

hurt you mes

"Here," says Stephen, faintly, trying to

him here all night unless we do something.

But Stephen's senses having returned

No, don't leave me," he entreats, earn-

to him by this time, he overhears and un-

"There is Dulce," faiters Roger.

"No, no; don't leave me here alone,

"Try to drink this," says Roger, hold-

Eney

fortune.

ing the flask again to Gower's lips and

"It is very good of you, old man," he

whispers, faintly, looking up at Roger.

I believe you are sorry for me, after all."

"Why shouldn't I be sorry for you?"

"I know you think I behaved badly to

"As to that," interrupted Roger, quick-

forget it? Come, Stephen, forget it

ing need be said about that. Why can't

"With all my heart," says Gower, and his eyes grow glad, and a smile of real

"Now, don't talk any more; don't,

"There is-one thing-I must say,

whispers Gower, "while I have time. Tell

her-that I have behaved like a coward

to her, and that I give her back her prom-

ise. Tell her she may marry who

says Roger, huskily, his eves full of tears,

The "after all" is full of meaning.

'Aud perhaps I did.

'Don't talk like that."

ment

deep entreaty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

welf into the saddle and is preparing to make a day of it. Two hours later many a position to acknowledge sadly Stephen loses consciousness again for a what he did not mean. that the day they have made has not been moment. exactly up to the mark.

from the others, and are now riding side by side across a rather hilly field. Right fore them rises a wall, small enough in itself, but in parts dangerous, because of the heavy fall at the other side, hid- try to find somebody?" ien from the eye by some brambles growing on the top of the stonework.

Lower down, this wall proves itself even derstands the last sentence. more treacherous, hiding even more effect tually the drop into the adjoining field, exily, though speaking with great diffiwhich is here too deep for any horse, however good, to take with safety. It is a me. spot well known by all the sportsmen in the neighborhood as one to be avoided, ever since Gort, the farmer, some years says the wounded man, with foolish perbefore, had jumped it for the sake of an sistency, and Roger, at his wits' end, kle bet, and had been carried home from hardly knows what to do. It a dead man, leaving his good brown

mare with a broken back behind him. It would seem, however, that either ig. forcing a few drops between them. norance or recklessness is carrying one are of some use, as presently a slight, a of the riders to-day toward this fatal very slight, tinge of red comes into his looking up. spot. He is now bearing down upon it cheeks and his eyes show more anima-with the evident intention of clearing the tion. traitorous wall and so gaining upon the hounds, who are streaming up the hill beyond, unnaware that almost certain destruction awalts him at the point toward which he is riding so carelessly. Dulce, turning her head accidentally in his direction, is the first to see him.

"Oh, see there." she cries, in a frightmed tone, to Roger, pointing to the lower you," goes on Stephen, with painful slow-Who is that going to ness. part of the field tage Gort's Fall?" ly. "we're quits there, you know; noth-

Roger, following her glance, pulls up short, and stores fixedly at the man bedow, now drawing terribly near to the condemned spot. And, as he looks, his all; and be friends again." face changes, the blood forsakes it, and a horrified expression creeps into his eyes. "It is Stephen," he says at last, in an happiness illumines his features for a mo-

indescribable tone; and then, knowing he estated reach him in time to prevent the coming catastrop he, he stands up in his there's a good fellow," says Roger, with stirrups and shouts to the unconscious Stephen, with all the strength of his fresh inng lungs, to turn back before it is too

But all in vain; Sto hen either does not or cannot hear. He has by this time mached the wall; his horse, the gallant pleases." He gaups for breath; and then, animal, responds to his touch. He rises pressing Roger's hand with his own unthere is a crush, a du' thud, and then all injured one, says, with a last effort: "And still Invaluate the bas covered that will be you. I have "

overse outs his face, and it is with diffiulty he suppresses a groan. He controls himself, however, and listons engery for what hay fallen

"Dis you mean or tell me I am bound a he is a deprayed drunkard henerth my demands Sir Christopher, sehe nearly, "A fellow who insults my guests "The fact that he has contracted this

miserable habit or which you speak is only another reason why you should think well before you discard him now in his old issays Fabian, with increasing earn-"He will starve-die in a garst, or ht the warside, if you fling him off. He is by in a fit state to seek another livelihood. Who would employ htm? He was your right hand for a long time, and and he has done neither you nor yours a real-many.

mises his hand and heats his elluched him, and his gave wanders from one face that to a built frantic, though silent, man-

soul he hates you-would do you a harm | A white haired, young-faced, bluesuch hart, are you?" asks Roger, under- if he could. It is his treatment of you at eyed man, Maj. Henry G. Rogers, made with the greatest of caution. We young "Where is the pain? Where does it times," says Sir Christopher, coming at you must?" inst to the toni form of the anger he is cherishing against Slyme, "that-that-And now the business of the day is be-tin. Every one has settled him or her-"Tut!" says Fubian, "I rentember noth-

helpicss, and then they know, with a sickening feeling of horror, that it is broken. Ing. He was drank, no doubt, and said "Well, as you seem bent on supporting war. He began in this manner:

"It is broken!" says Roger. "And I am a most inworthy object," says Sir Chris-Roger and Dulee have got a little away straid there must be some internal injury topher. I shall pension Sigme and send rom the others, and are now riding side besides. What on earth is to be done, him adrift to drink himself to death as Dulce?" in a frantic tone: "we shall have soon as it suits him."

"Why do that?" says Fublan, as quiet-Will you stay with him while I run and Iy as ever, but with all the determination that characterizes his every word and action. "This know is large, and can hide him somewhere. Give him two rooms in the west wing it is seldom used-and give him to understand he must remain there: but do not cast him out now that culty, "Roger, are you there? Stay with be is old and helpless."

At this last gentle mark of thoughtfulness on Fahian's part the figure in the doorway loses all self-control. stiffed cry he flings him arms above his head and staggers away down the corridor outside to his own den.

What was that?" asks Sir Christopher. quickly; the smothered cry had reached his ears. "What? I heard nothing," says Fabian,

"The storm, perhaps," says his uncle, call for a third time. Lifting his hat,

you so strongly espouse this man's cause, have told you when you hear the Fabian? Because from my soul I pity him. He

has had many things of late to try him. and give them the cold steel." The death of his son a year ago, upon whom every thought of his heart was charge, though it is said that he was centered, was a terrible blow, and then about to do so when he was mortally this wretched passion for strong drink, wounded. He was a brave man and having first degraded, has of course finish- much loved by his soldiers, and also ed by imbittering his nature. I do not had the confidence of his superiors. blame him. He has known much mis-

wrote the beautiful and expressive

CHAPTER XX.

It grows toward evening, and still the regiment moved into line of battle, 1 rain descends in torrents. Small rivers was acting as first lieutenant and was are running on the gravel walks outside, the snowdrops and crocuses are all dead in command of the second platoon, my or dying, crushed and broken by the cruel brother Charles commanding the comwind. Down below in the bay the sea has pany. I had a premonition that I would risen, and with a roaring sound rushes be shot that day. Look in whatever inland to dash itself against the rocks. direction I might there seemed to be a Now and then a flash of lightning illumllon. dark spot before my eyes. Did it bothines its turbulent breast and lets one see how the "ambitions ocean" can "swell, er me? Of course it did. Did ever a and rage and foam, to be exalted with the man in the war have a premonition The sailors and that did not bother him? We had not threatening clouds." boatnan generally in the small village are moved far when the enemy opened fire going anxiously to and fro as though fear-ful of what such a night as this may pro-There was a man in our company who duce bett) had managed to fly from the ranks to They are assembled in Dulce's boudoir, the rear every time we went into batnder the impression, perhaps, that being tie. I made up my mind he should help he present incivility of the elewhile fight that day. As soon as the shooting continue it is cozier to be in a fought as vallantly." ment oom than a large one. It may be commenced he stepped back as if to sma - the fact that both Dulce and run. I raised my sword to force him this. Portis have declined to come downstairs back into the ranks, and at that instant or enter any other room, until dinner shall a bullet went through my arm and announced, under any pretext whatdropped it by my side. The fellow got away, as he always did when it came Sir Christopher has just gone through to the plach of whistling bullets. He an exaggerated resume of old Styme's dis-graceful conduct last night, when the door dled a good many years ago and this opened, and they all become aware that truthful remark about him can do him the hero of the story is standing before no harm. The bullet grazed the bone them. Yes, there stands Gregory Slyme, and cut the muscles of my arm, giving pale, breathless, and with one hand al-ready uplifted, as though to depresente pale. me great pain, but I would not quit the field. Every now and then I looked at censure, and to stay the order to my brother and he at me. It is not necgone," that he plainly expects from every essary to tell why. Soon after I was "Why, here he is again!" erles Sh shot he came to my side and said: Christopher, now incensed beyond measure. "Even my niece's room is not mfe 'Henry, you look pale; how are you getting along? 'Oh, first-rate: I am dofrom him " ing well.' At that moment he caught He points angrily to the secretary, who sight of the limp arm from which the cowers before his angry look, yet shows no intention of retiring. With all his ale blood was flowing profusely. 'Henry, you are shot; you had better go to the of hopeless sottishness that clings to him rear.' 'Ob, no, not for this little stab. like a spotted garment, there is still some-I have paid to see the whole show and thing strange about the man that attracts the attention of Mark Gore. shall keep my seat until the curtain He has been closely waching him drops.' since his entrance, and he can see that the head usually buried on the chest is "The enemy crowded down against us three or four lines deep and were now uplifted, that in the sunken eyes getting on our fiank before we had orthere is a new meaning, a fire freshly kinders to fall back. Just before orders died, born of acute mental disturbance, and indeed in his whole bearing there is came I saw a large cluster of Confedera settled purpose very foreign to it. "Hear me, hear me!" he sutreats with ates in a fence corner a little to our left. A dozen men caught sight of the crowd quavering accents, but passionate hasts, "Do not send me away yet: I must speak about the same time. I picked up a gun that had just fallen from the hands or pever. of a dying man and gave the command The final word sinks almost out of ing. His hands fall to his sides. Once again his loved sinks to its aid place upon to fire into that cluster. Just as we fired I felt some more burning sensais breast. tions, including a shot that tore this hand and made it necessary to carve (To be continged.) off a couple of fingers; a buckshot struck my wrist, another bullet slashed Roof Tiles Made of Wood. into my well arm, and still another Roof tiles are made in Warsowi, Rus sis, of this wood sheets, which are gave my flouider a scratch. By this gined on one another so that the grain time we had received orders to fall of the wood is crossed. A thin, elastic back. I could have stayed, if the rest had, a little longer, but I was growing plate of wood is thus obtained, which weak rapidly, and feit faint. At that cannot by any accident we twisted out point Capt. Greene, of our company, of shape. These tiles resist the action of the weather very well, after they who, because of an ugly hole in his have received an application of pitchs foot, had been serving on the staff of they will even stand bolling in water Gen. Lytle, came slong, and my brothfor several hours. The weight of a er, the acting captain, asked him to roofing of these tiles is twelve pound assist me in escaping, which he did. per square yard. They can be rendered While trudging along as best we could, Leproof by saturation with potassius both covered with dust and painted by battle smoke, and I soaked in blood dlicate (soluble glass). from five wounds, we presented a queer picture. I looked up at Greene Boston's New Subs and said: "Captain, I wish your wife Boston is to have a new public et amed after Paul Revere, which wi could see you now; I don't believe she'd know you.' The Captain returned the tost, including the site, about \$8,0 shot with, 'Well, I think if your best of light pink granite, gray, red and white brick and terra cotta. It will girl were to see you now she would change her mind.' Funny comments centain public bathing facilities for the from ene man so disabled that he could hardly walk and the other shot in five



Peepered at Chickamanga.

"During the past twenty-seven years Here the unhappy figure in the doorway the 19th and 20th of September have man hit by a single revolver bullet re-

> to tell a story of personal experience in | r hickamauga. hat, one of the great battles of the "Do you think I have ever regretted

to do, and how he wanted it done. Call- Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald. With a ing his bugler to his side he said: 'When you hear the call the bugter will give now I want every man to fix bayonets and start in on a charge. The bugler sounded the charge twice as a means

of emphasizing the General's desire and instructions. Just before we moved out he ordered the bugler to repeat the absently. Then, after a pause, "Why do he said: "Remember, my men, what I bugle sound the charge, fix bayonets

> "Poor Lytle never gave the order to You remember that it was Lytle who

poem, 'I am dying, Egypt, dying.'

"The forenoon of the 20th, when our

pin - and bloeding from every one, to Indi se in, but that was a common this with the boys peppered in hartle mon on both sides. About a mile and a hulf from where we had quit firing the Captain and I came upon some ambuilgheses. Greene told me to get into ene of them. I aftempted to; do so when the driver started to drive) nway. The Captain drew his revolver and pointed it at the driver and told him to stop or he would blow his head. off. He stopped and 1 rade to Click amanga reaching there about twelve hours after I was wounded and remaining a couple of days before the surgeon came to look after my various

been bright, sunshiny days such as cerves. He is generally carried to his to the other, is rests Smally with a great sense of content, not on Dube's face, but "You defend him?" exclaims Sir Chris-"You defend him?" exclaims Sir Chrismonths he is watched and guarded the remark. Then he closed his blue | fellows in the army were not treated dash of vinegar. Serve quickly, in eyes, hooked his left thumb in his vest that way. Mind what I tell you, we and was lost, seemingly, in thought, for shall always have bright, sunshiny ome minutes. At the end of that time | days the lith and 20th of September, the ham may be used while it is warm he began in a way peculiarly his own | days such as we have had ever since | enough to pour.

for an instant that I teased my father "I can recall the scenes and incidents | for permission to go to the war until of Chickamanga as readily and distinct his consent was given? Do you think ly as I recalled them a week after the that I ever regretted the hardships, the battle, if not more so. For a week, dangers, the sleepless nights? Never, after the buttle, yes for several months. There is nothing of which I am so I was giving a good deal of attention proud as the fact that I was permitted to the work of being patched up for in play even a little part in that mighty future service by the surgeon and contest, and were my scars ten times nurses. Gen. W. H. Lytle, of Cincin- as many and had my sufferings been nati, was our brigade commander. Be | tenfold greater, I should rejoice with fore the battle began he made a speech | a full heart that I had enlisted and had elling us what he wanted the brigade had those war experiences."-J. A.

Sherman's March to the Sea.

"There was one little incident in Gen Sherman's famous murch to the sea that has never been recorded by his torians of the war between the North and the South." says a former South Carolina judge.

South Carolina was the first State n the Union to send a regiment to participate in the war with Mexico. The people of a grateful State caused to be erected in front of the Capitol in Columbia a monument to the memory Caroling Regiment who lost their lives in that conflict.

"This monument is made of pounded brass and represents a palmetto tree. When Sherman's army entered Columbia, and his soldlers were destroying everything that came in their way, several companies made a dash for the shaft. With the butts of their muskets they began the work of demolition. They had not proceeded far when a man on horseback rushed up to them and commanded them to desist.

"'Not another stroke?' he cried. "Several of the soldiers paid no atten-

"The next man who dares assault that shaft I will kill!" he thundered. "The men saw tears in the eves of the one who thus addressed them; they brown, and serve. also saw that he had weighed his words carefully and meant every one



Ham Halud.

For ham saind, cold-boiled or baked smoked limits is the best, although unsmoked may be used. Mix together and put into a fine dredger, a small quantity each of celery suit, cayenne burts. Some days in these piping times and black popper, white sugar and allspice. Shave the lean of the ham and squeeze lemon juice aver the pieces, then lightly dredge them with the above mixture. Shave up some white onious and celery and put them in the sulad howl with a few white lettuce hearts: Add the bam next, then pour several spoonfuls of oil over all and a the country where oil is not procurable, the gravy from the fried fat of

Forms of Grace.

The simplest form of words is the hest. Here is a short one which may be helpful: "O, thou who givest dally brend, bless that which thou have given and feed our souls as thou feedest our hodies, for Christ's sake, amen." Or this: "Almighty and most merciful Father, we thank they for thy continneel bounty and ask these to sauctify it to our use for the sake of thy greatest gift, thine only Son, our Savior, nmen." After a little^suse, other forms will readily suggest themselves. Here is a pretty one for a child, from one of Susan Coolidge's poems.

Lord Jesus Christ, he thou our gnest. And share the level which thou has blest Orange Judd Farmer.

Best Way to Make Lemonade. The best lemonade is made by bolling sugar and water together and adding the lemon juice after it is cold. Use one pound of sugar to each quart of water; add the juice of six lemons and the desired quantity of water at serving time. Pineapple lemonade may be made by boiling together one quart of water, one pound of sugar and the of the brave boys of the First South grated rind of one lemon for five minutes. Strain; when cold, add the juice of six lemons, one pineapple pared and picked into very small particles, and either a quart of water or a quart of Apollinaris water.

1 -11

Rice and Fruit Pudding.

Wash a small quantity of rice and put in a ple dish in the oven with a little water; when the water has evaporated add to the rice a small quantity of milk, stir it and put it again in the oven, stirring it now and again until 10 is soft, and add more milk if required. A little sweet cream stirred in will be found an improvement. Fill a pie dish almost full of whatever fruit you prefer, sweeten it well, and then lay the rice unevenly over it in handfuls. Put It into the oven, bake until the rice in

Baked Bean Soup.

her eves with her hand and by a supreme effort has suppressed the ery that has risen from her heart.

A sickening sensation of functions is overnowering her. When at length she fair to tell you that I will not listen fay gains courage to open her eyes again she lorably to one word in his defense. Under inds Roger has forsal on her and is riding like one possessed across the open field, and-there beyond, where the sun is glinting in small patches inton the dry grass, the sees, too, a motionless mass of scarlet cloth, and a dark head lying oh! so strangely quiet. Roger, having safely leared the unlucky wall higher up, has finng himself from his saddle, and is now head upon his arm. Stephen! Stephen!" he cries, brokenly,

But Stephen is beyond hearing. He is quite insensible, and deaf to the voice that in the old days used to have a special therm for him. Laying him gently down again. Roger rises to his feet and looks wildly round. Dulce has arrived by this time, and, having sprang to her feet, bas let her horse, too, go to the winds. "He is not dead?" she asks at first, in

shastly whisper, wish pale and tremling lips.

I don't know. I'm not sure," mys Rog. er distractedly. "Oh, if somebody would aly come!"

"Have you no brandy?" asks Dulce, who is rubbing the haude of the senseless man, trying to restore animation by this

"Yes, yes. I had forgotten." says Roger, and then he kneels down once again and takes Stephen into his arms, and raising de bead on his knee, tries to force a few ops of the brandy between his pallid

At this supreme moment all is forgotthe old beartaches, the tausts, 1 " angry words. Once again he a his earliest friend; the boy, the routh, the man, he had loved, until a woman had come between them. Everything rushes back upon him as he stoops over Gower and gazes, with passionate fear and grief, upon his marble face.

After all, there had been more good than had about Stephen, more indeed, than about most fellows. fond he had been of him in the old days! how angry he would have been with anyone who had dared then to accuse him shabbily, or--- Well, well, no king up old grievances now, and bt there was great temptation; and too, uncivil things had been said him and he (Roger) has certainly not m up to the mark himself in many

the sed of the local life Reger now, as he games with ing fear upe's the right fea-him; little scenes, insignif-

CHAPTER XIX "Before you begin, Fabian. 't is only

the fareleal term of secretary, Siyme has been a disgrace and a torment to me for years; and last night has finished every hing. "It was very unfortunate, no doubt

mys Fabian, regretfully. "What a curse the love of drink is-a madness, a pas

"I have told him he must go" says Sion his knees beside Gower, and has lifted Christopher, who is in a white heat of rage, and is walking up and down the room with an indignant frown upon his face.

"After all these years," says Fabian, thoughtfully, thrumming gently on the ta-ble near him with his forefinger.

All night long the storm has raged with unexampled fury, and even yet its anger is fierce and high as when first it buried itself upon a sleeping world. The rain drops are pattering madly against the win dow panes, through the barron branches of the elms the wind is shricking, now ris ing far above the beads of the tallest trees, now descending to the very bosom of the earth, and, flying over it, drives before its mighty breath all such helpless things as are defenseless and at its mercy Perhaps the noise of the tempest ou de drowns the keen sense of hearing of e within, because neither Pabian no Sir Christopher stirs or appears at all con scions of the opening of a door at the up per end of the library, where they are sit ng. As this door is gently pushe

ting. As this door is gently pushed open a head protrudes itself cautiously into the room, though on account of the hanging curtains, it is quite invisible to the other

coupants of the apartment. There is a wildness in his bloodsho eyes, and a pervous tremor in his bony hand as it clutches at the curtain for support that betrays the baunting terror that is desolating him.

"I don't care," mys Bir Christopher, of durately. "I have suffered too much at his hands; I owe him nothing but discomfort. I tell you, my mind is made up, Fa blau; he leaves at once, and forever." At this the crouching figure in the door way shivers and shakes his wrotched old

head, as though all things for him are at

'My dear Christopher," says Fabian very quietly, yet with an air of decision that can be heard above the fury of the storm, "It is impossible you can turn the old man out now, at his age, to again so licit Fortune's favor. It would be terri

At this caim but powerful intervention g Fabian, the old head in the doorway howed with fear and anxiety) raises in inowed with fear and anxiety) raises self abruptly, as though mable to belie the words that have just falles upon i sars. He has crept here to listen with merbid longing, to hear contemptue werds uttared of him by the lips that has just epoten; and lo! these very Hys ha-been opened in his behalf, and nong-bet kindly words have insued from them. As the truth breaks in upon his dulls up the firsh have in upon his dulls

Soldiers,' said he, 'the boys who sleep beneath that palmetto loved their country as much as you or I. They

"And the paimetto still stands in the old town of Columbia. The man who caused it to be preserved was Colonel Painte, of the One Hundred and Twen-Ix-fourth Ohlo Regiment."

Scene of the Wilderness

A little to the east of the cross-roads stood the old Wilderness tavern, a deserted building surrounded by a rank growth of weeds, and partly shut in by trees. A few hundred yards to the west, and in the northwest angle formed by the two intersecting roads, was a knoll from which the old trees had been cut, and upon which was a second growth of scraggy pine, scrub oak, and other timber. The knoll was high enough to afford a view for some little tween it and the skin; as the skin bedistance, but the outlook was limited in all directions by the almost impenetrable forest with its interlacing trees and tangled undergrowth. The ground upon which the battle was fought was intersected in every direction by winding rivulets, rugged ravines and ridges of mineral rock. Many excavations had been made in opening iron ore beds, leaving pits bordered by ridges of earth. Trees had been felled in a number of places to furnish fuel and supply sawmills. The locality is well de scribed by its name. It was a wilderness in the most forbidding sense of the word. "Campaigning with Grant,"

by Gen. Horace Porter, in the Century,

Gave Him a Name. A great many curious facts connected with the names of veterans of the late war are developed in the work of the civil service commission, which is requently called upon to certify in regard to the service of soldiers who seek to enter the classified service. This work of the commission develops the fact that one out of every eight soldiers who enlisted in the civil war culisted under an assumed or partial pame, which frequently makes it difficult to identify them now. A curious case has just come to light. It appears that A. L. Holmes, when he cullsted, told the recruiting officer his name was "Al Holmes." The officer wrote the

"No, that is not my name," protested the recruit. "My same is Albert Holmes."

"Well," repiled the officer, "I will give you a middle name," and he proceeded to write the recruit's name Albert Las cels Holmes.

"You will never to ashamad of the name," the officer remarked as the re crait stood speechless. lince that day he has nosth Holmes.

Take cold baked beans and : whee th quantity of cold water and let them simmer until soft. When nearly done add half as much tomatoes as beans. Rub through a strainer or silve. Season with salt and pepper and dry mustard. Rub the mustard smooth with the salt before adding to the soup. IC tomatoes are not liked they may be condition and allows of lemon served in the soup. The canned beans may be used, and if canned with tomato sauce. need no other seasoning.

A Mustard Plaster.

Made according to the following directions will not blister the skin: Two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two teaspoonfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger. Do not mix too dry. Place between two pieces of old muslin and apply. If it burns too much at first, lay an extra piece of muslin becomes accustomed to the heat, take the extra piece of muslin away.

Brief Hints.

In preparing carrots for cooking, always scrape; never peel.

Cinders form a good material for corering the floors and paths of the conservatory.

In mending gloves, use fine cotton thread instead of slik, which is apt to cut the kid.

During cold weather use alcohol to wash windows. This prevents the windows from freezing, and gives them a fine pollsh.

The plants stored for the winter in the cellar have now been in some time, Perhaps they need a little water or other attention.

Where plants are kept about the windows, cold drafts from the sides of the sash should be carefully guarded against during severe weather.

Frequent cleansing of the leaves of foliage plants, by using tepid water and a sponge, lends to their attractiveness, and is essential to the health of the plants.

In roasting beef, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, then sear quickly in hot oven or in suet on top of stove, put in a cool oven, and finish roasting, allowing ten minutes to a pound.

Just at this time, when work with the lowers is very light, is a good time to consider what will be best to plant in he garden in the spring. When the proper time comes everything must be in readiness, so that no valuable ime will be lost.

Silver that has been inid away and hus becomes badly tarnished can be leaned quickest if the first application of the whiting is moistened with sweet il before application. Afterward dry whiting can be used as usual.

Marine Bring Sugar , Chi

name A. L. Holmes.