

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Will you permit me, mademoiselle, on the anniversary of your birthday, to wish you a long succession of prosperous years, and may you for long preserve the health with which you are blessed at present."

He then offered her such a bouquet of flowers as was seldom seen in Saumur; and taking the heiress by both arms, gave her a kiss on either side of the throat, a fervent salute which brought the color into Eugenie's face. The magistrate was tall and thin, somewhat resembling a rusty nail, this was his notion of paying court.

"Do not disturb yourself," said Grandet, coming back into the room. "Fine things these of yours, M. le President, on high days and holidays."

"With mademoiselle beside him every day would be a holiday for my nephew," answered the Abbe Cruchot, also armed with a bouquet; and with that the Abbe kissed Eugenie's hand. As for M. Cruchot, he kissed her unceremoniously on both cheeks, saying: "This sort of thing makes us feel older, eh? A whole year older every twelve months."

Grandet set down the candle in front of the brass clock on the chimney piece; whenever a joke amused him he kept on repeating it till it was worn threadbare; he did so now.

"As to-day is Eugenie's birthday," he said, "let us have an illumination."

He carefully removed the branches from the two sconces, fitted the sockets into other pedestals, took from Nanon's hands a whole new candle wrapped in a scrap of paper, fixed it firmly in the socket, and lighted it. Then he went over to his wife and took up his position beside her, looking by turns at his daughter, his friends, and the two lighted candles.

The Abbe Cruchot was a fat, dumpy little man. His peculiar type of face might have belonged to some old lady whose life is spent at the card table. At this moment he was stretching out his feet and displaying a very neat and strong pair of shoes with silver buckles on them.

"The des Grassins have not come round?" he asked.

"Not yet," answered Grandet.

"Are they sure to come?" put in the old notary, with various contortions of a countenance as full of holes as a colander.

"Oh! yes, I think they will come," said M. Grandet.

"Is the strange one?" asked President de Bonfons, addressing Grandet; "are all your affairs gathered?"

"Yes, everywhere," answered the old vine grower, rising and walking up and down the length of the room. He straightened himself up as he spoke with a conscious pride that appeared in that word "everywhere."

As he passed by the door that opened into the passage, Grandet caught a glimpse of the kitchen; the fire was still alight, a candle was burning there, and big Nanon was about to begin her spinning by the hearth; she did not wish to intrude upon the birthday party.

"Nanon!" he called, stepping out into the passage, "Nanon! why ever don't you rake out the fire; put out the candle and come in here! The room is large enough to hold us all."

"But you are expecting grand visitors, sir."

"Have you any objection to them? They are all descended from Adam just as much as you are."

Grandet went back to the president.

"Have you sold your wine?" he inquired.

"Not I; I am holding it. If the wine is good now, it will be better still in two years' time. The growers, as you know, of course, are in a ring, and mean to keep prices up. The Belgians shall not have it all their own way this year. And if they go away, well and good, let them go; they will come back again."

"Yes; but we must hold firm," said Grandet in a tone that made the magistrate shudder. "Suppose he should sell his wine behind our backs?" he thought.

At that moment another knock at the door announced the des Grassins, and interrupted a quiet talk between M. Grandet and the Abbe Cruchot.

Mme. des Grassins was a dumpy, lively little person with a pink-and-white complexion, one of those women for whom the course of life in a country town has flowed on with tranquillity, and still youthful at the age of forty.

Her husband had been a quartermaster in the Imperial Guard, but he had retired from the army with a pension, after being badly wounded at Austerlitz. In spite of his consideration for Grandet, he still remained, or affected to retain, the bluff manners of a soldier.

"Good day, Grandet," he said, holding out his hand to the cooper with that wonted air of superiority with which he enveloped the Cruchot faction. "Mademoiselle," he added, addressing Eugenie, after a bow to Mme. Grandet, "you are always charming, ever good and fair, and what more can one wish you?"

With that he presented her with a small box, which a servant was carrying, and which contained a Cape health, a plant only recently introduced into Europe, and very rare. Mme. des Grassins embraced Eugenie very affectionately, squeezed her hand, and said, "I have commissioned Adolphe to give you my little birthday gift."

A tall, fair-haired young man, somewhat pallid and weakly in appearance, came forward at this; his manners were pleasantly good, although he seemed to be shy. He had just completed his law studies in Paris. He now kissed Eugenie on both cheeks, and laid a work-box with gilded silver fittings before her; it was a showy, trumpery thing enough, in spite of the little shield on the lid, on which "E. G." had been engraved in Gothic characters. Eugenie raised the lid with a little thrill of pleasure; the happiness was as complete as it was unlooked for—the happiness that brings bright color into a young girl's face and makes her tremble with delight. Her eyes turned to her father as if to ask whether she might accept the gift; M. Grandet answered the mute inquiry with a "Take it, my daughter!" in tones which would have made the reputation of an actor. The three Cruchots stood dumfounded

when they saw the bright, delighted glance that Adolphe des Grassins received from the heiress, who seemed to be dazzled by such undreamed-of splendors.

## CHAPTER III.

M. des Grassins offered his snuff-box to Grandet, took a pinch himself, brushed off a few stray specks from his blue coat and from the ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his buttonhole, and looked at the Cruchots, as who should say, "Farey that thrust if you can!" Mme. des Grassins' eyes fell on the blue glass jars in which the Cruchots' bouquets had been set. She looked at their gifts with the innocent air of pretended interest which a satirical woman knows how to assume upon occasion. It was a delicate crisis. The Abbe got up and left the others, who were forming a circle round the fire, and joined Grandet in his promenade up and down the room. When the two elders had reached the embrasure of the window the priest said in the miser's ear, "Those people yonder are throwing their money out of the windows."

"What does that matter to me, so long as it comes my way?" the old vine grower answered.

"If you had a mind to give your daughter golden scissors, you could very well afford it," said the Abbe.

"I shall give her something better than scissors," Grandet answered.

"What an idiot my nephew is!" thought the Abbe, as he looked at the magistrate, whose dark, ill-favored countenance was set off to perfection at that moment by a shock head of hair. "Why couldn't he have hit on some expensive piece of foolery?"

"We will take a hand at cards, Mme. Grandet," said Mme. des Grassins.

"But as we are all here, there are enough of us for two tables."

"As to-day is Eugenie's birthday, why not all play together at lotto?" said old Grandet; "these two children could join in the game. Here, Nanon, move the tables out."

"We will help you, Mademoiselle Nanon," said Mme. des Grassins, cheerfully; she was thoroughly pleased because she had pleased Eugenie.

"I have never seen anything so pretty anywhere," the heiress had said to her. "I have never been so happy in my life before."

"It was Adolphe who chose it," said Mme. des Grassins in the girl's ear; "he brought it from Paris."

"Go your ways, scheming woman," muttered the magistrate to himself. "If you or your husband ever find yourselves in a court of law, you shall be hard put to it to gain the day."

Two tables were in readiness by half-past eight o'clock. Mme. des Grassins, with her winning ways, had succeeded in placing her son next to Eugenie. The old cooper himself eyed the group with a certain self-complacency; he looked at Mme. des Grassins with her pink feathers and fresh toilet, at the banker's soldierly face, at Adolphe, at the magistrate, at the Abbe and the notary, and within himself he said: "They are all after my crowns; that is what they are here for. It is for my daughter that they come to be bored here. Ah! and my daughter is for none of them, and all these people are so many harpoons to be used in my fishing."

Just as Mme. Grandet had won sixteen sous, the largest amount that had ever been punted beneath that roof, and big Nanon was beaming with delight at the sight of Madame pocketing that splendid sum, there was a knock at the house door, so sudden and so loud that the women started on their chairs.

"No one in Saumur would knock in that way!" said the notary.

Nanon took up one of the two candles and went to open the door. Grandet followed her.

"Grandet! Grandet!" cried his wife, a vague terror seized her, and she hurried to the door of the room. The players all looked at each other.

"Suppose we go, too?" said M. des Grassins. "That knock meant no good, it seemed to me."

But M. des Grassins scarcely caught a glimpse of a young man's face and of a porter who was carrying two huge trunks and an assortment of carpet bags, before Grandet turned sharply on his wife and said:

"Go back to your lotto, Mme. Grandet, and leave me to settle with this gentleman here."

With that he slammed the parlor door, and the lotto players sat down again, but they were too much excited to go on with the game.

"Is it any one who lives in Saumur, M. des Grassins?" his wife inquired.

"No, a traveler. As a matter of fact," said the notary, drawing out a heavy antique watch, a couple of fingers' breadth in thickness, and not unlike a Dutch punt in shape, "it is nine o'clock. The mail coach is not often behind time."

"Is he young looking?" put in the Abbe Cruchot.

"Yes," answered M. des Grassins. "The luggage he has with him must weigh three hundred kilos at least. It must be some relation."

"Let us put down our stakes," said Mme. Grandet gently. "M. Grandet was vexed, I could tell that by the sound of his voice, and perhaps he would be displeased if he came in and found us all discussing his affairs."

"Mademoiselle," Adolphe addressed his neighbor, "it will be your cousin Grandet, no doubt, a very nice-looking young fellow whom I once met at a ball."

Adolphe went no farther; his mother stamped on his foot under the table. Aloud, she asked him for two sous for his stake, adding in an undertone, meant only for his ears, "Will you hold your tongue, you great silly!"

They could hear the footsteps of Nanon and the porter on the staircase, but Grandet returned to the room almost immediately, and just behind him came the traveler who had excited so much curiosity, and loomed so large in the imaginations of those assembled; indeed, his sudden descent into their midst might be compared to the arrival of a snail in a boathouse or the entrance of a peacock into some handsome village poultry yard.

"Take a seat near the fire," said Grandet, addressing the stranger.

The young man looked round the room and bowed very gracefully before seating himself. The men rose and bowed politely in return, the women courtesied rather ceremoniously.

"You are feeling cold, I expect, sir," said Mme. Grandet; "you have no doubt come from—"

"Just like the women!" broke in the good man, looking up from the letter which he held in his hand. "Do let the gentleman have a little peace."

"But, father, perhaps the gentleman wants something after his journey," said Eugenie.

"He has a tongue in his head," the vine grower answered severely.

The stranger alone felt any surprise at this scene, the rest were quite used to the worthy man and his arbitrary behavior. But after the two inquiries had received these summary answers the stranger rose and stood with his back to the fire, held out a foot to the blaze, so as to warm the soles of his boots, and said to Eugenie: "Thank you, cousin, I dined at Tours. And I do not require anything," he added, glancing at Grandet; "I am not in the least tired."

"Do you come from Paris?" Mme. des Grassins now put the inquiry.

M. Charles, for this was the name borne by the son of M. Grandet of Paris, hearing some one question him, took out an eyeglass that hung suspended from his neck by a cord, fixed it in his eye, made a deliberate survey of the objects upon the table and of the people sitting around it, eyed Mme. des Grassins very coolly, and said, "Yes, madame. You are playing at lotto, aunt," he added; "pray go on with your game, it is too amusing to be broken off."

M. des Grassins put down a counter on his wife's card; the lady herself was not thinking of lotto, her mind was full of melancholy forebodings; she was watching Eugenie and the cousin from Paris. She saw how the heiress now and then stole a glance at her cousin, and the banker's wife could easily discover in those glances a crescendo of amazement or of curiosity.

There was certainly a strange contrast between M. Charles Grandet, a handsome young man of two-and-twenty, and the worthy provincials, who were secretly studying the stranger with a view to making game of him.

## CHAPTER IV.

It seemed to Eugenie, who had never in her life beheld such a paragon, that her cousin was some seraphic vision, some creature fallen from the skies. The perfume exhaled by those shining locks, so gracefully curled, was delightful to her. She would fain have passed her fingers over the delicate, smooth surface of those wonderful locks. She envied Charles his little hands, his complexion, the youthful refinement of his features.

His manners, his way of adjusting his eyeglasses, his superciliousness, his affectations, his manifest contempt for the little box which had but lately given so much pleasure to the wealthy heiress; everything, in short, which had given offense to the Cruchots and the Grassins pleased Eugenie so much that she lay awake for long that night thinking about this phenix of a cousin.

Then there was a general stir and a wheeling movement in the direction of the fire. Eugenie left the room to help her mother and Nanon, seized with a restless and urgent desire to see that all was right in her cousin's room, to busy herself on her cousin's account, to see that nothing was forgotten, to think of everything he might require, and to make sure that it was there, to make certain that everything was as neat and pretty as might be. She alone, Eugenie thought, could enter into her cousin's ideas and understand his tastes.

Her mother and Nanon were about to leave the room in the belief that it was all in readiness; Eugenie convinced them in a moment that everything was yet to do. She filled Nanon's head with these ideas, the sheets had not been aired, Nanon must bring the warming pan, there were ashes, there was a fire downstairs. She herself covered the old table with a clean white cloth, and told Nanon to mind and be sure to change it every morning. There must be a good fire in the room. She ran downstairs into the parlor, sought in one of the sideboards for an old japanned tray, and from the same source procured a hexagonal crystal glass, a little gilt spoon with almost all the gilding rubbed off, and an old slender-necked glass bottle with Cupids engraved upon it; these she deposited in triumph on a corner of the chimney piece. More ideas had crowded up in her mind during that one quarter of an hour than in all the years since she had come into the world.

(To be continued.)

## WILD LIFE OBSERVATION

Most of Us See More or Less than the Truth.

Good observers are probably about as rare as good poets. Accurate seeing—an eye that takes in the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—how rare indeed it is! So few persons know or can tell exactly what they see; so few persons can draw a right inference from an observed fact; so few persons can keep from reading their own thoughts and preconceptions into what they see; only a person with the scientific habit of mind can be trusted to report things as they are. Most of us, in observing the wild life about us, see more or less of the truth. We see less when our minds are dull, or preoccupied, or blunted by want of interest. This is true of most country people. We see more when we read the lives of our wild creatures about us in the light of our human experience, and impute to the birds and beasts human motives and methods. This is too often true of the eager city man or woman who sallies out into the country to study nature.

The tendency to sentimentalize nature has, in our time, largely taken the place of the old tendency to demonize and spiritualize it. It is anthropomorphism in another form, less fraught with evil to us, but equally in the way of a clear understanding of the life about us.—John Burroughs in the Century.

## Uncle Eben.

"De people dat puts in de most time lookin' for trouble," said Uncle Eben, "is de very ones dat knows de least about what to do wif it when dey finds it."—Washington Star.



## New Conditions for Farmers.

One day, late in the autumn, a half dozen farmers, coming fifteen miles, rove into a prairie village with heavy loads of corn. They went to the principal elevators and asked the price.

"Thirty cents a bushel to-day."

"We will go to the buyer at the other end of the town," said the spokesman.

"It will do you no good," was the reply, "as all the buyers pay the same price here."

"Very well; we will go home and send our corn to market on foot."

They drove back fifteen miles and unloaded the corn into their own granaries, to be shipped later in the form of fat cattle.

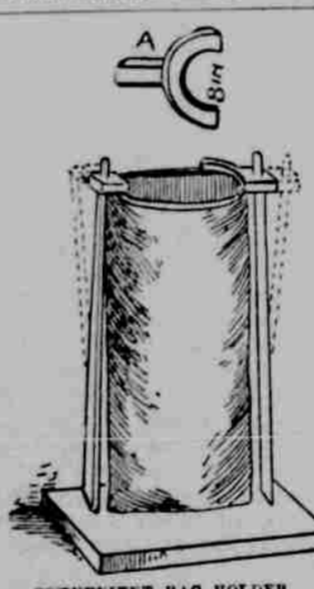
Such an incident would have been impossible ten years ago, when the average farmer was compelled to take what was offered for his crop. But two things have worked a transformation in the grain-growing portion of the West; the farmers have become conservative with prosperity, and the railroads have widened the markets.

Five years of good crops in the West have not only paid the debts, but have also made the farmer capable of employing business methods. A few years ago a settler visited town only once a fortnight or once a month. He took home with him the county papers, the few magazines that he received and a large bundle of groceries and dry goods. With rural delivery and rural telephone all that is passed.

Under these conditions the Western farmer has developed an independence in the movement of crops disconcerting to the market manipulators.—C. M. Harger, in the World's Work.

## Bag Holder.

A convenient bag holder is made as follows: Procure a piece of two-inch plank thirty inches long and as wide as you can get. Bore two one and a quarter inch holes in the plank twenty-four inches apart. Then get two sticks



CONVENIENT BAG HOLDER.

three feet nine inches long of some tough wood. Shave these sticks to fit tightly into a three-quarter inch hole. Now take two blocks of hard wood four and one-half inches long like A in illustration. These circular pieces should be one inch thick each way and they should have about three small lath nails sticking out one-quarter of an inch to keep the bag from slipping off. It is the spring of the two long sticks that holds the bag tight. The blocks can be slipped up or down on the side strips to suit the length of the bags.—F. A. Franklin in Iowa Home-stead.

## Profits of a Small Dairy.

Having seen several records of dairy farming by some of our readers, I will let you know what we have done the past year, from January 1, 1903, to January 1, 1904. We started with four cows the first six months, and five cows the balance of the year, one a heifer coming fresh last of June. Delivered at creamery 28,155 pounds of milk which made 1,225 pounds of butter. Total sales for the year as follows:

1,225 pounds butter.....\$300 75  
16 head of hogs..... 129 64  
888 dozen eggs..... 170 46  
1 yearling heifers..... 21 00  
Poultry and calves..... 22 85

Total.....\$644 70  
Bought oatmeal, bran, shorts, etc 157 00

Balance, net.....\$487 70

I don't think this is a bad showing for a place that some of the neighbors said, four years ago, when we came here, "You can't raise anything on that id place."—C. E. Ringer.

## Fodder Rye.

The first crop to be of service in the spring is rye, which is sometimes ready for feeding the last week in April, and may be continued through the first half of May. It matures very rapidly after the heads appear, and can be successfully used for a period of from ten to fourteen days if seeded at different times, and cutting is begun before it comes in head. Where it is not practicable to practice rolling the crops may be pastured. This method, while more wasteful, is less expensive than rolling. It is very important to have a pasture crop at that season, because coming before meadow pastures are ready. The crop yields well on medium soils, though it responds profitably to good treatment. It is rec-

ommended that it be seeded thicker than when the crop is used for grain. From two to two and one-half bushels of seed may be used with advantage on good soils. The fertilizers should be rich in available phosphoric acid. A fertilizer containing nitrogen 3 per cent, phosphoric acid 8 per cent, potash 5 per cent, may be applied at time of seeding at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds per acre. A top dressing of nitrate of soda in the spring at the rate of 100 to 150 pounds per acre is excellent.

## As to Farm Poultry.

It is very hard to make farmers understand how great their advantages are in poultry raising. They will say the work does not pay, for it takes their time from crops that bring more money. There is something in this if one has a crop which is profitable and which is brought to the marketing point at small expense. It would be folly to advocate that anyone drop a paying crop to take up something they are doubtful about, but where there are diversified interests on the farm poultry can be made to pay more than it does.

The writer knows a man who has one acre in a small town devoted to poultry. He goes to a nearby city and buys live poultry of wholesale commission men at the market price, ships them home fattens them and markets them dressed in the towns near him. Nine-tenths of the food consumed by the fowls must be bought, and yet this man makes a comfortable living out of the work. This is one case of many, and if this can be done it is certainly reasonable to claim that the farmer, who can raise the chickens from eggs and also the food consumed by them, can turn the result on to the market at a profit.

The one cause of failure is not understanding the needs of the fowls and how to feed them to advantage. Learn this by experience, and poultry raising will be found one of the most profitable ventures in which the farmer can engage.—Indianapolis News.

## Big Missouri Corn.

In the corn contest at St. Louis which was held under the auspices of the Missouri World's Fair Commission early in February, Lewis county was awarded the first prize for the best county display. The second prize was awarded to Atchison county and the third to Pettis. There were more than 300 exhibitors contesting for prizes, and prizes were awarded amounting to \$1,000. The St. Louis Republic says that corn was on exhibition that was from 14 to 18 inches in length and 11 inches in circumference. It has been estimated that Missouri produced one-eighth of the corn crop of the United States last year, and one-tenth of all the corn raised on the globe.

## Gas for Incubators.

An extensive chicken raiser at Rochelle, Ill., operates fifty large incubators with heat from natural gas. He has three thousand chicks out and has about fifteen thousand eggs under way.

## Farm Chat.

Overloading the teams is a bad idea. It will start horses to balking quicker than anything else.

An egg broken in the feed of horses is very beneficial to them in clearing up the skin and hair.

A small flock of sheep well cared for is more profitable than a large one allowed to pick its own living.

Always strive to stimulate the milk yielding capabilities of the cows to the highest limit within reason.

A good judge in farm crop statistics says it will take three bumper crops to create a surplus of that product. That means three years of bustling.

In testing seed corn we often find that a seed will be good that is much slower "coming" than the rest of them. It will produce a weak stalk and either no ear or a nubbin. It will not pay to select such seed. It should be discarded as doubtful.

Canadian bee keepers report an unusually severe winter with serious losses. Most bees wintered out of doors unprotected show a very high per cent of loss, ranging from practically a total loss to forty per cent. Bees which were protected range, according to the dozen or more reports received, from twelve to fifty per cent.

With all crops it is the early cultivation that is the most important. Keep the soil clean and in a little while the plants are young and tender, giving them every opportunity to make a good start to grow and it will be a much easier matter to maintain a good growth until maturity.

A good garden is one-half the living in making arrangements for the garden why not do like the Irishman who was told that to buy a certain stove meant to save one-half the fuel? He said he would take two stoves of that make and save all of his fuel. Have two good gardens and save all the living. The groceryman suffers when a good garden is at hand. In most localities good garden truck is always available if one has more than enough for his own family.

Don't forget that little memorandum book. At no time will it be found so handy as now. Keep it in the pocket and put down everything that needs attention, and then one can look it over occasionally and do that which needs being done the worst without delay. Much loss is prevented in this manner. I have sorted potatoes when I should have been sowing grass seed and a sudden shower came and some other work had to be hunted up. The little "want book" revealed what should be done.



## Green-and-White Cake.

Cream one cupful of butter with two of sugar; put with it one cupful of milk, beat in alternately four cupfuls of flour sifted with one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and the whipped whites of six eggs, then stir in the juice of one lemon and half the grated peel. Dip out one cupful of batter, and add to it a little spinach juice. This is made by putting spinach leaves over the fire in a double boiler, with no water in the inner vessel, and looking until the juice is expressed from them. Squeeze the leaves in a cloth, and use the liquid from them. You will have to add more flour to the portion that has been thinned by the spinach juice. Put the white part of the cake in a cake tin and marble it with the green. If care is used, the cake may be very prettily mottled and variegated. Bake in a steady oven.

## Orange Salad.

Cut a tart orange in half; remove the pulp and cut into small pieces; slip the edges of the shells with separators and join the two halves together side by side on a plate by a narrow ribbon run through slots in the sides; add to the pulp six slices of banana, ten Malaga grapes, halved and seeded, six candied cherries, juice of half a lemon, one drop of almond extract and one spoonful of sugar; chill both fruit and shells; when ready to serve, place fruit in shells, heaping a spoonful of meringue on each. This is a dainty salad, pretty in appearance and always appreciated whenever served.

## Prupe Jelly.

One pound of prunes, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half box of gelatine, one-half pint of cold water, one-half pint of boiling water; wash the prunes, cover them with water and soak them over night; next morning bring to a boiling point; cover the gelatine with cold water, soak for half an hour and add it with the sugar to the prunes; with a spoon carefully break open the prunes and take out the seeds or press through a colander; turn the gelatine mixture into a mould and stand aside for three or four hours to harden. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

## Rice Omelet Soup.

Take three ounces of Carolina rice, six breakfast-cupfuls skim milk, one teaspoonful sugar, half-teaspoonful salt. Wash the rice well, rinsing in plenty of cold water; put it into a saucepan with one teacupful of water, boil for a few minutes, add the milk and simmer slowly with the lid on for one hour; then add the sugar and salt. A soup of this kind is a valuable one for summer, when fresh fruits and vegetables are being used.

## Savory Minced Beef.

Ingredients: One pound of cold roast beef, two ounces of butter, one small onion, two ounces of flour, one pint of white stock or water, half a cupful of tinned tomatoes, half a dozen mushrooms, one teaspoonful of salt, pepper. Cut the meat into very thin slices and fry with the butter and onion minced until quite brown; stir in the flour and add the stock of water; also the tomatoes and mushrooms, salt and pepper; beat all well together and serve.

## Lemon Dumplings.

Mix up with ten ounces of fine bread-crumbs, half pound of beef suet chopped very small, one large tablespoonful of flour, the grated rind of two lemons, or of one large one, four ounces of powdered loaf sugar, three or four eggs, well beaten, and the juice of the lemons strained. Divide this into four equal parts, and tie in well-floured cloths and boil for an hour.

## Boston Baked Beans.

Let stand in cold water over night, drain and put into an earthen bean pot, with two tablespoonfuls of molasses and a little pepper. Add a small piece of pickled pork, gashed or marked in squares. Fill the pot with boiling water, adding more from time to time as it evaporates. Bake twelve hours with steady heat. At the end of ten hours, let the water simmer away until the beans are nearly dry.

## Short Suggestions.

When buying new lamp glasses, let put in water and allowed to boil first they will last longer.

When roasting or baking meat in the oven place the dripping pan on a dish of water. It will prevent the gravy burning or boiling away.

To keep flatirons clean and smooth, rub them first with a piece of wax tied in a cloth, and afterward scour them on a paper or cloth strewn with coarse salt.

Potato peelings, if dried in the oven, are very useful for fire kindling. If sufficiently abundant they may be used instead of wood, but in any case they will economize it.

The toughest beef or chicken can be made tender and palatable by putting a good spoonful of cider vinegar in the pot in which it is boiling or in the juice with which it is basted if roasting in a pan.

Wood alcohol rubbed on a polished table stained or marred by a hot dish will restore the finish if followed by a polishing with linseed oil. The odor of wood alcohol is not pleasing but it is cheaper than the medicinal alcohol.