

SERVING THE BEANS

VARIETY OF DISHES IN WHICH THEY ARE THE STAPLE.

Delicious When Baked with Corn—Famous Old Standby of Pork and Beans—Two Varieties of Excellent Soup.

Boiled Corn and Beans.—Take equal quantities of shelled beans and dried sweet corn. Place in bean pot in layers, sprinkling salt and pepper between each layer. For one pint each of corn and beans take one-half pound salt pork, score the rind and place on top of bean pot, letting the rind come up even with the corn and beans. Cover with boiling water, let it slowly simmer for eight hours, adding more water as it cooks away.

Baked Pork and Beans.—Soak one quart of beans in cold water over night. In the morning put them in fresh cold water and simmer until soft enough to pierce with a pin, being careful not to let them boil enough to break. If desired, boil one onion with them. When soft turn in a colander and pour cold water through them. Place them with onion in a bean pot. Pour boiling water over a quarter of a pound of salt pork, part fat and part lean; scrape the rind until white. Cut the rind in half-inch strips. Bury the pork in the beans, leaving only the rind exposed. Mix one teaspoonful of salt—more if the pork is not salty—and add one teaspoonful of mustard with one-quarter of a cupful of molasses. Fill the cup with hot water and when well mixed pour over beans. Add enough more water to cover them.

Keep them covered with water until the last hour, then lift the pork to the surface and let it crisp. Beans should be baked at least eight hours in a moderate oven. Use more salt and one-third of a cupful of butter if you dislike pork, or use half a pound of fat and lean corned beef. The mustard gives the beans a delicious flavor and also renders them more wholesome. Yellow-eyed and lima beans are also good when baked this way.

Cream of Baked Bean Soup.—Melt one-quarter of a cupful of butter and add one-fourth of a cupful of flour. When thoroughly blended add two cupfuls of cold milk and cook until thick. Add two cupfuls of cold baked beans. If too thick dilute with milk or stock to the proper consistency. Season with salt, and mixed parsley.

Bean Soup.—Boil a small soup bowl in two quarts of water until meat falls from the bone. Take out the bone, add a cupful of white beans, and boil for two hours. Add three potatoes, half a turnip, and a carrot all cut fine. Boil for half an hour longer. Season with salt and pepper.

Purée of Beans and Rice.—Put a quart of beans which have been soaked in water over night in a saucepan with a pinch of salt, a small onion, a slice of carrot, a tablespoonful of butter, a sprig of parsley, and boiling water to cover. Cook until beans are soft, rub through a fine sieve, and add sufficient stock to make the desired quantity of soup. Season to taste, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and one cupful of cold boiled rice. Reheat and serve.

One-Egg Gingerbread.—One egg, two-thirds cup sugar, two-thirds cup molasses, two-thirds cup lard or drippings for butter, if you use lard put in a little salt, one even teaspoon cream tartar, one even teaspoon cinnamon or ginger (or both). Stir this mixture well and add one cup warm milk. Add two cups sifted flour. When this is well mixed add one tablespoon vinegar. Bake in mold with oven, being careful not to scorch.

Tumbler Cake.—One tumbler of butter, two tumblers of sugar, one tumbler of sweet milk, one tumbler of molasses, ½ tumbler of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one-half pound of citron, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one cinnamon, one of cloves. This makes two loaves; bake in a slow oven three hours; will keep a long time.

To Use Up Sandwiches.—After a party one often finds one's self left with a pile of sandwiches to use up. An excellent plan is to press the sandwiches through the mincing machine, mix with some good, well-flavored gravy, put in a pie dish and cover with potato crust about an inch thick. Beef, ham or any kind of meat sandwiches can be mixed together in this way and make an excellent little hashbrown dish—Home Chaw.

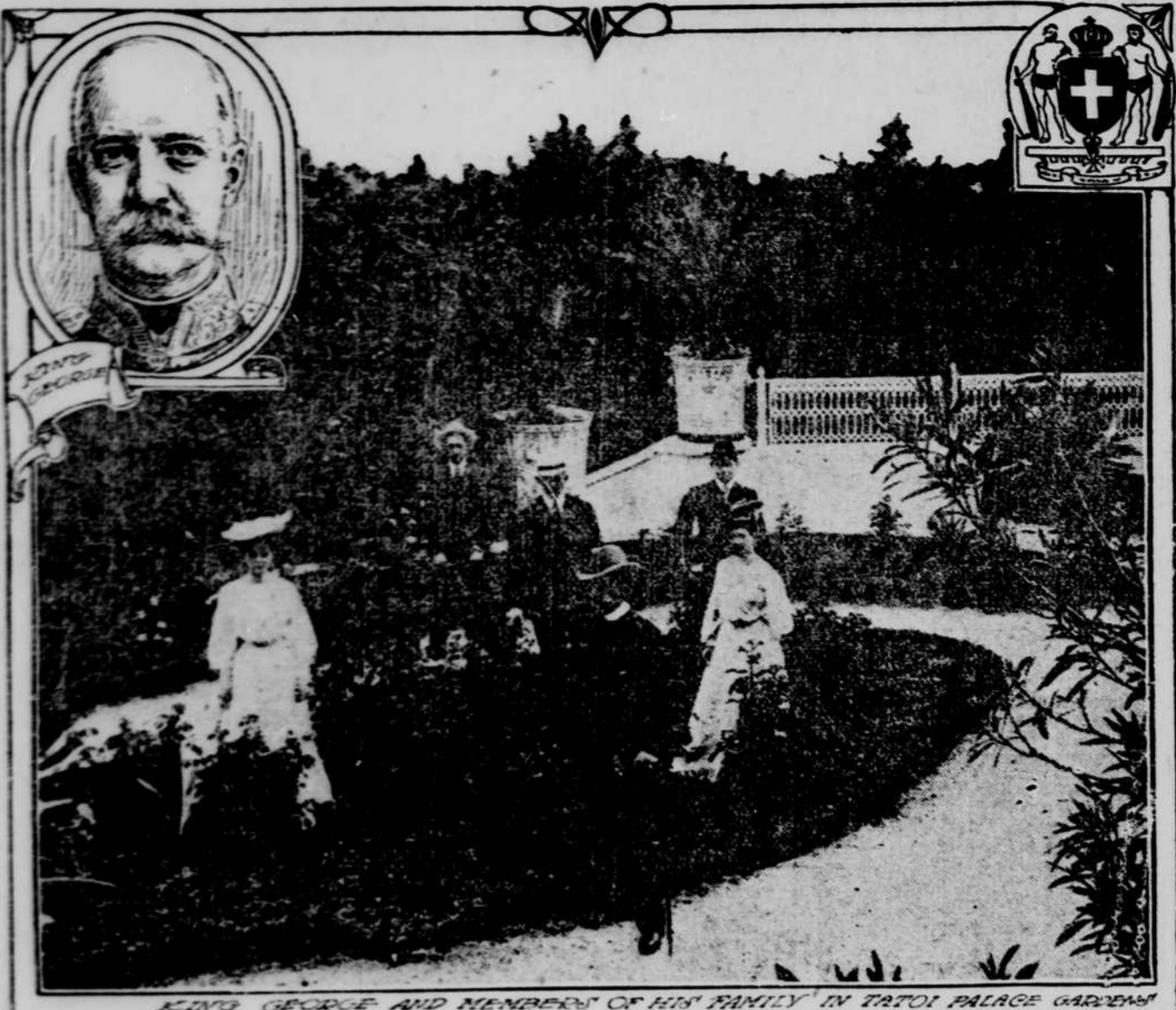
Delicious Salad.—A delicious salad to eat with cheese sticks, toasted cheese sandwiches or a hot cheese soufflé is composed of a tablespoonful of mayonnaise in the water of a curd lettuce leaf.

Fried Whimpers.—One pint of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, little salt, four enough to make just stiff enough to roll out; divide in six equal parts, roll out each one; prick several holes in each to let the air out, then fry in hot fat, spread with sauce and put sauce on top. Put two cakes to a plate.

Flaxseed Lemonade.—Four tablespoonfuls flaxseed (whole), one quart of boiling water poured on the flaxseed, juice of two lemons, leaving out the peel. Sweeten to taste; steep three hours in a covered pitcher. If too thick put in cold water with the lemon juice and sugar. Ice for drinking. It is splendid for colds.

Try This for Luncheon.—A snappy luncheon dish is bacon toast. Spread thin slices of bacon until crisp. Trim the crust from nicely browned slices of toast. Lay the bacon on the toast and cover with grated cheese seasoned with a little paprika and French mustard. Put in the oven until the cheese is melted, then serve immediately.

GREEK KING MAY ABDICATE



KING GEORGE AND MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY IN TATOI PALACE GARDENS

SHOULD King George carry out his announced intention of quitting the throne of Greece it would undoubtedly involve that little nation in more serious trouble than any it has known for a number of

years. Other nations of Europe fear that the abdication of the king would produce a reign of anarchy in the kingdom, and that Turkey would consider such a condition cause for interference. King George is the second

son of the late king of Denmark. He was born December 24, 1845, and was elected king of the Hellenes by the national assembly at Athens, March 18, 1893. The heir apparent to the Greek throne is Prince Constantine.

LAKE ERIE HERRING

More Than 4,000 Tons of Little Fish Taken in One Day.

Supply of Whitefish, Choicest Delicacy of Great Lakes, Has Fallen Far Short of Demand—Sturgeon Also Scarce.

Sandusky, O.—In one day's fishing last fall in Lake Erie waters, frequented by the fishermen who make this place their marketing center, said an up-state man familiar with the many phases of the lake fisheries. "It is reported that more than 4,000 tons of herring alone were taken during the week which has been a history of fishing on Lake Erie, and big catches have been the rule so far this season in that part of the lake. On the other hand, scarcely any herring are being caught in the lake further east.

The eastern water fishermen don't worry. They know Lake Erie herring, and while they were hauling them in by the thousands of tons during April and May and getting a good many all through the summer months, their brother up Sandusky way were not getting enough herring to make it worth while putting in their nets. When fall comes, though, the fishermen of Erie and Buffalo know enough to take their nets out, and then the Sandusky fishermen begin to put theirs in.

The reason for this is that in the fall the herring move away from the eastern waters for the spawning grounds around Bass Island and further west.

"The herring of Lake Erie, by the way, is the standard of quality for all the other lakes. It is finer and better than any of the others, being the only one that has anything like the whitefish flavor, lake herring being supposed to be a lesser whitefish.

"The lake herring is a wonderful variety of the piscatorial family. In spite of the thousands and thousands of tons of them that are netted in Lake Erie every year they seem to be as numerous as ever. This is undoubtedly due to the persistent efforts of the fish commissioners through their hatcheries on the lake to supplement the natural herring propagation.

"A situation similar to the herring's change of habit prevails with whitefish in Lake Erie. The most profitable months for whitefish netting in the deep waters of the eastern part of the lake are July and August, and the fishermen in the shallow western waters don't have a chance at them until the late fall. The whitefish is the choice denton of the lakes.

"As in the case of the herring, Lake Erie whitefish sets the standard of quality in its kind elsewhere. There are many kinds of whitefish, and while the choicest one is the gleaming silver-sided one of Lake Erie, the main source of supply is now from the interior lakes of the Canadian north-

west, the Lake Erie supply having long ago fallen short of even the local demand. "If a whitefish from the lake and one from the Lake of the Woods were placed side by side the ordinary observer would scarcely believe they were of the same family. The whitefish of the Canadian water is almost black in comparison with the Lake Erie fish. A whitefish from Lake Winipeg is almost red.

"In none of the great lakes do the conditions for the fish seem to be so favorable as they are in Lake Erie. This is due in great measure, so fish culturists think, to the variations in depth which are peculiar in that lake. The western end is shallow and provides vast and favorable areas for spawning grounds. The deep water of the eastern end is an almost boundless retreat for the half-grown young. And yet there are no lake trout in Lake Erie, at least none worth mentioning. Once in awhile a small catch of these fine fish will be made in the deep waters in the vicinity of Erie, but none is ever taken west of that place. Neither are the lake trout in the Canadian lakes. The market supply of lake trout comes from Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and Georgian bay.

"The blue pike is a fish of much commercial importance to Lake Erie, and it is found in no other waters except Lake Ontario. These fish seek the Canadian shore in the early summer months and do not return to

their old haunts in America a water until the fierce November gales lash the lakes. The sturgeon, once dwelling in myriads in the shallow waters particularly those tributary to Sandusky likewise seek the Canadian shore in summer after depositing their spawn and return to their old feeding grounds soon after the first southwest There are not many of them left now to either go or return. Only a few years ago they were regarded as a good sale at 25 cents apiece. Then the caviare seekers opened the eyes of the Sandusky fishermen and it was not long before they were selling more than 2,000,000 pounds of sturgeon during a season, and tons and tons of roe were exported from Sandusky alone. Instead of sturgeon going begging at 25 cents a hundredweight they were in demand at ten cents a pound for the roe and one dollar a pound for the bladder. But indiscriminate slaughter for years on the very spawning beds themselves has made of Lake Erie sturgeon fisheries almost a thing of the past. The great fish are now so scarce in the lake that \$30 is not an uncommon price for a single roe sturgeon to command."

Tried to Walk on Water.

Huntington, W. Va.—J. C. Williams, a mechanic at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops here, who has been reading the Bible almost incessantly of late, was seized with a frenzy the other day and decided that he could walk on water as Jesus did. Proceeding to the Ohio river, he attempted to walk the choppy stream, but was soon submerged. It was with great difficulty that he was rescued.

Wild Elk Herd is Thriving

Andover, N. H., Has Colony of Fifty, Which Has Grown from Twelve Liberated Ten Years Ago.

Concord, N. H.—In the sparsely settled town of Andover, reaching from Ragged Mountain on the north to Kearsarge mountain on the south, is the only herd of wild elk east of the Rocky mountains.

A party of Boston lawyers recently visited Andover on a snowshoeing trip, climbed Kearsarge and Ragged mountains and returned full of enthusiasm for the region as a winter resort. Leaving Boston at nine o'clock in the morning, they left the train at noon at Potter Place, the principal station in the town of Andover. After dinner snowshoes were put on and the party started up the south slope of Ragged Mountain over the property of the Ragged Mountain Fish and Game club. It was on this property that a herd of 12 elk was liberated about ten years ago. It has now increased to the number of 50.

The cottages of the club members are conspicuous on the southern slope of the mountain, occupying picturesque sites, but most of them are grouped near Cold pond, a famous fishing pond on the club property. Soon after the pond was closed to public fishing some

one took revenge for his exclusion by placing in the pond several picketed. These increased at a marvelous rate, feeding on trout until the latter were practically extinct. The herd had rid the waters of the lake of all fish and stocked it anew, until the fishing is once more excellent.

The Boston party were much disappointed in not getting a sight of the elk, but their tracks were everywhere to be seen, ranging from the tracks of small calves to the hoof prints of two-year-old heifers. Instead of being pointed, like deer tracks, these tracks were blunt in front and nearly oblong. It was learned later that the herd had taken up its quarters on a neighboring farm, where they were feeding contentedly on young orchards.

The owner of the farm has instructed his men to protect the property, and reports are daily expected that some of the elk have been slaughtered. As elk are protected in New Hampshire throughout the year, interesting legal questions will be raised if any of these elk are killed. It is said by landowners that they have a right to protect their property from depredations of wild animals, but how far this right extends has never been determined in New Hampshire.

Beaver Nearly Feels Free. London.—With mingled pride and anxiety the beaver in the London Zoological gardens is gazing on his year's work.

A mighty tree trunk, which was erected in his enclosure 12 months ago is almost severed. It balances on a wasp waist only an inch in diameter, while the rest of the log is at least a foot across. It was presented to the beaver in order that he might improve his teeth.

Chiseling away at the tough trunk with his sharp teeth, the great rodent has put in hours at a time at this work, alternating with periods of in difference and neglect.

Now he has chipped away all but the last possible shaving. A careless throw pebble or another bite by the beaver would cause the great log to crash down, but the intelligent beast, fearing for his own neck, omits to bite.

In a breeze the upper part of the tree trunk sways amazingly and yet the wasp waist holds. The beaver looks on with his mouth watering and wishes that he had the pluck to bite.

How Love Came to Harriet

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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Harriet threw her books on the couch and said in a tone of disgust: "Everything is so different this year, and horrid—"

Mazie looked up languidly. "What's the matter?"

Harriet sat down on the foot of the couch. "Well, last year all the girls were just jolly and simple and natural, and now they've all come back in love. Four of them engaged, and the rest—nothing."

Mazie laughed. "Well, they are old enough, aren't they?" she demanded. "This is their senior year."

"Yes, they are old enough," Harriet admitted, "but I don't see why they wanted to do themselves up, and now they can't talk of anything but romance and roses, and they are always writing letters. Even you, Mazie, when I begin to talk on sensible subjects, your eyes get dreamy, and before I know it you are asking me if I don't like blue-eyed men better than brown-eyed ones."

Mazie blushed. "You'll know how it is yourself some day, Harriet."

"If I do," said Harriet, fiercely, "no one will know a thing about it. I'll keep it to myself, and not go around looking like a dying calf."

Mazie's laughter rippled. "You couldn't hide it, Harry—no woman can."

"Well, you see," Harriet said, "but I'm not going to fall in love—I'm going to stick strictly to books and let boys alone."

"Of course," said Mazie, demurely. "I wish you joy, Harriet."

They studied in silence for awhile, then Harriet said, "I am going for a walk—want to go, Mazie?"

Mazie's eyes twinkled. "I've got a letter to write, Harriet."

"To Bob?" Harriet demanded.

"Yes."

"But you wrote to him yesterday."

"Why not?"

"Oh, you are hopeless," said Harriet, and flung herself out of the room.

On the way downstairs she met four dreamy maidens, each of whom refused her invitation to walk, and Har-

riet's eyes came open with a snap. "I've got to get back," she said, with decision.

The doctor laughed—a mellow laugh that Harriet liked.

"You are going to stay here for ten days."

"But they won't allow it—the faculty, I mean—the girls have to be in the dormitory every night."

"I telephoned up to the college," the doctor said, "and they are going to send one of the teachers to stay with you."

He had a way with him that seemed to settle things, and Harriet found herself acquiescing meekly.

"Well, I'm glad it's one of the teachers you sent for," she remarked, "and not one of the girls."

"Why?"

"Because the girls are all in love. It's a perfect epidemic. If you had a cure for hearts you could get a good practice up there in the dormitory."

"They wouldn't employ me," his amused glance met her. "They don't want to be cured."

"Well, they are silly," Harriet said.

"No," he contradicted, "they are not."

She looked up quickly. "But they are so young—and there's so much in life besides love."

"There is nothing in life," he told her gravely, "but love—love of one's fellow men, love of God, the love of family, of friends, and, greatest of all, the love of the lover for the woman who shares his life."

Harriet was thrilled by the way he said it. His wife must be a happy woman she thought.

She said as much to Miss Flick, the little English teacher, when they had been in the doctor's home for over a week. "How happy his wife must be."

For Dr. Redmond was one of the men who, in a selfish world, forgot himself and lived only for the poor souls who depended upon him. Night and day he toiled, gliding in his opportunities, never too tired nor too busy to give himself for others.

Harriet thought of the boys she had known—nice fellows, but occupied with having a good time. She decided that if she ever married she would choose a man like the doctor.

She wondered what kind of woman his wife might be, and complained to Miss Flick. "The doctor's wife hasn't been in to see once."

"My dear," Miss Flick exclaimed, "he isn't married."

"But the maid spoke of Mrs. Redmond."

"That was his mother who was over for the day."

"Oh," said Harriet.

Of course, everybody knows what happened Harriet fell in love with Dr. Redmond.

"But no one shall ever guess," she resolved, bravely.

But that night as she lay on the couch in the living room, with Miss Flick downstairs, eating her dinner the doctor came in.

"Better, little girl?" he asked.

"Yes," Harriet's tone was subdued.

He sat down beside the couch. "You'll be well enough to go back to-morrow," he said, "and I know you want to get at your studies."

Studies! Harriet had forgotten that such things as books existed.

"Oh, yes, of course," she stammered. He gazed into the fire, his grave eyes intent on the dancing flames. "I shall miss you," he said at last.

Harriet caught her breath. "It has been nice to be here."

He turned to her suddenly. "I wish I might say to you all that's in my heart," he said. "I'm such a lonely old fellow, and you fit in somehow—into my life. You are so straightforward and sweet—and dear—Harriet."

And then he asked her to marry him, and Harriet, man-hating Harriet, said "Yes."

"But you mustn't tell any one," she warned him, "not a soul shall know until spring."

She went back to school the next day, arriving at three o'clock. And at five she wrote a note. At seven, as she sat studying with Mazie, she caught the eyes of her roommate fixed upon her. "Harriet," Mazie said, reproachfully, "I don't believe you know this way—"

"If you could take me to the—" Harriet began, as she tried to stand up, and then, before she could finish her sentence, she fainted dead away.

"Hum," said the old man, and rubbed his stubby chin. Then he loaded her into the wagon like a sack of meal, and never stopped driving until he had reached the office of the only doctor in the town.

When Harriet opened her eyes, some one was saying: "It's a pretty bad sprain; she'll have to stay here for some time."

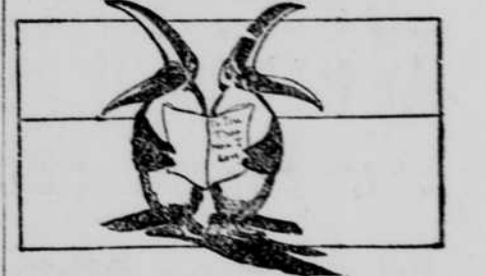


WORTH KNOWING

Simple But Powerful Prescription for Rheumatism and Lame Back.

This was previously published here and cured hundreds. Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce Toris Compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Use a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle each time. Good effects are felt the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house.

DESERT MELODY.



"I can sing," said one Toucan, "you bet," "I, too, can," said one that he met.

"So if I can, and you can, we two can, we 'Toucans.'"

So the two Toucans sang a duet.

When Tempus Didn't Fugit.

Little Helen, during the three years of her life, had never been separated from her elder sister night or day for more than a few minutes at a time, but at last the time came when the sister went away for a whole day. The child tried every game and occupation that she knew of, and a new one or two suggested by her mother, but they all failed.

Finally she gave up and stood and looked sadly out of the window. Then she sighed deeply and said:

"It's still the same old day, isn't it, mother?"—Woman's Home Companion.

THIS TELLS THE STORY.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 2, 1910. 1427 West 28th St. Uncle Sam's Breakfast Food Co., Omaha, Neb.

Gents:— My mother has used your food for over one year, and it has done her so much good that she feels she can't get along without it, and as no one has it out here, I want to know what a case of 1 or 2 dozen packages will cost me, F. O. B. Omaha or Los Angeles, by freight.

Yours Truly, J. L. WOODSON.

We certify that the above letter is a true copy of the original and was not solicited. U. S. P. F. CO.

Why She Needed More Nights Off. Having recently engaged an 18-year-old colored girl to do housework, a New York woman was adjusting the various questions of privileges.

"You will have Monday and Thursday nights off, Eliza," the mistress of the house said.

"Oh Monday 'n' Thursday nights!" the other exclaimed, rolling her eyes.

"My Lawd, mis' Blank, dat won't do now; dat ain't enough. You see, ma'am, I's a deebytante."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that never has been able to cure in its attacks, and that is Chas. H. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is habitually acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The property has so much in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

A Jolt to Romance. "How about the young doctor? Has he proposed?"

"Not yet. Papa ruined everything last night."

"How was that?"

"Just as the doctor was pleading for a peep at my eyes, papa came in and asked him to take a look at my throat."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Little, Jr.*

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

There is nothing that makes men rich and strong, but that which they carry with them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand.—Milton.

"Pink Eye" is Epidemic. Attacks the Eyes in the springtime. Is Contagious and Calls for Immediate Action. Murine Eye Remedy Affords Reliable Relief. It Soothes, Cleans, Purifies Freely and Frequently. Doesn't Smart.

Bear your own burdens first, after that help to carry those of other people.—George Washington.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. This LAKATITE BRONCHO QUIETANT, Tablets, Eradicates the Cause of Colds. It is Sure. R. W. GLOVIER'S signature is on each box. Sold by all Druggists.

Some men go to their graves without discovering that they were not as important as they thought they were.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER. has an effective reputation of over 30 years. A reliable remedy for lumbago, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc., etc. Sold by all Druggists.

A crab-eating monkey in Siam swims like a fish.

Odd Custom of The Past

Ceremony of "Appearing Out" Was One Much Venerated in Connecticut.

In the "History of Windham County, Connecticut," one finds an interesting description of the "appearing out" of a bride in 1783. Mrs. Joseph Gay of Thompson "appearing out" on the Sunday following her marriage in a peach-colored silk, most jauntily made, and hat and headdress trimmed with the marvelous quantity of 16 yards of white ribbon; and her husband walked by her side in small clothes of white broadcloth.

According to the custom, they took their place in the middle seat of the front gallery, and some time in the course of the service deliberately rose for inspection, turning slowly round and standing in different positions so that the whole effect of their costumes might be exhibited.

The young bride of Dr. Pennel Hutchins, who "appeared out" the fol-

lowing year, met a somewhat forbidding reception. The meeting house was cold and the light wedding dress unfitted for the season. The minister's wife, after the service, invited the shivering bride to her warm fireside, but she was scarcely seated there when a sharp frost good-wifed ushered in three matrons.

"You sit there, and you there, and you there," she promptly ordered; "and you, young woman, may sit back; you fine clothes will keep you warm."—Youth's Companion.

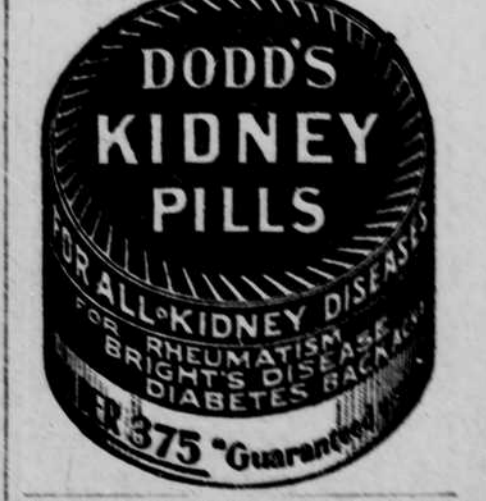
Expansion. "So your wife is a suffragette?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton.

"Why does she want to vote?"

"I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—Lowell.



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