The Bondman A.... Continued Story.

By HALL CAINE.

SYNOPSIS

Rachel Jorgenson was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love with and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her and in his anger he disowned her. Then Orry deserted her and ran away to sea. Of this union, however, a child was born, and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a broken-hearted woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man, and was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse, and married a dissolute, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died and Orry gave their child to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's only daughter, Greeba. Time passed and the governor and his wife became estranged, their [illegible] sons taking with their mother on account of their jealousy of Sunlocks, who had become a favorite with the governor. Finally Stephen Orry confesses his misdeeds to Sunlocks, who promised to go to Iceland to find Rachel if possible and care for her, and if she was dead to find her son and treat him as a brother. He bid good bye to his sweetheart, Greeba, and started on his journey. Meantime Jason had started on his journey of vengeance and his ship was wrecked on the Isle of Man. He saved the life of his father unknowingly. Orry died, and on his death bed was recognized by Jason.

Then Greeba's eyes flashed with anger. "For shame," she cried, "for shame! Oh, you mean, pitiful men, to bait and badger him like this."

Jacob threw up his head and laughed, and Mrs. Fairbrother said, "Chut, girl, you're wasting space with your big words, considering you're a chit that has wasted her days in London and hasn't learned to muck a byre yet."

Adam did not hear her. He sat like a man who is stunned by a heavy blow. "Not for myself," he mumbled, "not for myself, though they all think it." Then he turned to his sons and said, "You think I came to beg for bed and board for myself, but you are wrong. I came to demand it for the girl. I may have no claim on you, but she has, for she is one with you all and can ask for her own. She has a home with her father now, for it seems that he has none for himself; but her home is here, and here I mean to leave her."

"Not so fast, sir," said John. "All she can ever claim is what may one day be hers when we ourselves come into anything. Meantime, like her brothers, she has nothing but what she works for."

"Works for, you wagtail?" cried Adam; "she is a woman! Do you hear?—a woman?"

"Woman or man, where's the difference here?" said Gentleman John, and he snapped his fingers.

"Where's the difference, you jackanapes? Do you ask me where's the difference here? Here? In grace, charity, in unselfishness, in faith in the good, in fidelity to the true, in filial love and duty! There's the difference, you jackanapes."

"You are too old to quarrel with, sir, I will spare you," said Gentleman John.

"Spare me, you whipper-snapper! You will spare me! But oh, let me have patience! If I have cursed the day I first saw my wife, let me also curse the hour when she first bore me children and my heart was glad. Asher, you are my firstborn, and heaven knows what you were to me. You will not stand by and listen to this. She is your sister, my son. Think of it—your only sister."

Asher twisted about, where he sat by the window nook, pretending to doze, and said, "The girl is nothing to me. She is nothing to any of us. She has been with you all the days of her life except such as you made her to spend with strangers. She is no sister of ours."

Then Adam turned to Ross, "And do you say the same?" he asked.

"What can she do here?" said Ross. "Nothing. This is no place for your great ladies. We work here, every man and woman of us, from daylight to dark in the fields and dairy. Best send her back to her fine friends in London."

"Ay," said Jacob, glancing up with a brazen smile into Greeba's face, "or marry her straight off—that is the shortest way. I heard a little bird tell of someone who might have her. Don't look astonished, Miss, for I make no doubt you know who it is. He is away on the mountains now, but he'll be home before long."

Greeba's eyes glistened, but not a muscle of her face changed. Only she clutched at the back of her father's chair and clung to it. And Adam, struggling hard to master the emotion that made his whole body to sway and tremble in his seat, said slowly, "If she is not your sister, at least she is your mother's daughter, and a mother knows what that means." Then turning to Mrs. Fairbrother, who still stood apart with her housewife's apron to her eyes, he said, "Ruth, the child is your daughter, and by that deed you speak of she is entitled to her share of all that is here——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fairbrother, sharply, "but only when I am done with it."

"Even so," said Adam, "would you see the child want before that, or drive her into any marriage, no matter what?"

"I will take her," said Mrs. Fairbrother, deliberately, "on one condition."

"What is it, Ruth?" said Adam; "name it, that I may grant it."

"That you shall give up all control of her, and that she shall give up all thought of you."

"What?"

"That you shall never again expect to see her or hear from her, or hold commerce of any kind with her."

"But why? Why?"

"Because I may have certain plans for her future welfare that you might try to spoil."

"Do they concern Michael Sunlocks?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Fairbrother, with a toss of the head.

"Then they concern young aJson, the Icelander," said Adam.

"If so, it is my concernment," said Mrs. Fairbrother.

"And that is your condition?"

"Yes."

"And you ask me to part from her forever? Think of it, she is my only daughter. She has been the light of my eyes. You have never loved her as I have loved her. You know it is the truth. And you ask me to see her no more, and never more to hear from her. Now, God punish you for this, you cold-hearted woman!"

"Take care, sir. Fewer words, or mayhap I will recall my offer. If you are wise you will be calm for the girl's sake."

"You are right," he said, with his head down. "It is not for me to take the bread out of my child's mouth. She shall choose for herself."

Then he twisted about to where Greeba stood in silence behind his chair. "Greeba," he said, with a world of longing in his eyes, "my darling, you see how it is. I am old and very poor and heaven pity my blind folly, I have no home to offer you, for I have none to shelter my own head. Don't fear for me, for I have no fear for myself. I will be looked to in the few days that remain to me, and, come what may, the sorry race of my foolish life will soon be over. But you have made no mistakes that merit my misfortunes. So choose, my child, choose. It is poverty with me or plenty with your mother. Choose, my child, choose; and let it be quickly, let it be quickly, for my old heart is bursting."

Then the brave girl drew herself proudly up, her brilliant eyes aflame and her whole figure erect and quivering.

"Choose?" she cried, in a piercing voice; "there is no choice. I will go with my father, and follow him over the world, though we have no covering but the skies above us."

And then Adam leapt from his chair to his feet, and the infirmity of his years seemed gone in an instant, and his wet face shone with the radiance of a great joy. "Do you hear that, you people?" he cried. "There's grace, and charity, and unselfishness, and love left in the world still. Thank heaven, I have not yet to curse the day her body brought forth children. Come, Greeba, we will go our ways, and God's protection will go with us. "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

He strode across to the door, then stopped and looked back to where his sons stood together with the looks of whipped dogs.

"And you, you unnatural sons," he cried, "I cast you out of my mind. I give you up to your laziness and your drunkenness and vain pleasures. I am going to one who is not flesh of my flesh, and yet he is my son indeed."

Again he made for the door, and stopped on the threshold and faced about towards his wife. "As for you woman, your time will come. Remember that! Remember that!"

Greeba laid one hand softly on his shoulder and said, "Come, father, come," but again he looked back at his sons and said, "Farewell, all of you! Farewell! You will see me no more. May a day like this that has come to your father never, never come to you."

And then all his brave bearing, his grand strength broke down in a moment, and as the girl laid hold of his arm, lest he should reel and fall, he stumbled out at the threshold, sobbing beneath his breath, "Sunlocks, my boy, Sunlocks, I am coming to you—I am coming to you."

Chaise A'Killey followed them out muttering in an under-breath some deep imprecations that no one heeded. "Strange," said he, "the near I was to crucifying the Lord afresh and swearing a mortal swear, only I remembered my catechism and the good John Wesley."

At the gate to the road they met Jason, who was coming down from Barrule with birds at his belt. With bewildered looks Jason stood and looked at them as they came up, a sorry spectacle, in the brightness of the midday sun. Old Adam himself strode heavily along, with his face turned down and his white hair falling over his cheeks. By his side Greeba walked, bearing herself as proudly as she might, with her head thrown back and her wet eyes trying to smile. A pace or two behind came Chaise with his pony and cart grunting hoarsely in his husky throat. Not a word of greeting did they give to Jason, and he asked for no explanation, for he saw it all after a moment: they being now homeless had drifted back to their old home and had been turned away from it. And not a word of pity did he on his part dare to offer them, but in the true sympathy of silence he stepped up to Adam and gave him his strong arm to lean upon, and then turned himself about to go their way.

They took the road to Ramsey, and little was said by any of them throughout the long two miles of the journey, save only by Chaise, who never ceased to mutter dark sayings to himself, whereof the chief were praises to God for delivering them without loss of life or limb or hand or even out of a den of lions, for, thanks be to the Lord! He had drawn their teeth.

Now though the world is hard enough on a good man in the hour of his trouble, there are ever more tender hearts to compassionate his distresses than bitter ones to triumph over his adversity, and when Adam Fairbrother came to Ramsey many a door was thrown open to him by such as were mindful of his former state and found nothing in his present fall to merit their resentment. No hospitality would he accept, however, but took up his abode with Greeba in a little lodging in the market place, with its face to the cross and its back toward the sea. And being safely housed there, he thanked Jason at the door for the help of his strong arm, and bade him come again at 10 o'clock that night, if so be that he was in the way of doing a last service for a poor soul who might never again have it in his power to repay. "I'll come back at ten," said Jason simply, and so he left them for the present.

And when he was gone Adam said to Greeba as he turned indoors, "A fine lad that, and as simple as a child, but woe to the man who deceives him. Ay, or to the woman either. But you'll never do it, girl? Eh? Never? Never?"

"Why, father, what can you mean? Are we not going away together?" said Greeba.

"True, child, true," said Adam; and so without further answer to her question, twice repeated, he passed with her into the house.

But Adam had his meaning as well as his reason for hiding it. Through the silent walk from Lague he had resolved their position and come to a fixed resolution concerning it. In the heat of his emotion it had lifted up his heart that Greeba had chosen poverty with him before plenty with her mother and her brothers, but when his passion had cooled he rebuked himself for permitting her to do so. What right had he to drag her through the slough of his own necessities! He was for going away, not knowing the fate that was before him, but on what plea might he to his conscience dare he take her with him? He was old, his life was behind him, and, save herself, he had no ties. What did it matter to him how his struggles should end? But she was young, she was beautiful, she might form new friendships, the world was before her, the world might yet be at her feet, and life, so sweet and so [illegible], and yet so good a thing withal, was ready and waiting for her.

Once he thought of Michael Sunlocks and that the arms that would be open to himself in that distant land would not be closed to Greeba. And once he thought of Jason, and that to leave her behind was to help the schemes that would bring them together. But put it as he would, no farther could he get than this, that she must stay, and he must go alone.

Yet, knowing the strength of her purpose, he concealed his intention, and his poor bewildered brain went about its work of preparation very artfully. It was Friday, and still not far past noon when they reached their lodging by the cross. After a hasty meal he set out into the town, leaving Greeba to rest, for she had walked far since early morning. At the quay he inquired the date of a vessel that called there on its passage from Ireland to Iceland, and to his surprise he found that she was even then in the harbor, and would go out with the first tide of the next day, which would flow at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Thereupon he engaged his berth, and paid for his passage. It cost six pounds besides a daily charge of four shillings for rations. The trip was calculated to last one month with fair wind and weather, such as then promised. Adam counted the cost, and saw that with all present debts discharged and future ones considered, he might have something between six and seven pounds in his pocket when he set foot in Reykjavik. Being satisfied with this prospect, he went to the High Bailiff for his license to leave the island.

Greeba had heard nothing of this, and as soon as night fell in she went up to bed at her father's entreaty. Her room was at the back of the house and looked out over the sea, and there she saw the moon rise over the waters as she undressed and laid down to sleep.

Prompt to his hour Jason came, and then Adam told him all.

"I am going far away," he said, "far away, indeed into your own country. I go tonight, though my daughter, who is asleep, knows nothing of my intention. Will you do me a service?"

"Try me," said Jason.

And then Adam asked him to stay in Ramsey over night, that he might be there when Greeba came down in the morning, to break the news to her that her father had gone, and to take her back with him to Lague.

"They will not say no to her, seeing her father is not with her; and the time is coming when she will hold her right to a share of all they have, and none of them dare withhold it."

Jason, who had been up to Lague, had heard of all that had passed there, and played his own part, too, though he said nothing of that. He was now visibly agitated. His calm strength had left him. His eyes were afire, his face twitched, his hands trembled, and he was plainly struggling to say what his quivering lips refused to utter.

"Is there no other way?" he asked. "Must she go back to Lague? Is there no help for it?"

"None," said Adam; "for she is penniless, God forgive me, and beggars may not be choosers."

At that word Jason was unable to support any longer the wild laboring of his heart.

"Yes, yes, but there is a way," he cried, "for there is one to whom she is rich enough though he is poor himself for he would give his life's blood if so be that he could buy her. Many a day he has seen all and stood aside and been silent, because afraid to speak, but he must speak now, or never."

Hearing this, Adam's face [illegible], and he answered:

"I will not mistrust you, my lad, or question whom you mean."

And Jason's tongue being loosed at that, the hot words came from him like a flood.

"I have been an idle fellow, sir, I know that; good for nothing in the world, any more than the beasts of the field, and maybe it's because I've had nobody but myself to work for; but give me the right to stand beside her and you shall see what I can do, for no brother shall return her cold looks for her sweetness, and never again shall she go back where she will only be despised."

"You are a brave lad, Jason," said Adam, as best he could for the tears that choked him; "and though I have long had other thoughts concerning her, yet could I trust her to your love and keeping and go my ways with content. But no, no, my lad, it is not for me to choose for her; and neither is it for her to choose now."

Pacified by that answer Jason gave his promise freely, faithfully to do what Adam had asked of him. And the night being now well worn towards midnight with the first bell of the vessel rung, and old Chaise fussing about in busy preparation, the time had come for Adam to part from Greeba. To bid her farewell was impossible, and to go away without doing so was well nigh as hard. All he could do was to look upon her in her sleep and whisper his farewell in his heart. So he stepped up, slipped into the room where she lay. Softly the moon shone through the window from across the white sea, and fell upon the bed. Pausing at the door he listened for her breathing, and at last he heard it, for the night was very still, and only by the sea's gentle plash on the beach was the silence broken. Treading softly he approached the bedside, and there she lay, and the quiet moonlight lay over her—the dear, dear girl, so brave and happy-hearted. Her lips seemed to smile; perhaps she was dreaming. He must take his last look now. Yet no, he must kiss her first. He reached across and lightly touched her pure forehead with his lips. Then she moved and moaned in her sleep, and then her careful breathing came again. "Now, peace be with her," Adam murmured, "and the good hand to guard her of the good Father of all."

So Adam Fairbrother went his way, leaving Greeba behind him, and early the next morning Jason took her back to Lague.

(To be continued.)

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

The United States has sixty-five cooperative colonies.

It will be shown by the new United women are employed in factories.

Such a scarcity of sailors exists on the Pacific coast that vessels cannot leave port. Vessels four deep are tied up to the docks awaiting men.

Common laborers in Spain get from 35 to 40 cents per day in the large towns and from 20 to 30 cents in the rural districts.

The only factory in the country that turns out glass marbles has just been built at Steubenville, O., and the production will be 150,000 per day.

Milwaukee's great crane, operated by electricity, cost $40,000, and can lift 200 tons. It has a sixty-foot span and will be operated on a track fifty-six feet from the floor.

At Newport News, during the time constituting a working day, 15,578 tons of coal were dumped from the Chesapeake & Ohio coal piers into the vessels waiting to receive it.

Perry made the first steel pens at Birmingham in 1824, selling them at 90 cents apiece. The weekly output of that city just now is 20,000,000, and some are sold for 5 cents a gross.

One of the Chicago building contractors engaged in the fight against organized labor in that city has lost twelve jobs in St. Louis, the men refusing to work on the buildings so long as he is in any way connected with the work.

Two hundred unions connected with the New York Workingmen's Educational and Home association have decided to erect a labor temple. The sum of $14,500 has been collected to pay for the ground, which will cost $30,000. The new temple will have a roof garden, a gymnasium and club rooms.

Typographical union No. 6 of New York was asked by Comptroller Coler recently to submit to him an estimate of the cost of a municipal printing plant. The union announced that the plant would cost $205,000, and the building for the plant about $250,000, or $500,000 for building and plant together.

The estimated steel rail equipment for 1900 is 2,100,000 tons, and the orders for this quantity, it is believed, will be placed shortly after the election. The railroads have more orders for steel bridges now than ever before, and there are prospects that orders will crowd in all winter.

Over 2,000,000 francs have been taken at the door during the 198 performances of "L'Aiglon" at the Theater Sarah Bernhardt in Paris.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WHEN PA TAKES CARE OF ME.

When pa takes care of me,
He says to ma, "My girl,
It's time that everything
Comes on me when I've got the most
to do.
But I suppose I've got to get it through
[illegible] you [illegible] fuss [illegible] about
[illegible]; I'll take charge of him while
you are out."
But ma makes him repeat all she has
said
About what he's to do; guess she's
afraid
To let him try his way
Of watching me, the day
When pa takes care of me.

When pa takes care of me,
He puts me on a rug,
Gives me a kiss and hug,
Then brings in every pillow he can find,
And puts them in front, at sides, behind
Me. "So that you can't hurt yourself,"
he says.
And then he gets my picture books and
toys
Them down beside me, and my blocks
and toys,
And says, "Now go ahead; make all the
noise
You want to; I don't care."
And I sit there and stare,
When pa takes care of me.

When pa takes care of me,
No book or toy or game
Seems, somehow, just the same:
And by and by I'm through with every
one.
And when I cry pa says, "Have you
begun
Already? What's the matter, anyway?
There's everything you own! Why don't
you play?
Stop crying now! You won't? Well,
what is wrong?
Come, now, I'll sing." And then he
starts some song
About "By, B-by, By!"
And I lie flat and cry,
When pa takes care of me.

When pa takes care of me,
He grabs me up at last
And starts to walk real fast,
And talks to me, and pats my back, and
tries
To act as if he liked it; but he sighs,
And sighs, and keeps a-lookin at the
clock
And out the window, up and down the
block,
For sight of ma; and when she does
come in,
She grabs me quick and says, "It's a
sin!"
And pa looks mad, and—I—
I'm glad the time's gone by
When pa takes care of me.
—Buffalo Express.

FASHIONS.

One of the most stylish gloves for wear with light gowns is old-fashioned looking, and of soft thin kid, with no stitching on the back and only one pearl button.

The use of chiffon, chous, loops and soft draperies, on hats of velvet, panne, fur-trimmed satin, taffeta, etc., will continue in marked favor. Court modistes are urging black chiffon, crepe lisse and mousseline de soi decoration on the "half mourning" garments and headwear they have prepared for this season for a very large portion of their most important clientele.

Natty French jackets of covert cloth are made with loose fronts, without dart seams, double breasted, and finished with three graduated circular shoulder capes, the roll of the lining showing like a silk or satin piping at the extreme edge of each cape.

Delicate organdies that are crushed but not soiled may be freshened by sprinkling with water in which a little gum arabic has been dissolved and ironing carefully. They will look as well as new if properly done.

Everywhere the binding of black velvet at the edge of the brim appears upon the prettiest hats for early autumn. Even the newest French sailor hats are made with wide brims, bound at the edge with black velvet and trimmed round the crown with a band of black velvet drawn through a long steel buckle, bent to follow the line of the crown.

A revival of the old-time postillion back is predicted, with vest fronts of every description. There will be triple waistcoat effects, triple jackets, long stole ends, and many other fanciful ideas for those who wish to adopt them.

Laces are going to be used on everything this fall, from chiffon to fur. Just now many bargains are to be found, as the merchants are clearing out stock, and the designs and quality are fully equal to those that will be shown later at double the price.

Many of the newest hats, though they are still worn low over the forehead, are turned up sharply at the back, with a big bow of black velvet, smartly tied serving as a cache peigne, and recalling almost exactly the modes of some three or four years ago.

Brocaded silks are less in demand than buyers anticipated, probably because we have not accepted the Directoire and Louis XVI fashions as readily as Paris has. Striped effects are the most popular things among the new silks, and a phosphorized silk which has an odd quicksilver effect bids fair to be much used for waists.

A pretty gown for morning wear is of voile, the color being a pale shade of green. The skirt is arranged with three deep flounces, each bordered with a narrow band of Cluny lace insertion, while the bodice consists of a neat little coat of Cluny lace, lined with pale green silk and opening in front to show a finely pleated vest of white silk muslin crossed and recrossed by Cluny lace insertions, threaded through with narrow black velvet ribbon.

Some of the new cloth and light wool costumes for early autumn wear will be made with a princesse skirt, with a corselet top reaching about six inches above the waist line front and back. The pointed ends of the bolero, on suits will just meet the girdlelike curve of the upper edge of the skirt.

FASHION'S MIRROR.

A lovely gown recently seen is of soft green crepe, with vertical tucks at six-inch intervals in the skirt, which is edged with deep vandykes of cream lace whose points turn upward to meet each tuck. The bodice is slightly bloused all around, with the vandyked lace applied yokewise, and has a loose front inserted of white crepe, with yellow roses and green leaves painted upon it. This is crossed by gold braid interlaced and fastened by tiny emerald buttons. The belt is of gold galon with a gold and emerald clasp.

Grecian satin, a new wool material for evening wraps and tea gowns, has a tiny diagonal stripe on the surface.

Panne velvet spotted with gold is very attractive.

Egyptian designs are to be seen more and more in belt buckles, jewelry, and for many purposes. They are Cleopatra heads, Egyptian symbols, and the asp is frequently to be seen. A handsome purse has for its silver trimming this asp, part of the body outlining the edge with the head and coil in one corner.

Some of the new stocks are softened with a little line of white tulle around the neck.

Clever young women are utilizing pretty black lace "scraps" by outlining the designs with gold thread and sewing gold spangles in the center of all the flowers. If edge lace, it is useful for bows and ends, when wired with the finest wire. If piece lace, it is just the thing for crowns of hats of theater bonnets.

Many pretty hats have the under side of their rims faced with fur. In a pretty hat of this kind the fur is chinchilla, and the hat itself layers of gray felt. It is trimmed with pink roses. Another pretty hat of l'Aiglon shape is faced with mink. One of the new rose hats is formed not of masses of roses, but of large petals of velvet. The hat has a broad brim and a low, round crown made of the pink petals, and the sole trimming is a low, spreading bow of black velvet in the front.

French knots are as commonly used for dress decoration as they were last spring.

Red velvet applique designs embroidered with gold are the decoration on the bolero of a white taffeta silk waist.

Bands of lace insertion alternated with tucked bands of gray silk form effective waists.

Arab laces are very popular.

There are at least apologies for pockets for the women this fall. A bright red shirt waist with the gold coat combination of green in the collar has also a green pocket on the breast. It may be only to bring in a bit more of the green, but it would not seem so, for another waist has but two little breast pockets, one on each side, of black velvet.

New jet trimmings, of very delicate and beautiful design, show effectively on accordion plaited evening and theater waists of black or white chiffon. Bands of the jet start from elaborate shoulder pieces and droop below the bust in loops that swing from glittering jet pendants. The sleeves are smartly finished with matching jet pieces below the elbow, and loops and appliques of the trimming decorate the collar and belt. Pink and tea rose yellow chiffon waists are similarly.

COOKING RECIPES.

Spiced Pears—Seven pounds pared fruit, three pounds sugar, one pint vinegar, one teaspoonful whole cloves, one teaspoonful whole allspice, one or two blades mace; tie all these spices in a little bag and drop in syrup. Put in preserving kettle and cook slowly until done. Seckel pears put up this way are excellent.

Corn Cake—Mix one cupful flour, one-half cupful yellow, granulated cornmeal, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two rounded tablespoonfuls sugar and three level teaspoonfuls baking powder; add one cupful of milk, one well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls melted butter and beat vigorously. Bake in a cake pan about twenty minutes.

Scalloped Tomatoes—Butter an earthen baking dish, and put in it a layer of canned tomatoes; sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with cracker crumbs; upon these place dabs of butter, pepper and salt; continue until the dish is full. Cover the top layer of tomatoes with bread crumbs and bake until brown.

Peppers with Rice and Tomato—Prepare peppers as for stuffing with rice, but before filling them with this, pour over it a cupful of good tomato sauce; stir this with the rice until they are well blended, fill the peppers with the mixture, put them in a vegetable dish and let them stand, covered, in the oven until they are hot through.

Frozen Almond Custard—A half pound of blanched almonds, to which six tablespoonfuls of sugar have been added, mixed with a custard made of the yolks of four eggs and a pint of sweetened milk, will make a delicious dish. When the whole is cold, pound it to a paste, adding a quart of cream. After straining this, put it into a freezer until it is ready to serve.

Bean Salad—String the beans and cut them in halves lengthwise; boil in salted water until tender, or they may be cooked in butter, German style; if the latter method is used, let them stand until cold, then rinse off the butter with plenty of boiling water; drain thoroughly, marinate with a French dressing, and let them stand for an hour before serving. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.