

A VAGABOND HEROINE

By ANNIE EDWARDS.

CHAPTER V. 6 Compliments, Not Caresses.

Belinda's eyes have met Roger's, and, in spite of all her foregone jealous resolves, the girl finds it hard to steel herself against Rosie's future husband. Never in her whole vagabond, loveless life has such honest human sunshine shone on her as shines now in Roger Temple's smile.

"I don't know about falling in love, but I am sure Belinda and I mean to be friends, Rosie," he says, advancing. "Do we not, my dear?"

And before she can find time to put herself on guard, Captain Temple's bronzed mustache has touched her cheek. It is the kind of salutation that could scarce, by the very icest prude, be stigmatized as a kiss, and yet it bears a sufficiently marked family resemblance to one to be unpleasant in Rosie's sight.

"I—really, Roger—Belinda looks so ridiculously younger than she is!"

"Not a bit!" cries Roger, and now he rests his hand kindly on the little girl's shoulder. "Belinda is fifteen years old—you told me, did you not, that she was fifteen? Well, and she looks it. Don't mind Rosie, Belinda. Rosie turns rusty at the thought of having a grown-up daughter."

"I shall be seventeen the week after next," says Belinda, holding up her chin. "I don't know what people mean by taking me for a child. I have certainly seen enough of the world and its wickedness to make me feel old," she adds, with the accustomed hard little rebellious ring in her voice.

"Belinda will look different—I trust Belinda will look totally different when she is properly dressed," says the widow, glancing down at her own elegantly flowing draperies. "I must really have a serious talk with Miss Burke about these short skirts."

"Ah, but Miss Burke is not here to be talked with, Rosie!" cries Belinda, bent, it would seem, on disclosing every obnoxious truth she can hit upon. "My natural guide and protector has been away in Spain a week or more, collecting facts for her book, and I am knocking about alone, as you see—me and my dog Costa."

"Alone?" stammers Rosie, shocked not so much perhaps at the fact itself as at having the fact exposed before Roger. "You don't mean actually alone, my dear?"

"Well, no; I have my chums, of course, the fellows who were with me in the street when you arrived. Now, Rosie," she goes on pitilessly, "tell the truth—were you or were you not ashamed when you first saw me?"

"I—I was surprised, Belinda," says Rosie, in her sweetest little feminine treble. "It is not usual in England, you know, to see a girl of seventeen wearing her dress above her ankles. And then those fearful—what must I call them, Belinda?—what do they call those fearful door-mat things you have on your feet?"

"They call those fearful things alpargetas in Spanish, espadrilles in French," answers Belinda, coolly holding out a ragged sandaled foot for inspection. "If you played paume on the hot sand for hours together as I do, you would be glad to wear espadrilles, Rosie; yes, or to go bare-foot altogether, as I do oftener than not."

"Our dear Belinda wants a year or two of sound English training," she remarks, in a tone that to Roger sounds dove-like, but that Belinda remembers and interprets only too well. "That is the worst of continental education! One has to sacrifice so many good solid English qualities for accomplishments. Still in these days a girl must be accomplished. A couple of years in a select English boarding-school will, I have no doubt, render Belinda all that our fondest wishes could desire."

Belinda, on the conclusion of this little tirade, looks hard into her stepmother's eyes for a moment or two; then, shouldering her schistera, she moves across to the door.

"I must be off," turning and bestowing a nod full of caustic meaning on the lovers. "And unless you want me to join some gang of wandering gypsy players, as I have often thought of doing, you had better not talk about boarding-schools any more. My accomplishments, Captain Temple," looking with an air of mock modesty—"Rose talks of my accomplishments, for which the good solid qualities have been sacrificed! I will tell you what they are, and you shall say which I am best suited for—a booth in a Basque fair, or a select English boarding-school! Paume playing—'tis the same game, Mr. Jones tells me, as your English fives—paumes," checking off each accomplishment on her dark, slim fingers as she proceeds, "bolero dancing, a tolerable acquaintance with slang in four languages—"

"Belinda!"

"Oh! let me finish the list, Rosie! Let me make the best of myself that I can in Captain Temple's eyes. Bolero-dancing, slang, paume—of each a little. Knowledge, learnt practically, of how to keep myself and dog on twenty sous a day board-wages. And a taste for bull-fights so strong, oh! so strong," that with unaffected enthusiasm, "that I would sooner go without meat for a fortnight and church for a year than miss the chance of going to one. For further particulars apply to Mr. Augustus Jones."

And so exit Belinda, whistling—yes, Rosie, whistling; keep from fainting if you can—as she goes.

"A quaint little original, our future daughter," says Roger, whose eyes have certainly opened wider during the conclusion of Belinda's tirade. "But a good hearted child, I'll be

bound. You must not be too hard on her, Rose."

"I hard?" sighs the widow, looking at him reproachfully. "When was I ever hard on any one? If you knew, Roger—but of course men never understand these things—the trial that poor girl has always been! I can assure you I look upon Belinda as a chastisement, sent to me for some wise purpose by Providence."

She seats herself on a sofa, discreetly away in the half light, and with an air of resignation takes out her pocket-handkerchief. "I have made sacrifices no real mother would have made for her—can I ever forget the devoted, bland attachment of her poor dear papa for me? Sending her away, heaven knows at what expense, to the continent, and always writing that she should have the best of masters, and everything; and now this is the result. How painfully plain she is."

"Plain? No, Rosie, anything but plain. Belinda is just at that awkward age when one does not know what to make of girls, and her dress is not quite like other people's, is it? But she has magnificent eyes, and a pretty hand."

"A pretty hand! Belinda's hands pretty! Why, they are enormous, six and three-quarters at least, two sizes bigger than mine, and a brown, but you think every one you see love, Roger," says Rosie pettishly. "I believe one might just as well be ugly one's self. I have never heard you speak of any woman yet that you could not find something to admire in her."

"And all because of you, my dearest!" cries Captain Temple, with warmth. "When a man admires one woman supremely, can you not imagine that every other woman, yet, even the plainest, must possess something fair in his sight for her sake?"

He comes across to her, stoops and rests his hand on his betrothed's fair head. It is a favorite action of Roger's, and one that Rose would be exceedingly well pleased to see him abandon. Who can tell what horrible trick postiche or plait may not play one in some unguarded moment of more than common tenderness?"

"Oh, Roger, how can you?" She shifts a little, uneasily from his touch. "Really you get sillier and sillier every day." It is a fixed idea of the widow's that Roger Temple's feelings for her are precisely of the same irrepressible and rapturous nature as they were when he was a boy of nineteen—a happy, fixed idea, lightening Roger's courtship more than he wots of. "Lucky, I am sure, that Belinda is gone. Do you know I was afraid you would say or do something embarrassing before her! How do I look, Roger dear? Tired and hideous, don't I? Now, I insist upon your telling me the truth."

How do I look, Roger dear? is the burden ever of their love scenes. Compliments, not caresses, are what Rose's heart of hearts yearns for; and Roger, after the past few weeks' apprenticeship, finds it no very difficult task to frame them. To have to pay compliments to the same woman during six or eight hours of every consecutive day would in most cases be a tolerable severe strain on a man's imaginative faculty. Rose, who is absolutely without imagination herself, requires the exercise of none in others. A parrot gets no more wearied with its own eternal "Pretty Polly" than does poor Rosie of the eternal, pointless, stereotyped compliments of flattery.

"You look charming. I never saw you look better. Your eyes are as bright—" Roger does not find a simile come readily to his hand, but Rose is content to take his good intention on trust. "And your dress—all these lavender frills and this white lace! Rosie, how is it that you always manage to wear prettier dresses than any other woman in the world?"

He must have asked her the same question, on a moderate calculation, about two hundred times since they were first engaged. At this moment he knows how often he has asked it, and the precise fluttering of denial, and little bewitching, foolish laugh with which Rosie will respond. And he sighs; if he had courage to relieve his soul in the way nature prompts, would yawn. Terrible pain in a love affair when we have learned to dislike anything!

"I shall be quite unhappy about my dresses if they do not arrive soon," Rose goes on presently. "Ten large cases, you remember." Does not Roger remember those awful ten cases well? In Paris, Bordeaux, everywhere? "And a bit of blue ribbon on each. There can be no mistake if the railway people are honest, but abroad one never knows. I'm sure nothing would have been easier than for Belinda to run back to the station; still, she did not offer, and in my delicate position as a stepmother I have never required the slightest attention from the poor girl."

"Oh, Roger," Rosie's hand is in her lover's now, and he is beside her on the sofa, "if I dared, how much I should like to tell you a secret—something we are all concerned in!"

Roger's natural reply is, what should prevent her telling it? Ought there to be any secret, present or to come, between persons whose lives, like theirs, are to be spent in one long, delightful confidence? "Well, then—I'm a very naughty girl, I know," Rose avows kittenishly, "and I dare say you will scold me sadly, but I've been match-making! It is not quite by accident that Mr. Augustus Jones is in St. Jean de Luz!"

"Accident or no accident, the fact is a deuced unpleasant one," remarks Captain Temple. "How or why Mr. Jones came here is Mr. Jones' own concern, but the bore of having to encounter him! I really

did hope, Rose, that we had seen the last of that atrocious man when we left London."

"You are prejudiced against him, sir. I'm afraid you don't like poor Augustus because he was a little too attentive to me."

"Rose!"

"Oh, come, Roger, I know what your ruling passion is, and always has been. The green-eyed monster, sir—"

"Rosie, I swear—"

"Well, we cannot help these things, my dear; I am ridiculously without jealousy myself. Poor Major O'Shea often said he wished he could see a little more jealous, but I can make every allowance for it in others. I ought, I am sure," adds Rose, with a reminiscent sigh, "I ought to be able to bear all the jealous suspiciousness of men's natures after the experience I have had!"

There is silence for a minute, and any one watching Roger Temple's face attentively might discern there a good deal of the look of a man who is trying to repress his weariness under the perpetual, exacting babble of a child. "I don't think you judge of me quite correctly, Rose," he remarks, after a time. "Who ever judges another correctly? Who can read but by his own light? We were talking of Mr. Jones, were we not? Ah, yes, and you think me jealous of Jones! So be it my dear. Poor little Rosie." He bends forward and salutes the widow's cheek—very tenderly, I may almost say fearfully. Roger is better acquainted with feminine weakness, as regards rice powder especially, than he was on that first fatal night at Brompton. "And now what about this grand secret of yours? You have been match-making, have you? I hope you don't mean to marry our little daughter Belinda to Mr. Augustus Jones?"

"He would be an extremely nice husband for her, from a worldly point of view," says Rose, turning over and over the diamond, a gift of Roger's, that rests on her plump third finger. "And as to education—old Mr. Jones was sensible of his own deficiencies, and had his son coached up by the most expensive tutors. Any one hearing Augustus talk would say that he was quite well educated enough—for a married man."

"And presentable enough, refined enough? The sort of husband a girl could not only love, but be proud of? Well, Rosie, manage it as you choose. If you like Mr. Jones, and if Belinda likes Mr. Jones, you may be sure that I shall not forbid the banns."

"Ah, there is the difficulty. Belinda does not like Mr. Jones. Belinda and I never liked the same thing of person yet." Poor Rosie, if the mantle of prophecy could but fall upon her shoulders at this moment! "But you could help me so much, dear, if you would—and you will, I know?" upraising her eyes coaxingly to her lover's. "You will help me in my plans for Belinda's happiness? It was all through me, Roger—don't be cross with me if I confess the truth—it was all through me that Mr. Jones came to St. Jean de Luz."

"Through you that Mr. Jones came to St. Jean de Luz? And why should I be cross with you, you little goose?"

Rosie talks like a girl of sixteen; Roger treats her like a girl of sixteen—yet is sensible, mournfully sensible, ever, of the grotesqueness of so doing.

"You see, I knew that Augustus was anxious to marry. I suspected, feared," says Rose, with modest grace, "that his hopes in some directions might have been just a little blighted, and the thought struck me—as he was going abroad and had asked me to plan his tour for him—the thought struck me to bring him and Belinda together. What he wants is connection; what she wants is money—"

"But Belinda is a child still," interrupts Roger Temple. "You are building all these castles in the air, dear, kind little soul that you are, Rosie, for her good, but the thing is ridiculous. Belinda's home must be with us for the next three or four years. Ample time then to begin match-making. How could a child of her age possibly decide," goes on honest Roger—"how could an innocent-hearted child of Belinda's age possibly decide whether she ought or ought not to sell herself for the so many thousands a year snob like Jones?"

To be Continued.

Chinese Scholar on Marriage.

Sir Robert Hart, speaking of marriage and death customs in the Far East, tells a story of a great Chinese scholar and high official who said that our foreign way of letting the young people fall in love and choose and the Chinese way of first marrying and then making acquaintance reminded him of two kettles of water: the first—the foreign—was taken at the boiling point from the fire by marriage and then grew cooler and cooler, whereas the second—the Chinese—was a kettle of cold water put on the fire by wedlock and ever afterward growing warmer and warmer. So that, said his friend, "after fifty or sixty years we are madly in love with each other"—"Tit-Bits."

Out of Doors.

Live out of doors as much as possible. For the woman who is in the country this advice is not difficult to follow and the time she gives to her garden is not wasted. The stay-in-town woman will find it profitable to take little trips out of the city, if it be only for the day, or use trolley lines which stretch for miles through the country. It is so much better than sitting at home complaining of the weather.—Green's Fruit Grower.

The Meaning of Trafalgar.

Trafalgar is an Arabic word which means "The Cape of Laurels," which is strangely applicable to the scene of the famous battle and the death of England's greatest naval hero.—Home Notes.

French scientists are studying a peculiar movement of the sands along the northern coasts of France, Belgium and Holland. A fine sand originating on the coast of Normandy has been found as far away as Denmark.

MEN MUST STAND MOTHER-IN-LAW PLANT.

"One Leaf Placed on Tongue Will Paralyze That Organ for Hours," Says Originator.

There is a limit to the public patience, and it has been reached. News cometh that in the Botanic Gardens which the Government maintains to create, propagate and disseminate rare and valuable plants—that in this institution that we men pay our good tax money to support there has been produced a new specimen known as the "mother-in-law plant." Suffering Moses! Shall men be pestered forever?

Instead of hanging his head in shame as such a nefarious act, the superintendent is proud of his work, says the Baltimore News, and proposes to make this plant a feature of the flora of America. Though he may arouse the just indignation of his country, the superintendent shall be nameless here, as we do not care to see a mob of frenzied men storming the glass doors of the Botanic Gardens.

This mother-in-law plant is a vegetable squelcher. "One leaf from the mother-in-law plant placed upon the tongue will paralyze that organ for hours," says the promoter. That is the mildest of its dangers. The one thing to do is to nip this thing in the bud, to stamp it out, root and branch. This is no time for temporizing.

Thousands of men who could have borne marriage and a wife are now nervous wrecks on account of mother-in-law. Thousands of them are already cowed and shrinking from the gaze of the grenadier ladies who paralyze them at a glance.

What chance would men stand if this mother-in-law plant should prove as great a terror among the vegetables in the animal kingdom?

If the seeds of this new plant should be scattered over the land, if everywhere he went, in the home, in the trolley car, in the theatre, on the highway, from every yard and garden a mother-in-law, plant or animal, should spring up—oh, where could rest be found, rest for the weary man?

He Wanted to Know.

The door opened to admit an individual of benign aspect, who at once began:

"You advertised that you had found a purse, did you not?"

"Yes."

"You said it contained a sum of money?"

"Yes."

"In fact, a very large sum of money?"

"That's so."

"You mentioned, too, that the owner could have the same by naming the sum found and describing the purse?"

"Yes; go on."

"That is all I wanted to ask."

"But you will have to give a description of the purse before you can claim it."

"I haven't lost any purse."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"Then why on earth have you called?"

"Oh, merely to see what a mad looks like who will find a very large sum of money, and then advertise the fact in the daily newspapers instead of having a good time with the plunder. Good morning, sir!"—New York Journal.

Tricks of the Diplomatic Trade.

According to Mr. Griffith-Boscawen, Bismarck drank eight lemon squashes in the course of one speech. The iron chancellor's naturally fine powers of suction were, however, developed by his diplomatic training. On one occasion he boasted that in his youth he drank a bottle of champagne at one draft from a "puzzle goblet so constructed that one could not bring it close to one's lips, yet one was not allowed to spill a drop. Not a single drop fell on my waistcoat. Every one was immensely surprised, but I said: 'Give me another . . . Such tricks were formerly an indispensable part of the diplomat's trade. They drank the weaker vessels under the table, wormed all they wanted to know out of them, and made them agree to things contrary to their instructions. . . . When they got sober they could not imagine why they had acted so.'"—London Chronicle.

Pretty Good.

"Hello, Turnips!" said an arrogant young man to a farmer driving along a country road. "Give a fellow a lift to Newton?" Without waiting for a reply he jumped into the cart: "I might as well ride with you as walk."

After two or three miles had been covered, the young man paused for a moment in his chatter and remarked: "It's more of a distance than I supposed."

"It's a good distance," answered the farmer.

Another twenty minutes passed, and then the young man inquired: "About how far is it to Newton?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "keep in straight on the way we're going now I should say 'twould be a matter of twenty-five thousand miles or so, but if you was favorable 't gettin' out of my cart and walkin' it back it isn't very much above eight miles."—Canadian Thresherman.

The Second Wearing.

John Burns, the Socialist English Cabinet Minister, celebrated last month his fifty-first birthday. At a socialist meeting in Milwaukee, after a congratulatory message to Mr. Burns had been drafted, a speaker said:

"I'll tell you a characteristic story of John Burns. When he first appeared before the King in the gold lace and cocked hat and sword of a privy councillor His Majesty expressed pleasure at seeing him in the royal Windsor uniform.

"But it is not the first time I have worn your Majesty's uniform," said Mr. Burns.

"No?" said the King.

"Your Majesty will, perhaps, remember," said Mr. Burns, "the stripes I wore in Holloway Jail after my conviction for the Trafalgar Square riot."—Minneapolis Journal.

Morse May Be Thankful He's in Good Hands.

THE ATLANTA FEDERAL PENITENTIARY IS SAID TO BE A MODEL INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND.

Charles W. Morse should be thankful—although he may now consider it a rather thin silver lining to his cloud—that if he was obliged to go to prison it should be to one like the Atlanta Federal penitentiary. This prison illustrates, in its construction and routine of life, what modern penologists have decided to be required in the reasonable and humane treatment of felons. In the construction of the buildings every effort was made to have them conform to the modern standards for the protection of health. The disciplinary regulations do not forget the principle of reformation, and the value of self-respect is utilized as a reformatory agent.

When a convict enters the prison in a sense he becomes another man. His identity is swallowed up in a number. He stands on a footing with every inmate of equal degree or untested behavior and has an opportunity to start his new life right. Before he takes his allotted place in the prison life he is required to take a bath, have his hair trimmed and exchange his clothes for a suit furnished by the Government. The style of his hair cut and the character of his clothes illustrate the official view of the prisoner. His hair is trimmed, not shaven, after the manner of the old school penology. The clothes, in color and material a distinctive uniform, are not stripes of the old convict garb, which carried with it the odium of a social outcast. The humanitarian view of imprisonment for crime is further recognized in the absence of the lockstep. When Morse's mustache was shaved off, two deep lines running from either side of his nose to the corners of his lips were revealed. His appearance had been changed in a marked manner.

Before he is merged with the ranks of the first grade convicts, the prisoner is photographed twice, first before his hair is trimmed and his face shaved, and the second time following the operations. His thumb print and the Bertillon measurements are also taken. The physical examination follows. This has a bearing on the form of occupation he will be required to take up, for all the prisoners, unless physically incapable, are expected to spend eight hours daily in labor of some kind. He is vaccinated. If he is tuberculous he will be sent to the hospital, where that disease is treated by the open air method.

His social and physical state determined, he has an opportunity to express his religious preferences. He will receive a Bible and a set of the prison rules, which state the privileges of a first class prisoner. It is then decided to what form of labor he will be assigned.

The occupations cover a wide range. A prisoner may be appointed a clerk or receive an opportunity to teach in the school, or he may be put at the trade of bricklaying or set at work in the garden. There is ample room for all forms of occupation, as the grounds around the prison are 321 acres in area.

The occupation fixed upon, the prisoner is assigned to a cell in the division of prisoners having employment similar to that in which he is to engage. It has been reported that Mr. Morse would be assigned to the tailor shop in a clerical capacity, owing to his mental qualification and his physical incapacity to undertake manual labor because of his age and his lame leg.

The prisoner starts with everything in his favor, so far as life in the prison is concerned. He is placed in the first grade, which entitles him to all privileges enjoyed by any of the inmates. He is permitted to write letters to his family and friends, subject to the supervision of the prison authorities. He may have visitors, although the frequency of calls is usually limited to once in two weeks. If he is a smoker or user of tobacco in any other form, his tastes in this direction will be recognized and gratified by a regular allowance. The prison library of several thousand volumes is at his service. He will also be permitted to receive magazines, books and newspapers from friends.

Occasionally he will have an opportunity to enjoy an entertainment of some form. The entertainments are given in the hall which is used for the regular Sunday religious services. This hall contains a modest stage. If he is musically inclined, there may be an opportunity to join the prison band.

So long as a prisoner is well behaved he retains the privileges which are accorded him on his admission. Should he not obey the requirements of life in the first grade he will be reduced to the second, where his privileges will be somewhat curtailed. If he still is recalcitrant he will fall into the third grade, which practically deprives him of all privileges.—New York Tribune.

How He Got a Fur Coat.

Samuel Klous, who says he is a mining engineer of Boston, was sentenced yesterday by Judge Swann in General Sessions to a year in the penitentiary because he went into a Broadway automobile agency with the ostensible purpose of buying an automobile and got away with the proprietor's fur overcoat. He picked out a car, wrote a check for \$1475 on the Chase National Bank and asked to have the running of the car demonstrated to him. It was a cold day and he borrowed the fur coat. The chauffeur returned a few hours later without customer or coat. He said Klous had gone into a place to get warm and had escaped by another door. The check was worthless.—New York Sun.

Helping Your Neighbor.

Scheme to do some good to every neighbor and see how happy you will feel when you accomplish results.

THE EPICURE'S CORNER

Mixed Fruits.

In arranging a bowl of fruit it is not necessary to limit one's self to bananas, sweet oranges, grapes and grapefruit. Put in a few quinquats and mandarins, also two or three Japanese persimmons and fresh figs, with a mango or two, if possible, and use red bananas instead of the yellow because they have a finer flavor.—New York Tribune.

Tomato Soup With Cheese.

A clear tomato soup is improved in both flavor and nutritive value by the use of cheese. Pass a small saucer containing grated Parmesan cheese around with the soup, or, if preferred, small squares of ordinary yellow cheese can be used instead of croutons or some of the other familiar garnishes. The serving of cheese with soup is quite common in some foreign countries.—New York Tribune.

Strawberry Coupe.

Fill sherbet glasses with vanilla ice cream to within a fourth of the distance from the top. Then cover the cream with a spoonful of strawberry preserve and one or two of whipped cream. The coupe may be prepared at the table by the housewife herself, the vanilla cream being placed before her on a small platter with the whipped cream and the preserve in two glass bowls beside it.—New York Tribune.

Cherry Cobbler.

Use pitted cherries mixed with sufficient sugar to sweeten. Make a paste of one pound of whole wheat flour and three ounces of olive oil, or butter may be used instead; add a little salt and rub together. Moisten into dough of medium thickness with cold water; roll paste rather thin; line a pan with it. Pick the crust all over with a fork to prevent blistering, and bake in the oven. Place the cherries on the fire; bring to a boil and thicken a little with cornstarch; when the crust is done, remove from the oven and pour the cherries in. A top crust may be put over and baked if desired.—Boston Post.

Asparagus and Cauliflower.

This is a delicious combination. Cook together in very little water so that when the vegetables are tender there will remain less than a cup of the liquid. Put in a large tablespoon of butter as soon as the water begins to boil, so the seasoning will be absorbed. When done remove carefully and thicken the remaining liquid with cornstarch. If only a few spoonfuls of water remain, milk added to make a sauce improves the dish still more. If there are tough ends on the asparagus, cut them off, simmer them next day in a little water, put through a sieve, thicken and serve as soup.—Boston Post.

Chicken a la Marengo.

Cut up a chicken as for fricassee. Put a gill of olive oil in a saucepan. Let it become very hot. Then put the pieces of chicken in it, being careful that they do not overlap. Fry in the same pan with the chicken a clove of garlic and two small shallots or a tiny onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and a bunch of parsley. When the chicken is well fried remove it carefully to a hot platter. Stir a tablespoonful of flour into the oil that remains in the pan. Then add a pint of broth and let the sauce boil for five minutes. Add more seasonings, if necessary, and strain the sauce over the chicken. A few mushrooms, when obtainable, should be cooked in the sauce and served around the chicken as a garnish.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Croutons for soup brown better if the bread is buttered on both sides before putting in the oven.

Steamed bread and puddings can be cooked in coffee cans. Fill the cans three-fourths full to allow for rising. If you wish the top moist, cover the can.

Almond meal in the water removes the protecting cream with its accumulation of dirt after a dusty ride much better than soap, and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Delicious sandwiches for afternoon tea are made of raisins and nuts chopped together very fine, moistened with a little whipped cream and seasoned with a little salt.

For a refreshing dessert partly fill sherbet glasses with vanilla ice cream. Put over each service a spoonful of very sweet currant jam and cover with a pyramid of whipped cream.

Instead of pouring hot water over the frozen faucet fill the hot water bag with hot water, insert the faucet in it and fasten securely. The heat will soon open the faucet if it is not too badly frozen.

Milk jars in which the milk has soured can be most quickly cleaned by putting first under the cold water spigot, then filling with hot water in which has been dissolved a liberal amount of washing soda.

Before using plates, pie dishes, etc., for cooking purposes, it is a very wise plan to put them in a pan of cold water. Place over the fire and let the water come to the boil. By so doing you will find the heat of the oven will not crack the dishes so easily.

An old-fashioned rule for preserved currants is the following: Pick over and wash seven pounds of red currants. Add three pints of currant juice, a pound of raisins and seven pounds of sugar. Cook the whole, stirring frequently, for ten minutes, and seal.

With the Tunny fellow

Literary Assistance.

They sat on a big, roomy sofa, but he was afraid to space up any nearer; He talked of his aims as writer, and she proved a very intelligent hearer. "They tell me" (he said) "I'm diffuse; and I think that perhaps I've a fault of digression." "You have," said the maid, with a critical blink. "You should study the art of compression."—F. Moxon, in Puck.

The Way It Happened.

With determined men John Alden started the phonograph.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" snapped Priscilla.—Puck.

No Blarney For Bridget.

Mistress—"Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks."

Cook—"Ah! Go on wid yer blarney."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sure Thing!

"What do you think of a man with a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest?"

"He should either get married or divorced."—Boston Transcript.

A Christmas Idea.

"I think I'll have my picture taken."

"What for?"

"Oh, they make lovely Christmas gifts for folks who don't care to spend much money on."—New York Journal.

He Was Busy.

"Husband, what shall we call the baby?"

"Oh, I dunno," said the professor. "Don't bother me now. I'm trying to think up a new name for a new microbe."—Kansas City Journal.

His Fate.

"So Jones has married that Miss Gabbie? Poor devil!"

"Yes; they're on their wedding tour now."

"He'll think it's a lecture tour before he gets back."—New York Journal.

Has a Cook.

A New Jersey man claims to have eaten sixty buckwheat cakes and two pounds of sausage at a sitting.—Albany Journal.

What a patient, hard working wife that man must have!—Syracuse Standard.

Nothing New.

"I'm a little hazy on my Shakespeare. What was the trouble between the Montagues and the Capulets?"

"Same old row. There was a love affair, and each family thought its offspring was marrying low."—Kansas City Journal.

Trying to Make Life Unpleasant.

"No," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I don't like those neighbors of mine."

"Then why do you buy their children drums and tin whistles and accordions for Christmas?"

"Because I don't like them."—Washington Star.

There's a Reason.

"That woman's heartless!"

"Why do you say that?"

"She devotes more attention to her pet dog than she does to her own child!"

"Hum! Have you seen the child?"

—New York Journal.

Chasing the Cure.

"What do you think, my dear? Such luck! We leave for Paris in an hour!"

"Really?"

"Yes, we're going to Pasteur's. My husband has just been bitten by a mad dog."—Bon Vivant.

The Brutal Friend.

"What do you think of my latest novel?"

"You should have made it your earliest instead of your latest," said the brutal friend. "As a first effort there might have been some excuse for it."—Washington Star.

Worldly Analysis.

"Do you think I ought to consider wealth in selecting a husband?" said the confiding girl.

"It depends," answered Miss Cayenne, "on whether you are looking forward to a happy home or to a divorce that will pay dividends."—New York Journal.

Doing Her Best.

"Won't you try to love me?" he sighed.

"I have tried," she replied, kindly but firmly.

"My rich aunt has just died," he went on.

"In that case, dear, I will try again."—Puck.

Not a Model Family.

"Your father doesn't think you have been especially well behaved," said the small boy's uncle.

"I know that," answered the precocious juvenile. "But things I have heard mother say make me think he isn't any great judge of high-class deportment."—Washington Star.

All Through With Him.

The professional point of view is rarely that of the humanitarian. A passenger on a London omnibus calls out to the conductor:

"Ere, there! Whoa! There's an old chap fallen off the bus!"

"All right," responds the conductor cheerfully. "Ee's paid his fare!"—London Sketch.

For Others' Sake.

"Ought to have gone with me last night—there was a fancy cakewalk of blonde, ten of the cutest Bacchantes, a lot of living pictures, and—"

"Great! What theatre?"

"Theatre? It was the society entertainment for the benefit of the Little Orphan's Home."—Puck.