

A BLUE STOCKING; OR, ROMANCE & REALITY.

By Miss Annie Edwards.

CHAPTER IX.

"No man is ever a hero to me, that cannot be. I must have got hold of the wrong end of the proverb, as usual." Need I say that Cousin Felix is the speaker? "And, no your name is Paul, eh, youngster?" Raising the chair aloft to his tall shoulder, and at once obtaining a promised place in Daphne's regard. "Suppose you and I find a spot out of the sun and make friends. I carry about bombs on purpose for naughty boys. M. Paul. Good boys have the reward of being good. They can get on without me. You like burnt almonds? Does the lady in the Mother Hubbard, but only you mustn't tell her I said so. I have got a package of the sort she must affect in my pocket."

Cousin Felix seats himself in the shade, on a ledge of rock, and begins gravely to watch his pockets for burnt almonds. Daphne and Miss Hardcastle glide into the effortless small talk with which women, gentle or simple, educated or uneducated, glid over the awkward beginnings, alas! and endings of human intercourse. "You don't like burnt almonds, Mrs. Chester?" asks Cousin Felix, in his well-timed, half-awake voice. "Well, at least, you will take shelter from the sun with me and M. Paul? The way that English women have the inclinations of climate is marvelous," he goes on, as Daphne, too shy to refuse, sits down beside him on the rock. "And still there are the women in the world who can show such complexions. Look at me, Paul, my friend, ah, I see, hazel eyes, with black lashes. A perfect likeness."

Daphne reddens at the covert compliment to herself; she smiles at the open one to Paul. Mr. Broughton, without loss of time, adjust his eye-glass and himself to one of the innocent half-glances, which come to him as simply as nectar-tasting to a butterfly the moment he flutters himself by the side of a young and pretty woman.

"These non-amative elements, the two supernumeraries of the scene, disposed of, what shall hinder the lovers in form from wandering away among the rocks and repeating their oaths, laughed at by Jove, of former days? Severne gives a rapid glance at Clementina. She is watching Felix Broughton; watching him, not with the rare smile that can transform her face to beauty, but rather with an expression that did the circumstances not render such a supposition absurd, might be termed a jealous one.

"It is one of those horrible, stifling days, when even doing nothing is too great an exertion," she observes, a little shortly, and selecting an upright slab of rock beneath which to arrange— "I cannot say I compose her charms. You must find the heat of Jersey almost as unendurable as India, Sir John?"

"I have managed to exist through a week of it," he answers, taking his place, as Felix bids him do, at her feet. "But then I have really improved the shining hours with hard work. Do you draw as much as ever, Clementina?" He has accomplished the Christian name this time. "I remember before I left—"

"I sketch in autumn," says Miss Hardcastle, much as one might remark that the leaves fall, or the days shorten. "During the season, of course, one could not trifle away the time on an accomplishment, and then out of one's conceit with one's own attempts."

It is encouraging to think that Clementina Hardcastle ever can be put out of conceit with anything. Severne asks a commonplace question about the pictures of the year; she, and gets answer that freezes him more than did the geological love letter!

Daphne listens, not altogether without a pang of envy, to the calm assurance with which Sir John Severne's sweetheart displays her stock of knowledge. "You have not been to London this spring, Mrs. Chester?" asks Cousin Felix, pecking away the remains of the burnt almonds into such fragmentary portions of linings as can be called Paul's pockets. "Have never been there at all? Well, this is something that I have traveled the world over to find—a human creature who had never been in literary and scientific London. You don't know," confidentially, "how many you have been spared. I have only been in town three weeks—is it not three weeks since I came back from Vienna, Clem?"

"Without referring to Fraulin Schnapper's diary, I don't know that I can remember the important date of your visit, Cousin Felix."

"And during that time I have been taken to the Broughton reckons on his delicately gloved finger tips—to two Friday evening discussions about the Ichthyosaurus at the Royal Institution, have heard an afternoon lecture 'On the Nature of Organic Radicals,' with a digression as to the 'Synthesis of Propionic Acid.'"

"The synthesis," Felix Broughton did not so accent the word, but this matter nothing. "Oh, what pronunciation! What a helpless mixture of wrong ideas! Cousin Felix, why will you al-

ways insist upon getting out of your depth in syllables?"

"I insist? When you were talking to me this very day about pleistocene—you know the rest! Miss Hardcastle is great in most of the sciences, Mrs. Chester," he proceeded to explain. "She is especially strong in paleontology, and is good enough to give me little lectures on the subjects as we go about the country."

So that was a little paleontological lecture to which Sir John Severne and Daphne unwittingly played audience, not half an hour ago. "But 'his love's labor lost—'"

"Felix!" "Ichthyosaurus and pterodactyle are matters beyond my powers of thought—I beg pardon, of cerebral vibration. Cerebral vibration is the correct term, is it not, Clem?"

Sir John Severne reddens. The perfect ease with which that familiar "Clem" proceeds from Mr. Broughton's lips irritates him, more perhaps than he would care to confess.

"You see we have a highly scientific German governess. I am afraid you never had the benefit of a scientific governess, Mrs. Chester?"

"I never had a governess at all," Daphne answers, with humility. "Aunt Theodora taught me the very little that I know."

"Severne," says Mr. Broughton, turning to Clementina's lover with as much bonhomie as though he had known him all his life, "you will dine with us on board the yacht to-day? Better say to-day, for if Jorningham should get tidings of superior conger eels off some new rhode of desolation we shall infallibly be carried away there, in our sleep, next tide. And you, Mrs. Chester? I am not positive what time we dine, or if anybody but Clem and myself will be at dinner. Still, if you do not mind such a short invitation, or the nature of the invitation—"

He glances at Miss Hardcastle. "I have no doubt Lady Lydia would be charmed to see Mrs. Chester," Clementina responds, obediently, but in her coldest voice. "We are not overburdened with vain ceremonies on board the Libertina."

"We are not," says Mr. Broughton. "Indeed, the fundamental rule of life observed is that no person shall ever know what any other person is doing, or likely to do. Jorningham is one of the most practical fellows living, when you can get hold of him—the difficulty is to get hold of him. He has not been seen by daylight since we left Cowes. Lady Lydia never remembered anything for five consecutive minutes since she was born. She cannot tell you the color of her own dress if you take her unawares. And for the rest of us—Clementina," he turns to Miss Hardcastle with something like increased animation, "who can it be that organizes the Jorningham yachting parties? It is not Lady Lydia, of course, and equally, of course, it is not Jorningham. Is it the captain or the chef? Hardly M. Jules, or he would contrive to render the dinner hour musical."

"Your friend, perhaps, Mrs. de Mauley," suggests Clementina, her voice, her look, still at zero. "Scarcely. In any human society organized by my friend, Agatha, elder sons, you may be certain, would be a pronounced feature, whereas, on board the Libertina pauperism, or at least general destitution, prevails. It must be Mattie Rivers—I have it! Mattie Rivers brings together all the startling contrasts she can find as foreground effects for the novel. Thus, the Arab and Lady Lydia; Max and Mrs. de Mauley; Miss Hardcastle and Felix Broughton."

Cousin Felix actually laughs, in a silent, tired little way he has, at the whimsical combination of images thus presented to his mental vision. "And now," remarks Severne, "you and I, Mrs. Chester, will doubtless complete the list of the congenitals."

"Mrs. Chester is not, by any juxtaposition, he incongruous," says Cousin Felix, gallantly; "on board the Libertina, as elsewhere, Mrs. Chester must shine by her own light alone. You will not be cruel enough to refuse to come," he urges, Daphne's reddening face bespeaking her irresolution.

"If I was sure any one had invited me, or could want me," she answers in her shyness, crumbling a handful of sand much as Sydney Smith's young lady crumbled her bread. "But Felix-de-la-Roche is so far from the harbor; and I should never find my way among the sailors, and, and—"

She glances appealingly at Miss Hardcastle. Miss Hardcastle gazes at the lining of her parasol with the peculiar, unseeing expression in which women of the world are so admirably proficient when members of their own sex are weak enough to look to them for help. Mr. Broughton comes quietly to the rescue. Mr. Broughton, evidently hard hit by Mrs. Chester's eyes, will bear of no excuse. The dinner hour, as far as can be conjectured, is eight; the yacht, Miss Hardcastle has an idea, must be lying somewhere in the outer roads, and he, Felix Broughton, undertakes personally to be in the harbor on the lookout (Felix Broughton on the lookout for anything) as the hour approaches in which he may have the delight of awaiting Mrs. Chester. "And now it is time for me to be going," says Miss Hardcastle. As she

is to be continued.

"Felix has his watch, but on inspecting it finds the hands pointing to 11.30, and remembers he has not wound it up since the day before yesterday in Sark. On consideration, too, it appears uncertain whether they were to meet Lady Lydia Jorningham at all, or await her return, at any hour between this and midnight, on board the Libertina. Only on one point is Miss Hardcastle decided—to go! To get away from this blue sea and sky, the shelter of the rocks, the blushing sweetness of Daphne Chester's face!"

Cousinly affection is a strong thing. It may be that Clementina feels herself the natural guardian, the legitimate wardour, of Mr. Broughton's peace of mind.

As they walk slowly up under the broiling sun to the hired pony carriage which stands waiting for them a couple of hundreds yards from the shore Mr. Broughton still continues in devoted attendance upon Daphne; Paul clinging to his mother's skirts and gazing up, with wonder unsated, at the lady in the Mother Hubbard, who carries a white umbrella when there is no rain, and whose pockets are lined with burnt almonds for naughty boys.

Strephon and Chloe are left behind, and must, perforce, address each other without auditors, and in some form in human speech approaching the loverlike.

"You must have thought Felix and I had fallen from the skies?" Miss Hardcastle is the first to speak, but she does so with visible constraint of manner, not turning her eyes for an instant toward her companion.

"From the skies? Oh, not in the least," Severne answers, stiffly. "I never felt any doubt as to the terrestrial nature of your appearance."

"But the truth is, Lady Lydia is such a scatter-brained little creature—a little old Irish girl—a most substantial shadow of a character. It is a stroke of good fortune for me that my cousin Felix chanced to be one of the party on board the Libertina."

"I can understand that you find it a most fortunate chance," says Sir John, with dry brevity. "He is more like a brother to me, really, than a cousin, as you must see."

"The only relation of my own that I possess. Poor mamma left no other niece or nephew."

"No?" "And he was so much with me when I was little. Why, even papa—even Mrs. Hardcastle herself—looks upon Cousin Felix as an efficient chaperon."

This time Severne answers not by so much as a monosyllable. Miss Hardcastle perceives that she has committed the commonest mistake of a guilty conscience; an apology.

"I can quite believe that you find the time pass quickly in these regions, Sir John. And now that she is no longer on her defense, Clementina gains courage, and can look round at her lover's face. "Mrs. Chester is positively—very nice! Very, inch-thick shoes, dilapidated small boy, murdered Lindley Murray, and all."

"Inch-thick shoes—for the Querne beach! A trick of speech that is not the last Piccadilly slang," replies Sir John, hotly. "Ah, if you had been living in India for three years, as I have, you would not find much difficulty in forgiving faults such as Daphne's."

"Daphne! Is it a name—a human creature's name? Really? Of course, I know it in botany. Genus monogynia, class actinidia, and, in the natural method, ranked under the thirty-first order, Veprecula."

Myopia, actinidia. The natural method, ranked under the thirty-first order, Veprecula.

BLUE-EYED GRASS. Blue-eyed grass in the meadow, And yellow blooms on the hill, Contains that rustle and whisper, And winds that are never still; Blue-eyed grass in the meadow, A linnæus nest near by, Blackbirds nesting cheerily, Somewhere between earth and sky; Blue-eyed grass in the meadow, And the garden bee's low hum, And the milk weeds all by the roadside, To tell us summer is come. —Mary Austin, in St. Nicholas.

JEWELS OF THE SEA. Little folk who go to the seashore in summer are always interested in the jellyfish—those queer animals which look like animated sea water, and are so lovely as they float on a clear day upon the surface of the sea. No gem in the crown of a queen was ever so beautiful as those crystal globes, tinted with exquisite colors, set with gleaming jewels and so delicate and airy, like that it is hard to believe that they are animals. They look more like bubbles that a breath would destroy. Yet animals they are, and the strangest, perhaps, of living creatures. Scores of books have been written about them by ever so many learned men, and no fairy tale was ever so wonderful.

It is easy to study jellyfish, because one can look right through them and see how their organs work; and they can be dipped out of the sea and taken home for closer inspection without the least trouble. It is also easy to keep them in aquariums.

It does not take much material to make a jellyfish, and it is no wonder that nature can afford to fill the sea in all parts of the world with these

PICTURE PUZZLE.



THE GREEDY GOLDSMITH.

A taller and a goldsmith fell in with a party of queer little people in the woods and danced all night. Upon parting they left their pockets with gold and left. When they reached town the gold had turned to gold. The greedy goldsmith took a sack and

returned and carried away a whole bagful of coals, but when he reached town it was still coals and that which had turned to gold the night before turned again to coals. Where is the wise tailor? —Brooklyn Eagle.

beautiful creatures. Sea water is plentiful, and jellyfish are little more than sea water inclosed in a thin covering of muscle. They are shaped like bells, bowls, saucers or umbrellas, and range in size from a tiny thing that can hardly be seen without a microscope up to a big umbrella, two yards across, with streamers 100 feet long.

The main part of the body is called the umbrella, and hanging down in the middle is the stomach—a long, narrow pouch, which looks so like the handle of an umbrella that scientists call it the manubrium, which is Latin for handle. The mouth opens right into the stomach, and eyes and ears are set around the edge of the umbrella, like brightly colored jewels. They are not very good eyes and ears, it is true, but they are all the jellyfish needs. Across the mouth of the umbrella in the case of the smaller jellyfish is a veil, with a hole in the middle, and it is by letting water into its hollow body through this hole and then driving it out again that they push themselves through the water. The larger ones swim by opening and shutting their umbrellas. Floating on the rim of the umbrella is a fringe of fine, delicate streamers. These are called tentacles, from the Latin word tentare, to touch, and here the jellyfish keeps a whole army of the most wonderful weapons. It looks too lovely and fragile to hurt anything, but as a matter of fact, few of the inhabitants of the sea are so well able to take care of themselves. They can kill animals much bigger than themselves, and the larger ones can even overcome human beings, for which reason enemies are generally careful to keep out of their way.

The tentacles look much too fine and hairlike to be used as storehouses, but each one is packed, nevertheless, with cells, and in each cell is a little lasso just like the ones the cowboys use in the West to catch cattle with. But, instead of one lasso, the jellyfish has thousands of them, and they are a great deal better than the cowboy's lasso, for they are barbed at one end and are kept in a bath of poison until they are wanted. Thanks to those weapons, the jellyfish is able to get its living without working. It does not even have to throw the lassoes. They throw themselves. Whenever a cell is touched it bursts, and the lasso is thrown out, stinging and poisoning whatever animal has been so foolish as to come within reach. If this animal is anywhere near the size of the

Beauty an Impediment. "The fatal gift of beauty" is an expression that used to be a great favorite with writers of cheap fiction," said a professor in one of the business colleges. "As a matter of fact, it contains more truth than fiction. Every year we turn out a lot of young girls who are equipped to take positions as stenographers, typewriters and bookkeepers, and I have frequently noted that the pretty ones, those who possess the aforesaid 'fatal gift of beauty,' have a hard struggle to get positions. Take two girls, one pretty and attractive, and the other plain and homely, and in applying for a position, although they may be possessed of equal ability, the homely girl stands the better chance of getting the job. Lots of professional and business men are afraid of pretty girls, and lots of them have jealous wives. For his own peace of mind the man with a jealous wife will choose the ugliest girl he can find, so long as she can do his work. That's why I say that 'the fatal gift of beauty' has some foundation in fact." —Philadelphia Record.

Moisture in Tobacco. The presence of moisture in tobacco is, the Lancet believes, of some importance to public health, since the combustion of tobacco containing a large proportion of moisture is impeded, while as the generation of vapor is increased, so are the chances of the poisonous principle being carried into the mouth diminished. The railway mileage of Germany was 26,637 miles at the close of 1892, and 32,242 at the end of 1902, an increase of twenty-one per cent.

Some New Devices. An umbrella is generally regarded as an awkward thing to carry at its best. Any one can think of a dozen reasons why it is in the way, and a confusion of problems to deal with under ordinary circumstances. In a town called Gibland, La., a man has invented an umbrella that is supported over the owner by a system of rods and which leaves both of his hands free to be used as occasion demands. It is hardly necessary to attempt an elaboration upon the merits of this device.

It will be gratifying to timid young women to learn that a boat has been invented which is said to be absolute proof against the fool man who insists on rocking the craft. This is done by the simple attachment of a piece of metal to the keel of the boat, which the inventor says does not in the least interfere with the progress of the boat through the water, but makes it impossible to interfere with its stability in the water. The device, which is the patent of William M. Young, of Troy, N. Y., consists of a piece of metal extending the length of the boat and fastened to the keel and extending at right angles with the keel for a short distance, and then curved upward to meet the framework of the boat at the waterline. Under ordinary circumstances this is not visible and does not alter the lines of the craft, and, being open at each end, does not impede its progress through the water, but any attempt being made to rock the boat is rendered exceedingly difficult because of the weight of water held in the space between the boat's side and the attachment.

It has been discovered that a modification of the telephone can be made use of for the purpose of improving the hearing of persons afflicted with deafness. While this scheme is not always beneficial, it has been found to afford great relief to a large number of persons afflicted with deafness. Of recent years inventors have devoted themselves to the construction of instruments of this character in the most convenient form and of such shape that they can be used without attracting unnecessary attention. There has been recently patented in this country, the work of an Australian inventor, an installation of this character which can be stowed away in an ordinary Derby hat, the only portion of the apparatus exposed to view being two ear tubes which depend from the sides of the hat and repose in the ears. The sound collecting bells are adroitly concealed in the sides of the hat crown. —Chicago Chronicle.

Some Wisely Hints. A delightful variety of green house furnishing pieces is shown in the shops at present. These are valuable for their restful qualities, during warm weather especially, and indicate the trend of popular taste toward what is probably the most satisfactory of all color schemes.

That hot milk added to potatoes when washing them will keep them from being soggy or heavy. That celery should lie at least an hour in cold water or upon ice before being served in order to be firm and crisp, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. That cheese may be kept moist by wrapping in cloth wrung out of vinegar and hung up in a paper bag in a cool place.

That a pinch of salt thrown into the coffee pot will improve the aroma of the coffee. That a piece of flannel dampened in camphor is nice with which to polish mirrors. That the knife should be held perpendicularly when cutting warm cake or corn bread.

Baking Powder and Soda. We are told not to combine baking powder and soda in the same food. In fact the combination often proves most satisfactory. Baking powder biscuits are as much improved by wetting them with buttermilk sweetened by soda as can be imagined. One great mistake made by very many is in using too much soda. Very little is needed. A very scant even teaspoonful will sweeten a pint of very sour milk or buttermilk. Some one says pertinently, "Be sure you have not enough soda and you will have it just right."

A good rule for baking powder biscuits is a quart of flour sifted well—if sifted two or three times it is better. Into the flour incorporate two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoon even full of salt, a very scant teaspoon of soda, not even full. Mix into the flour, etc., a very large tablespoonful of hard, and wet up with two cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk. If the measuring has been correct the milk will make the dough very soft—so soft it will seem impossible to handle it. By dredging the bread board well with flour and sprinkling a little on top of the paste it can be rolled out on a sheet not more than half an inch in thickness, cut with small cutter, put in pans so they do not touch and bake in very hot oven. Five minutes will bake them. If liked larger and thicker, more time must be allowed, but oven must be hot for good biscuits.

Doughnuts are much better made with sour milk or cream and soda with baking powder. Sour cream cake—in fact nearly everything in which these things are used where tenderness rather than flakiness is desired will be found improved by their combination. —Rose Seelye-Miller, in What to Eat.

Mold of Mashed Potatoes—Cook the potatoes in boiling water, mash fine and season with salt, a little cream or milk and butter. Rinse a mold with cold water and fill with the potato, pressing it in well. In a few minutes turn out on to a tin plate or baking dish that has been buttered. Brush over with a beaten egg and set in the oven to heat and to brown slightly.

Apricot Jelly—Stone eighteen apricots, cut them into slices, and place them in a basin with the juice of two and a half lemons; then pour over them one and a half pints of boiling syrup, cover the basin and leave the contents to cool. When almost cold, add one and a half ounces of gelatine; mix this well in, strain into a jelly mould and leave to set. When set, serve on a dish garnished with thin strips of apricots.

Mutton and Tomato Pie—Butter a baking dish and put in a liberal layer of the bread crumbs; follow it with a layer of cold cooked mutton sliced very thin and number of rained tomatoes. Season with pepper, salt and a little butter, repeat the layers and cover the top with crumbs. Bake slowly half an hour. If fresh tomatoes are used allow three-quarters of an hour. This is a savory way to use cold meat.

Emperor of Austria's Private Newspaper. The Emperor of Austria was the first royal personage to have a newspaper published for his own private perusal. About thirty years ago he thought it would be a nice idea to have each important article condensed by a competent writer, and the results written out on small square sheets, which are then slipped into a binding cover and laid on his Majesty's breakfast table.

Nothing that concerns him, agreeable or disagreeable, is ever omitted, and to make certain nobody is fooling him he occasionally orders a fresh bundle of papers to see if his orders are obeyed. True, the Emperor loses a lot of amusing things, as every one does who cannot read a newspaper for himself; but he is now an old man and doesn't like to try his eyes too long at a time.

His royal newspaper was likewise adopted by other European monarchs, until the more modern kingships found they were not getting all the news, and then they took to doing their own "condensing" and skimming. King Edward is an indefatigable newspaper reader, despite his "busy day" program. —Boston Herald.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS. A Dish Drainer. A dish drainer that was thought out by an invalid whose mind is much stronger than her body. It was so cleverly thought out that it saves at least one-third of the work—the great, great work—of dish drying. The dishes are firmly held at their lower edges and cannot slip because of curved recesses in the bottom of the wire basket. They are rinsed on both sides at the same time and do not steam. There is a central basket which holds knives, forks and spoons upright, insuring perfect drainage and preventing soaking and loosening of knife handles. No pretty finger tips are scalded in hot rinsing water.

To Iron Silk. Commence, as in washing, with the white and light-colored silks. Smooth the silk out well on the ironing table, place an old handkerchief or a piece of thin muslin over it, and iron with a moderately hot iron. When partially dry remove the covering, iron the silk with the bare iron, and in the case of a scarf or handkerchief, first on one side and then on the other to produce a gloss. If the silk should feel in the least stiff or hard, shake it out, rub it between the hands and iron again. When finished it should be as smooth and as soft as when new.

Some Wisely Hints. Some silks, such as ribbons and corded silks, are better kept covered all the time, as the iron gives them a glaze which is not suitable; discretion must be used in this matter. When ironing bright-colored silks put a piece of muslin or old linen over the ironing sheet to prevent its being stained.

That hot milk added to potatoes when washing them will keep them from being soggy or heavy. That celery should lie at least an hour in cold water or upon ice before being served in order to be firm and crisp, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. That cheese may be kept moist by wrapping in cloth wrung out of vinegar and hung up in a paper bag in a cool place.

That a pinch of salt thrown into the coffee pot will improve the aroma of the coffee. That a piece of flannel dampened in camphor is nice with which to polish mirrors. That the knife should be held perpendicularly when cutting warm cake or corn bread.

Baking Powder and Soda. We are told not to combine baking powder and soda in the same food. In fact the combination often proves most satisfactory. Baking powder biscuits are as much improved by wetting them with buttermilk sweetened by soda as can be imagined. One great mistake made by very many is in using too much soda. Very little is needed. A very scant even teaspoonful will sweeten a pint of very sour milk or buttermilk. Some one says pertinently, "Be sure you have not enough soda and you will have it just right."

A good rule for baking powder biscuits is a quart of flour sifted well—if sifted two or three times it is better. Into the flour incorporate two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoon even full of salt, a very scant teaspoon of soda, not even full. Mix into the flour, etc., a very large tablespoonful of hard, and wet up with two cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk. If the measuring has been correct the milk will make the dough very soft—so soft it will seem impossible to handle it. By dredging the bread board well with flour and sprinkling a little on top of the paste it can be rolled out on a sheet not more than half an inch in thickness, cut with small cutter, put in pans so they do not touch and bake in very hot oven. Five minutes will bake them. If liked larger and thicker, more time must be allowed, but oven must be hot for good biscuits.

Doughnuts are much better made with sour milk or cream and soda with baking powder. Sour cream cake—in fact nearly everything in which these things are used where tenderness rather than flakiness is desired will be found improved by their combination. —Rose Seelye-Miller, in What to Eat.

Mold of Mashed Potatoes—Cook the potatoes in boiling water, mash fine and season with salt, a little cream or milk and butter. Rinse a mold with cold water and fill with the potato, pressing it in well. In a few minutes turn out on to a tin plate or baking dish that has been buttered. Brush over with a beaten egg and set in the oven to heat and to brown slightly.

Apricot Jelly—Stone eighteen apricots, cut them into slices, and place them in a basin with the juice of two and a half lemons; then pour over them one and a half pints of boiling syrup, cover the basin and leave the contents to cool. When almost cold, add one and a half ounces of gelatine; mix this well in, strain into a jelly mould and leave to set. When set, serve on a dish garnished with thin strips of apricots.

Mutton and Tomato Pie—Butter a baking dish and put in a liberal layer of the bread crumbs; follow it with a layer of cold cooked mutton sliced very thin and number of rained tomatoes. Season with pepper, salt and a little butter, repeat the layers and cover the top with crumbs. Bake slowly half an hour. If fresh tomatoes are used allow three-quarters of an hour. This is a savory way to use cold meat.

Emperor of Austria's Private Newspaper. The Emperor of Austria was the first royal personage to have a newspaper published for his own private perusal. About thirty years ago he thought it would be a nice idea to have each important article condensed by a competent writer, and the results written out on small square sheets, which are then slipped into a binding cover and laid on his Majesty's breakfast table.

Nothing that concerns him, agreeable or disagreeable, is ever omitted, and to make certain nobody is fooling him he occasionally orders a fresh bundle of papers to see if his orders are obeyed. True, the Emperor loses a lot of amusing things, as every one does who cannot read a newspaper for himself; but he is now an old man and doesn't like to try his eyes too long at a time.

His royal newspaper was likewise adopted by other European monarchs, until the more modern kingships found they were not getting all the news, and then they took to doing their own "condensing" and skimming. King Edward is an indefatigable newspaper reader, despite his "busy day" program. —Boston Herald.

His royal newspaper was likewise adopted by other European monarchs, until the more modern kingships found they were not getting all the news, and then they took to doing their own "condensing" and skimming. King Edward is an indefatigable newspaper reader, despite his "busy day" program. —Boston Herald.