

# BAKING POWDER

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### ous and wholesome

NEW YORK.

in revealing her past. "My father was dead and my mother helpless. I was the only one to keep our little place open on the common, and then I came sewing at the window all day long for months. Just as I am doing some day in God's own time I have a nun's kept measure with the spinning wheel. There was no hurry, on Sundays after mass I used to go to the convent. It seemed like a castle rising high above the sidewalk, and within the nuns, like noble ladies, came so kindly down to me."

Sister Euphemia turned toward the visitor once more. How tired she was, then, and she had never grown tired, but what matter? It was in her service, and what a recreation it had been in her blank existence. She heard a droning of voices in the room around, and a memory came back of the embroideries that ravished her and moved to such passionate desires as was never before known in her life. Oh! to evolve beneath her own fingers such miracles of the needle. She wanted to feel anew the great influence working in her, flushing her veins, but suddenly control walled her in the forbidden flow as canal gates against the rush of hurrying water, and she went on in her usual cool, set voice:

"There I saw such exquisite finger-work," she said, slowly and with a kind kind of hesitation: "it seemed a wonderful gift and privilege to paint pictures with the needle, to be able to buy materials and work out of my own beautiful designs. The greatest of those magnificent vestments, representing months and months of patient labor, held me awe-stricken. All at once I realized I could do this—this artistic and theoretical equipment were simply seconded by my skill in stitching. I was happy thinking that at great purpose I should live, and I would not find me wholly useless." Sister Euphemia seemed hurried in the spirit of herself. "My machine went on through many long seasons," she continued, "and all the while I dreamed of bright silks and jewels and cloth of gold for the church, fair out of the took form in imagination, to be set aside in my mental storehouse for future use. The simple joy of handling those rainbow tints for God seemed to be the crowning glory of a religious life, and a little pride suggested that one day I might take my place among the nuns as a first embroiderer."

"Did you ever gratify your bent?" asked Hester, a quick understanding and suspense disturbing her heart and mind.

"Well, after we received the white robes the novices were assigned certain duties; and had no time for fancy work on a great pile of habits needed mending and making over. They were sent to me. I did them all rapidly, thinking a little fancy sewing might be allotted me, but the cloaks seemed to multiply," she said, with an amused lighting of the face. "Some day I got on faster than anyone else, and the reverend Mother was pleased, but a little fright seized me lest this should be an infelicity. Then hope urged, and only a test for the novice: I think the years to come when you will be distressed of all those dazzling skeins; I have been here ten years now and I have never had one ever strung my needle." She finished with a smile that seemed angelic in its utter disclaimer of any complaint. Would Hester still think them a limp and soulless community? Was her illustration small and weak to the gay-lived birdling of the world?

But Hester was speechless with her different emotions. Under such conditions how could the nun think her voice to utter colorlessness? Hester's listener was thrilling with resentment. Yet these were terribly human, and what vast proportions a little desire might assume within a contract-circle.

"Why didn't they allow you a conational employment, at least occasionally?" asked the girl, indignantly. She could not stand such constraint for herself. Her impetuous nature would run down and toss right and left all obstructions in her way.

"They did not know," was the simultaneous; "we are here to do our part, and this is mine." The other was only a plan."

The folding doors swung back between the sewing and adjacent rooms, and out of the order appeared in the evening.

Some, see our finished embroideries, they invited the cold-faced nun, too, Miss Hester," noting the visitor.

Hester glanced quickly at Sister Euphemia. So she had known all the time the enchanted place lay just beyond the folding doors. Already Sister Euphemia's eyes were glowing over the ar spectrum of tropical tints and combinations that magnetized her artistic sense; recollection of the visitor was blotted out in the rarer feast before her. All the weariness had left her sweet face. "Beautiful!" trembled blithely on her lips. She did not know: "If I might do this!" Such emotion had long ago passed out as exalted for her hopes; now it was in the fair result of other hands.

Her eyes picked out unerringly the choicest specimens. "You are a good effect of age," said the embroidery stress, observing her selection, but the cloakmaker, with hands folded in her habit sleeves, stood rapidly, dumbly.

"Good-by, sister; I must go," and Hester, who had not ceased to watch her, thus broke her reverie.

"God is very good to let me see such things," murmured the nun, abstractly. "Good-by," repeating her herself. "I see you, we have our compensations," she said, softly, as she opened the door for the unusually silent girl.—O. Times-Democrat.

### SUGGESTION.—A possible cause of disease of certain intestinal troubles found by Dr. Sharpin in the use of kitchen utensils of enamelled iron. Enamel is liable to crack and peel in large flakes, which are very hard, and are shown to be difficult to eat out of certain vegetables, such as squash or cabbage, so that many pieces of enamel are eaten. Care to discard kitchen utensils as soon as defects appear is advised. Housekeepers will be interested on this suggestion.