

DOMESTIC REBELLION.

The Servant Had Left and Mrs. Billings Was Hurried.

Ever since her marriage young Mrs. Billings had worshipped her Lanes and Penates with sufficient devotion, but on this particular servanless Saturday she was literally kneeling in the service of these exacting little domestic gods. A ring at the front doorbell followed by the insistent clattering of the knocker only made her set her lips together and go harder to work.

"They can ring and knock and pound till they're tired. I won't go!" she said firmly to herself; then she jumped to her feet with a sudden little shriek of dismay, and fumbled at her apron strings, for the tapping now came from the side door, and Hillisover was known to be informal.

"It's only me," said a blithe, disengaged voice, and Mrs. Lambert, large, well-meaning and given to staying heavily in one place for hours, walked into the kitchen.

"My dear!" she said with tragedy. "I only just heard that Sarah had rushed off in a tantrum, and I said to Mr. Lambert that I simply must run down and tell you how sorry I was."

"So sweet of you!" murmured Mrs. Billings, conventionally.

"And he said, 'Oh, don't, Angie! She'll be too busy and worried,' but I only knew how I should feel if Martha and Jenny were to fly off and leave me all of a heap. I should go crazy. Well, I'm sure I'd go to bed, anyhow, and Mr. Lambert could just take his meals at the hotel. Why don't you try that?"

"It does sound feasible," answered Mrs. Billings, dryly. "But you see, the French department meets here to night. It can't be put off very well, and there are a thousand little un-done, half-done things waiting for me. Do you mind my going on with my work? I am rather rushed."

"Not at all, my dear," replied Mrs. Lambert, cordially. "I'd love to watch you. I'm really very domestic myself, though I don't get much chance nowadays. My two maids are treasures!"

And she settled herself to thorough enjoyment in the most comfortable chair in the room, and then marvelled at the usual morning procession of butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers.

"How do you stand such constant interruption?" she asked. "I should go mad."

"One gets used to many things here," answered Mrs. Billings, significantly, and if her subsequent conversation was monosyllabic and her attention somewhat detached, Mrs. Lambert did not notice it. At last she rose to go.

"You look tired, dear," she said, sympathetically. "Now don't overdo. I'm so afraid of your taxing your strength too far," and she departed as one who confers a blessing.

Ten minutes later Professor Billings was met at the front door by a despairing wife. "There's no dinner ready," she announced. "And if you've got a two-o'clock recitation you'll just have to eat sardines and bread and jam. Mrs. Lambert was here all the morning, and I really couldn't do a thing, though I pretended to."

"What! Large Mrs. Lambert in our little kitchen!" exclaimed Mr. Billings. Fortunately he had a saving sense of humor.

"Yes, she was, and I only hope she'll lose those domestic treasures soon! Then I'll go over there and stay and stay—and never budge!" she ended, with a little burst.

"That won't be Lentea coals of fire," remarked Mr. Billings, philosophically, as he sat down to his canned dinner.

"Well, perhaps not," and Mrs. Billings laughed in spite of her vexation. "But I'll take her over a cake, too. That'll be the coals. The staying is just sheer domestic retribution!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Central American Democracy.

Our Spanish-American neighbors to the south are little known to us, and indeed they are not well understood by the outside world. They have a land and a climate that render them independent of trade. The mountains interfere with travel, and each community meets its own wants. The author of "Around the Caribbean and Across Panama" gives an interesting picture of the social life which he found at Olancho, among the mountains of Honduras.

One beautiful moonlight night, as I strolled about alone, I passed the shop of a humble shoemaker, who was seated before his door. As I passed, he politely invited me to a seat. Such an invitation did seem a little strange from my shoemaker, yet not wishing to appear rude, I accepted his invitation, and found him well informed about the valley and its history.

Presently the Governor of Olancho came passing by, and the shoemaker invited him to a seat, which he accepted at once; then a senator for the district, and one of the richest men in the city, came that way, and he, too, seated himself at the shoemaker's door.

How to Cut Down The Meat Bill



UNCLE SAM has had his own way long enough. Miss Columbia has decided that it is time for her to assert her rights and to take a share in promoting the peace and welfare of these United States. Being a woman, Miss Columbia's first official act is in behalf of her sex. When Miss Columbia issues a cook book it's supposed to be the law and the gospel of all good and patriotic cooks. It comes out with all the power and authority of the government of the United States behind it, and it bears upon its cover the great seal of the Department of Agriculture to show that it's the real thing.

This cook book of Miss Columbia's is not a fancy affair. It is a practical publication for a practical purpose. After showing that there is little difference in the nutritive value of the different cuts of butchers' meats, the book takes up, first, the question of economy in buying. The juicy, tender cuts of good flavor sell for the higher prices. When porterhouse steak sells for 25 cents a pound, it may be assumed that in town or village markets round steak would sell for about 15 cents, and chuck ribs, one of the best cuts of the fore-quarter, for 10 cents. This makes it appear that the chuck ribs are less than half as expensive as porterhouse steak and two-thirds as expensive as the round. But apparent economy is not always real economy, and in this case the bones in the three cuts should be taken into account. Of the chuck ribs, more than one-half is bone or other materials usually classed under the head of "waste" or "refuse." Of the round, one-twelfth is waste, and of the porterhouse one-eighth. In buying the chuck, then, the housewife gets, at the prices assumed, less than one-half pound of food for 10 cents, making the net price of the edible portion 22 cents a pound; in buying round, she gets eleven-twelfths of a pound for 15 cents, making the net value about 16 2/3 cents; in buying porterhouse she gets seven-eighths of a pound for 25 cents, making the net value about 28 1/2 cents a pound. The relative prices, therefore, of the edible portions are 22, 16 2/3, and 28 1/2 cents; or, to put it in a different way, a dollar at the prices assumed will buy 4 1/2 pounds of solid meat from the cut known as chuck, 5 pounds of such meat from the round, and only 3 1/2 pounds of such meat from the porterhouse.

The choice of cuts should correspond to the needs of the family and the preferences of its members. Careful consideration of market conditions is also useful, not only to make sure that the meat is handled and marketed in a sanitary way, but also to take advantage of any favorable change in price which may be due, for instance, to a large local supply of some particular kind or cut of meat. In towns where there is opportunity for choice, it may sometimes be found more satisfactory not to give all the family trade to one butcher; by going to various markets before buying the housekeeper is in a better position to hear of variations in prices and so be in a position to get the best value.

Almost any meat bones can be used in soup making, and if the meat is not all removed from them the soup is better. But some bones, especially the rib bones, if they have a little meat left on them, can be grilled or roasted into very palatable dishes. The "spareribs" of Southern cooks is made of the rib bones from a roast of pork, and makes a favorite dish when well browned. The braised ribs of beef often served in high-class restaurants are often made from bones cut from rib roasts.

Trimnings from meat may be utilized in various "made dishes," or they can always be put to good use in the soup kettle. It is surprising how many economies may be practiced in such ways and also in the table use of left-over portions of cooked meat if attention is given to the matter.

Meat pies represent another method of combining flour with meat. They are ordinarily baked in a fairly deep dish, the sides of which may or may not be lined with dough. The cooked meat, cut into small pieces, is put into the dish, sometimes with small pieces of vegetables, a gravy is poured over the meat, the dish is covered with a layer of dough, and then baked. Most commonly the dough is like that used for soda or cream-of-tartar biscuit, but sometimes shortened pastry dough, such as is made for pies, is used. This is especially the case in the fancy individual dishes usually called patties. Occasionally the pie is covered with a potato crust, in which case the meat is put directly into the dish without lining the latter. Stewed beef, veal and chicken are probably most frequently used in pies, but any kind of meat may be used, or several kinds in combination.

Chopping meat is one of the principal methods of making tough and inexpensive meat tender. In broiling chopped meat the fact should be kept in mind that there is no reason why it should not be cooked like the best and most expensive tenderloin. To begin with, the broiler should be even more carefully greased than for whole steak. This makes it possible to form the balls or cakes of chopped meat with very little pressure without running the risk of having them pulled to pieces by adhering to the broiler. They should be heated on both sides even more quickly than the steak, because the chopping has provided more ways of escape for the juice, and these openings should be sealed as soon as possible.

Chopped raw meat of almost any kind can be very quickly made into a savory dish by cooking it with water or with water and milk for a short time, then thickening with butter and flour, and adding different seasonings as relished, either pepper and salt alone, or onion juice, celery or tomato. Such a dish may be made to "go further" by serving it on toast or with a border of rice in some similar combination.

ELOPER BATTLES WITH POSSE.

Near San Diego, Cal. kneeling behind an automobile in which he had eloped with Gertrude Seifert, his 15-year-old sweetheart, Thomas Foreman fought a revolver battle with a posse headed by the girl's father which had been sent out to capture the couple. Although her father and other relatives were in the crowd in front of them, Miss Seifert assisted her sweetheart, and from a protected spot behind the automobile reloaded his revolvers and cheered him on. Foreman finally stopped the advance of the posse and endeavored to continue his journey to Des Conas, at the edge of Death Valley, where the battle took place. The elopement of Foreman.

Twain Turned the Tables.

Mark Twain, when he worked in Nevada on the Virginia City Enterprise, inserted in the news a good many boarding house jokes. In revenge the humorist's sensitive fellow boarders in Virginia City decided to put up a game on him. They enlisted the landlady's help, and at the Thanksgiving dinner at the boarding house Mark Twain, by a dexterous piece of sleight-of-hand, was served, apparently direct from the fowl, with a turkey leg of painted wood. "You've changed your poultry dealer, haven't you, ma'am?" "Why, no, Mr. Clemens. What makes you think so?" "This turkey," he answered, giving the wooden drumstick a little whack with his knife, "it about the tenderest morsel I've struck in this house for some months."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Little Things Worth Knowing

Diamonds are almost perfectly transparent to X-rays.

The Laplanders are the shortest people in the world; the Patagonians the tallest.

A Violet Cross league has been formed in Paris with the object of suppressing swearing.

The steamboat inspection service of the United States passed on 7,962 vessels, launches and barges during the year ending June 30 last.

Doxy Man.

"John, I want you to match this ribbon for me when you are in town to-day."

"All right. I'll take it into Smithkins' when I go to lunch."

"But I trade at Harkley's."

"I know, but there is a little peach of a blonde behind the counter at Smithkins' that it's a picnic to talk to and—"

"You need not trouble yourself. I will match that ribbon for myself."—*Houston Post.*

ELECTRIC BRIEFS.

Meat is now cured by electricity.

Metal filament incandescent lamps are now being used on ships and railroad cars.

A wireless telegraph instrument is used in Spain to detect the approach of thunder storms.

It is estimated that the new pay-as-you-enter street cars have lessened the number of accidents in getting on and off the cars by half.

Countess Tarnovskij: A VAMPIRE OF REAL LIFE

The trial in Venice of Countess Tarnovskij, known as "the enchantress," on the charge of being a conspirator in the plot that killed Count Kamarowski, her second husband, a wealthy Russian nobleman, has monopolized public attention there. Maria is a woman of remarkable beauty, yet she has been compared to "The Vampire" in Kipling's poem of that name. Her past is filled with death, broken hearts, wrecked lives and ruined homes. She has been the direct cause of the murder of two men. Two other men for love of her stand in peril of life imprisonment—in Italy there is no capital punishment. She is beautiful enough to have sat as the model for the vampire in Burne-Jones' famous painting. She is cold and heartless enough to have inspired Kipling's poem.

Other persons on trial with "the enchantress" were M. Prilukoff, a lawyer; Dr. Naumoff, a Russian student, and Elsie Porries, maid to the countess. Naumoff is the man actually accused of having slain the nobleman. The prosecution asserted that the countess having fascinated Count Kamarowski, married him, and persuaded him to insure his life for \$100,000 and will the insurance to her, enticed Naumoff to shoot him. It is alleged that both Naumoff and Prilukoff were among the many lovers of the "enchantress." Prilukoff acted as her lawyer when she was divorced by Count Tarnovskij, and he is said to have fallen under her spell at first sight. He is now 37 and the countess is 31. Naumoff is 21. The court in which the trial was held is in the tribunal of St. Mark, which overlooks the Grand canal, and a police gondola was used daily in conveying the prisoners to and from the courtroom. Through the windows of their cells the prisoners could catch a glimpse of the columns of the piazzetta, the arched facade of the Doges' palace, and the domes of San Marco.

The story of which the trial was the climax is one of the most romantic in the history of crime. It reads like a tale from the days of the Borgias. Poe, Gaborion or Conan Doyle never wrote a more intricate or fascinating mystery. It was claimed that the Machiavellian plot was conceived in the cunning, murderous brain of the woman. Her subtly, her consummate art as an actress, her plots within plots, the diplomacy she displayed in playing off one of her lovers against the other, stamp her as one of the world's cleverest criminals. Her game was one of life and death, but she played it with the coolness and calculation of one



Countess Tarnovska

moving pawns upon a chess board. "If," said the late Cesare Lombroso, the famous criminologist who studied her, "the Countess actually conceived, planned and carried out the tragedy which resulted in the murder of Count Kamarowski, she is the most remarkable criminal of modern times. Her methods show an absolute mastery of masculine sentiment, passion and coyness. Her presumed idea of having one lover slay her husband, and then having another lover dispatch him so as to prevent him from becoming her accuser is absolutely original. The crimes of the Borgias and of the Strozzi offer no parallels."

Her antecedents must have been very remarkable, for it is unusual for one of criminal proclivities to plan so rational a conspiracy that its execution would have been accepted by the public without question. Had her lawyer, Prilukoff, in the first instance, not so elaborated his defense as to have aroused suspicion, and had the assassin, Naumoff, been killed as planned, or had the confessions of the Countess

and Prilukoff not been shown him, he would undoubtedly have committed suicide, as the Countess had foreseen. On learning that she had betrayed him, the desire, which could only be attained by living, naturally possessed his mind, thus diverting his inborn homicidal tendency from suicide."

Countess Tarnovskij is 30 years old. She had been noted always for the charm of her conversation, her ability as a linguist and her skill as a musician, as well as for her physical allurements. She is rarely beautiful. Five feet nine in height, but of a graceful and supple figure, she is of majestic poise and carriage. Her green-black eyes under their heavy lids are soft and insinuating. Her white, smooth brow is crowned by a mass of brownish black hair which gleams golden-bronze in sunlight. In a word, the Countess is a human heretofore, seeming to refute all theories of physiognomy. Her face is not, in any faint suggestion, an index of her character. She might be taken for a madonna, but never for a murderess.

BLOW TO BAY STATE HOBOES.

Famous "Hoboes' Retreat" Given Up by Mr. and Mrs. Pike.

The famous "hoboes' retreat" of Salisbury, conducted for many years by Mr. and Mrs. John Pike of this town, is no more, because these benevolent persons have moved from the farm made famous by its mammoth barn, which was given up to the use of the wayfarer.

For many years the Pikes lived near the railroad station in Salisbury, says a New York Herald correspondent, and on their farm was a large barn where hay was stored. Years ago tramps started coming to this barn, and as they were never turned away they kept on coming. Never did a tramp who had stopped in the barn over night go away without a substantial breakfast, and it is estimated that hundreds of tramps have been fed by Mr. and Mrs. Pike.

"We did not like to turn them away," said Mrs. Pike, "for they were somebody's sons."

The fame of the barn has traveled far and wide, and tacked to the large door is a card written by some mother in the far West seeking information of her son. She had heard of the famous tramp barn of Massachusetts, and wrote to Mrs. Pike, asking her to put up the sign that her son might see it if he stayed there.

In the large door a hole was sawed out by Mr. Pike, so that tramps who came late at night could reach through and unlock the door without trouble.

FARMER SLAYS AUTOIST.

Sylvanus Johnson, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Roswell, N. M., is dead from the effects of a blow on the head from a monkey wrench hurled at his chauffeur by an infuriated farmer. While speeding near Roswell, Johnson's automobile frightened a team of horses being driven by a young farmer, and the latter threw



his wrench at the chauffeur. His aim was bad and Johnson sank back in his seat unconscious with a crushed skull. The identity of the farmer has not been learned.

Moving Day.

When the gentleman with decided tendencies toward looking after everybody's business but his own saw a furniture removal van being loaded near his house, he sallied forth into the street on investigation bent. "I say, carter," he began blumpingly, "are the people upstairs moving?" The carter looked at him scornfully. Then he wiped the perspiration from his manly brow. "No, sir," he retorted grimly. "We're just taking the furniture for a drive!"

HOOT COTTON KING OFF ENGLISH EXCHANGE.



AMERICAN COTTON KING HUSTLED OUT OF THE MANCHESTER EXCHANGE.

When James A. Patten, well known as a speculator in wheat and cotton, paid a visit to the Manchester Cotton Exchange he met with an unfavorable reception. Hustled by some of those in the exchange, hooted and booed, he was pushed toward the door and found sanctuary in a friend's office, from which he escaped eventually through an emergency fire exit, jumping into a waiting cab and going straight back to Liverpool, where he was staying for a week. At the annual meeting of the exchange the chairman said that everyone must regret that a citizen of a friendly country who was introduced by one of the members of the exchange should have been subjected to any annoyance. But it was only fair to say that, hearing there might possibly be something of a hostile demonstration, he communicated with the friends of Mr. Patten who were responsible for his introduction, and suggested that he should not be brought on the boards.—*Illustrated London News.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

Slam exports about a million tons of rice a year, breaking the record last year with 1,028,671 tons.

Fifty-ton loads of coals can be dumped from up-to-date steel freight cars in less than two minutes.

A patent on a horseshoe designed to prevent the stumbling of horses was granted in Panama four years ago.

Storage battery street cars weighing but five tons, as compared with the ten tons of the ordinary trolley cars, are being tried out in New York.

Aluminum, combined with other materials, is appearing as a textile, neckties, shawls, hats and lacings for shoes being among the newest productions.

According to insurance statistics, it requires 300,000 new houses a year to accommodate the increase in population of the United States and 80,000 more to replace those destroyed by fire.

The monopoly which Germany has enjoyed for many years as the only country with deposits of potassium salts has been endangered by the discovery of deposits in Hungary, Russia, Holland, Persia and China.

Not to Be Disturbed.

A Voice Over the Phone—Is this Mrs. Tingle's residence?
The Maid—Yes.
The Voice—Is Mrs. Biddle there—Mrs. Alberton Biddle?
The Maid—Yes, she's playing bridge with her club. I'm sure she can't come to the phone.
The Voice—Well, just say to her right away, please, that her residence is burning.
The Maid—Thank you. I'll let her know as soon as they finish the set. I know she wouldn't want me to disturb her now. Good-by.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Of General Interest.

City Editor—You say in this murder story that one bullet bored through the stomach and lodged in the bedstead.
Reported—Yes, sir.
Editor—Well, rewrite the story and play up the board and lodging feature.—*Kansas City Times.*

Good and Sufficient Reason.

Editor—But my good fellow, why do you bring this poem to me?
Impetuous One—Well, sir, because I hadn't a stamp, sir.—*The Tatler.*