An exposition is proposed in St. Louis in 1903 to celebrate the centennial of the acquisition of the territory formerly known as Louisiana.

Says the Springfield (Miss.) Republican: "The South is receiving high praise from the northern press for the unanimity with which its Senators and representatives voted for the 350,000,000 appropriation for National defense. The South is the most interesting part of this country. It has more inherent poetry and romance than all the rest of the land put together; its history contains the most impressive drama of modern times, and it has produced statesmen and soldiers as great as any in the English-speaking world since William the Conqueror."

According to the latest available returns there are now 424 cotton mills in this section, announces the Atlanta Constitution, operating 95,037 looms and 3,564,189 spindles. These cotton mills are parceled out among the various States in the following manner:

	Looms.	Spindles.
Alabama	6,103	274,196
Georgia	17,593	713,411
Kentucky	939	80,602
Mississippi	2,092	70,602
North Carolina	23,063	941,874
South Carolina	37,011	1,192,153
Tennessee	3,319	138,800
Virginia	4,909	152,513

Twenty years ago there were barely more than sixty cotton mills in the South operating 11,898 looms and 530,473 spindles. Do these figures not show that the South is rapidly overtaking New England in the race for industrial prestige?

Says the Philadelphia Record: "War measures in the present stage of civiliziation are peace measures. England's proposed expenditure of $118,000,000 for naval purposes is rather a proof of England's growth in commerce than an indication of preparation for war. Last year England spent over $105,000,000 on her seagoing force, but she did it to guard a merchant marine aggregating 9,000,000 tons, and a total foreign trade of more than $4,000,000,000 a year. England is not a bellicose nation. Trade, not war, is the heart of English supremacy."

One of the leading French newspapers, the Paris Eclair, gives some interesting facts in regard to the incomes of professional men in France. There are from 12,000 to 13,000 doctors, of whom 2500 are found in Paris and about 10,000 in the provinces. Of this number five or six only make incomes of from $40,000 to $50,000 a year, ten to fifteen make from $20,000 to $30,000 a year, 100 make, say, $10,000, 300 make from $3000 to $5,000, 800 make from $1500 to $3000, while $1200 earn less than $1500 a year. Coming to the lawyers, of whom there are 3000 in Paris alone, there are not 400 of them who make as much as $2000 a year. A couple of score make incomes of $10,000 a year. It appears that when one of these advocates is made a magistrate his salary is only from $600 to $800 a year, while for the justices of peace—all fully qualified legal practitioners—the salaries range from $400 to $600 a year. A college professor is paid from $200 to $300 a year, a lycee professor from $700 to $1000 a year. The explanation of it all is the very simple economic one that in France the supply exceeds the demand; twice as many doctors, lawyers, professors and engineers are turned out yearly as there are berths for.

Hornless cattle may soon come to be the rule rather than the exception. At all events, it looks a possibility, since dehorning has come to be so popular. At first the practice was objected to as being cruel and unnatural. The early method of dehorning with a saw was undoubtedly slow and painful, but specially constructed clippers are now used that often remove a horn in a single second, and with so little suffering that feeding is continued as usual, and the operation is really humane, the frequent injuries in herds from goring being prevented. The horns have become utterly useless, being no longer needed as protection against natural enemies. In calves less than three weeks old the embryo horns can be removed with one stroke of a sharp knife, or they can be treated with a caustic sufficiently powerful to destroy them. For three years the Maine experiment station has dehorned calves by rubbing the horns four or five times with caustic potash. In every case but one the operation has been successful, the calf in the exception having reached the age of thirty-five days before treatment, with the result that dwarfed horns an inch or an inch and a half long were subsequently developed. A breed from these dehorned cattle, born without horns, is confidently expected.

The RUSTY SWORD

In a little roadside cottage, half hid by shrubs and vines,
A woman old and feeble, on a faded couch reclines;
Her face is sweet, but sorrow has left its imprint there,
And her voice tells not the burden that her God hath bid her bear.

As I drink the limpid water from the homely, dripping gourd,
I note on the wall before me a naked, rusty sword;
I glance at the aged woman, and speaking she bows her head:
"'Twas worn by a gallant soldier, for many a long year dead.

"One day, sir, I was looking where the road winds over there,
Wishing the war was over and breathing a mother's prayer—
I saw a wagon coming, and soldiers, all moving slow,
They were bringing my boy home, wounded—ah! it's many a year ago.

"I buried him there, by those willows—as you pass you can see his grave;
Oh, stranger, my child was a comfort, but his heart it was true and brave!"
Watching the pearls drop downward over her aged face,
I mount, and I ride in silence away from the lonely place.

But now I have reached the willows, and I leap to the shady ground;
I gather some wayside flowers to throw on his mossy mound.
I care not if Grant has led him, nor if he has fought with Lee;
I am an American soldier—and so was he.

—George M. Vickers.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

I HAD a letter from Sin the other day, asking me on the 30th to help decorate the grave of Absalom Fox.

Maybe I better tell you something about Sin, and Absalom, and how his grave, all alone out there among the sugar trees, comes to be decorated.

Nearly all my earliest recollections run parallel with events connected with the war. There was strife in the air; the senses were set to martial measure; the music was that which drum and fife could interpret; the poetry was of the strident order; orations dealt in "war clouds," "armed hosts" and heroics generally. The freight trains carried cannon and recruits to the South, and Confederate prisoners to the North. There was a scarcity of men in the fields. Women often followed the horses, wearing the blue jackets that were cheaper and warmer than garments designed for their sex. Boys too small for severe labor tugged at harvest work in summer and sawed logs in winter. There were a good many old men and a good many cripples all over the neighborhood. But everybody was busy at work in the daytime, and intently listening, constantly expecting in the night.

My father was away there somewhere, but since the battle of Lookout Mountain we had not heard from him, and that awful waiting which was almost worse than the certainty of death tortured our home every moment of the terribly long day. There were three boys of us, and the oldest was not strong enough for the work we had to do, while the younger ones, condemned to labor in summer to escape want in winter, would have been better engaged with toys and playtime. Mother was out early and late, wearing her frame and seaming her face with labor never intended for her. And we did all we could to help her in the house and in the fields; but it was a cruel burden. And added to it was that dragging wait from day to day, that watching each distant figure as it approached, hoping till the last moment it might be the one whose coming meant release from trouble.

And then came Sin.

Sin was a Swede young woman, large, fair and strong, capable of any amount of work, accustomed to toil in the fields as in the kitchen, willing always and always with a song on her lips and a smile on the cheeks that would not cover their pink and white however the hot sun shone.

Her father and brothers came with a colony of immigrants, and they settled up there in the maple and walnut woods above our farm and began the cutting of timber. They could not speak our language as she could, and they knew nothing of our laws. They neglected enlistment and missed the draft, and lived there in their cabin and hewed the forest away around them. No one visited them, of course, and they mingled very little among the older families. There was nothing against them, of course. The old man may have drank a little too much now and then, but when they left their chopping for a day's work at a neighbor's they were industrious and faithful, and when they traded it seemed they were honest. But they were foreign, and lacked a little of adjustment to the status that environed them.

Bob Elliott came home along about harvest time—came home with a very white face and long thin fingers that gripped his crutches, for he had lost a leg somewhere along the front at Petersburg, and seemed mildly sorry his life had not gone with it. But he got over that after a time.

He had been a wild and reckless fellow before his enlistment. Most of the people in our neighborhood were either shocked at his perfectly lawless behavior, or openly in advocacy of visiting him with retribution. I know whem he rode his race horse home from town on Saturday night, whooping alongside Deacon Crawford's market wagon till the dull team ran away, that some people thought he should, in the name of public decency, be run out of the neighborhood. And when he broke up the "meeting" at Elmgrove Church and whipped the constable who came to arrest him there was a perfect union of voices against him.

They accepted his enlistment with small promise of forgiveness. But when Captain Kendall wrote home that Bob Elliott fought like a tiger at Shiloh and defended a gun all alone at Donelson and slashed his way with the flag wrapped about him through a line of confederates at Kenesaw there wasn't a man in my whole country who could remember anything bad about him. And now that he came home wounded, silent as to the past—not boastful, simply quiet—he had a welcome everywhere.

He was at our house a good deal, for he had soldiered with father, and it was something to have him explain the possibilities that life and not death might still be his portion. Sitting there, often in pain, he watched Sin at her work, and, as he grew stronger, tried to help her. And she liked him. She knew nothing of his soldier career and, of course, nothing of the adverse sentiment against him before his days of battle. She did much to help him back to healthfulness. There was a comradeship between them. Something in the soldier contact which had inured him beyond the stage of mourning fitted with her nature, not touched by this woe of a suffering but unknown nation. A sympathy born of that fellowship which was almost indifference to our common griefs made them the best of friends.

Along late in October came a letter signed Absalom Fox. I remember we were digging potatoes one day, and the work was cruelly hard, when Bob came home from town in a neighbor's wagon and handed the yellow envelope to mother. She gave it to me while she read the letter. It had a red flag and blue crossed cannon printed in the corner. Mother had sat down at the edge of the field and was trembling. I did not look at her, for I knew she was crying and hurrying along the illy written lines.

Suddenly she made an odd little sound and bowed her head forward. She gathered up her apron and covered her face. I looked at her, choking.

Sin came over, stooped down and put her arms about her. Bob's crutches stumbled on the potato hills, but he turned and hurried away. He had almost reached the house when Sin screamed.

"Alive!" she cried. "Where?"

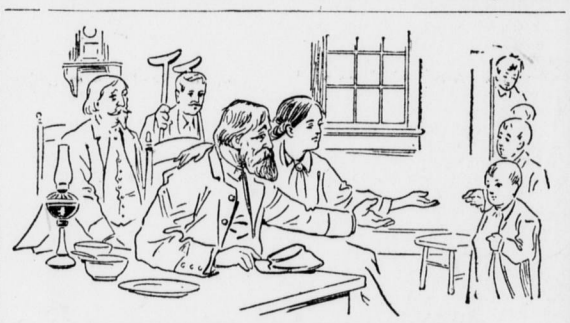
"Oh, I can't see," moaned mother.

AND EVERY YEAR THEY DECORATE THAT GRAVE.

Sin tried to read the letter but could not, and she waved it at Bob, calling him back. I can see him now—running as he called it—hopping with that one foot whenever it touched the ground.

He read the letter. Father was alive and in prison. Absalom Fox was a rebel guard, but he had written to tell us that much. An exchange was expected, and our day of jubilee might soon be promised.

How we blessed the name of Absalom Fox. Mother was sick, for the first time since father went away, and we boys dug potatoes till it was too dark to see. I was so tired that after supper I lay down on the floor behind the stove and went to sleep. Late in the night Sin took me up in her round, strong arms and carried me to bed, singing a Swedish song of happiness. That was our cold winter, you know.



AND THE STRANGEST MAN THERE WAS OUR FATHER.

AS HE GREW STRONGER HE TRIED TO HELP HER.

The snow came early, and it grew deeper till midwinter. The cold increased till warmth was near impossible. Christmas was so severe it drove all merriment away. Stock shivered at the point of starvation, and fires seemed to have lost their powers of heating.

We had heard no more from the South, but we watched the papers whenever those lists of exchanges appeared. And at last we saw, while evergreens were marking yule in happy homes, that ours—still happier—would soon be blest.

Holiday week was the lowest deep of cold. We watched through frost-coated windows day after day the snow-choked road to the town. But the year went out and our shadow had not lifted.

Just at midnight I heard voices in the house. Mother and Sin were up and dressing hurriedly. Bob stumped down and shouted as he closed the door. Above my excitement I remembered I was cold. Sin heaped wood on the fire and then followed mother to the road.

The night was very still and I could hear them presently. There were words of encouragement, sounds of weeping. Sin's shrill falsetto and Bob's loud laugh of cheer.

They came through the awful cold at last—our people and two strange men. And they propped them about the fire and warmed them with food and brought us children out—and the strangest man there was our father!

And the other was Absalom Fox.

How he managed to quit his service I never knew; but quit it he did. And he brought his prisoner home through that polar cold, keeping him, encouraging him, lying to him a thousand times to fill the failing limbs with strength. And then, when his task was done, he showed how utterly it had spent him.

Native of a warmer clime, grateful to my father for a service before captivity began, he had braved the winter to pay his debt. And with it he paid his debt to nature. For, as the spring came, he turned his face to the wall and ceased his breathing.

They made him a grave in the maple woods, where winter's chill and spring's most generous warming met in a tide like his noble service, and placed at his head a stone which told his soldier record.

Sin has the farm now—Sin and Bob Elliott, and every year they decorate that grave and send us reminders of the swinging seasons. We are scattered these years. Father has gone to an army which always claimed him, fighting his way through a foe that could not frighten him, and on those better heights his life is joined—eternally, as I believe—with that of the woman who bore her burdens and his while war was raging.

We are scattered, but never a May has passed but we meet there at the farmhouse and place a wreath on the stone—gray now as its soldier's uniform—of the man who brought sunshine into the midst of our dismal winter.

The National Cemeteries.

The Government has expended $9,000,000 on the eighty-three national cemeteries, in which are buried 330,700 honored dead. The most of these cemeteries are situated on battlefields of the war, amid beautiful scenery. The establishment of this system was begun in the second year of the war, when orders were issued to the army requiring accurate records to be kept of all deceased soldiers and their places of burial, and President Lincoln was authorized by Congress to purchase grounds and have them prepared for use as cemeteries for soldiers dying in defense of the country. On the battlefields where the Union armies won, the interments were so conscientiously made that over ninety per cent. of the dead were afterward identified. Where time permitted, the Confederate dead were also scrupulously buried and their graves marked. In most of the Southern prisons the Union dead were buried, and their names recorded by their living comrades, often under adverse and trying circumstances, and in Northern prisons, as at Camp Douglas, Chicago; at Elmira, N. Y., and at Johnson Island, Ohio, interments of deceased Confederates were carefully made and the graves noted for future identification. In 1863 the first national cemeteries were established at Chattanooga, Stone River and Gettysburg, and the one in Arlington was founded in 1864, and the one at Antietam in 1865. The most beautiful of all the national cemeteries, and the greatest as regards the number of identified dead, is that on Arlington Heights, overlooking Washington. It contains 16,565 interments—12,216 known and 4349 unknown. Of the national cemeteries at Shiloh and Gettysburg, the Shiloh necropolis contains 3597 tablets and that at Gettysburg just five less. The biggest national cemetery in point of population is the Vicksburg, where 16,639 heroes sleep.

The Grand Army Button.

I have heard, writes George F. Stone, of Chicago, that our Lord's prayer has been inscribed on a disc the size of a dime, but on that Grand Army button is recorded in ineffaceable and living characters the history of Grant and Sherman and Lincoln; of Sheridan and Thomas and Logan and Custer and Meade; of Farragut and Porter; the history of the campaign of the army of the Potomac, of the Cumberland and of the west; of the march to the sea; of Shiloh, of Vicksburg; of Forts Henry and Donaldson; of Atlanta; of the Wilderness; of Winchester; of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek; of sieges and battles and skirmish lines; of "days of danger and nights of waking;" of weary marches by day and by night, in cold and storm and heat; of parting of lovers and maidens; of farewells of husbands and wives; of prayers and blessings from fireside and camp ascending on high as a divine incense; of agony and death in prison and in hospital; of great captains and heroic soldiers; of valor on sea and on land; of the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln giving freedom to our millions of a persecuted race and wiping forever from the national escutcheon, human slavery; of Gettysburg and Appomattox; of the downfall of a rebellion; of a reunited country and of the perpetuity of the Union with its countless and unspeakable and eternal blessing—a priceless gift from the great Dispenser of good things unto men!

This record shall never fade away; it shall grow brighter and brighter as the years go by, scattering sparks of inspiration among the generations as they come and go! And when time shall be no more, when all things transitory shall have passed away, when all the sounds of earth have been stilled, then the bells of heaven shall ring in commemoration of American patriotism, and the undying fame of the American soldier!

Veterans Without Decorations Save Pride.

Among the veterans who wear no decorations, for whom there is neither uniform nor regalia, are the aged fathers and mothers who say with the persistence of pride: "I gave my two boys to the war," and they produce faded daguerreotypes of brave soldier boys in their new uniforms posed in military precision to look like real soldiers. Ah! how many of them died of that dreaded disease of the hospital, that no surgeon's knife could cure or doctor's potion charm away—homesickness for the dear mother at home and for "Letty."

An interesting feature of the post-office museum at Washington is the number of soldiers' pictures which for want of sufficient postage or from insufficient address went to the dead letter office and were never claimed. Almost every year some visitor sees a face that reminds him of some one, and on learning the name is able to send word to surviving relatives. Several times most pathetic scenes have been witnessed in that room where a mother had found a portrait of her darling boy, long since laid to rest under southern soil, or perhaps among the "unidentified" dead of the battlefield. Those pictures are always given to the friends who claim them.

The Bugle.

In a glittering glory of diamond dew,
Where the tall white headstones gleam in a row,
By the ivied church, Memorial Day,
With sheafs of lilies the mourners go.
All but one, and she sits alone,
A sad-eyed woman with locks of gray,
And keeps a tryst of the vanished years
With the dear, dead lover who marched away.

Her whitened tresses were brown and bright,
Her cheek was pink as a damask rose,
When he clasped her close in a last embrace
While about them fluttered the orchard's snows.
The bugle called in the sunlit morn,
Bayonets glistened, and flags were gay,
He turned to wave her a loud adieu—
The brave young lover who marched away.

To the silent city above the town,
With garlands laden, yet still they pass,
But she seeth only a curly head
And a broken sword in the trampled grass.
She weaveth a wreath of heliotrope,
And heareth even the bugle play
That is mute with rust in the moldered hand
Of the gallant lover who marched away.

The flowers have fallen about her feet,
Her lips are pale, and her fingers chill,
Far above the blue of the crystal sky
Her spirit follows the bugle still.
Its silvery melody leads her on
'Till far in a world of fadeless May,
She plights the troth of her youth again
With the handsome lover who marched away.

There was never a shot that screamed and fell
And never a bayonet thrust went through
The dauntless breast of a soldier boy
But it pierced the heart of a woman, too.
From end to end of the land they sit
By desolate hearths, alone and gray,
And wait for the ghastly bugle-call
And the soldier lover who marched away.

—Minna Irving.

HANGING A GUERRILLA.

He Accepted His Fate Without a Word or a Tear.

A shot had been fired at us as we rode along the highway in column of fours, and a trooper reeled and pitched from his saddle, shot through the heart, relates a veteran of the Civil War. The shot was fired by a guerrilla hidden in a corn-field, and we got the order to throw down the fence and ride through the field. He was captured at the far end of it, just as he was about to gain the woods. He was a man fifty years old, grim and grizzly and with eyes of defiance.

"Wall, what is it?" he quietly asked of his captors.

"Do you live about here?"

"In the cabin down thar'."

"Got a family?"

"Yes."

"Want to bid 'em good-bye?"

"I reckon!"

"Come along!"

The cabin was reached in five minutes. A gray-haired woman and a girl of fifteen—wife and daughter—stood in the open door.

"What is it, Jim?" asked the wife as the man stood before her.

"Gwine to kill me, I reckon!" he replied.

"What fur?"

"Fur killin' one of them."

"Hu! good-bye, Jim!"

"Good-bye, daddy!" from the girl.

"Good-bye!"

No hand-shakes—no tears—no sentiment—no pleading. Ten rods below the house was a large shade tree. Two or three halters were knotted together—the rope thrown over a limb—a noose slipped over the man's head, and next moment he was dangling clear of the ground. He had no excuses—made no plea—asked no mercy. He went to his death with the stoicism of an Indian. Wife and daughter stood in the doorway and saw all, but there were no tears—no outburst. As we were ready to ride away the woman came slowly down the spot, looked at the body for half a moment, and then turned to ask:

"Is Jim dead?"

"Yes," answered the captain.

"Hu!" And she walked slowly back to the house and entered it and shut the door, and we rode on and left the corpse hanging.

The First Parade.

From the time of the issue of General Logan's order, it has been observed by the Grand Army veterans, but up to 1882 there is no record of any general parade. The various posts clubbed together and paraded pretty much as they pleased, while others paraded singly or in pairs. At the close of this impromptu parade the posts divided and marched directly to some cemetery, where the graves were decorated. At that time but little or nothing was done in the way of decorations on the Sunday previous, as is the case now. This mode of decorating enables the veterans to devote their time and strength to the day proper, which is always May 30, except when that date falls on Sunday.

The first general parade of which there is any official record obtainable was in New York in 1882. General Henry A. Barnum was chairman of the Memorial Committee and Captain Edward Brown was grand marshal. Nearly every post, the National Guard and many veteran organizations united in the parade, which was very successful.

Origin of the Day.

The origin of Memorial Day lies with the origin of the Grand Army of the Republic, in 1866, the year following the close of the war. The first post thereof was organized at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866. In May of that year the ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldier dead was carried out to a limited extent, but the movement was not given full force until the meeting of the first national encampment at Indianapolis, November 20, 1866. Here Memorial Day may be said to have been really given birth. Observed in a small way at first, it has gradually grown in extent and honor until now there is but one day in the calendar which it ranks equally with in patriotic minds—July 4.

Alaskan demand has caused dealers in evaporated fruit and vegetables at Portland, Oregon, to double their plants and the number of their employes.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Airing the Dining Room.

To be sure of having a successful dinner in every respect, see that the dining room is thoroughly aired for at least a half hour before dinner is served. The dining-room may well be a little under rather than a moderate temperature, though arrangements should be made to keep the air fresh without allowing draughts.

For a Clouded Piano Surface.

The clouded condition of a highly polished piano surface is said to come from climatic changes. A piano finisher is authority for the statement that a clean soft chamois wrung out of clear water and wiped rapidly over the surface before a good polish is applied is the proper treatment to remedy the defect. A piano polish recommended by Miss Parloa consists of equal parts of paraffine oil and turpentine, applied with a soft flannel, then polished with linen.

Excellent For an Invalid.

An excellent and strength-giving soup for an invalid, which should be given two or three times a day, is made of chicken and beef. Clean and singe a chicken, then cut it in pieces as for fricasseeing; put it in a deep soup kettle; add to the chicken an equal weight of lean beef cut from the round; tie a carrot, a leek, three or four sprigs of parsley and a couple of stalks of celery together by winding a fine string round them, and put them in the kettle; cover the whole with cold water to the depth of three inches and stand the kettle over a quick fire. As the scum rises skim it off till the water is clear, then stand the kettle back and let the contents simmer quietly for four hours; then lift it from the stove and strain the soup; let it cool; then take all the fat from the top, and as the soup is required heat it a little at a time in a saucepan. In heating it do not let it boil; only bring it to the boiling point.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Rice in Varied Forms.

A competent authority says that, to gain the best results, rice must be thoroughly washed, and the grains rubbed between the hands to get rid of the floury coating, in order that the rice may not stick together when cooked. Into a deep saucepan, two-thirds full of salted, boiling water, put the washed and drained rice gradually, so as not to stop the boiling, and let it cook for twenty minutes undisturbed. Put a colander over another saucepan, turn the rice into it, cover the colander and leave the saucepan by the fire. In this way, the rice will both drain and steam. Three things must be remembered: The water must be boiling, the rice must not be disturbed during the cooking, and it must be thoroughly drained.

Baked Rice—Put one small cup of washed rice in one quart of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and a little chopped parsley, if it is liked. Butter a pudding dish and put in the rice and milk, drop a few bits of butter over the milk and place the dish in a slow oven and bake two hours. If it browns too fast cover the dish until nearly done. Serve very hot with a meat course.

Parched Rice—This is nice with broiled meats. Boil the rice in water and drain it well. Put it on a platter, and when it is cold, separate the grains carefully with a fork. Put into a spider enough butter to cover the bottom of it when melted. When the butter is hot, put in a little of the rice at a time, cook it a delicate brown, tossing it lightly with a fork, so as not to break the grains. Drain on brown paper at the mouth of the oven, heap it in the center of a small platter, sprinkle a little chopped parsley on top and serve.

Coral Rice—Put into a saucepan one and one-half cups of stock, one cup of stewed and strained tomatoes, and one cup of washed rice, cover and cook for thirty minutes. Take off the cover, set the pan at the back of the stove, to let the moisture escape for twenty minutes. Heap the rice in the mound in the middle of a hot platter, and put broiled chops around it, or put meats in the center, and mold the rice for a border.

Rice Omelet—Mix one tablespoonful of butter with one of flour and cook them over the fire until smooth; then stir in two-thirds of a cup of milk and set one side until cold, before adding half a cup of boiled rice and the beaten yolks of four eggs. The last thing, stir in lightly the beaten whites of the eggs and turn the mixture into a buttered dish. Stand the dish in a pan of hot water and bake fifteen minutes. This omelet must be served as it is taken from the oven. Serve with a sauce made by beating the whites of three eggs stiff; add to them one cup of powdered sugar, and just before sending to the table stir in the juice from two oranges and half a lemon.

Rice Balls With Fried Chicken—Stir into cold boiled rice a little melted butter and some milk until you have a thick paste; add some salt and a little chopped parsley; blend together with a beaten egg. Roll these into balls with the palms of the hands. Fry the balls in hot fat. Place them around the edge of the platter on which the chicken has been arranged, and alternate each ball with a slice of crisp bacon.

Rich Squares With Chicken—Boil the grains in milk and water until tender, then turn into a biscuit pan which has been wet in cold water; smooth the rice mixture over the top, and put to one side to become cold. When cold, cut it into squares and roll them in egg and then in crumbs, and fry them in butter a nice brown on one side and turn and brown on the other side. Arrange the pieces upon a platter and put a teaspoonful of currant jelly upon each.—The Housewife.