

TWO DAYS.

BY WM. D. O'NEIL.

Short was the road and bright, though no least ray
Found the wood path that wound among the trees;
For one dear presence made as light as day
That darkening trail the sunlight never sees.

O dear and never-ending is the way
Across the mountain meadow's sun-kissed height,
Untrodden by the feet which, yesterday,
Led through the gloom and made the darkness light.
—The Burr McIntosh Monthly.

BANNARD'S - OLD - SOLDIER

By HENRY GARDNER HUNTING

The handrail at the side of the steps leading down from the employment office was much worn. Hugh Bannard's eyes had dropped thoughtfully upon it as he came out of the door at the top of the street steps and paused to decide what to try next. Hundreds of hands, thousands, yes, tens of thousands of hands, must have touched that iron rail, going up or down.

Thousands of other job hunters, just like himself, the young fellow thought, with that heavy feeling under his ribs which people call sinking of the heart—thousands of others had come here and gone away again, all looking for the chance of earning a living, most of them departing disappointed, as he was departing. The clerk inside had told him coldly that they could not place a quarter part of their applicants, an unusually frank statement. So it was a sort of Bridge of Sighs, this little stairway with the iron handrail, with the last depository for a fellow's vain hopes at the top end of it.

He looked out at the passing crowd. It was made up of men mostly, young and old men, passing, passing, passing below him. They were all business and professional men. They had work, every one of them, from that big, fine-looking fellow with the silk hat just alighting from the motor by the curb, who evidently was a person of consequence in the bank across the way, to the little chap with the flashy tie and the green fedora who was just coming out of the haberdasher's next door, on his gleeful way to the lunch counter.

It was the twelfth day since he had first stepped into the Chicago streets, and they had been the most miserable twelve days of his life. It would have been bad enough to be homesick for the quiet Michigan home if he had been behind somebody's counter or at somebody's office desk, where he could earn his way. It was "tough," as he whispered under his breath, to be homesick "on nothing a week."

It was the luncheon hour—at least, it seemed to be for most of these men. He had been trying not to think about food for himself. Indeed, it had become a serious question with him whether he could afford such a luxury at all to-day. He fingered one last small bill in his pocket, and remembered that his room rent would be due again on Monday—room rent for another week, in advance. This was Friday. "If the folks at home knew," he thought, "wouldn't I be fed up this noon!"

Somebody had come out of the door behind him and was standing at his side. Something in the quiet pause of the other made Hugh look up quickly. He looked into a pair of pleasant, friendly gray eyes that were regarding him with interest through the glasses that covered them.

"Well, did you get a job?"
The man was not young, erect, but with the look of years upon him. His hair was white. He was smooth-shaven except for a gray mustache and a small goatee, which somehow at once suggested the old soldier to the boy.
"Oh, no, I didn't," said Hugh, lightly.
"Neither did I," said the man.
"Are you looking, too?" Hugh asked.

His eyes went over the other again involuntarily. There was something fine about the man. His face and his hands, as Hugh saw them now, had the peculiar silvery look that old people's faces and hands show sometimes, as if the skin were turning a satin-gray, too, like the hair. He was so straight, so quiet, so self-contained, and yet the corners of his eyes were twinkling with a smile that opened his lips also in a frank sort of comradeship.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I've been looking quite a while. Nobody seems to want an old man."
He laughed a little, and Hugh was grateful for an instant of his own troubles.
"They don't seem to want boys, either," he said, slowly. "I've been standing here watching all these men go by, and wondering why they all have jobs. They're like you and me, aren't they?"
"Many of them are like you," said the old man. "Not many like me."
Hugh felt a little choke coming into his throat. "A good many of them must know of other jobs that would do for both of us," he went on, hastily. "If we could only let them know that we need jobs—let 'em all know. I feel like shouting it out at them now, from the steps here, and waving my arms and telling them that I can work, too—that we can work."
The old man was first to move.
"Well," he said, "I must be going on. We'll find a job all right. Keep a stiff upper lip." Suddenly he held out his hand. "Here's luck," he said, the genial smile coming up again clear.

"Here's luck to you," said Hugh, seizing the extended hand with boyish heartiness.
A moment later they had separated in the crowd, Hugh walking slowly toward the corner of the street, the other taking the opposite direction. The boy could still feel the touch of the man's hand on his. Such courage! If he had only been in a position to help! But the old man's brave words and the grasp of his hand had helped the boy.
"Well, things were serious with him

He had exhausted all of the ways he knew to get work. And nobody wanted him. Why was it? He was not wholly without business experience. He had worked in stores, had reported for the newspaper, had handled a magazine agency at home. He had been considered an enterprising, capable young fellow in the village where his people lived.

When he had started off to look for work in Chicago, his friends had been ready to prophesy success for him. And he was falling—yes, that was the only word for it—falling as he had not believed anybody could fall who was in earnest.

"It's here!" he whispered to himself, as he plodded along with the crowd. "It's here—work—on all sides. I know there are jobs waiting for me. There's always a chance for a fellow who can do good work. I know, and I ought to have courage if that old boy can keep it."

He looked about him with troubled eyes. If these men only knew! The wish that he could tell them all knew, every one, came back suddenly as he recalled his half-jesting words of a few moments before.

A stalwart figure in curiously colored garb passed him—a man in a purple coat. On the back of it, across the shoulders, were yellow letters: Go to Boyne's Dental Parlors. Teeth Filled Without Pain.

Hugh stared after the fellow. To his unaccustomed eyes the grotesque thing stood out from all its surroundings. And so strikingly did it fit into his thoughts that an idea leaped into his mind on the instant.
"I could do that!" he said, aloud.
A man who had heard him turned to look curiously at him, but Hugh did not heed him. All the work and disappointment of the two weeks past, with the desperation that had risen at last from dreaded failure, served to make his resolution swift.

"I can do it, and I will!" he muttered. "I'll let 'em know about me."
He looked quickly about. A stationer's store was across the street. He crossed to it quickly. Inside, he bought a sheet of Bristol-board two feet square and borrowed a marbling brush.

In five minutes, working feverishly, he had made a sign of his own, and its announcement was clear:
I Want a Job.
The clerk who had lent him the brush watched him with amusement. But Hugh, although conscious now that his face had reddened under observation, was of the mettle to put his idea through. He pinned his sign-board upon his breast and walked out into the sunlight, feeling that he was striking a last, forlorn blow.

It was not easy to face that street full of curious eyes, he found quickly; but he took his stand and turned into the faces of the men who looked to stare at him. Almost at once there was a laugh, then another.
Then the young fellow who had laughed first looked at Hugh's serious, flushed face, and grew sober. And that single recognition of his earnestness gave the boy courage again. He stood his ground and waited.

More and more the passing people looked at him. The big motor car which he had noticed before was still at the curb, and he of the silk hat had come out to re-enter it and had spied the cardboard sign. He was looking.
A woman passed and gazed wonderingly at the young fellow. She smiled as she went on. Two boys jeered and stopped to watch.

Then suddenly Hugh found himself looking up at the big motor car again and realizing that the man in it was beckoning to him. The other's face was serious, too, and the boy obeyed the gesture.

The man's eyes were dark and keen. They looked straight into Hugh's as the boy stood beside the car, and he seemed to forget that the cardboard sign was ludicrous. Hugh's heart beat hard. It could hardly be that success had come so quickly. But the big man was not slow to speak.

"If you want a job as bad as that," he said, earnestly but kindly, "come to my office in the bank to-morrow morning at nine." He paused, and then smiled. "Ask for Mr. Freyne," he added, "and send in that sign as your card."

Hugh tried to thank him, but a chauffeur had cranked the engine and was climbing into the car as the other finished, and the banker turned to him with a direction.

A moment later the car had disappeared and the boy stood alone on the curb, taking the card from his breast and whispering excitedly over to himself the name of his new acquaintance while he folded the Bristol-board carefully.

"I wish I knew where my old soldier is now," he thought, as he walked home to the hired room. "Perhaps he'd try my scheme, too."

But a surprise awaited Hugh the next morning, when he arrived at the bank. He was ushered into a dimly lighted waiting room, where a score of men and boys were waiting; and that their errand was similar to his was quickly evident from conversation overheard. Somewhat taken aback, he still told the story of his appointment with Mr. Freyne to the young man who had shown him in, and offered the folded cardboard as his credentials. He was reassured when the other seemed promptly to understand.

"Oh, you're the one, are you?" he asked. "Just wait a minute."
The young man disappeared through a glass door, and Hugh's spirits rose joyously. He looked round at the others with a natural sense of advantage fairly won over them by his little scheme of the day before. He did not know certainly that they were after the place that would be offered to him, but it seemed probable. They were seeking work. He felt a little twinge of regret at the thought that what was his good fortune might be their loss. And then all at once he found himself looking at a tall figure near the door, a figure of an old man with white hair and

stupidity, he burst out abruptly with the uncolored truth.
"I don't know his name," he said. "I never saw him till yesterday. But he needs this job." And then, his brain firing with his feeling, he told the story in swift words that his genuine emotion made vivid, even to the description of the old man's appearance and bearing.

"The banker heard him through in silent attention.
"And you want to give up your job to a stranger, do you?" he asked. "You admit you know nothing of the man, and yet you want me to hire him. Who vouched for him to you?"
"If you will see him, you'll know he doesn't need anybody to vouch for him!" exclaimed Hugh. "I know he's honest. I know—"
But Mr. Freyne touched a button on his desk. To the clerk who responded, he said, "Ask the old gentleman with the goatee, in the waiting-room, to come in here." Then he turned again to Hugh. "I'll take him on your recommendation, Mr. Bannard," he said, using Hugh's name for the first time. But Hugh was embarrassed now. "Please don't let him see me," he said, hastily. "He might understand. I'll go."

He turned toward the door. But the banker spoke promptly and decidedly. "No," he said, "you stay here. Wait in Mr. Chase's room, if you like, but I've hired you, if you remember. And I'm not inclined to think your ways merit discharge—yet. There's room for more of your kind in this bank."

Hugh turned to look at him, and saw that the other was on his feet and that his eyes were alight. But just then the waiting-room door opened again, and the boy was forced to make his exit quickly. In the backward glance, however, as he stepped into the cashier's private room, he caught a glimpse of the gray old face of his friend, and saw that the smile was now a cheerful one.—Youth's Companion.

WOMAN GETS NEW OFFICE.
Miss Sharlot Hall Appointed Historian of Arizona.
Governor Sloan, of Arizona, made himself most popular with certain people of his Territory and incidentally exalted the cause of woman when after an exciting contest he appointed Miss Sharlot M. Hall Territorial Historian.

The office is of great importance to the future, says Van Norden's Magazine, because now the records of a State in making as well as the data of a passing race—the Indian—will be kept by her.
Miss Hall should know of the Indian and of the pioneer. She was born in Lincoln County, Kansas, in 1870, when the old Santa Fe trail was a reality and the aborigines still ranged the prairies of her own State. She moved with her family to Arizona when very young and the method of travel was a prairie schooner.

From early youth she has taken a great interest in the history of the frontier, and most of this she received at first hand from the participants in the great events. She made a close study of the Indian and has written many papers on the subject.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
Borrowed garments never fit well.—French.
The best spices are in small bags.—Italian.
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise.—Congreve.
Light minds are pleased with trifles.—Ovid.
Our care should be to live to some purpose.—Seneca.
Nothing can be produced out of nothing.—Diogenes.
Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.—German.
From swearing men easily slide into perjury.—Hierocles.
Time ripens all things. No man is born wise.—Cervantes.
Associate with the lame and you will learn to limp.—Latin.
The pure in heart are slow to create calumnies.—Jane Porter.
Do not grudge to pick out treasures from an earthen pot.—Herbert.
Our virtues are most frequently but vices disguised.—La Rochefoucauld.
Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.—Pope.
Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.
Society is divided into two classes—the flectors and the fleeced.—Talleyrand.
Money could do a lot more for a man if he wanted it to do less.—New York Press.
One trouble with some people is that a very small effort enables them to keep their self-respect.—Chicago Record-Herald.
Perhaps Cupid doesn't wear any clothes because he couldn't flap his wings without bursting the buttons off.—Dallas News.
Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage.—Emerson.

Clubless Police.
Is human nature so different in Toledo and in Detroit from what it is elsewhere that policemen's clubs are superfluous in those cities? Or are they superfluous everywhere, and is the English custom of controlling crowds or prisoners with the hands alone the right one? As a matter of fact, the emergencies in which a policeman really needs a club are comparatively rare, for in the vast majority of cases firmness, decision, strength of character, courage, supplemented by a strong right arm, are sufficient to enable him to overcome even heavy odds when he has the right on his side. And the right is generally on his side. Furthermore, the right sort of policeman will never draw his club except in cases of urgent need. If he can't use it without abusing it, then he's not the right sort of person to be on the force.—Boston Globe.

More Draft Horses Needed.
One of the features of the breeding industry is horses are now commanding good prices and there doesn't seem to be any condition in sight that will make any change in the market values. It means, therefore, a profitable business to those who will breed and raise the kind that meets the demand of the public. There is at present a scarcity of such horses with no immediate prospect of an increase in number. It does seem, therefore, that the breeder has before him the promise of years of success and profit if he will raise the kind of horses needed and for which there is a demand. He only needs to look into the market and ascertain the kind that demands the best prices.—Indiana Farmer.

The Neglected Farm Horse.
Some farmers think it a waste of time to groom working horses in order to make them look sleek and shiny and would rather leave them in their natural state.
It should be remembered that in the domestic horse more is demanded than in the wild animal, and consequently he requires a little more fostering to supply the wear of this extra demand.
And grooming does not mean merely cultivating a "sleazy" appearance, although I do not mean to depreciate the virtue of those who take a pride in keeping their horses in fine coat and condition.
It means a stimulating of the respiratory system and consequently increased vigor to the health of the horse.

Secretions are continually going on in the glands of the skin, which are given over in the form of perspiration, and this secretory action increases more rapidly the animal is fed or the harder he is worked, so that by perspiring freely nature comes to the assistance in preventing the pores of the skin being choked.
But the fatty fluid which comes from the glands in the form of sweat is apt to consolidate again at the roots of the hair and forms a covering of dandruff which clogs the circulating action through the pores of the skin.
When a horse is doing no work and grazing in the open this is of no harm, as it helps to keep out the cold and consequently grooming is not needed; but, on the other hand, the working animal requires to be kept in better vigor, and besides the labor and more nitrogenous food usually given induces more excessive perspiration.
When he comes into the stable either wet or perspiring he should be well rubbed down at once.
After he is dry a thorough grooming will well repay the labor, and in those districts where the care of the horse is a feature of the farm I have often heard it said that a good grooming twice a day was worth a feed of oats.—W. R. Gilbert.

A Word About Dairy Cows.
In the Farmer of February 5, under the heading of "Great Dairy Cows," it was said that one cow in Wisconsin produced in one month 79.29 pounds of butter-fat on 25.2 pounds of feed. Now let Mr. W. of Wisconsin please let us know how to keep a cow one month on 25.2 pounds of feed and get 79.29 pounds of butter-fat. It is a good cow that will make 250 pounds of butter in one year—that at twenty cents a pound would be \$50; skim milk worth about \$12 or a total income of \$62 for one cow for one year. The cost of keeping a cow one year would be: Pasture six months, \$9; winter feed six months, \$18; feed for year, \$27; milking, 305 days at five cents per day, \$15.25; washing milk pails and other utensils and attending milk and cream five cents per day, \$15.25; churning, forty-five times, working butter, washing churn, but-ter bowl, etc., at ten cents each time,

The Farm

Sheep Worms and Tobacco.

We feed tobacco to sheep to keep them clean from worms; tobacco seems to be especially good to keep tape-worms out of sheep. We have tried here several ways of feeding tobacco. One was to mix it with the salt; but we found that the sheep wouldn't eat enough tobacco in this way to affect the worms. Now we put the ground tobacco beside the salt, and when the sheep come up for salt they eat what tobacco they need. We always keep tobacco before the sheep and think it does a good bit of good.—Wallace's Farmer.

Charcoal For Pigs.

A box of charcoal is as valuable an adjunct to the hog yard as it is to the poultry pen. An easy way to secure a quantity of charcoal is to dig a pit in the ground and start a fire in it. As the fire progresses throw in cobs and wood until the pit is full. When the fire is well started, cover the whole with a piece of sheet iron. The mass will be thoroughly charred in a day or two and can be taken out and stored for future use.
It adds to the beneficial effect of the charcoal to sprinkle over it before feeding a solution of twelve pounds of salt and two pounds of copperas dissolved in a pail of water, letting the charcoal become well saturated.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Platforms For Chicken Coops.
Anyone who expects to raise little chickens in the spring must meet the question of how to keep them warm, dry and clean and safe from the rats. It is of no use to try to raise chickens unless you have a suitable place to keep them, and it is better to get this ready before they are hatched than to wait until they are ready to take out of the nest, and then begin to look around for a coop.
The coops should be tight and have good roofs and substantial platforms under them to keep the chickens out of the water. Every spring there are hard rains when the ground is thoroughly soaked with water, and it is impossible to keep the chickens dry if the coops are on the wet ground. It is no pleasure to go out during or after a hard rain and gather up half drowned chickens, and take them into the house to dry; but this is what one will be compelled to do if he does not want the chickens to drown.
If rats are bad it is almost impossible to raise little chickens with the coops on the ground for they will dig under them and kill all that happen to be in the coop. Another advantage about having the coops on platforms is that they can easily be kept clean. The coop can be lifted off the platform scrubbed and left until afternoon to dry and air, and the coop replaced before time for the chickens to go into it for the night.
These are all little things, but they have much to do with the success of the person who expects to go into the chicken business.—Margaret Whitney, in the Indiana Farmer.

Mutton, Wool, or Both
Is it advisable for the average sheep raiser, in the management of his flock, to give attention chiefly to the production of mutton or wool, or to endeavor by selection to blend both and breed to improve the two desirable qualities? It has become a believed fact that in the breeding of live stock it is practically impossible to reach the highest attainment by attempting to carry along too many improvements, as frequently it becomes necessary to eliminate one to obtain the benefit of another, writes L. C. Reynolds in an exchange. It is seldom, indeed, that the average flockmaster is able to secure new blood each season to effect improvement, possessing strong characteristics in all desirable qualities. Something has generally got to be sacrificed in order to gain the benefit of the strengthening quality possessed in the new blood.

The true object to be attained in the management of a flock of sheep should, however, be kept vitally in mind. The sheep raiser who is keeping sheep for the financial returns, and who is desirous of making his flock produce as large revenue as possible each season, can hardly afford to breed exclusively for wool or mutton. In years past, wool has been a primary factor in sheep raising, and at that time when prices were unusually high this product a profitable resource, but to-day conditions have decidedly changed. The American people are not only wearing woollen garments, but are greedily relishing the flesh products of the stock as well. The average flockmaster cannot afford under present conditions to maintain a flock exclusively for the production of one product, but must combine all of them and breed for their highest development.

The raising of sheep for the production of both wool and mutton opens two sources through which the flock can be made to insure greater profit. While it must be admitted that the highest possible improvement cannot be reached in developing both the wool and mutton qualities, the profit from the average flock will be increased by so doing and also made more constant. The market price of both wool and mutton vary with the supply and demand. Some years the supply of mutton will be sufficient to meet the demand, while the market will experience a shortage in wool. If the flock is so maintained that a maximum of both articles can be put upon the market, no matter if one is excessively low, the revenue from the flock is held up if the other is above average price.—Witnass.

To Make Rubber Cheap.
It is believed that "plantation" rubber will mature sufficiently in the next five years to not only meet the world's demand, but to make rubber disastrously cheap. Rubber is one of those products that promises favorably for synthetic chemical construction. Japan lost millions of income through the invention of making synthetic camphor from oil of turpentine. This artificial camphor is chemically identical to the same as the Jap camphor, made by steaming camphor tree wood or shavings and condensing the steam and camphor in cold water tanks. The same thing happened to indigo. Millions of dollars' worth were imported from India every year. Two years after the invention of synthetic indigo the imports of real indigo fell to \$200,000, and have been steadily falling until natural indigo at its normal high price is a drug on the market, for the new stuff, the "imitation," is the same thing, chemically and practically. European chemists are working to make synthetic rubber, and some are pretty apt to strike it.—New York Press.

It things keep moving in China it may not be long before there won't be a pigtail in New York's Chinatown.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Whisk Broom in Sink.
A small whisk broom kept in the kitchen sink is an invaluable ally in saving the housekeeper's hands. Wash all your pots and pans with it. It removes sticky substances much more easily than a cloth and makes it unnecessary to put your hands in the water during the process. When you have tried one you will wonder how you ever got on without it.—Mrs. R. W. Mack, in Boston Post.

Cement For Leather Patches.
Take real pure unused india rubber as it is sent over from its native place. It is sometimes called bottle india rubber and can generally be bought at high class artists' shops or stationers. None of the manufactured rubbers will answer. Cut the rubber into the finest shavings and cut the shavings into narrow strips and cross again and again so that they may be easily acted upon for solution. Then put it into a clean bottle, filling the bottle no more than one-tenth with the cut-up rubber, and pour upon it till the bottle is about three-quarters full, benzine, which must have no trace of oil in its composition. Then agitate occasionally and keep the bottle closely corked until the rubber is dissolved. It ought, if the materials are good, to be of a thick, sticky consistency. Keep the bottle always closely corked. Should it be seldom used and get too thick, add a little benzine.—Mrs. J. H. Bamford, in the Boston Post.

A Hint About Mops.
Do you know how extremely useful the small five-cent mops are which you get at the five and ten cent store? The old-fashioned idea of using a dishcloth to wash dishes isn't in it with the modern one of using one of these small mops. In the first place you can have your water scalding hot—too hot to put your hands in—and the ease with which the hot, soapy water will wash the dishes you cannot imagine until you try it. Then when they are placed in the dish drainer they almost if not quite dry themselves, and then, too, your hands are kept out of the dish water, which reddens and toughens them.
Then keep one for the bathroom. See how easily you can wash out the bathtub, bowl or seat with one, or for sloop-jars, etc.
Get one of the dry floor mops and put a little kerosene on it from time to time and it will keep your oil-cloths bright and clean and not break your back wiping with a cloth or regular mop.
For the woman who does her housework and does not wish to look as if she were always scrubbing these mops are invaluable.—Mrs. Kate L. Totten, in the Boston Post.

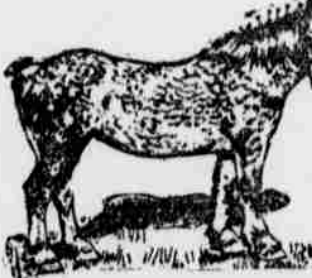
How to Wash Lace.
Except where the lace is made up with colored material and it becomes advisable to try cleaning, washing is more satisfactory, and many kinds of lace will emerge nearly as good as new. To begin with, make necessary repairs, else there is danger of small holes becoming large ones. For the washing make a lather by shredding plain, white soap into boiling water, and when this has somewhat cooled dip the lace in, moving it up and down and pressing and half squeezing it until the dirt is out. Avoid any rubbing, for the delicate threads snap easily. Rinse in several tepid waters. For ironing use a soft blanket folded several times and covered with a soft white material, lay the lace on this right side down, and turn the white covering up over it. Press lightly with a moderately hot iron until fairly dry, then iron the wrong side of the lace itself, keeping the edges in good shape, threads straight, etc., until quite dry. Should the lace be in a length, it may be wound around a bottle or jar, the edges being pulled out during the winding, and the ends secured by small pins, then left to dry. A collar should be spread out on a towel, each point pinned down in its proper place; the towel may be hung up by two corners and the collar left to dry. Irish crochets and similar laces which need no stiffening should always be treated by this method.—Lucy Lee, in the Boston Post.

Butter Scotch—Put into a saucepan one cup of brown sugar, a scant half cup of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil ten minutes and add two ounces of butter and continue boiling until a drop becomes brittle in cold water. Pour in greased tins and break irregular pieces when cold.

Mock Cherry Pie—Cover the bottom of a pie plate with paste; reserve enough for upper crust. For filling use one cup of cranberries, cut in halves, half cup raisins, seeded and cut in pieces, three-quarter cup of sugar, one tablespoonful flour, lump of butter size of walnut; bake thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Kentucky Biscuits—Take one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of lard, a pinch of salt, sufficient water to make a stiff dough. Work and beat (run through a meat grinder six or seven times is better and easier) until it blisters and becomes soft. Roll out half an inch thick, stex with a fork in the centre of each, and bake in a quick oven.

Cold Water Sponge Cake—Beat the yolks of three eggs, and one and a half cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of lemon extract or one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and half cupful of cold water. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupfuls of flour. Add to the mixture and fold in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a long, shallow pan or in a round tubed tin.



Gray Pearl, First Prize-Winning Draught Mare Under 1750 Pounds, at the Iowa Agricultural College.

Recipes