

THE DRAPER'S NIECE

A DICK RYDER TALE

By H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON

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'Twas late of night when I reached Wimbledon Common out of the west where I had been patrolling the roads for some two months or more, and with mighty little success, as it chanced that year. I love the west country, not only because I have, as a rule, found there fat pockets joggling home untimely on a nag, or fine noble men in rich chaises, very proud but tender to pick, but I have also a sentimental leaning towards that part, and that's the truth I will not deny. There is some that hanker after the Great North road, and boast that there is no better toby-ground than 'twixt Stevenage and Grantham, while I have even known 'em to set up Finchley Common or Hounslow for choice. Old Irons, who never had much self-respect, and was not above turning common crib-cracker if it so served him, was wont to go no further than Finchley when he was lacking a goldfinch or two.

But the west is after my heart, being big and populous and swarming with squires and comfortable warm folk. I know the North road, and was once very well known there myself, and celebrated on the Yorkshire moors, a confounded cold, unwell place. Indeed, there are few parts of the kingdom I have not traversed in my time. Well, I was newly out of the west that May night, but on this occasion in no very good humor, as you may imagine, when I say that I had been forced to leave a belt of guineas behind at Devizes—so close upon me were the traps. Indeed, I was very nearly taken in the night, all owing to the treachery of an innkeeper, roast him! 'Twas a fine, mild night and I was for lying in Clerkenwell at a house I knew, but I had reached no further than Roehampton lane, when of a sudden I reined in, for I remembered an inn there that I had sometimes used, and, to say the truth, I was thirsty.

"Well," thinks I, "maybe I will lie here and maybe not. I will let fortune decide," and I was turning the mare into the lane, when something comes up quick in the thick of the darkness, and rushes upon Calypso's rump.

The mare started and backed into the hedge, and I raised my voice and cursed, as you may guess.

"Why," says I, "you toad, you muck-rake, you dungfork," and the Lord knows where I should have gotten to if a gleam of white in the blackness had not in that instant disclosed to me the blunderer. 'Twas a woman, or, at least, a slip so young and silly that maybe she should not be so styled; and I had no sooner made that out and ceased in the middle of my objurgations than I made another discovery. It was her voice that did it for no doubt she was mightily in terror, seeing me so wrathful and the night being so black and lonely.

"Oh, sir," she calls in a trembling voice, "I did not see—I—" and here she broke weeping.

Well, Dick Ryder is not the man to stand by while a pretty woman weeps (for I could have sworn she was pretty enough), and so down I poked off Calypso and approached her.

"Why," said I, "I love not to see a miss like you in tears, and as for my words, pray forget them. I thought you was some blundering, hulking bully that was meant for my bodkin, or my whip, if no more. But as it is," say I, "there's no more ado. So dry your eyes, my dear, for I am no ogre to eat pretty children."

"Oh," she says, with a gulp, "I was not afraid of you. I only feared I had angered you justly. I am thrown out into the night, sir! I have nowhere to go!"

Now you may imagine how this touched me, and what I felt but she was innocent as a lamb and as foolish, as you might detect from her voice, to say nothing of her face, the which I saw later. So I considered a moment.

"That's just my case," said I. "And I was going to wake up some fat villain to take me in and sup me. But," says I, "I will find me the particular villain, fat or lean, and cock or cockatrice, that has thrown out a ba-lamb like you, miss, well, 'tis he or she I'll have awake and out, and something more besides, tip me if I don't!"

I had put her down as a child from her stature, which was small, and her body, which was slight, but I was to be undeceived in that presently.

"'Tis my uncle," she sobbed. "He

believe, and I must have a talk with you. What's the reason?" says I.

She paused, and then in a tremulous quick voice says, "He will not hear that George Riseley shall marry me."

"Oh, ho!" said I, "I bring to smell powder. And he has turned you out of doors?"

"No," she faltered. "He would not admit me."

"I begin to see beyond my nose," I said; "you were walking with this I said, and returned late?" She hesitated. "Why, come," I said, rallying her, "I'd ha' done the same myself, although you would not credit it of a prim and proper youth like me. You was back late?"

"Yes," says she, in a low voice.

"Well," said I, "old hunks shall take you in, never fear; so come along with me, and show me where Nunkey lives and fumes and fusses."

At that I threw Calypso's bridle over my arm, and began to go along the road, the little miss walking by my side, something reluctant, as I guessed, but cheering as she went. Her uncle, says she, was a draper in the city with a good custom and a deep purse, while this George was but a 'prentice with small prospects.

"Well, I have no prospects myself," said I, "but I warrant I can get what I want in the end. 'Tis the same with George. Let him worry at it as a dog at a bone. I'll wager he is a handsome fellow to have taken a pretty girl's eyes."

"He is very handsome," says miss, with enthusiasm; "and he is the best judge of calico in the city."

"D—me!" says I, smacking my thigh as we walked on together quite friendly, "d—me! that's the lad for my money, and I don't wonder at you," said I.

Whereat, poor chit, she brings me forth tales of her blessed George's goodness and estimable virtues, and how his master trusted him, and how his neighbors loved him.



"STAND, ROGUE, OR I FIRE!"

"Well," I said, "best let 'em not love him too much, or maybe this paragon will slip you."

And on that she came to a halt, and falling very tremulous again, pointed at a house.

"'Tis my uncle's," she says, "but there are no lights and he is gone to bed."

"So shall you," said I, and forthwith went up and banged upon the door.

Now I could guess very much of what had happened in that house and how old hunks had taken a fit of cholera and choking on it had sent his niece packing for a peccadillo. To be sure she was out overlate for virtuous maids, but what's a clock in the balance with lover's vows? And if any was to blame, 'twas this same George that should have been swung, not pretty miss like a dove.

The door opens sharply, and there was an old fat fellow with a candle in his hand, glaring at me.

"Who are you?" says he, for my appearance took him by surprise.

"Well," said I in a friendly way, "I'm not Old Rowley, nor am I the topsman, but something between, and what that is matters nothing. But I found a poor maid astray on the heath, and have taken the liberty to fetch her home safe and secure."

He pushed his head further out, holding the candle so as to throw the light into the road. "It's you, Nelly!" said he, sharply. "Have I not said I have done with you? Go to your lover, you baggage!" and he made a motion to pull to the door, but my foot was inside.

"Softly," said I, "softly, gaffer. This is your niece, I believe," nodding over my arm to miss.

"Well," he snarled, "as she is mine and not yours I can do what I like with her."

"Oh! is that how the wind blows?" said I. "Then, sink me! but I shall have to go to school again to learn morals. But there is one thing I have no need to learn again, and that's how to knock sense and discretion into a thick head," said I, meaningly, and at the same time I threw the bridle over Calypso's ears and stood free before the old villain.

He looked at me a moment, the

flame of the candle wagging before his face, and the grease guttering down the candlestick. "You do not understand, sir," he said in a quieter voice. "I have to give my niece lessons; I have to teach her by severity; but since it is probable that she has been sufficiently frightened by this night's adventure, and come to reason, let her enter." And so saying, he stepped back and held the door aside.

That he was of a savage, uncontrollable temper was evident, but I had not reckoned with the old bear's cunning, and I vow I was to blame for it. So old a hand as Dick Ryder should not have been caught by so simple a trick. Yet he was miss's uncle, and how was I to suspect him so deeply? At any rate, the facts are that, on seeing him alter so reasonably, and step back with the invitation on his lips and in his bearing, I too stepped back from the doorway to leave way for miss to enter. Then of a sudden bang goes the door to, shaking the very walls of the house, and a great key is turned in the inside, groaning rustily.

I will confess I felt blank, but I recovered in a moment, when out of the window above the old rascal stuck his head.

"Let her go back to her lover!" he says with a sneer. "Or maybe you can take her yourself. I want no soiled pieces in a Christian house," and the head was withdrawn, the window shut tight, and the house was plunged in darkness.

You may suppose how this usage annoyed me, who am not wont to be treated in so scurvy a fashion, or to come out of the contest so shabbily. I was, on the instant, for flying at the door and employing my barkers and point forthwith, but it is not wise to leap too soon with your eyes shut, and so I held my temper and my tongue, only showing my teeth in an ugly grin as I turned to Miss Nelly.

"Why," says I, "the old buck has said the truth. And there is something in his whimsies after all. It seems that George and I must fight or toss for you, my dear." You must remember that I had not seen her face all this time, for all the streaming candle the old gentleman carried, but I gathered that she was in distress from the note of her voice, which trembled.

"You cannot mean it, sir," she cried, and shrank away into the darkness, whence I caught the sound of sobbing.

"Why, bless you, child," said I,

I was on the point to give him the rough edge of my tongue—for it was like his impudence to try cozening me—when down the stairs into the passage came a man, walking very stiffly with his head in the air. I stopped at once, for I knew not who he might be, and down he steps into the light, showing a foppish sort of a face, hair very particularly curly, and a becoming dress. No sooner did I clap eyes on him than I knew what crier he was, and that he was not worth two blinks of eyes, as they say. So I turned my back on him and was beginning on Costley again, when I was surprised by the girl's voice crying out from the entrance behind me.

"What the devil?" says I, flying about, for I thought she was insulted maybe by some of Costley's fellows, and I ran to the door. But there was she with her arms about the neck of this Jack-a-dandy.

"What's this, miss?" said I, beginning to think there was some truth in old Nunkey's words after all; and at that she stepped into the inn, in her excitement, and I saw her plainly for the first time. Lord, Lord! there was nothing in her face that would not have convinced any court at Old Bailey forthright. She was prettily handsome, like a doll that turns eyes up or down and smiles out of pink cheeks, in which were two dimples mighty enticing. Up she comes in a rush, almost breathless, and breaks out to me:

"'Tis he, 'tis he, sir!"

"Who the devil is he?" said I, sharply.

"'Tis Mr. Riseley," she says, something abashed. "He has been supping here, and is setting forth for his lodging."

"I commend his discretion," I said dryly; "an excellent good place for supper, so it is, especially for young bloods like that. Well," says I, "since you're content, as it seems, I will leave you and young Cupid and be about my business."

At this she looked dumbfounded.

"But," she begins, stammering, and paused.

I threw a glance at Riseley, who stood by with an air something 'twixt arrogance and uneasiness. I plumbed his depths, for I have come across many such as he in my time—fine feathers enough and nothing behind them. But it was true that the cock-comb's appearance did not better her case, beyond that titillation of mutual affection; so I considered, and the idea I had taken suddenly bloom-

ed forth in my mind. There was Old Irons, and here were we. I could have laughed aloud to think how I was for binding all the threads in one, to say nothing of Nunkey's on the common. So I turned about to Costley.

"I was wrong," says I; "I will do Capt. Irons the honor to sup with him, and this young gentleman, I make no doubt, will join me."

"I beg your pardon—I have supposed," he stammered.

"'Tis a friend," I heard her whisper; "if it were not for him I know not what must happen to me."

"Well," says I, "miss here will sup at any rate," at which I saw his color move.

"I will take the pleasure myself to keep you company, sir," said he, and forthwith we marched into the room. Here was Old Irons, rude, jovial and blatant as ever, but happily not too far gone as yet. He stared at my guests hard enough, but seemed to be at a loss what to make of them or how to deal by them. So that he was for a time pretty silent, casting glances of perplexity at me and frowning, as if he would invite me to say what I was doing. He was drinking, however, of humpty-dumpty, which soon loosened his tongue.

"What cock and pullet have you got here, Dick?" says he, in a loud whisper.

"Friends of mine," says I.

"Oh!" says he, and stared; then passed off into a chuckle, and with his eyes twinkling on miss; at which my apprentice in the fine clothes, not knowing, poor fool, what sort of a man he had to deal with, fired up and demanded haughtily why he laughed at a lady. But Irons only roared the more, paying no more heed to him than if he were a babe in arms.

"Shut your mouth!" says I to him, seeing the girl's color fly about.

"Why," says he, on the grin still, "you've turned Anabaptist, Dick. What's this? I will say it's as toothsome and sweet mutton as—"

"If you close not your cheese trap," said I sharply, "I will take leave to do it for you with my pistol butt."

At that Old Irons stared at me, for he was never very quarrelsome save in his cups, and he had a re-

spect for me. "Captain," says he, don't go to say you're going to commit assault on Old Irons, and shut his pretty peepers forever. "I'll warrant this pretty lady would be affronted by it, and the gentleman, too, rip me! when they see Old Irons a-lying in his gore—"

"Oh," says I, impatiently, "have done and pull up, for I maybe shall want you afore the day comes."

"Now, that's like Dick Ryder's old self," says the old fool, and feigned to wipe a tear from his eye and regain his spirits. He whistles a snatch, and called for more ale and brandy, which was his favorite drink.

"Irons," says I, "a man of heart and tenderness like you would be all agog to do service to a young lady that was in trouble, and I winked at him meaningly across the table."

"Service!" says he, starting up. "Why, I've just been pining, Dick, all this time for you to come to it. What's Dick got?" says I to myself, and says myself to I: "Maybe (and I hope) he will be for letting me strike a blow in behalf of youth and beauty? Stab me, Dick! those were my very words to myself!"

"Well," says I, bluntly, "you shall have your wish, old man, and this young gentleman, too, who I see is regularly jumping to join us."

"I—I know not what you mean," stammered the peacock. "Having supped, and being called on to retire to my lodgings, which is far hence, I will take the opportunity to thank you, sir, for your hospitality, and be gone."

Now at that I only confirmed in the opinion I had formed of him as nothing but a cur of no spirit: for here he was willing—nay, anxious, to fly off and leave his lady in the hands of those he knew not, with never a roof to cover her. He had taken a fear of Irons, maybe, or perhaps his suspicion was due to my masterful air. But I was not going to let him escape that way, specially as he was a part of the plot I was laying against old Nunkey. So I put my hands on his shoulder.

"Sit down," said I, cheerily. "You must not begone till you have put something inside that brave coat of yours. Moreover," says I, here is a lady in trouble, and if I read your honest face aright, you are not the man to leave a poor maid in the lurch, not you."

"Rip me, no!—he's a brave young gentleman. I can see it in his cheeks," chuckled Old Irons.

"I—I do not know what can be done," said the other, in confusion. "I am willing to help in any way. But her uncle refuses."

"Well," said I, looking on him attentively, "you may be thankful that you have met one who, however inferior in courage does not need to cry mercy to your wits. For here's my plan plain and pat," and I gave it them there and then. It had come into my head as I walked along the road with Miss Nelly, but I had the whole form perfect only when I encountered the apprentice and heard Irons was in the tavern. Old Irons and I were to make an entry into the house, and the peacock was to make the rescue, by which means, as you will see, the way would be clear for Nunkey's reconciliation with his niece's choice. But no sooner had I told them than cried the peacock, stammering—

"But—but—I could not—'tis not seemly. I will be no party. 'Tis time I was gone home."

"Oh, very well," says I, "then we will adventure without you, and 'tis I will rescue miss from old Irons."

The girl's eyes lighted up. "You will do it, George?" says she beaming. "I believe it will convince my uncle of all I have said of you."

He hesitated, and being pushed into the corner, knew not what to say.

"But," says he in a troubled voice, and glancing from Old Irons to me, and from me to Old Irons, anxiously, "I do not know who these gentlemen are. I—"

"Sink me!" says Old Irons in a cozening voice, "d'ye think we are really on the toby? Why bless you, young master, we are both noblemen in disguise, so we are, and would think shame of this job if it was not to make an honest girl come by her own. We're only a-posing as crib-crackers," says he.

"George!" says the girl, in a voice of soft entreaty that would have persuaded a topsman.

"No good will come of it," said he with an air of protest. "'Twill fail, and he cast his eyes in despair."

"Agreed like a brave lad!" said I, clapping him on the back; "and you shall drink to us and success," with which I filled him up a pot of humpty-dumpty, well laced.

He drank and coughed, but the compound mounting in his blood, fired him presently, so that he began to talk lightly and proffer advice and boast of what he would do and what part he would take.

"Why, yes," says Old Irons, "a pistol clapped at the head, and bang goes the priming, out flows the red blood. Sink me! there you are as cold as clay, and with no more life in you than a dead maggot. 'Slife! here's a jolly boy, Dick, that is handy with his barker, I'll vow."

But I stopped him ere he went too far, and he and I prepared the arrangements. We left miss behind in Sally's charge with strict instructions, and 'twas night three before we reached the house. There I set the pop-jay outside the window to shiver, pot-valiant, until so be the time should come, while Irons and I went to the back of the house and made scrutiny of the yard. There was little trouble in the job, as it chanced, for Irons is skilled in the business, which I should scorn to holding for a scurvy, mean-livered craft, unworthy of a gentleman, but I was committed to do it for this occasion only, and so was resolved to go through with it. Irons, fetched out his tools and got to work, and in a short time we were through the window of the kitchen, and Irons with his glim was creeping up the stairs. But he stopped half-way and whispered back to me—as if he had only then recalled something.

"What ken's this?" he asked, using his scant word.

dullard, but rip me if I know how you stand in this!"

"Why," says I, "you need only know where you stand, Irons, and that's pretty sure. You know me."

He stared at me a moment, and then said he, "Well, I'll empty old Nunkey of his spunks, and we'll settle afterwards," and he resumed his journey.

Now, what I had arranged with the apprentice was that I should knock upon the window when the time was come, at which he would spring in with the cries of alarm and fury, falling upon the rascals that had dared break into the merchant's house. At which Irons and I were to make off, and the old gentleman, rising in terror from his bed, should discover us in flight, and his deliverer, George, full armed, in possession. Yet it did not all end quite in this way, owing, as I believe, to Old Irons muddled head and his stopping on the stairs.

At any rate, we were no sooner



"What Has Happened?"

came to the hall, after Irons had visited two rooms, than we were surprised by the figure of the old gentleman moving down the staircase in his night-dress and a large blunderbuss in his hand.

"Stand!" says he, seeing Irons in the faint light. "Stand, rogue, or I fire!"

Old Irons uttered a curse, and edging into the shadows put up an arm to slip the catches of the window. But his knuckles fell on it with a rap as he drew the catch, and immediately after there was a loud, shrill cry, the window fell open, and there was our peacock in the midst, calling in his falsetto:

"Surrender, or I will blow a hole in you! Surrender by—"

I could have broken out laughing at the sight, only the situation promised to grow risky. For Old Irons taken aback at this, and never very particular when on his lay, jumped up sharply and smashed at the other with pistol-butt; while, to make confusion worse, the old man in the nightcap let off his blunderbuss. Such a screeching arose as would have astonished a churchyard of ghosts, for the truth was, old Nunkey hit George somewhere in his hindparts, and simultaneously down came Irons' blows on his head. That set his fingers to work on the trigger of the pistol I had given him, and ere I was aware, something had taken me in the big toe and set me cursing.

"Here!" says I, grabbing Old Irons in the darkness, for he was ready to destroy both in his wildness, "this is no place for a tender-hearted chicken like you or me. We're no match for savage fire-eaters like these. We'd best go," and I dragged him through the window and we made off together. When we reached the inn, I called out the girl.

"What has happened?" she cried eagerly.

"Well," said I, "I think you had best walk home sharp. I'll wager Nunkey will be calling for you presently to reward a gallant youth that has risked his life for to save him."

Her eyes glistened, and, Lord! I believe the poor fool thought her George had been brave. She clasped her hands. "Oh, I must thank you, sir!" she cried.

"Nay, never thank me," said I, "for, if I mistake not, Old Irons has taken thanks for us both, and would have had more if it had not been for young Jack-a-dandy."

"Split him!" cries Old Irons. I would I had hit him harder."

"Hit!" she cries, and clutches at me.

"Nay, never fear," I said. "'Twas not Irons, but Nunkey's blunderbuss. Faith, he took both wounds like a lamb. I would I had his courage, and was to be comforted like him. But he is in no danger."

"Oh, sir!" says she, gratefully, and if she were fool she was pretty enough, and her innocence touched me, for she had scarce understood anything of what we spoke.

"But run home," says I, "and I'll warrant you'll find him a-rubbing of his head, and Nunkey a-hugging him for joy and gratitude."

But even ere I had finished she was gone, flying lightly into the grey of the coming dawn, and, as I heard afterwards from Costley, what I had forecast was pretty accurate. But I had finished with the miss and the next business was to divide with Old Irons. 'Twas the first time that I had ever engaged in a job with him, and I vow 'twill be the last; so scurvy was he in the partition. But then, I had always a detestation of so ungentlemanly a game as cracking cribs.

Accept Gift of Nathan Straus.

The municipality of Liverpool, England, has accepted with gratitude the offer of Nathan Straus, of New York, to furnish the city a pasteurizing plant for the preparation of milk for infants. It is not yet known what the decision of the Dublin city council will be with reference to a similar offer made to Dublin by Mr. Straus, through Richard Croker. Mr. Croker, in communicating the proposal, described Mr. Straus as one of the greatest philanthropists in America.

SOME ARMY DISHES

RECIPES TAKEN FROM UNCLE SAM'S COOKBOOK.

Many Among Them May Be Novelties to Housekeepers of This Section — "Jambalaya" a Spanish Creole Preparation.

The army cookbook contains many recipes that sound strange in some sections of the United States, because the dishes have been learned in Texas and Mexico. They comprise jambalaya, and chill con carne, and tortillas and many other novelties.

A jambalaya, which is a Spanish Creole dish, is made by frying some sausage, cut up ham, onions, tomatoes, red pepper and parsley in a little "meat drippings" or other fat. Boiling water is then added and some rice; the pot is covered and it is set back to cook slowly. It is salted to taste. A jambalaya can be made from chicken in place of the sausage, and oysters or shrimps may be used.

For proportions smaller than given in the book for the soldiers use a half pound of rice that has been washed and soaked for an hour, a half pound of ham cut small, one onion, one tomato, a quarter of a pound of sausage cut up, a small piece of red pepper pod and a sprig of parsley.

Instead of baking the heart of veal or beef creatures the hearts may be stuffed and steamed first and then browned in the oven and rich gravy made for them. Some persons think them quite like duck if the same kind of savory stuffing be made. Another way is to cut them fine and stew them with onion, celery, etc.

To refer again to the cookbook issued by the commissary general of subsistence there is a recipe for cooking hearts by stewing them, which sounds so well put together that it would not be a hardship to partake of it. The heart is to be cut into small pieces and all tough parts removed. Then it must be washed in cold salted water. The meat is then to be put in a pot of cold water with two teaspoonfuls of salt and covered closely. The scum must be taken off as it rises and the meat removed after ten minutes' cooking. The liquor must be strained and the pot washed out before the liquor is returned to it. Add the pieces of meat, a pound of potatoes sliced thin, two medium-sized onions cut fine, one head of celery cut fine or one level teaspoonful of celery seed, half a pound of fresh tomatoes, canned tomatoes or three tablespoonfuls of tomato ketchup, two bay leaves and some cayenne pepper, a little chopped parsley and butter or clarified beef drippings the size of an egg. All these are to be stewed together until they are tender, stirring now and then. Season with pepper and salt and serve. A little browned flour may be used for thickening the stew, or if it has boiled away too much, add some water.

Hearts are not in general use for food, and at a public table recently when the waiter announced the choice of meats for dinner there was questioning and surprise openly expressed the word "heart" being repeated as if the diners had never heard of it. Of course the hearts of chickens are included in giblets.

Carrots may be boiled in stock. The gravy must be made thick with a little flour, seasoned well with pepper and salt and some ketchup poured over the carrots.

Ruffles for Pantry Shelves.

Buy five yards of common white lawn at five cents a yard. Take the length of four yards of it and make ruffles five and one-half inches wide, including a hem of one inch, then measure the length of your shelves and out of the other yard make a narrow binding to sew the ruffles in. Tack to the edge of the shelf with brass-headed tacks and your pantry will always look inviting. This amount of goods will do for four shelves two and a half yards long. It will cost only 25 cents, and can be taken off, washed and ironed, saving the expense of paper and does not tear, which makes a pantry look disagreeable. In appearance it is far better than shelf cloth.

Potatoes Once Boiled.

If you have a quantity of cold boiled potatoes and wish they were hot, put the usual amount of water in a pot on the stove. Let it come to the boiling point. Drop the cold boiled potatoes into the water, if possible without lowering the temperature. If the potatoes are small boil for five minutes; if large, boil for ten minutes. In this way they will not have a warmed-over taste but will be as white and mealy as when freshly boiled.

Chocolate Cream Candy.

Two cups sugar, two-thirds cup milk, two level teaspoonfuls butter, two squares chocolate, one-fourth level teaspoonful cinnamon.

Put all the ingredients into a saucepan and stir until the chocolate is melted. Boil for 15 minutes, then remove from the fire and beat until creamy and thick. Pour into a buttered shallow pan, and when cool cut in squares.

Sour Milk Pan Cakes.

Into a teacup of sour milk or cream stir one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda and continue stirring until the cream is foamy throughout. Pass through the sifter a cup and half of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir into the flour mixture one beaten egg and the sour milk. Bake on a hot griddle.

For the Table.

After the tablecloth is spread, place in the center a mat, which may hold a banquet lamp, or candelabra, or a small vase filled with flowers, or a tall vase holding a single rose, or, for everyday use, a small pot of ferns. If the ferns are well cared for they will last during the entire winter.

Do Your Own Bleaching.

For ordinary use and if you have a good laundress and a place to sun your wash it is found economical to buy unbleached linen and whiten it yourself.



This Pretty Lady.

has shut the door on me. He will not let me in. He vows he has done with me."

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