THE THIRD GENERATION

By Leila M. Church.

The mirror over the dressing-table reflected the tired but flushed and eager face of the mother as she stood back, head at one side, to view her last addition to the room—the making of the bed. It stood in the corner by one dormer-window, through which one might see entrancing pictures of swaying elm tops, blue sky, and far away the line of the hills. The bed itself, a resurrection, was the mother's pride. Its four slender posts were draped with a wonderfully clever imitation of that which had dressed it seventy-five years earlier. And the valance, with quaint little knotted fringe that the mother had searched the city over to find, and the sheet and pillow cases beautifully embroidered with the daughter's monogram—all standing waiting and ready.

"Isn't it all just too lovely?" said the mother, delightedly. And then, with a little anxious note in her voice, "Do you think she will like it?"

The father stood in the doorway, looking on.

"Why, yes; how can she help it?" he answered, hopefully. Being a man, he was optimistic.

The next day the daughter would return from her long absence from home, a visit of a few weeks with cousins in a distant town. Together now the mother and father stood, to examine and to appreciate all the details of the great surprise.

The room had always been the daughter's, since she had been old enough to discover how fascinating a third-floor room is, with four dormer-windows, but the mother had found the possibilities. With all the ardor of a girl planning her long-dreamed ideal of a room, she had bought, selected, sorted and banished, till now it was perfected, the last thing was done.

It was father who had the fireplace fitted in, with its high, colonial mantel, and he also contributed the andirons.

The mother selected the paper, with its riot of roses and buds over walls and sloping ceiling alike, and she had covered the high-backed rockers and low chair herself with the flowered cretonne exactly like the paper. The mirror was Great-Grandmother Drake's, and the candlesticks at each end of the mantel; but the dressing-table—not even father knew how much she had paid for that from her own allowance. The old dresser had been in the room before, but it looked quite different in its new cover, and little new bedroom slippers peeped from beneath the valance of the bed.

With appreciative eyes they both studied the room. Over the mantel was a dark old portrait of Grandfather Drake as a young man, in high collar and satin stock, with sloping shoulders and fancy waistcoat. The oval frame was dull gilt and effective.

The mother was doubtful about it—she feared it was hung too high—then she wondered if the daughter would care for it, although she had always been such a great admirer of Grandfather Drake.

Once the daughter had said she wished she might have certain old photographs of her father and mother. On each side of the mirror, and directly over the candlesticks on the dressing-table, was a small, oval frame like that of Grandfather Drake's picture, only in one of these was a demure little maid, with parted hair, and low-necked, short-sleeved gown showing dimpled arms and shoulders, and in the other the dearest, pudgiest, round-faced and wondrously kilted little father.

"Weren't you the dearest thing?" cried the mother, giving him a sudden little hug.

"I don't know," he answered, smiling, "but I am quite sure you were."

"Do you think she will like it?" she repeated again, after a pause in which she took in every detail, the result of weeks of planning and hard work and anxious effort to please. "It is just the sort of room I should have liked."

The next day was cold, with alternating downpours of rain and fog. The father left late in the afternoon for the depot, arriving a full half-hour early, that he might be there in time for the train.

At home everything was aglow with light and warmth. The dining-room table was laid with the best silver and china and the new table-cloth, and was lighted softly from the candelabra, which were heirlooms of great value. The library fire snapped and crackled cheerily, and on the piano and on the table in the hall were bowls of carnations. A new picture hung at the stair landing. Everything was ready. Katie at that moment, in the kitchen, was whipping the cream for the delectable dessert.

The mother stood by the window, watching and listening eagerly for the first sounds of arrival. She had arrayed herself in her best white wool gown, with pipings of pink velvet, worn over her very best pink slip. Her cheeks were pink with excitement, and in the coils of her soft brown hair was tucked a pink geranium. She ran from the window to rearrange a flower that dropped too far, and missed the sight of their approach up the street; but at the sound of feet on the porch, she was at the door, the light streaming out over her lovely flushed face and eager, outstretched arms.

For a few moments little was said, and the father made a great pretense of kicking off his rubbers. Then the daughter extricated herself and looked around.

She was a perfectly healthy, fresh, nice-looking girl of about nineteen, with clear, gray eyes, a rather round face and a pretty color. People said that, with a few changes in her hair and a slight tightening of the lips, she might resemble strongly her mother's mother, Grandmother Bell.

"My, but aren't you all shined up?" she said, cheerily. "And flowers—why Mother Drake, how extravagant!"

The mother's face grew sober a trifle.

"Shall I go right up, mother? I want to get into something comfortable."

"Yes, dear. Father will carry your bag."

The father and mother exchanged a very knowing glance. The daughter started for the stairs, and they eagerly, trying to appear unobtrusive and above suspicion, followed. At the first flight he put down the bag, and they finished the last flight at a gallop, close at the heels of the daughter.

Hand in hand, with pleased, expectant smiles, they stood in the doorway, peering in as the daughter entered. The fireplace, where a small log was cheerily burning, sent out a soft glow, aided by the candles on the dressing-table. The dull frames of the pictures sparkled bravely in places. One chair was drawn comfortably to the fireplace, while another stood invitingly near. Flowers were on the table, and the bed showed snowy and tempting, with its fittings beautifully embroidered with the monogram of the daughter.

They watched her stand, amazed, and look slowly around the room. Turning suddenly, she saw them there in the doorway.

"How awfully nice!" she said, after a silence that was breathless on the part of those without. "Why, what made you do it? I am afraid you'll get all tired out, mother. Seems to me you don't look quite as well as usual to-night," scanning reprovingly the face of the one standing in the doorway, whose pretty color had almost entirely disappeared.

"It is very nice, I am sure," she continued, going up to the fire to investigate that. "You're a great person for surprises, mother. New paper, although I really think I like the old paper better, I had it so long, dad, and new curtains, and I see you have the same old bureau. But where on earth did you get the bed?"

There was a pause, when the mother tried bravely several times to say something. At last, murmuring an incoherent remark about dinner, she turned and fled.

The father found her at one corner of the library sofa, staring straight ahead and with one hand tightly clenched over a ball of a handkerchief. He smiled whimsically.

"How about it?" he asked. "Do you think you are going to cry?"

She shook her head mutely. Then each, seeing the anxious face of the other, suddenly began to laugh, to laugh long and heartily at the whole situation.

"Anyway, you are better off than I am," he said, finally. "She spoke of the bed, but she didn't say anything about the fireplace." And he put his hands reflectively deep into his pockets.

The mother only laughed, but it ended with a little sob that caught at her throat.

One evening a few days later the mother was called away to a sick friend. The daughter brought her books to the library, where the father stood, rather aimlessly moving about the table. Ever since the night of her arrival home, the father had acted queerly, it seemed to the daughter. Often, after a long sober pause, she would find him studying her intently, as if there were something he could not understand.

Of course the mother was always mother, one expected her to be what she was. That day one of her girl friends, whom she had taken upstairs to show her new room, had remarked, "What a perfectly lovely mother you have! If I had a mother, and one like yours, I should be the happiest person on earth! I should love her to pieces!"

The daughter had taken it as a matter of course, and smiled carelessly at her orphan friend's ravings.

The father went to the safe, and after a short search, brought two little leather-covered books, worn and old-looking. He called the daughter to him.

"Here is something I should like you to read to-night—I think you will find these interesting. I have always meant to have you read them some time, and to-night is a good time—you'll be alone. I am going down to the shop. You will find me there if you want me."

She took the books and glanced at them curiously. At the door he paused. "Don't fall asleep before you read them, and drop them into the fire," he added, humorously. "They are precious."

"No, indeed, I won't, father! What are they?" But he had gone.

She opened one of the books. The name on the fly-leaf caught her attention—"Cornelia Bell. Diary for 188—." How odd, how interesting! she thought. Mother's diary! She drew her chair to the open grate, then she undressed and stretched on the hearth-rug, where she began to read.

It was the later diary that she read first, the happy chronicle of the mother's growing friendship, her girlish delight in the secret of her love for the father, and in the after, exultant and awed joy over the precious thought of his love. Tender, shy and quaint expressions, of a story so old, and yet ever new, the story of a maid and a man in their beautiful youth, one's father and mother.

The daughter was conscious of queer little thrills of interest as she read of those intimate little manners and tender caresses, when they were new and strange and wonderful. It was like the most entrancing love story.

And to think it was father and mother! It made one's heart grow big and soft and eager to love.

"Dear old dad!" she murmured with a smile, as she read an eloquent account of a charming necktie he wore in his youth. She understood now why mother and father each must ever be young to the other.

She finished the book and gazed dreamily into the fire. New thoughts, new ideas came into her mind. "What a very fascinating girl mother must have been!" she said, aloud. For a long time she thought deeply over what she had read. Precious indeed they must seem to father, these books.

After a while she opened the other diary, written before father had appeared in her life. Grandmother Bell, whom the daughter had stood in awe of most of her life, figured strongly in the pages.

She felt that she never understood before how lonely her mother had been as a girl, although she had always known that her childhood had not been particularly happy. She could see why she had been so loved in spirit, the mother as a girl was so entirely different from her brother, who was a good deal of a prig, and from her Puritan mother.

The daughter smiled as she read in one place, "To-day mother received a letter from her friend, Sarah Smith, who is a terribly good woman. She wrote she had been to visit a poor, sick woman, bedridden over twenty years, who believed in the Life Everlasting, but liked to have some one come in now and then. I laughed. Mother said I laughed just like all the Bells, the worst think she thought she could say to me."

In another place she read, "What I like about Thanksgiving and Christmast and New-year's and Fourth of July is that it is a holiday, and you dress up, but you can sew and do things. Sundays there are so few things you can do. I know some girls who always make candy. I shall let my girls make candy, week in, week out, night and day, if they like."

And again:

"I said to mother, 'I always make believe I am a butcher slicing off cold boiled ham when I cut bread, don't you?' Mother was disgusted. 'No,' she said, coldly, 'I have no desire to be a butcher.'"

Sometimes sentences or paragraphs caught the daughter's eye. The tears sprang quick to her eye as she saw her successful, rather pompous Uncle John in the lines, "When we were ready to go, John kissed his wife, nodded awkwardly to me, and said, coldly, 'Well, good-by.' I get so hungry for someone to love and hug and squeeze, and never let go. I wonder if I had a husband if he would kiss me good-by."

The daughter remembered that the mother's husband was equal to the most affectionate, and was glad.

The pages that interested the daughter most contained an account of a home-coming of her mother from a short visit. Never before had she realized how much it might mean to one who loved all the little beauties and graces of life to live surrounded by those who never dreamed, never idealized, and lived in a small world of plain outlines.

She was with her mother, in the pages of the diary, on the car of her return home. She saw the eager girl, in imagination, with a love for home, in spite of all, a desire to see her mother and tell her of her visit, of the things that had happened, and to show the little gift she had denied herself to bring home with her. She could hardly wait to open the door, all eagerness, all smiles.

When the door opened, she saw the girl mother enter joyously, ready to be welcomed. And she saw vividly her Grandmother Bell, sitting at one corner of the dining-room table, gloomily lighted by a small kitchen lamp, eating bread and butter with a cup of cold tea, her severe face not softened in the least by her dark woolen dress. The daughter could see the look of amazement as the girl mother entered; she could hear her say, "Why, what made you come home to-night? I didn't expect you till to-morrow."

And then, when the wonderful gift was produced, a new table-cloth, that appealed to her as having been wished for and representing a sacrifice of long-saved money, she could see her unfold it slowly, almost severely, rub one corner between her two hands, hold it up to the light, spread it out, and say, "What made you spend your money, Cornelia? I had hoped you wouldn't get a new hat. The tablecloth is very nice, though I never cared much for the snowdrop pattern. How large is it?"

The daughter laughed. It sounded exactly like Grandmother Bell.

The mother had written out her heart's burden in her little diary. At the end of this episode she wrote, "When I have girls I shall just lie awake nights planning how I can make them happy, and everything as bright and pleasant for them as I can. I shall let them do as they please with things. But perhaps, after all, they won't care, like mother."

The other affair—when the girl in the diary had made a dressing-sack for a surprise for her mother, and spread it out invitingly in the best front room, and written a series of notes containing directions as to how to find it. The daughter laughed to think of the grandmother running from pincushion to parlor vase, from teapot to chair-cushion, each time finding a note telling where to go next.

"I should think Grandmother Bell would have been dizzy," she thought.

At last, when she found the dressing-sack in the front bedroom, she said to the girl mother, "The shades are up and the sun is fading the carpet. How long has that been like that? The dressing-sack is all well enough, but don't ever leave the shades up again like that."

After finishing the diary, the daughter sat still on the hearth-rug for a long time. She thought of all she had read and learned of the cheerless life that must have been her mother's, of her sensitive temperament, her love of the beautiful, and the austere Grandmother Bell. The words kept repeating themselves in her mind, "Perhaps they won't care!"—the girls whom she had planned to be so happy.

The daughter suddenly realized how much the mother had done for her one girl, what a dear, lovely, charming mother she was, taken always as a matter of course. She felt now that she never had appreciated her, she had been like Grandmother Bell. Tears came to her eyes and rolled unheeded down her cheeks, staining their pink roundness. She looked at the picture of the mother on father's desk, mother in her wedding-gown, as she was at the beginning of a new career and a happier life.

She clasped the little books against her wet cheek. "Dear girl mother," she said, softly. "I do love you."

Suddenly she rose and went in search of father. Along the halls she crept softly, quickly, as if she feared some one would steal away the beautiful thoughts that kept crowding into her mind. Father was in his workshop, in the basement, where he liked to think he made things, and where he framed pictures sometimes, and had a good time.

She opened the door, filled with the thoughts of her mother, and went to him.

"Father," she said, softly, her eyes still bright with the tears of her emotion. He did not hear her at first. When she called again, and laid her face against his shoulder, he looked up. He put his arm round her and drew her to him.

"Father," she said, again. This time there was a little break in her voice. "I have read the books, and can't I—can't we—oh, let us do something for mother—quick!"—The Youth's Companion.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

SOMEONE has asked the question, "What is a friend?" It is the fellow who will inconvenience himself for you. It is the man who will sit by your bedside when your frame has been touched by disease. It is the man who will come to you when the clouds are black, when the muttering thunder of misfortune growls along the sky. It is the man who says, "Don't be discouraged; I'll see you out." It is not the man who will do you a kindness only when he feels he will get back full pay for services rendered. Remember that all who write their names in script in your friendship album are not your friend.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love your neighbors. You can always get more out of them that way.

When a woman weeps she wonders why there isn't a second deluge.

The only reason some men are not gluttons is because they are dyspeptics.

The man who thinks seriously of marriage is likely to remain a bachelor.

Dead men tell no tales, but the same can't be said of their biographers.

The tallest shaft in the cemetery isn't going to take a man any nearer heaven.

It is impossible to buy happiness; but that is no reason why we should go by it.

The heiress doesn't have to fish for a husband. She can buy one in the market.

Many a man who builds castles in the air winds up by finding himself in a hole.

"Gent" is short for gentleman, but the average gentleman prefers not to be short.

Every young girl thinks she is competent to write a book called "Advice to Parents."

What has been done once can be done again, and with the bill collector it usually is.

Many a man whose aim in life is to acquire riches proves to be a mighty poor shot.

It is necessary to strike the average man below the belt if you want to reach his pocketbook.

It is probably the uncertainty of the future that prompts women to cry at weddings and funerals.—From "Musings of a Gentle Cynic,' in the New York Times.

Ruby Glass.

All along our beaches one finds bits of plain glass that have taken on a delicate ruby color from exposure to the sun's rays; some pieces very faintly ruby; others, usually small glass bottles, almost turned the color of the most delicate amethyst jewel. The new artificial pure rubies and sapphires may be similarly colored by radium, or by electrical decomposition of dichromate of potash. It is possible that Philadelphia's old window glass, that becomes rubescent from years of sunshine, had traces of dichromate of potash in its composition, and that the desired ruddy radio-active color would be most quickly gotten by the action of the sun and sea water. Ruby-tinted glass is old and manufacturers mold or grind it into lenses by the barrel. No doubt Philadelphia ophthalmologists cannot be taken in, and can tell the genuine Boston and Philadelphia ruby window glass from the red-tinted ones sold in the Bowery, if not by the big opticians in Philadelphia.—New York Press.

Mores Versus Manners.

The late nonagerian Duke of Rutland, whose family name was Manners, met the poet Tom Moore shortly after the publication of the latter's "Lalla Rookh" and his own elevation to the dukedom. Deeming that the poet had been unduly puffed up by the success of his work, the Duke told him that he verified the old proverb:

"Honores mutant mores."

"No, my lord," Moore instantly retorted, "the pun will do much better in English:

"'Honors change manners.'"—New York Times.

The Farm

The Cows and Alfalfa.

It is the experience of dairymen that alfalfa is far superior to timothy hay for cows, and that they may be fed all the alfalfa hay they will consume, and that a mixture consisting of 400 pounds of ground corn; 300 pounds of bran or oats supplements the alfalfa very well. Seven or eight pounds of this combination is sufficient to produce one pound of fat when fed with all the good alfalfa hay an animal will consume. If the droppings of the animal seem somewhat dry do not hesitate to recommend the use of one pound of oilmeal per day.—Indiana Farmer.

Poultry Hints.

As garden ground gets dug or plowed spring eggs will be more and more plentiful, and, further, will hatch better—if you let hens and roosters have a run on newly turned earth. Among fruit trees after forking around roots is good scratching for fowls and also helps trees. Fowl running on any piece of rough ground or poor pasture improves same. A light run makes birds pay well by letting them through a hole in the fence to a run on an adjoining wood pasture—some one else's—where cows are fed daily. Bread pills crammed into the craw fatten fowls quickly. This is a lot of trouble and only good where a man has hundreds fattening for market. Cramming may be done by hand or machine, and the good, well-fatted birds bring big prices and more orders, for their meat is tender and tasty. Young fowls are best. Old birds simply get belly-fat.—New York Press.

A Useful Pen.

Little chicks come as many cockerels as pullets. Few roosters are fit to save, and all the rest are good only to eat, so take them from hens, put them in pens, and turn them into dough by turning dough into them. An old packing box makes a fine pen. Get one without a lid about three or four feet square for six or eight roosters. Knock off one side, and here an inch and a half apart nail laths from one end of the box to the other. This is the floor of the coop. Droppings fall through to the ground after four legs are nailed to the box, one at each corner. Now nail laths three inches apart across the front, only leaving enough space for a small door, so as to reach the hand and arm in and pull them out. A good trough or pan should be fastened outside the coop near enough for the roosters to poke their heads through and eat. If the pan is put inside roosters step on it and turn it over, or get their feet into it and make a mess, and then they don't like to eat the befouled food. Put in a perch.—New York Press.

Needless Harness.

Horses are placing mankind daily under everlasting obligations to them, says Secretary Pershing, of the South Bend (Ind.) Humane Society, but how cruelly and thoughtlessly are they repaid by those who are most indebted to them. A horse is a noble animal; patient, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, willing to work till he dies in his tracks, uncomplaining, a lover of kind treatment, and who is willing to work a whole lifetime with no other compensation than his bed and board.

Of the many things which make the daily life of a horse miserable, two are blinders and the tight check rein, the worst parts of a horse's harness. Very many people believe that they are part and parcel of a horse and that he would not be a horse without them.

The majority of horses could readily dispense with blinders, and all could if they had never been invented. Blinders were first used by a nobleman in England to hide a defect on his horse's head, and later were found excellent locations for the displaying of his coat-of-arms.

A horse's head was never intended for blinders, for his eyes are so set in his head that he can see behind him without turning his head and, of course, the blinders deprive him of seeing the very things he should see for his own safety as well as his driver's. A horse's eye is a beautiful object, and it is a shame to cover it.

Whenever I see a man driving a horse without blinders I always feel like stopping him and shaking hands with him. A horse's head is the best part of him and should have on it as little harness as possible.

Another insturment of torture to a horse is the tight check-rein. It is responsible for poll evil, abscesses, sprung knees, paralysis and disorders of the brain and muscles. It spoils his appearance and detracts from his free and graceful movements.—Horse World.

Hints For Milkers.

Remember that you are dealing with a living machine, and that therefore kind and quiet treatment will produce more milk with less trouble than harsh methods.

The machine can only work at its best when properly handled. Every drop of milk should be drawn, for only by this means will the udder be induced to work at full pressure, and give a supply of the richest milk. It should also be borne in mind that the last milk is the richest.

Observe cleanliness in all things. Make sure that the milking utensils are above reproach. Cleanse the cow's udder and your own hands before commencing to milk.

Draw the milk by pressure, not by the stripping method. Carry out the operation, as quickly as possible, remembering that generally a good milker is a fast one and that the cow is liable to become impatient after a time.

Pay attention to the cow's health. If her teats are sore, if there is any discoloration or unusual feature about the milk, do not mix it with the rest.

Take care that the buildings in which milking is carried on are well aired and free from avoidable dust. Fresh air and sunlight should be constantly admitted, and litter or food should not be handled during the milking hour.

Be punctual. The cow knows as well as you when the hour has arrived for milking, and delay will not only cause a diminution of her yield, but also a decrease of fat percentage.

Milk at as nearly even intervals of time as possible. A good deal of attention has been given to this question, and it has been found that milk poor in fat is very largely the result of allowing too long an interval to elapse between milkings. But whatever hours are chosen see that they are very strictly adhered to.

Observance of these rules should lead to the largest amount of milk, with the greatest proportion of butter fat, at a minimum of trouble to the milker.—W. R. Gilbert, in Farm Journal.

Transplanting the Red Cedar.

The red cedar of our woods and meadows forms a much prettier tree under cultivation than it does in its wild state. Sharing the fate of all trees under like conditions, it is much more esteemed in Europe than it is here, nurserymen there growing it as one of the chief kinds in their grounds. So much attention has been accorded it that numerous varieties of it have been discovered and propagated, some of such upright character as to resemble an Irish juniper, others with steel blue foliage. As many as a half dozen distinct varieties are known, and, funnier than all is the fact that our rich folks are buying these sorts to decorate their grounds. To many persons the attempt to transplant these trees from their wild homes to their gardens meets with ill success. Of course, wild plants have but few roots, because of never having been transplanted, which calls for great care in their removal. No evergreen, transplanted or not, will suffer its roots to become dry without injury. It should be the first consideration when lifting them from the ground to see that the roots are kept damp until they are again in the ground. Trees of about two or three feet are the safest to transplant. Get all the roots possible, keep them damp, and plant again as soon as possible. Le the soil that is thrown in over the roots be as fine and dry as possible, so that it will work its way around the roots nicely, then when the hole is half filled up, pour in water, two or three bucketfuls, filling in the remainder of the soil lightly after the water has all soaked away. It is a help towards success to prune the branches well, but no evergreen should have its branches cut back below its green foliage, for they will not break fresh shoots from bare wood as deciduous trees and shrubs will. In the colder States transplanting of all evergreens is best done in spring, but our Southern friends could do the work at any time when there is no freezing of the soil; and they could not find prettier wild evergreens than the red cedar.—Weekly Witness.

The Farm Milk House.

In a recent article in Hoard's Dairyman Professor Farrington, the well-known writer on dairy topics, gives the following good suggestions on farm milk houses. He says that the laws of the State of Wisconsin at the present time do not permit the keeping of a hand separator in the cow stable. It must be placed in a separate building or in a room partitioned off from the cow stable.

Plans for building small milk houses have been given in dairy papers and the catalogues of dairy supply firms.

At farms where a hand separator is used and the cream sold, a small milk house will answer every purpose. One large enough to give space for the separator and a water tank, through which the water is pumped directly from the well and then to the stock tank, is all that is needed.

The question has arisen as to the advisability of placing a gasolene engine, when this is used as a farm power, in this milk house. There is little danger of contaminating the cream from the odor of the engine, if this is well taken care of and the exhaust from the engine is tightly connected to a pipe which leads outside the building.

The cooling of the cream as it comes from the separator is absolutely necessary. It should be brought to near fifty degrees as soon as possible after separating, then placed in cans and these allowed to stand in a tank of cold water until the cream is collected by cream haulers.

If the milk house contains in addition to these pieces of apparatus, some sort of a boiler, for furnishing hot water and a wash sink, these can be included in the same building, but it is advisable to place the boiler in a separate room.

It is important that the milk house be built with a cement floor and cemented corners from the floor up the walls for at least one foot. This gives a sanitary surface which can be flushed with water and kept clean, provided the floor pitches well to the gutter and a good drain with a trap in carries off all surplus water spilled on the floor.

After the essential points of a good milk house are well understood, each farmer or dairyman can determine for himself how large a building he wants and locate it in a dry, clean place where it will not be contaminated by the drainage or the odors from the cow stable, pig pens or any refuse material.

If She Only Had Time.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane!" said the mistress, admiringly, to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own!"

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."—Central Christian Advocate.

THE EPICURE'S CORNER

Broiled Sweetbreads.

Split into flat slices, dust with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with flour. Broil over a clear fire, basting often with butter. Serve with maitre d'hotel butter, made by melting a quarter pound butter in a saucepan, adding as it heats a tablespoonful each water and chopped parsley, a little paprika or cayenne and the juice of a half lemon.—New York Telegram.

Dandelion Salad.

Gather in the early morning before the sun has touched the fibre. Wash thoroughly leaf by leaf, drain, pat dry on a soft cloth, then lay on the ice until ready to serve. Put into the salad bowl, dress with a good French dressing of olive oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, then add hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, to garnish, and serve. Or sprinkle the salad with powdered sweet basil to flavor and garnish with fillets of anchovy.—New York Telegram.

Cream Pie and Orange Dessert.

Cut the oranges in thin slices and sprinkle sugar over them; let them stand two or three hours; serve on ordinary fruit plates; the pie is made with a bottom crust only, and that not thick, but light and flaky; take one coffee cupful of thick, sweet cream, one-half cup of pulverized sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, one egg; flavor with lemon extract; bake until you are sure the crust is brown and hard, so that it will not absorb the custard.—Ann M. Fuller, in the Boston Post.

Creamed Sweetbreads.

Cook until tender, then flake or cut in dice. Put a little butter in a frying pan and toss the diced sweetbreads in it until slightly fried. Have ready a cream sauce, allowing for a pair of sweetbreads two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls flour and two small cupfuls cream. Add the sweetbreads, season with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful minced parsley, if you like; then pour over slices of hot toast freed from crusts and serve very hot.—New York Telegram.

Ganseklein or Schwarz Sauer.

This is an economical dish beloved of the Germans. It is made with the feet, wings, gizzards, hearts, necks and blood of several geese. Scald the feet in boiling water and remove the skin. It will peel off like a glove finger. Cut wings into two and necks into three pieces. Wash all in cold water, then place over the fire with just enough water to cover. For every quart of water used, allow two onions with three cloves stuck in each, half a tablespoonful of salt, one bay leaf, twelve peppers, and a sprig of thyme, tied with three sprigs parsley. Cook until tender. Now make a white sauce by cooking together in a small stewpan one teaspoonful butter and two of flour, cooking a few moments, then add a quart of water in which the pieces of goose were cooked. Cook five minutes, then add blood and just enough vinegar to give a sour taste. Add a tablespoonful sugar and a quarter teaspoonful pepper, cook two minutes and strain. Skim out the goose pieces, add to sauce and serve with bread, farina or potato dumplings.—New York Telegram.

ROUND ABOUT THE HOUSE

A cloth wrung out of vinegar, and wrapped round cheese, will keep it from moulding.

When you seal an envelope with the white of an egg it is impossible to steam it open.

A large safety pin makes a convenient holder for odd buttons and loose hooks and eyes.

Ammonia water that has been used for washing may be used for plants. It is an excellent fertilizer.

A coarse cloth dipped in salt and water, and rubbed over straw matting will prevent it from turning yellow.

A can of Welsh rabbit is all ready for serving when melted in a little water or milk and turned over toast.

Suede shoes that have become shiny and worn-looking can be freshened by rubbing them with fine sandpaper.

If you are obliged to burn a light in your bedroom, it had better be a candle or a night lamp. The ordinary gas flame consumes much of the oxygen.

For a cheese omelet, beat six eggs slightly and stir in an eighth of a cupful of grated cheese with a little salt and pepper. Cook like an ordinary omelet.

As a substitute for a bodkin needle a safety pin is excellent. It opens up the way without puncturing the cloth. It is especially good to use with starched articles.

It is the drying of delicate muslins and lawns that fades them rather than the washing. They should never be hung in the sun, but should be laid upon a doubled sheet, covered with another and rolled up for an hour.

Girls who are expert with their needles could cover their own parasols if an old frame is available, for a cover could be ripped away, one section opened and pressed and this will serve as a pattern for the new cover. When ripping examine carefully the sewing.

Blond and brunette sandwiches are pretty additions to the tea table. To make the blond ones cut white bread into thin triangles and spread with butter and chopped cress; the brunettes are made of circles of brown bread spread with cream cheese and chopped olives. They should be served on separate plates.