CHAPTER L

THE MOUNTAIN CABIN.

Two horsemen slowly toiled up the ading mountain road. Night was ang low, seeming to rest upon the ountain tops. Lightnings were be-aning to flash. Distant mutterings of thunder could be heard-certainly warning to any traveler to hasten

tiently on. One had a tired, jaded ok as of having traveled fast and ag. The other was fresher. One ong. The other was fresher. One of the men was equipped with a mackintosh and all the necessary actions the cutrements for stormy weather; the ther was roughly clad in woolen iri, pants, tucked in boots, large

nbrero, pulled down over the eyes prapport with the gloom around sem, for hardly a word had been boken for the last mile. The noise the mountain stream, as it dashed or rocks and bowlders, came up to

Presently, came the question, "How such farther up the mountain, is sar little cabin?"

The man in the sombrero started t of his reverie, and turning quick-in his saddle, said: "About a mile, or; we will come to a more level sad soon, and then we can hurry ar steeds. I hope we will be in time to save her. I never thought dekness overtook our little ome how I was endangering my family, by living in the solitudes of these rand but sembre mountains. I farted last night and have been way, four and twenty hours, with no

he to care for my poor wife but my sughter, Adela. But she has a brave cast, and will do her best." The Doctor, could not offer much solation, for he knew nothing of De case.

The storm, by this time was upon hem and the rain came down in torsade their way on and up the ever

inding roadway.

Suddenly, a turn in the road, refield a little light, which twinkled or above them, and with renewed a. At last, the barking of a dog was sard and they found themselves at a little mountain but, or cabin. wilt it seemed almost against the

the dog, a Mexican Shepherd, sked and bounded around his maswith untold delight, but his adnces were unnoticed, for both men ad quickly dismounted and, after



The Door Was Opened Wide.

giving the horses shelter in a sort of ed made their way to the cabin, just as the door was opened wide letting the light stream out into the darkness and showing the slender form of a young girl, enframed in

"Oh! Papa! I am so glad you have come," she exclaimed. "Mama has been asking for you," and she step-sed back, to let them pass.
Once inside, the host turned and said, "Dr. Hastings, this is my daughter, Adela Grayson—who will attend to your wants, while I go to my wife. I will come back for you and then conduct you to your patient," and he disappeared through a doorway, leading to another part of the cabin.
The Doctor turned to acknowledge the hurried introduction and was

he hurried introduction and was fairly startled, by the dazzling beau-ty of the girl who stood before him. She was tall and slender, her face was refined and intellectual, her emplexion a rich brunette, the dints suiting her black hair, which ding in little ringlets around her forehead. And her eyes—that was where her chief charm was—they were black, but of the luminous, starry kind, and just now they were garing as intently at the young Doctor as to almost create in him the faciling of being charmed by some un-

appeared so womanly, and yet she could not have been more than fourteen or fifteen.

She hastily arranged the table, and went to the door of the inner apart-ment and called her father. He came in, at once, and told the Doctor that his wife was resting a little easier— and that it would be wise to strengthen nature by partsking of food, as they would probably have a night's vigil. The Doctor rather insisted uplooking at his patient first, but finally yielded to the wish of his host, and they sat down to the repast, so delftly and quickly prepared by the young girl, while she went to sit at her mother's bedside.

com, which evidently was used both

for dining room and kitchen. She

Let us now take a retrospective view of the characters in this little sketch, before going on.

Leonard Grayson, and his family had only been residents of Silver Gulch about four mouths, and, of course, came for the same purpose, that brought many others to the Black Range Mountains of New Mexico; namely, to locate a claim, or mining property and work to gain a "for-tune," which was as yet, hidden in the rocks and caverns. The other prospectors, who had staked claims, generally formed little camps, and lived near each other, but they were aware that the new-comer, Grayson, was of another calibre from the most of them. He was a very quiet, retito communicate his plans to out-

When he first came, he, with his wife and child, boarded at the only hotel in Kingston, which was the nearest town of importance to any of the camps. He hired a man and began prospecting out among the hills, thus leaving his wife and daughter alone, a good portion of the time. Every one declared that Mrs. Grayson was too delicate and nice a

lady for such rough surroundings.

And what wonder, for, of course, the scenes of every new mining town were being enacted over again—drunkenness, gambling—dissipation of every kind was running riot in the town. Saloons predominated. And the sharp ring of the pistol shot was so frequent, that it almost ceased to be alarming, but fortunately for Mrs. Grayson the landlady of the little hostelry was a hard working and respectable woman; she was very kind to the mother and daughter, and often shielded them from unpleasant encounters with some of her board-ers, who thought they were "just as

good as quality."
When Mr. Grayson finally announced his intention of going up on the mountain to live near his claim, everyone was surprised to think he prefered such isolation for his fami-ly, to the lively "Burg." But he went on, unmindful of their remarks making arrangements for supplies, and one beautiful morning the little cavalcade started.

The purity, quietness, and peace of their new home was like unto "Oil poured upon troubled waters," after the turmoil of the mining town. From time to time reports would come back about the wonderful little cabin at the head of Silver Gulch. "Why Boys!" one old miner said, "she's got white curtin's! and things is fixed up so beautifuller that you das'nt step inside the door, but only peep-Golly, but it is fine."

And so the rough compliments were continually made by the honest and good hearted men, who were so unaccustomed to any little feminine bits of refinement.

in this tale was a more recent comer -a "Tenderfoot" as they used to term them in the Black Hills. He had been in Kingston only a few weeks and was ostensibly out for a summer vacation. He had been ofered a temporal position as chemist and assayer for a mining syndicate and being quite practical, thought he would enhance the opportunity to earn a little money while his duties at the same time would allow ample time for hunting and fishing in the mountains.

Dr. Hastings bailed from North Hampton, Mass., and his people were all sturdy New England stock

When Mr. Grayson came down to Ringston, in haste, for a physician, the regular practitioners there were two of them in place, had been called to some of the adjoining camps, for there were numerous accidents from blasting, which kept them busy. Dr. Hastings offered to go when he saw Grayson's distress, and procuring a good horse, and taking his case of medicines, he was soon started on the trip, which brought him to this wonderful oasis of a home, in the heart of the Black Range, and where his star of hope began its ascend-RDCY.

CHAPTER IL.

STORY OF A SHATTERED LIFE. whether she be living or dead.

While the two men were sitting at the table the Doctor questioned Gray-son, as to how his wife had been taken ill, and from symptoms described by him, came to the conclusion that she had a severe attack of mountain fever, combined with some heart trouble.

When he was ushered into the sick room his first sight of the patient confirmed his surmises. Mrs. Grayson was propped up in bed with several pillows behind her; her face was flushed, her eyes were unusually bright from high fever and her breathing was painfully short. She was the counterpart of her lovely daughter who sat beside her holding one of her hands and caressing it tenderly, only of course she was older

looking. Dr. Hastings, after carefully looklooking.

Dr. Hastings, after carefully looking over his case, prepared some medicines to be given alternately, and then told Mr. Grayson he would require a quantity of hot water immediately, so please take off your rubic so please take off your rubic so please take off your rubic and I will soo prepare a little lunch you and I ago.

I will soo prepare a little lunch you and I ago.

I will soo prepare a little lunch you and I ago.

I will soo prepare a little lunch you and I ago.

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I will soo prepare a little lunch you and I ago.

I will soo prepare a little lunch you and I ago.

I will soo.

I will soo

idela kept it at a certain temperature, while Mr. Grayson sponged the patient's temples and wrists with hot water. The Doctor, meanwhile, gave is medicines regularly.

This process was repeated several times during the night, Mrs. Grayson being given an interval of rest as she was very much exhausted.

So science battled against the terrible inroads the fever was mak-ing on the patient until just as the first streak of dawn began to crees into the windows she seemed to cease her restless tossing and sink into a lethargic state, which frightened those to whom her life was so dear. But the Doctor told them not to be alarmed, for it was the beginning of a change, which he trusted was for the better, as her forehead was quite moist.

"She will remain this way for several hours," he said, "and I will watch her, while you can go and attend to anything you have too."

Mr. Grayson took the opportunity of looking after the horses, as they had stood without feed, in the shed all night. Adela slipped away into the little living room, and the Doctor could hear her stirring softly around busy with her work.

As he sat there in the quiet sick room he began to think and form opinions about his new acquaintences. He made up his mind that there must have been something in Mr. Grayson's life besides the mere seeking after riches which had led him to bury himself and family so far from the busy world, for Grayson had every appearance of a er.
man who had had good advantages of "But I'm not deaf," said I, placing education and society. And, from the taste displayed within their humble home, and the presence of several ernaments and pictures, the Doctor now concluded for the first time as now concluded for the first time as the light permeated the apartment that they had also at one time commanded some wealth.

light permeated the apartment lifted the little trap with a good deal of difficulty.

Dr. Hastings began to feel, as thus he mused, that he would like to untangle the mystery and help the Graysons in their trouble, for he surmised rather quiet, and they give you tea there was a cloud resting over them brewed in the time of Thothmes III and

Mrs. Grayson's breathing now became easier and more regular. The "Splendid!" she cried. "That's one of the charms of London—you can get her with perfect safety. So he went outside to get a breath of the fresh morning air. What, the evening before, appeared storm swept and some lace affair at her throat, with inmorning air. What, the evening be-fore, appeared storm swept and gloomy, now was brightened with beautiful sunshine. The grand mountains rolled away before the vision range after range until in the distance they took on a purplish hue. The place commanded a fine view of the lower valley, and he could see the same road they had ascended wind-ing, snake like, up the mountain. There were quite a number of pine trees, a few silver pine, which are so beautiful.

The young Doctor persuaded him-self that it would not be so bad, after all, to make a hermit of one's self, especially if he could feast his eyes ipon such beauty as his host's young daughter possessed. He was interrupted in his reverie by a call to breakfast. After looking at his pa-tient, whom he found still sleeping, he sat down to a table, as dainty in its appointments as any could have been in the East, which proved that the young daughter was perfectly trained in household duties, but he Adela went to sit with her mother after serving them.

tendency to increase the disease, and that a lower one would be much better. He was astonished to note the look of distress, which came over Mr. Grayson's face as he exclaimed.

"Yes! yes! I have been almost her means of death, all for me-for my selfishness and cowardice, has she almost sacrificed her life. Oh! if God only spares her, I will be a man and face any slurs and unjust remarks which the world can put upon me. Oh! Doctor you do not know what a noble woman she has been."

After a moment of silence that seemed painful to both of them Mr.

Grayson went on:
"I feel impelled to tell you my history, for last night's vigil has banded us together as brothers in humanity. My wife leaves a fortune untouched in the old country-in France, (for she is French)-simply because the conditions were that she should take her daughter and come over the seas, eaving me behind forever. But No she says, like the Ruth of Bible times -Whither thou goest, I will go, Thy people, shall by my people' but the last of the quotation, I am sorry to say, has been a bit of wormwood and gali, which has helped to embitter me to the world. For, my people, will not be her people, they have cast her off, and stand a loof with hearts as hard as flint and do not know

"For what! you will naturally wonder? Simply because she was not as they termed it 'high born;' but served my sister in the capacity of govern-ness to her three daughters. Well, you know the usual result, when a young man falls in love-I did not care for rank, or caste, or position in society. I only saw her beautiful face, and later was attracted by her manners and disposition, which en-tangled me more deeply in the meshes of the love net. And, in spite of her temerity and fears of offending my parents, we were married at a little country church near my home with only the old sexton for a witness. Then of course, the storm broke, in all its fury, and we were the recipients of denunciations, from all of the family. My father, who, by the way, was a rich banker, disinherited me. was the only son, and a senior at Yale. The cutting off of my portion, was the least of my troubles, for I was not afraid to work and did not

fear the future. (To be continued.)

Antelope gloves are worn by the best dressed women, and the undressed thicker skins are also very popular. White slace gloves are as much worn White glace gloves are as much worn as ever for afternoons and evenings at the theater.

# A Womans' Way.

was saying. "I won't have it. He's a setrimental. Think of your papa."
"It was just of Poppa I was thinking." Miss Nancy Power replied in a tone that would be a godsend on a July

day in the sun. "Poppa stands the racket for my-amusement, Mrs Fox And if I choose to go walks with Mr. Damer, I go walks with Mr. Damer."
"But think of your reputation, dear," in the sweet voice women use to gold

the nauseous pill. And in a sweeter voice came the re-tort courteous: "The reputation that can be lost isn't worth the keeping."

And, with ever such a suspicion of a flush, and ever such a contemptuous cock of the nose, Miss Powell had joined me in the hall, where I was busy studying the simple truths of Brad-

"Have I kept you waiting?" said she "Just long enough," said I, "to let me discover how good waiting can be." I was thinking of what I had heard. A few drops of rain began to patter on the pavement as we came down the

"I don't know where we are going, "I don't know where we are gone-said I, "but unless you wish your wings drabbled, I should suggest the respectable refuge of a growler." "Oh, no," she cried, "a hansom, a hansom!"

"Hansoms are wicked. Think of your

reputation."
"You heard?" and she flashed me a glance of inquisition.
"I may be old," said I—
"You're not," said she, holding up her parasol to signal a natty hansom driv-

my arm so that her skirt should not touch the wheel. We leaned back with a smirk of

"Right, sir!" and he wripped up.
"Why there?" said she. "Only fogier

'Oh," said I, "the Assyrian rooms are real Babylonian buns. I assure you

finite care. "Let me see. Oh, yes! that baronet man. Well, he called twice the day before yesterday, three times yes-terday and twice again today. I saw him on each occasion."

him on each occasion."

My face fell.
"But he did not see me," she added reflectively. "Oh! Mr. Damer, he has the most disreputable baid spot, and he has no stability of mind. At each denial he puffed away to his chambers in Charges street, and—will you believe it—changed his necktie. A thing that can't make up its mind about its that can't make up its mind about its necktie-well, it oughtn't to be at large. told Mrs. Moray-Fox so."
"And what did that Delphic oracle

"She said that the poor man is super she said that the poor man is super-stitious. If things don't turn out right-ly he biames his necktie and changes it, just as some people turn their chairs at whist. He carries his belief so far as to have three or four ties stowed away in odd pockets to be changed as opportunity offers."

The hansom pulled up with a jerk.

I think I made one man happy that
day. He had a very discriminating
mind. He avoided trained in household duties, but he mind. He had a very discriminating mind. He avoided all crowded thorwho lay, all unconcious, in the inner fued is and after the first smack refused to touch his whip. A most excel-lent and tender-hearted creature. "You leave your parasol here," said L

Naturally, the conversation reverted to the sick woman and the string it about your neck. That's to feared Mrs. Grayson had some heart the other goddesses, or succumb to the trouble, and the high altitude had a fascinations of Babylonian buns. With son that he identify you s this you cannot be lost."

'What can't be lost isn't worth keeping," she said in reminscent tones.
"It all depends how the thing was lost," said I, remembering the episode of the fan. "Now, for instance," --- beginning an exordium.
"Oh! What a horror!" she cried,

pointing to an ugly black mask, grinning with unutterable malignity.
"Do not blaspheme," said I. "That i the Egyptian presentment of love. Things are not what they seem."
"It reminded me of Sir Timothy,"

"In that case," said I, "you are right And now—on closer examination—I find this is the god of deceit—a particularly objectionable and obnoxious del-

Ah" said she, "that is better, "In fact," I went on, "if you stand at this angle you will see that a part of habiliment simulates the modern necktie.

You promised me Babylonian buns, "You promised me Babylonian buns, she cried vivaciously." I temporized, "Presently, presently," I temporized, "You have not seen any of the wonder-ful Greek things. Down this stair is a comfortable seat, whence you view Lycian tombs, and other

"Poppa would rave over that," said she. "He never misses a funeral. He often laments the decay of the wake." "He is a true Irishman," said I. "The He is a true frishman, said I. The Hibernian soul still revels in a wake. The O'Shaughnessy—we have the same club—tells me that when his tribesmen grow mopish they kill a few tourists and have a good time. The O'Shaughnessy's lands are situated advantageously near the great tourist track. Since this became known immigration from the other parts of the island has increased enormously. But we neglect the Greeks.

We sat down under the shadow of colossal chariot "This is very impressive," said Miss

"This is very impressive," said Miss Nancy Power.
"Our Cerberus," said I, nodding toward where the bemedaled keeper drowsed at guard, "shares your opinion. Now I—I find it rather frivolous." "Frivolous!" she cried.
"Yes, indeed," said I. "Carter and Hope and Sir Benedict French wanted me to join them at the bridge. I said I was going to study at the British museum. They advised me to see a doctor." tor."
I thought you didn't know where

you were going?"
"My forgetfulness," I parried apolo getically.
"And to study," she murmured

gravely.
"It was quite true," said I. "The study of man is—woman."
"Did you see the doctor?" "I had the blues," said I. "So I took the doctor with me. Safest, you know." She rose quickly. "And the Babylon-ian bun?" she whispered wistfully.

"If you come up those steps," pleaded, "I will show you a head Aphrodite all the world and his wi would come to see if they knew of at least all the world would."

"Oh! well, I'll come—as I'm not 'all the world's wife," she said.
"Yet," said I, under my breath, finishing the sentence. But I think she heard me, for she ran up the stairs with all the lightness and thoughtlessness of fourteen. There is but one thing makes a woman young—and young women valueser. I followed more slowly. makes a woman young—and young women younger. I followed more slowly
as befitted my years, and I saw that
Cerberus had opened one eye.

"Aphrodite isn't quite the same,"
said I. "There's a change. She has
grown older."

"Impossible," she cried, "love never

grows old."

"All the same," I contended, "there is a change. The last time I was here the haio of eternal youth hung above that glorious head of hair; the gravity of youth—for youth has ever the most serious air—lay on the lips; and the perfect bilindness of the eyes invited abandonment to passion and servi-tude.' And I sighed, not too regretful-

"Do not laugh," said I, "Poor Aphrodite! I am sorry for her. Age has touched her golden hair; Age has laid the rod of resignation to her lips; Age has opened her eyes to see—before her—something newer and fresher and more beautiful—"You are not English I yow." said

"You are not English, I vow," said Miss Nancy Power. "You are too imaginative. "You cannot talk with winged things

"You cannot talk with winged things without wishing to fly," said I.
"Flying is rather risky," said she, looking at the watch that winked on her lapel, "and a hansom is good enough for me."
So we waiked silently to the entrance.
"Give me your medal," said I, "and I give you back—"
I presented the reserved.

I give you back—
I presented the parasol.
"Your reputation."
We went down the courtyard with
Miss Nancy looking rather serious. I
patted myself on the back—quite im-

partially.
"I'm going back myself," she apologized for barring my entrance with the sunshade. I bowed.

"There are reasons," she said,
"touching that Babylonian bun."
"Dreams are better," said I meaningiy, and she flushed. "Besides," said I,
"really, the buns are rather stodgy."
"Goodby," said she, "I hope I haven't
lost anything"—her eyes showing she
thought of Mrs. Moray-Fox and her
speech.

"What is lost," said I, "is worth keeping-sometimes," thinking of some-She was gone in a summer of smiles,
-Elack and White.

Talk About Women.

Mrs. Phoebe Hurst says that her plan for the new University of California will not be realized for ten or fifteen

ears. Mrs. Russell Sage said in a recent interview that one of her first school-girl compositions was on the evils of

Miss Mayme Jester, a niece of Buffale Miss Mayme Jester, a niece of Buffalo Bill, is said to be the only female press agent on the road. She left the news-paper business to go into this new field. Mrs. S. S. Platt, president of the gen-eral federation of woman's clubs, says the general federation blennial meeting, to be held in Milwaukee next June, will be the biggest of the kind on record, with ever 2000 women in attendance.

with over 3,000 women in attendance.

Mrs. Arthur Eliot Fish is the originator of the scheme for furnishing the poor of New York with fuel at a nominal rate. The plan is to be carried out by the Minerva club, an organization of

fashionable women.

Miss Florence King of Chicago is the first woman to hold a government office in Alaska. Governor John C. Brady has just appointed her commissioner of deeds. She will be stationed at Cook's inlet, one of the southern bays, ten days' trip from Seattle.

It is rumored in Paris that Amelia Rives, now Princess Troubetskoy, will

Rives, now Princess Troubetskoy, will settle there permanently and establish a literary salon for the purpose, pri-marily, of securing a French translation of her literary works and such

Mrs. Sarah Marshall Hayden, who died in Indianapolis last week, was one of the first writers to appreciate the literary capabilities of Illinois. Her first book was "Early Engagements." It had a great success and was written when the author was only 16

years of age.

Mme. Duse is so much interested in dress reform that she recently got her daughter to write a letter to the president of the Berlin Society for the Im-provement of Women's Dress, in which she declared that she herself never wears a corset and has never allowed

her daughter to wear one.

Miss Emma Siboni of Milwaukee, who
has been commissioned by the dowager empress of Russia to paint a miniature of her on ivory, was born in Denmark twenty-two years ago and came to America when her parents died. She first established herself in Chicago as fined her attention to miniature work Erich Siboni, her father, was music teacher to the dowager empress and her sister, now the princess of Wales, before their marriages.

## The Old Timers.

Judge Wylie, for years one of the most prominent figures on the district bench, is still living in Washington, and, though over 90 years old, is in vigorous health.

Captain Henry Kelley of Milan, O., the oldest living experience.

is the oldest living captain on the great lakes. He is still on duty and began his work at the age of 22 on the old steamer Superior in 1831.

Florence Nightingale, now rears of age and in feeble health, recently wrote a noble letter—upon the anniversary of Balaklava—in aid of the Daily Telegraph shilling fund.

James Lloyd, a prosperous citizen of Troup county, Georgia, still in perfect health, was photographed the other health, was photographed the other day in the midst of a group of his children, grandchildren and great-grand-children, numbering fifty-seven in all. Seven grandchildren were unable to be present at the family reunion.

Miss Elizabeth Jones, who died re Miss Elizabeth Jones, who died recently at Campbell's Creek, about
twelve miles from Charleston, W. Va.,
would have been 104 years old had she
lived until January next. Her death
is the ending of a romance such as is
seldom found in real life, and the story
of her faithfulness to the memory of
her lover is one that is not often found
outside of fiction. In her early womanhood she was engaged to be married to
a young member of the Virginia milihood she was engaged to be married to a young member of the Virginia militia, who went out in the service of the United States in 1812. He was killed on August 23, 1814, in a skirmish with the British troops. This was a few days previous to the date set for his marriage with Miss Jones. She cherished his memory to the day of her death, and although would-be lovers came in plenty, none found favor in her eyes.

### Household Hints.

Macaroni, being easily digested, and exceedingly nutritious, forms a welcome addition to the sick room's restricted menu. For the invalid, it can be added to a custard and delicately baked, or boiled in salted water until tender and served with cream and

An orange frosting can be quickly made by mixing together the yolk of one egg, a tablespoonful orange juice, a half teaspoonful orange extract and enough sifted confectioner's sugar to make it thick enough to spread.

A serviceable loop for hanging up heavy garments is made by cutting a strip of kid from an old glove, rolling it into a string, and sewing the edges together. This loop will stand any amount of pulling.

If tea leaves are to be used to collect the dust in sweeping, they should be put in a colander, well washed with cold water, squeezed dry and spread on the carpet only just before beginning to sweep.

It is entirely possible to make a tough steak tender, and it is well to know how. Take a round steak, mar it well on a hot skillet, nearly cover with boiling water, and let simmer for several hours. A nice flour gravy may be made to serve with the meat. During the cold days, when the range is going all the time, this will be found an economical way of using a tough steak. It is entirely possible to make

HOME REMEDIES

From National Stockman: As the season for cold is here a few home remedies will not come amiss. For inflammation of all kinds, especially of the throat and lungs, there is mathing better than an onion poultice. Pure and slice four or six onions (according to size, fry tender in a little land or butter. Spread on a very this cloth and apply as hot as can be borne; ever this put warm, dry fiannel. One spplication is usually sufficient, but should another be required prepare a fresh plication is usually sufficient, but should another be required prepare a fresh one and apply as soon as the first one begins to cool. If the inflammation is very acute add a little vinegar of a few dreps of camphor just before taking from the fire.

For Cough—Peel and slince thin are

large onlons and cook until tender is one quart of vinegar. When done strain through a thin cloth. After all the juice has been extracted add one cus granulated sugar and boil until reduced one-half. For a child, one teaspoonful every two or three hours according to the severity of the atlack. Another home remedy for cough: Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth. Into a glass squeeze the juice of a lemon and add as much sugar as it will dissolve, then stir in the beaten white of an egg. Take a spoonful ev-

For earache roast an onion and put a drop of the warm juice in the car and cover the ear with warm flannel or a hot poultice made of hops and vin-

There is nothing better for colds than cooked onlons. They act on stomach, liver and kidneys. Our children are very fond of a soup made of potatoes and onlons boiled with a small slice of pork. When tender mash through the colunder, and just before serving add a little cream, and salt and pepper to taste. To be eaten with toasted bread or crackers.

#### THE MORNING BATH.

Experience has taught us that nothexperience has taught us that nothing equals the morning bath for refreshing the body, clearing the mind and imparting a feeling of general comfort. It is, therefore, important that every one should understand how to take a bath in order to derive full benefit from it. The lamperature of the efit from it. The temperature of the water must be suited to the individual wants of different people. A cold bath the most invigorating, but it cannot a safely indulged in by every one. Lukewarm water is, therefore, preferable for the majority of people. A hot bath is best taken at night, shortly before retiring, but if taken in the morn-ing, exposure to cold air should be avoided for several hours after coming avoided for several hours after coming from the bathroom. Soft water is best for bathing, and a knitted washrag is better than a sponge for rubbing the body. One should never stand with bare feet either before or after bathmore than ten minutes in taking a bath, hence every one can give the time to it, and begin the day with re-newed vitality and strength.

A GIRL'S READING.

From Trained Motherhood: A wise mother will be careful that her daughter's reading is such as will not give her false views of life or foster any unnatural sentiment or emotion. The moral effect of so much sentimental reading is frequently something to be grievously deplored, and as to its influence upon the latellect many per-sons attribute their loss of memory to this alone. It seems almost unneces-sary to state that one who is an habitual and confirmed novel reader will soon cease to possess a trained or cul-tured mind, no matter how gifted an tured mind, no matter how gifted an intellect was given him to begin with. To the brain thoroughly besotted with sentimental fiction study, deep reading and deep thinking will soon become impossibilities, and few habits are more conducive to seinshness, irritability and lack of punctuality, any of which traits will replace the beautiful and the sentiments. which traits will seriously mar the hap-piness of domestic life.

CURRY SOUP.

A curry soup that is wholesome and delicious is made in this way: Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan. Add two onions sliced and stand on the Add two onions sliced and stand on the back of the range until the onions are soft and well done. Add a sliced sour apple, a small stalk of celery cut in dice, a sliced carrot and two quarts of water. Cook slowly half an hour, strain through a colander and return to the fire. Moisten one teaspoonful of curry and add to the soup, together with a teaspoonful of tumeric. Stir to a thin paste in cold water two table-spoonfuls of cornstarch, add to the soup and cook ten minutes. Season with sait and pepper. Strain, add a litwith sait and pepper. Strain, add a lit-tie butter and serve with rice and

### KEEPING HONEY.

From the British Bee Journal: The driest and varmest place in the house should be chosen for storing sections of comb honey in. A kitchen cupboard close to the fire farms an ideal storing place, and if the sections are protected from dust insects, mice etc., by care-ful wrapping, the honey in them will keep liquid for over twelve months. In some seasons, however, honey in sections will granulate in spite of every care. Personally we have many times had sections in the best of condition after 12 to 18 months storing.