

"SHE MADE HOME HAPPY."

BY HENRY COYLE.

"She made home happy!" These few words I read Within a churchyard, written on a stone;

"She made home happy!" Through the long, sad years The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest.

THE SHOT THAT MISSED.

I came to make, in company with my friend, Dr. Nolrot, the tour of the extensive gardens which surrounded his private asylum for the insane;

At that moment the sharp report of a pistol rang out in the still morning air.

I grasped the arm of my host and exclaimed: "What is that? Surely some one of your patients is doing mischief!"

"No," said he, "be composed; it is merely another singular case, which I will show you."

Disregarding to the left, he drew me toward a small pavilion hidden behind a cluster of trees.

He opened a door, and after proceeding along a narrow vestibule, we reached a sort of long court, surrounded by high brick walls.

A man was there, tall of stature, and clothed in the costume of a hunter, resembling, in certain details, the habit of the Mexican cattle herder.

He was reclining against one of the walls of the pavilion, and at the moment of our arrival raised slowly the right hand, in which was firmly grasped a pistol.

"The shot was discharged. The head remained intact." "See," said the doctor. "It is most remarkable; he never misses a shot."

"Is it possible?" said I, half incredulously. "Yes, all the balls are lodged in the same place—in that dark spot not larger than an inch and a half in diameter. See!"

The man had drawn another pistol from his belt. He fired. The head moved not. The weapon was a handsome revolver, charged with several shots.

The doctor placed his hand upon the shoulder of the marksman, who, turning toward him, revealed a face adorned by a heavy black beard, and upon which reposed an air of determination and melancholy.

"Stop a moment," said the doctor. The man bowed assentingly, and the doctor then conducted me to the end of the court and behind the mask, and showed me a kind of blackened iron plate which protected the wall from being damaged by the bullets.

In the center of the plate I observed a round spot which glistened brightly from the effects of the lead which had been battered in striking.

"You see," said the doctor, in showing me the exact correspondence of the brilliant spot and the hole which passed through the plaster head, "all balls have entered here. You will find this to be true in every instance."

"It is indeed marvelous," replied I. "But what of his strange history?" "Let us go. I will relate it to you without."

We traversed again the court and the vestibule, and this is the strange recital of Dr. Nolrot, interrupted at regular intervals by the detonations of the mad marksman's revolver:

That poor unfortunate is called Guido Ventura. Whether Italian, Spanish or American, is not certainly known.

American I should say, for it is from the United States these masters of the rifle and revolver come. It was from there he came to France.

You could have seen him last season at the Alcazar d'Automne, where he had given four or five exhibitions of dexterity, and would have performed elsewhere had not imperative reasons terminated abruptly his representations.

Guido Ventura, when he arrived at Paris, was accompanied by a young lady, known professionally as Madeleine Arabelle. She was a magnificent creature, with the form of a statue and the head of a goddess.

She lacked not adorns, and in less than a week it became quite the fashion to see the superb Arabelle assist Ventura in his wonderful performances.

She performed splendidly, the arms crossed, the face immovable, while at fifteen paces Ventura leveled his pistol, the bullets from which invariably pierced a card held between the fingers, or broke the stem of a common clay pipe, held between her snowy teeth, and within a few inches of her lips.

The crowning feat was the breaking of a small glass ball placed upon her head.

A single tremor of the hand of Ventura, and—but the hand of Ventura never trembled.

Evidently Ventura loved this splendid woman with a love approaching idolatry. It sufficed to prove this to see once the fierce fires which flashed in his eyes when in the green room, waiting their turns, some gallant became too friendly or attentive to the lovely Arabelle.

Jealous? Of course, and the poor fellow suffered atrociously, for his companion, as coquetish as she was beautiful, seemed to

take a malicious pleasure in exasperating his passion. The director of the Alcazar d'Automne had observed this, and had said:

"Take care, mademoiselle. That man holds each night in his hands your life."

Arabelle laughingly replied, as she raised those beautiful shoulders: "He kill me? No. He gets too much gold from my head to ever think of spoiling it."

Each night she stood before the pistol's muzzle with the same calm tranquillity, her soft glances calming the revolt of her lover as the eye of the master subdues the rage of the animal.

One evening, scarcely eight days after the arrival of Ventura at Paris, a gentleman of elegant appearance entered the green room and went toward Arabelle, who, with a slight cry of mingled surprise and pleasure, seized the extended hand and kissed it passionately.

Guido Ventura, who had been conversing with the director, turned about upon the entrance of the stranger and witnessed this tender reception. His face assumed a deathlike pallor, and his eyes flashed with fearful rage.

The new arrival was a rich American, whose attentions to Arabelle had caused some slight scandal during the time which they had remained in New York. It was to avoid this scandal that Ventura had canceled his engagement there and had come to Paris. And now behold him here!

Who but Arabelle could have informed him of their destination? That night, upon their return to the hotel, a violent quarrel took place between Ventura and his companion.

But the most terrible scene of all occurred eight days later. During that week the American was lavish of his gifts and attentions to Arabelle. Ventura endeavored to induce the director to refuse the American entrance behind the scenes. But to no purpose.

On the evening in question, as Arabelle was preparing her stage costume, Guido saw a note fall from the corsage of her dress. He picked it up unobserved, and perused it eagerly. It was from the American, filled with expressions of endearment, and proposing flight on the morrow.

Five minutes later the call boy announced their turn. On their way to the stage, Ventura beheld the American leaning negligently against a scene. Ventura glared at him and hesitated, but at that moment Arabelle, who had made the entrance in advance of him, stood prepared, the arms crossed, the glass ball in position on her head. With a bitter oath, but half-suppressed, Ventura turned and strode upon the stage.

Ventura was in position, the muzzle of his pistol covered the mark, a stillness as of death reigned in that dense mass of human beings in front. Arabelle smiled. On whom was she smiling? On whom save the man who rivaled him in her love? She could smile on a man who dared to make such a proposal! Heavens! she would perhaps assent to it!

The silence was terrible, but it was soon broken; a quick, sharp report rang out. Arabelle tottered and fell heavily to the stage; the bullet had pierced the centre of her forehead.

When the arms of Ventura were loosened from the corpse which he held with an iron firmness to his breast, he was raving mad!

Crime? Accident? One knew not how to decide. At Paris sensations pass quickly, and after the first excitement had subsided the characters of this tragedy were soon forgotten.

Since that time he has passed most of his days of confinement here, before his plaster mask. Once and once only his aim failed, and the head was shattered. For eight days thereafter he was violent, but otherwise he has been harmless and inoffensive as you see.

We returned to the pavilion, and found Ventura cleaning his weapon. "You have not missed, to-day, Ventura," said the doctor, pleasantly. "The man raised his head, and,

pointing to the mask, said, in a low tone:

"No; always in the centre of the forehead, always in the centre."—New York Weekly.

Coal-Mine Safety Devices

By GEORGE E. WALSH.

In the effort to eliminate so far as possible the dangers of coal-mining, the fuel division of the Geological Survey has been for some time conducting experiments with a number of devices intended to save the lives of miners.

Gas and coal-dust explosions in mines exact a heavy toll of lives nearly every year. England and Belgium have had several casualties from this source, owing to extreme precautions, although Belgian mines are notorious for the presence of fire-damp.

As a result of experiments in England, there are a number of "permissible explosives" used, and no others, and there is also a "limit charge," which must not be exceeded by the miners or mine-owners under pain of severe penalty.

One of the devices used in European mines which will probably be used here in the future is an apparatus worn by the members of a rescue party immediately after an accident. This enables them to enter the mine charged with gas and coal-dust vapors.

Statistics of mine disasters in this country show that many terrible deaths from suffocation follow an explosion in a mine. If immediately after such an accident rescuers could enter the mine to help the miners, fully fifty per cent. of the fatalities could be averted.

The apparatus which is used in European coal-mines is capable of sustaining life where there is fire-damp or the poisonous vapors that follow explosions.

The device consists of a canvas jacket equipped with cylinders of compressed oxygen connected with the operator's mouth by a flexible rubber-lined metallic tube. The use of this oxygen is regulated by a pressure gauge. The exhalation of the operator is passed through small lumps of potassium hydroxide. The carbon dioxide is thus absorbed and the re-



Concerning Children.

Children are often worried because their mothers are too attentive and continually reprove their small ones without reason.

A child should be left alone and allowed to play or amuse itself in its own way without constant direction of a nervous mother.

A boy, for example, enjoys more a few simple toys, and something which his own ingenuity has worked out, than the most elaborate plaything which has been bought.

In the same way the little girl will lavish her affections on a misshapen doll, probably made at home, while the most artistic production of the toy shop will lie in state, to be taken up on rare occasions.

Keep children well, clothe them sensibly, let them understand they are to amuse themselves, and aren't "fuss" them.—New York Press.

A Talk to Engaged Girls.

Above everything let your household linen be of the best quality and commence housekeeping with a good supply. Pinch in other departments—if you must pinch—but not in this.

No part of the furnishings of a house marks the refinement of a woman's character as does the quality of her house linen. It is economical, too, for, although the initial cost is somewhat greater, the wear is more than double.

You may darn good ninery, but common damask or linen will not bear darning; therefore, from whatever standpoint the question is viewed, the result is the same. One of the most useful of wedding presents is a quantity of house linen, says Woman's Life. It will be a substantial

help and will last long after the showy gimcracks which generally form the bulk of wedding presents have departed the way of all trifles.

Judge Has Feminine Staff. John J. Jenkins, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., recently appointed judge of the Federal Court in Porto Rico, will have a staff of feminine assistants. He has appointed four young women to fill important places connected with the judiciary of the island. The appointees and their duties and yearly salaries are as follows:

Miss Lou Cosgriff, court reporter, salary \$2000; Miss Nell Colburn, deputy clerk of court at San Juan, salary \$1500; Miss Lulu Gross, deputy clerk of court at Ponce, salary \$1200; Miss Mary Mimmions, deputy clerk of court at Mayaguez, salary \$1200.

Judge Jenkins has received over three hundred and fifty applications from all parts of the United States for these and other posts of which he has charge.

The Misses Cosgriff and Colburn have been in Judge Jenkins' employ for some time. Miss Colburn formerly was his stenographer and has held a similar post with United States Senator Stevenson.

"Dirigible" Gown Now. The "dirigible gown," so named because it is capable of many evolutions, and at the same time is perfectly safe and exceptionally modest, is ready to make its debut in Fifth avenue to supplant the startling pantaloon creation of last season, and to become the subject of hours of discussion over the tea tables.

Stylish as a walking gown in city or town, the dirigible, simply by unbuttoning here and fastening there, may be changed to a garment of comfort and ease, especially adapted for the golf links, horseback riding or canoeing.

The new creation comes from a costume establishment in Fifth avenue, the American birthplace of the censored dretroire and of the pantaloon. It is made of broadcloth, the upper portion of the garment cut in modest fashion, with three-quarter collar and the skirt on lines which allow, when used as a walking gown, for a neatly fitting front and back. The bottom of the skirt hangs halfway between the ankle and the instep.

It is not very different from any walking gown, except that the front of the skirt is divided, one portion overlapping the other and each held in position by stoutly sewed buttons.

For the golf links, the polo field, the balloon or the aeroplane, the dirigible skirt is quickly transformed, almost before the invitation is ended. The skirt is unbuttoned down the front, and the divided sides are taken in on an angle, much like reefing a sail, thus relieving the weight from the bottom of the skirt and allowing freedom for running or jumping.—New York Special to Baltimore Sun.

The Adaptable Girl. Ask yourself, "Am I adaptable?" This is the secret of much popularity. It is not clothes nor money nor looks that count so much as the power to adjust oneself to surroundings; in other words, to fit in.

Women are adaptable enough when it comes to clothes. They will let themselves out or pinch themselves in, be boned as for a straitjacket or take to girdles, be concave or convex, hipless or hipped, befrilled or slinky, shuffle their feet and their organs from one point of anatomy to another, plaster the hair or wear innumerable and disfiguring false locks to meet the latest ficker of fashion.

So why not turn this adaptability to account temperamentally? It will make life easier to live not only for yourself, but for those who must live with you.

The girl who thinks nothing too much trouble to keep in fashion will not take time to adjust herself to family rules, dispositions or views.

Half the family troubles are due to lack of adaptability. There are varied tastes and natures among brothers and sisters, parents and children. Does the average girl recognize these differences and adjust herself to them?

Not she. She takes the Grant motto of fighting it out on these lines if it takes the rest of her life. Placating, adapting, sinking one's own personality for sake of harmony never occurs to her.

Perhaps a girl has had more advantages than her parents. She has been to school or college, has outgrown home life. What results? Instead of adapting herself to ways of the household, biding her time for changes, she frets, grows superior in her manner, drifts away from her family, even is guilty of being ashamed of them.

Why are there so many unwelcome visitors? Lack of adaptability. How-ever odd the customs of your friend's home may seem, accept them as your own, not grudging, carping, or with an air of suzerainty, but as if born to them. If you don't like them, say nothing, but don't go back.

Have you gone to live in a new town? The surest way to remain an outsider is not to be quick readjusting. It is not easy when one has reached mature years to make new friends, to shake down into strange surroundings. It will never be done if you spend your time lamenting old ways instead of adapting yourself to new ones.

The girl who is adaptable will never criticize the customs of the place that is to be her home. She will not announce, "We did so and so in Blanktown." "How queer we never had such a bridge rule at home!" She may disapprove and feel she can improve as much as she likes, provided she keeps it to herself.



Franklin's Proverbs of Thrift Especially Applicable at This Time.

If a postal savings bank is established on the proposed lines, it might be well to recognize on the deposit card and on the bonds that are to be issued the wholesome maxims of Franklin, the first American philosopher.

Poor Richard's sayings would in this way have a deservedly wide circulation and would be read by the plain people greatly to their advantage as they were read in the early days of the Republic. Here are some of these maxims, taken from the Pennsylvania almanac for 1758, of which Benjamin Franklin, under the pseudonym of Richard Sanders, was editor and publisher.

Many words will not fill a bushel. God helps them who help themselves. The used key is always bright. Do not squander time; time is the stuff that life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry. "Time enough," always proves little enough. He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty overtakes him. Drive thy business; let not thy business drive thee. Early to bed and early to rise make a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

He that lives upon hope will die fasting. Industry pays debts. Diligence is the mother of good luck. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Have you something to do to-morrow, do it to-day. The cat in gloves catches no mice. Little strokes fell great oaks. Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure.

Since thou art not sure of a minute do not throw away an hour. Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease. Fly pleasures and they will follow thee.

Three removes are as bad as a fire. Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge. Not to oversee workmen is to leave them thy purse open.

If thou wouldst have a faithful servant and one that thou likest, serve thyself. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost.

Being overtaken and slain by the enemy. All for want of care about a horse-shoe nail. What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Many a little make a mickle. Fools make feasts and wise men eat them. Wise men learn by others' harms. When the well is dry they know the need of water.

Wouldst thou know the value of money try to borrow some. He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. Pride is as loud a beggar as Want and a great deal more saucy.

Pride that dines on Vanity sups on Contempt. Pride breakfasts with Plenty, dined with Poverty and supped with Infamy. The second vice is lying; the first is running into debt.

Lying rides upon Debt's back. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright. Creditors have better memories than debtors.

They have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that.

Plow hard while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

Our Need of Water. Physiologists tell us that the animal body consists of almost eighty per cent. of water. Admitting this to be true, it would seem plausible that this quantity is necessary in order to carry on the normal physiological processes of the animal economy in proper condition.

For similar reasons it would also appear plausible that should this quantity in any way be greatly reduced or diminished, either through normal processes of the body or through abnormal processes, this lost quantity must immediately be re-supplied. Should such a withdrawal of water be permitted to be unduly prolonged the disorders will assume such grave dimensions that life itself may ultimately be terminated.

Elasticity and pliability of muscles, nerves, cartilage, tendons and even bones depend mainly on the amount of water they contain. Water also serves as a distributor of bodily heat and regulates the body temperature by the physical process of absorption and elimination. Under normal conditions and in a proper degree of health this supply is ordinarily furnished partly by the food and partly by the drink we are daily consuming. An over-indulgence in the use of water—provided it is not carried to excess—will seldom, if ever, be productive of any deleterious consequences.—Medical Record.

Children's Parks. The Civic League of Lynchburg is working for a children's park, and it could hardly turn its energies in a better direction. Parks are the lungs of a city, and very few cities have enough of them. Petersburg needs one at the head of Grove avenue and High street, but we greatly fear that it will be lost through neglect of a most inviting opportunity, which we have more than once pointed out.—Petersburg Index-Appel.

What is believed to be the biggest shark on record was caught in San Pedro, Cal., not long ago. It measured thirty-five feet in length.

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

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Dye With Tea. A garment made of almost any material may be treated with tea. Make the tea strong and soak the garment well in it.

Iron the garment before it dries and the color will be a pretty cream. The tea does not streak the goods, as coffee does, and is a prettier color and less expensive than the creatine substitute that is bought.—Indianapolis News.

Shift Making. In making the new Eng-gore skirt will vary little fullness below (this is the Parisian skirt of the moment), it is necessary so to fit it over the hips that all extra fullness is taken from each gore, and thus the position of each seam will not be changed.

In other words, do not push all of the extra fullness into the central back box pleat and thus crowd the added weight to this one spot.—Boston Post.

Scented Sheets. It is said that lavender scented sheets induce slumber. Whether that is true or not, it is certain that to lie down in bed after a lovely refreshing bath in sheets that have a delicate scent of lavender about them is most refreshing and luxurious. It does not cost much to have this luxury and it is within the possibility of almost every housekeeper to have in her linen closet several little finely cut packages of dried lavender leaves. These can be bought upon the street almost any time. Put the little packages between the sheets, pillowcases, towels and wash clothes. You will find that the odor will last for a long time and will be enjoyed by all who use your linen, the odor is so deliciously clear.—Newark Call.

An English Idea. What is known as a "Dorothy bag" in England is often made of a warm-out tall silk hat. Begin by cutting the hat close to the brim all round, and then slip off the silk covering; it will be found to be already in shape of a convenient bag, and merely in need of a lining of colored silk, which can be made by cutting a disk the same size as the circle at the top of the hat, allowing for narrow turnings. The sides are the same size and depth as the outer covering, and the silk lining, being made separate, is put inside the outer covering; the edges of the latter are turned down an inch and the former turned in to meet the raw edge and just cover it. Small brass or bone rings are sewn inside, eighteen being needed, at intervals; a piece of silk cord is passed through the rings, allowing enough to draw up to form two handles, and it is then sewn together at the ends, the bag being thus completed. Old tall hats can frequently be found in the attic, and satisfaction lies in using them.—New York Press.

A Camphorated Bath. Nothing is so invigorating when tired and warm as a scented bath of hot water. In warm weather it proves particularly refreshing when taken before dressing for the evening.

The simplest of these baths is made by adding cologne, toilet water, or violet ammonia into a quart of a tubful of water.

A good aromatic mixture to keep on hand is made from two ounces of tincture of camphor, four ounces of cologne and an ounce of tincture of benzoin. Add enough of this to the bath water to make it milky.

If you are presented with colognes or toilet waters that are not especially fragrant, use them in the bath. The scent is so faint as not to be disagreeable, and the refreshing qualities are as great as from more expensive colognes.

Another refreshing bath is made by squeezing the juice of four lemons into a quart of a tubful of water.

Where the aromatic bath seems extravagant, or there is no time for it, put a solution of the mixture given above into a spray and spray it over face, neck and arms.—New York Times.

FOR THE EPICURE. Rice Balls.—Boil cupful of rice in water and add salt. While warm mix in quarter pound of butter, two eggs well beaten, and tablespoonful of cinnamon. Make this into small balls and fry in deep fat. Drain and roll in currant jelly, then powdered sugar.

To Caramelize Sugar.—Put sugar in a smooth granite sauceman or omelet pan, place over the hot part of the range and stir constantly until melted and the color of maple sugar. Care must be taken to prevent sugar from adhering to the sides of the pan or spoon.

To Freshen Lettuce.—Wash the leaves a few hours before using, wrap in water tissue paper and put it on the ice. All the ingredients of moist salads can be prepared in good season and time saved by covering them with the tissue before using to prevent drying.

Mock Fried Oyster.—Scrape and slice thin one cup saffley or vegetable oyster, cook in a little water until tender, cool and add one egg, a little salt and pepper and two crackers broken fine; shape into oyster shape and fry and serve on steamed bread with melted butter.

Cream of Potato Soup.—Pare and cut small four medium-sized potatoes, one onion and a little celery. Cook until tender in salted water. Mash, stir in a little butter, pepper and flour. Add this puree to one quart of hot milk. Stir well, reheat and serve with crisp crackers.