast, you see a long succession of crags and precipices. For generations these crags have been the playground of the Highland lads from the surrounding villages. Once in five years they hold a festival of Highland games in this vicinity, sometimes in one village, sometimes in another. They call it a Crag Carnival, the principal event being a crag-climbing contest, the prize for which is a valuable climbers' outfit and the coveted title, 'King of the Cragmen.'

"When nineteen years of age I won this trophy. Now, close to my birthplace here, is the seat of Robert Saltoun, the Master of Ethlie. At the time I speak of he had one son, a handsome, adventurous little fellow, some ten or twelve years old, and a daughter, Maggie, who was two years my junior. Maggie and I were classmates in the Academy of a neighboring town, and I really cannot remember the time when we were not closest friends and lovers. The Laird and his family used every means in their power to put a stop to this youthful and romantic attachment, but their efforts were altogether in vain. As for the Laird, he was a good deal of a tyrant and very little love was lost between him and the villagers. He was a man of ungovernable temper, and any opposition to his will was to him simply incomprehensible.

"When he found out that he could neither frighten me nor put a stop to our secret correspondence, his anger was indescribable, and more than once he threatened me with bodily injury. Finally, he used his power as the landlord of my widowed mother to banish me from the village. I had shown considerable talent in modelling and carving in clay and other materials, so the Laird put me in the way of obtaining a scholarship at a School of Design in Edinburgh. For my mother's sake I studied hard and took high honors at this school, and before long I began to make a name for myself among artists and others who were glad to patronize a student of unusual talent.

"Now, Dr. Hoyt, you perceive how cleverly those crags and ravines have been carved out of the bank of clay which was thrown up against the south wall of the shed. The little ferns, the low bushes, the ledges where the crows build their nests, the

one rocks out in the water yonder where the sea fowl love to congregate, are evidences of your patient's remarkable memory and skill and all contribute to the completeness of this life-like scene. Well, one day, on my way home from Edinburgh to enjoy a short vacation, I crossed the ferry at Chanoury Point and walked over these links to the village. The few people I happened to meet were in a state of great excitement. The Laird's only son and heir, young Ralph Saltoun, had been missing for nearly two days, and his whereabouts, some two miles from the village, had been discovered only a few hours before my arrival. As the story was told to me, the boy had wandered away among the hills, and being overtaken by a severe storm, had sought shelter under a ledge high up among the crags.

"Then torrents of rain had fallen, and, finally, a landslide had left the boy's retreat almost isolated from the surrounding crags.

"Without a moment's delay I rushed home, secured my rope and my dirk and hurried to the scene. Upon my arrival, I was informed that for some time the best cragsmen in the village had been wearying their limbs in vain efforts to rescue the lad. From above, as you can see, the ledge was unapproachable on account of the great forehead of crag that hangs over it. So most of the rescuers were trying to scale a precipitous mountain wall on the east side.

"After looking over the ground, I determined to try it from the opposite side—that is, from the west, although, as you can see, the prospect was not very encouraging. So I swiftly made my way up this ravine and was soon scrambling up the smooth face of this clay parapet which runs sheer up for one hundred and fifty feet, and ends abruptly in this razor-like ridge. To all appearances this climb of mine was a daring and foolhardy feat, and the villagers, who were spread out among the rocks and on the seashore beneath, looked up with astonishment and alarm. Even should I manage to reach the crest of the ridge at which I was aiming, they thought my labor would certainly be in vain, for between its jagged summit and the boy there was this gorge, fully twenty feet across. However, with unflinching courage, I persevered. I dug out step after step with my dirk. Now I gained a few feet, then I slipped back a few, but still I pressed upward with feverish energy. At one time I would be flattened out against the face of the cliff, clinging for my life to crannies and little ledges, and the next moment, with more favorable surface, I would be doubled up like a caterpillar—

scrambling upward with the joy in my heart that only a cragsman can understand. In this way, after thirty minutes' perilous climbing, I reached the crest of the ridge, which, as you see, strikes up into the air like a fin from a fish's back. On its razor-like edge I sat astride for a minute or two in order to study my surroundings. I shouted to the boy, who was only twenty feet away on the other side of the gorge. He was evidently exhausted from exposure and hunger, and I could hardly hear his faint replies to my shouts of encouragement. I was then at least three hundred feet above the base of the cliff. Time was pressing, so I immediately signalled to the cheering people below that I was going to jump the gorge. It was already late in the evening, another storm was brewing, and I knew that, in all probability, the ledge and the overhanging crag would slide down during the night. The sea-birds, disturbed from their accustomed haunts, were clamoring noisily around me, and far away on the reefs a fog bell was pealing its dismal monotone.

"Above me, on the overhanging crag, the Laird and some of his men had crawled out and were anxiously watching my movements, while below at the base of the mountain I could just distinguish Maggie and a number of her girl companions, all gazing upward with heart-breaking eagerness and suspense.

"This glimpse of Maggie watching my efforts, renewed my courage and strength, and I went to work with redoubled energy leveling off the razor-like edge on which I had been seated. In this way, I soon made a tolerably flat and secure run of about thirty feet. And, Dr. Hoyt, while I was digging away with my dirk, I can tell you my mind was busy. I said to myself: 'This jump means death. Well, what to me is life without Maggie? If I fall and fall she will not be ashamed of me, she will know that I would have rescued the boy if I could, and that I do this to consecrate my undying affection. As for her father, the Laird, with all his money and his acres, he is nothing but a heartless tyrant, and so, live or die, it will be something to lay him and his proud family under tribute in this way to the son of a fisherman.'

"So, bracing my energies with these thoughts, I reeled to the edge of the narrow spur and sprang straight out for the ledge. I fell short, but only a few inches, and my dirk, which I had held ready for the purpose, was buried up to the hilt in the bank. It held fast, and in this way I stuck to the face of the crag like a fly on a pane of glass. Then, with a supreme effort, I swung myself up on to the ledge, and a second later I had the boy in my arms.

"What followed is quickly explained. By means of ropes they lowered a man from the top of the crag. Of course, he couldn't swing in under the ledge, but he caught my

rope and I hauled him in. Then the man and the boy were hoisted up in safety and the rope was lowered again for me. It was almost dark, and the rain was falling in torrents. On my way up, as I was fending myself away from the crag, from some inconceivable cause the rope broke, and from that moment, until a short time ago, when, by degrees, I recovered my understanding, I must have been asleep or in some very peculiar mental condition. At any rate, the interval has been a blank in my life, and you can now easily understand my intense anxiety to return to Scotland."

"Dr. Hoyt had been listening to this interesting narrative with profound attention, and at its conclusion he shook hands with McGregor, assured him of his sympathy and assistance, and then added:

"As for this model of yours, it is certainly the most wonderful and interesting exhibition of the kind I have ever looked upon. In fact, I do not think any sane person would be capable of such a marvelous demonstration of patience and technical skill. Many of our patients daily furnish us with curious examples of unlooked-for and mysterious mental capacity, but your handiwork and your story surpass anything of the kind in the history of this institution. I assure you we shall take great care of it."

"But now, McGregor, I have something to add to your story that I know you will listen to with the greatest interest. It is a newspaper clipping which I received from New York. It is taken from the Inverness Courier." Then Dr. Hoyt read aloud the following paragraph:

"THE MCGREGOR INCIDENT.
"The death of Robert Saltoun, the Master of Ethlie, has added another interesting chapter to the McGregor incident."
"Highland readers of this newspaper do not need to be reminded of this famous story of heroism and mystery. That some one cut the rope is an undisputed fact, but it is also true that Robert Saltoun was tried for the crime and acquitted by a jury of his countrymen. Perhaps no individual in the history of the Scottish Highlands ever suffered so much from public indignation and scorn as the late Master of Ethlie. For our part, we cannot believe that Robert Saltoun was half as bad a man as his enemies have painted him. On the widowed mother of the young man he bestowed a life pension. Ian McGregor recovered from his physical injuries, but his mental powers continuing disturbed and unbalanced, the Laird, at considerable expense, sent him abroad in the hope that change of scene would be of benefit to him. The young fellow died, or was reported to have died, while abroad, and so the affair was allowed to rest. But now persistent rumors are heard that there has been a death-bed confession to the effect that young McGregor was shamelessly deserted in a foreign country, and that the report of his death was a fabrication. Furthermore, it is said that members of the Laird's family are now advertising extensively in the United States in their efforts to locate the young man. Thus mystery is added to mystery, and further developments are anxiously awaited."

About a year after the discharge of Ian McGregor from the hospital, Dr. Hoyt received from him a most interesting letter, with an enclosure as follows:

MARRIED.
"On the 6th inst., at Raddery Hall, Invernesshire, Ian McGregor of Rosemarkie, to Margaret, only surviving child and heiress to the late Robert Saltoun, Esq., of Ethlie and Robindale, in the County of Ross."—From Good Literature.

COAL TAR—THE MOST
PROTEAN SUBSTANCE
IN THE WORLD.

Speaking recently before the Society of Chemical Industry, Mr. H. Schwitzer summarized a number of the products of the coal-tar industry. Since the discovery of mauve, half a century ago, dyestuffs after dyestuffs have been and still are evolved from coal tar, giving the whole range of the colors of the rainbow and complying with every demand of taste, fashion, and stability, surpassing in beauty, brilliancy, and fastness to time, light, and chemicals, the colors supplied to us by nature in plants and animals. A host of medicines for the treatment of the most diverse diseases has been and still is produced from coal tar; fever, sleeplessness, and pains of all origin are allayed by its various derivatives; surgical operations are rendered painless and shortened by anaesthetics made from the source. The active principles of animal glands are reproduced from coal tar, and placed at the disposal of the physician. The disease known as Africa—the disease caused by the bite of the tsetse fly—is cured by coal-tar products, and we are now on the threshold of curing cancer, the most horrible scourge of modern life, by remedies derived from this source. We make artificial sweeteners from coal tar which are 500 times sweeter than sugar; artificial oil of bitter almond and of musk are derived from this source. The odors of oil of wintergreen, violets, roses, jasmin, and heliotrope are reproduced by coal-tar products. We develop our photographic pictures with them, and use them for photography in the colors of nature. We employ them as safety explosives in mines and building operations; and the armies and navies of the world use them as smokeless powder. With coal-tar products we protect our forests against destruction by caterpillars and other insects, and preserve with them the canned goods so indispensable for the soldier, sailor, and explorer.

England Owns the Cables.
England owns sixty per cent. of the mileage of submarine cables, the United States coming next with eighteen per cent., and France next with nine per cent.

Successful experiments have been made at Potliffers, France, with a wheeled stretcher, drawn by a dog, for ambulance work.



New York City.—The blouse that is simply tucked is one of the prettiest that young girls can wear and this season it is greatly in vogue made with collar and cuffs of lace as illustrated. In this case it matches the skirt and the material is dotted Swiss muslin, but the model suits the



odd waist quite as well as it does the entire frock and is adapted to every reasonable waistline.
The blouse is made with front and backs and with moderately full sleeves. The lower edges of these last are gathered into narrow cuffs for elbow length, into deep cuffs, that fit the forearms snugly after the latest fashion, for long sleeves.
The quantity of material required

Cotton Voiles.
The figured cotton voiles make ideal negligees.

Sashes in Style.
Wide sashes of black satin, with long, fringed ends, are seen on exclusive models in cashmere visiting gowns. These are draped in high corset fashion and fit snugly to the figure.

Directoire Coats.
Embroidered velvet and rich brocade silks are equally stylish for the vests of the Directoire coats, and the single costly jeweled button that often fastens them gives the final perfect touch.

Millinery of Different Types.
It is from the French Revolution that designs for so many picturesque caps have been culled, made of crepe de chine, a fabric that is going to be very modish during the coming season, plumed with big feathers and otherwise decorated.

Contrasts.
Bright flower-trimmed hats are worn with dark gowns and black hats with bright or light-toned gowns. And with such toilets a great many separate coats are seen, linen, cotton or fine wool ones with silk gowns and silk or satin coats with lingerie or fine wool costumes.

Four Gored Skirt.
The skirt that is perfectly smooth over the hips while it is gracefully full at the lower portion is the one that is most in demand for walking and general wear. This one includes



for the sixteen year size is three and one-eighth yards twenty-four, two and three-eighths yards thirty-two or one and three-quarter yards forty-two inches wide with three and seven-eighths yards of insertion, one yard of ruffling to trim as illustrated, seven and one-eighth yards of insertion for the deep cuffs if these are used.

Facing Often Matches Feathers.
Black pointed hats, trimmed with long ostrich feathers chosen in pale pastel shades of blue and pink, leaf-green and lilac, are enjoying a great vogue at the moment. Sometimes feathers in two or three of these pastel colors are seen grouped together on one and the same hat, but a more surely successful result is obtained when the feathers are selected in one shade, or in several tones of the same shade.

For Stormy Days.
It is a great relief to know that when 'hot weather comes, and it is necessary to wear a raincoat, we will not have to wear those heavy silk affairs, either in white or any other color that have been worn for so long. The new raincoats are of rubberized pongee, just as waterproof as the strongest rubber, but light and cool, and fairly becoming in their soft lines.

Fichu Without Frills.
A fichu of satin, without frills, worn over a diaphanous frock, is a change from the usual order of things, and should be accompanied by a transparent hat trimmed with big bows or choux of the same satin, and a transparent parasol treated likewise.

The Reign of the Tassel.
Tassels, tassels everywhere, be it dangling from the latest neckwear or hanging from the big drapery seen on so many of the new costumes.

that essential feature and is novel as the same time, being made with wedge shaped panels that are laid under the gores and which allow of treatment of various sorts. In this case the skirt is made of mohair and is trimmed with silk braid and little buttons, but if a combination of materials was wanted the panels could be of striped, plaid or checked material, while the gores were of plain, or vice versa; or one material can be used for the skirt with another for the panels. Again, the trimming can be banding of any sort, either braid or the same in contrasting material cut into bands, or anything of a similar sort.

The skirt is made in four gores, these gores being made with extensions to the depth of the panels. The extensions are turned under to form pleats and the latter are arranged over the panels, the edges being joined beneath the pleats.

For Okra soup such as one finds in the South, boil slowly a shlb of beef in five quarts of water with about fifty okras and a few tomatoes for seven hours. Then season with salt and red pepper.

Ivory keys may be cleaned and whitened by mixing prepared white chalk with a tinge of sweet oil and sal-volatile into a paste and rub it on with chamois skin and allow it to remain until dry.

A Wilton or Axminster carpet should never be swept with a straw or split broom. The corners and edges should be carefully brushed with a stiff hair brush, and the rest gone over with a good carpet sweeper. Velvet and Oriental rugs should not be shaken by hand or beaten on the line. Sweep in the direction of the nap, lay face downward on the grass, beat with rattan beaters, then turn and sweep on the right side.

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



Hickory Nut Macaroons.
Beat one egg until light, add one cupful of sugar, beat well together, then add two tablespoonfuls of flour and one cup nut meats, chopped fine, grease tins, dust with flour; drop the macaroons by teaspoonfuls on them and bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.—New York Telegram.

New Peach Pudding.
A peach and chocolate pudding is an English novelty that will appeal to those fond of the latter, and which is inexpensive, as canned or tinned peaches are used.
Take one pint tin of peaches, add one ounce of butter and stew until soft; sweeten if liked and then beat them to a pulp. Boil four ounces of chocolate in a pint of milk until it is smooth. Beat four eggs and add to the chocolate, and after well mixing place the peaches in a deep pie dish, pour the chocolate over them, and bake from ten to twenty minutes in a moderate oven.—New York Times.

Stuffed Tomatoes.
Wipe and remove slices from stem end of six medium-sized tomatoes, take out seeds and pulp, sprinkle inside of tomatoes with salt, invert and let stand. Cook one-half tablespoonful of minced onion with two tablespoonfuls of butter five minutes; add one-half cupful of finely chopped cooked chicken or veal; one-half cupful of stale, soft bread crumbs, tomato pulp, salt and pepper to taste; cook five minutes, then add one egg slightly beaten. Cook one minute and refill tomatoes with mixture. Place in buttered pan, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake twenty minutes in hot oven.—Epitome.

Broiled Bananas.
Another hostess has a way of broiling bananas. The bananas are slit lengthwise twice and a half inch of peel is stripped off, leaving the fruit in the large part; the body of the fruit should then be opened a bit and a pinch of salt, another of pepper, and a bit of lemon juice can be put on the exposed fruit, and the whole left for half an hour, so that the seasoning may soak in. The butter should be spread over the opened part. The bananas should then be laid in a not too hot broiler, with skins down, and broiled very gently until lightly browned. They should be served in the skins, which if properly handled will retain the juices formed while cooking, and a truly delicious morsel will be the result.

Stuffed Onions Are Delicious.
Onions are chiefly employed as flavoring. Take two large onions and remove the outside skin carefully and neatly; cut the root and the stalk end even. Take all the centre out of the onions except three or four of the outer coats, taking care not to make a hole at the bottom; if a hole is accidentally made, it must be filled up with the bit that came out. Put four tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked meat into a bowl, and half a cupful of grated bread, one teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Fill the onions with this stuffing and put on the lids. Place them in a small saucapan, pour in a cupful of stock or water, and stew the onions gently for one hour. Serve on a hot dish, with the gravy poured round them.—The Delicatour.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

A spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meats or fowl are boiled makes them tender.
It is said that to butter a cracker and sprinkle it with cayenne pepper will induce sleep after eating.
A hole in the spot of an agate teacup can be mended by cutting a small piece of cork and forcing it into the opening.
Cucumber and radishes served on lettuce hearts and covered with French dressing makes an appetizing and seasonable salad.

Do not neglect to frequently pour household ammonia, or some other disinfectant, down all waste pipes, especially in summer time.
To make a rubber plant throw out branches tie a small sponge around the main stem where a leaf joins and keep it moist all the time.
When cutting a tomato pass the knife frequently over the freshly cut surface of a large onion. The resulting flavor is indescribably delicate.
To prevent cheese from getting mouldy, wrap it in a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung as dry as possible. Keep in a cool place.
A small glass of jelly beaten, a little at a time, into the cake or pudding frosting, will add greatly to its appearance and taste. A little coloring adds to its attractiveness.
Persons whose hands easily become chapped should thoroughly rub the hands with fresh water after they have been washed with soap, being careful to wipe them perfectly dry.
For okra soup such as one finds in the South, boil slowly a shlb of beef in five quarts of water with about fifty okras and a few tomatoes for seven hours. Then season with salt and red pepper.
Ivory keys may be cleaned and whitened by mixing prepared white chalk with a tinge of sweet oil and sal-volatile into a paste and rub it on with chamois skin and allow it to remain until dry.
A Wilton or Axminster carpet should never be swept with a straw or split broom. The corners and edges should be carefully brushed with a stiff hair brush, and the rest gone over with a good carpet sweeper. Velvet and Oriental rugs should not be shaken by hand or beaten on the line. Sweep in the direction of the nap, lay face downward on the grass, beat with rattan beaters, then turn and sweep on the right side.