Sunny Bank Farm

BY

FLOYD LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

There was a silence for some minutes, and when he spoke again it was of faces, which, without regularity of features or brilliancy of complexion, still had an expression exceedingly pleasing and attractive. "I do not say yours is such a face," said he, "for I never flatter; but I do say, and I mean it, too, that I like your looks far better than I do Miss Thompson's."

I found Doctor Clayton a most agreeable companion, and ere the close of that ride, he was "all the world" to me. In short, I suppose I was as much in love as a child of thirteen can well be; and when we at last reached home and I introduced him to my mother and sisters, I blushed like a guilty thing, stealing out of the room as soon as possible, and staying out for a long time, although I wanted so much to be back there with him.

"Catched a beau, hain't you? and a handsome one, too!" said Sally, applying her eye to the keyhole and thus obtaining a view of his face.

Tommy Trimmer, a little boy, five years of age, who lived near by, and who chanced to be there, overheard her, and when Doctor Clayton, who was very fond of children, coaxed him into his lap, he asked, pointing to me, "Be you Rosa's beau? Sally said you was!"

The doctor laughed aloud, referring Tommy to me for an answer, and telling him "it was just as I said."

"Rosa is altogether too young to be riding round with beaux. It will give her a bad name," said grandma, when at last the doctor was gone.

No one made any answer until Lizzie, who was more of my way of thinking, said, "You must have had beaux early, grandma, for you weren't quite fifteen when you were married; I saw it so in the Bible."

Of course, grandma had nothing to offer in her own defense, save the very correct remark that "girls nowadays were not what they were when she was young," and here the conversation ceased.

CHAPTER VII.

One day, about three weeks after the commencement of my school, I was surprised by a call from Dell Thompson, who, after conversing awhile very familiarly, astonished me with an invitation to visit her the next afternoon. "She was going to have a few of her friends from the village," she said, "Doctor Clayton with the rest."

She departed, leaving me in a perfect state of bewilderment. I invited to Captain Thompson's, with Dell's fashionable friends! What could it mean, and what should I wear? This last was by far the more important question, for I knew that the people of the village were noted for their fine dress. I mentally enumerated the articles of my scanty wardrobe, finding therein nothing which I deemed fit for the occasion, save a white dotted muslin, which was now lying soiled and wrinkled at the bottom of my trunk. And so, when Mrs. Ross, with whom I was that week boarding, offered to wash and iron it, I accepted the proffered kindness.

The next morning, when I passed Captain Thompson's, I observed a great commotion in and around the house. The blinds were thrown back, and through the parlor windows I caught sight of brooms and dusters, while at intervals during the day the scholars brought me tidings of cake, jellies and ice cream, said to be in progress. At precisely four o'clock I dismissed school, and taking a short cut across the fields, soon reached my boarding place, where I found Mrs. Ross bending over the ironing table with a face flushed and indicative of sore anxiety.

"I never see nothin' beat it," she began, holding down her hot iron and thereby making a slightly yellow spot in the dress. "I never see nothin' beat it, how this gown pesters me. It must be poor stuff, or somethin'; mebby it'll look better on you," she continued, as she gave it a finishing touch, and then held it up to view.

And, indeed, it was sorry-looking enough; some places being wholly destitute of starch, while others were rough and stiff as a piece of buckram. I had heard Doctor Clayton say that nothing became a young girl so well as white, and so I determined to wear it. It would look better on me, I thought, and with all the eagerness of a child I commenced my toilet, discovering to my great dismay that I had neither shoes nor stockings fit to wear with a muslin dress. The week previous I had taken my best ones home, where I had purposely left them, not thinking it possible for me to need them. Here then was a dilemma, out of which Mrs. Ross at last helped me by offering to lend me the articles which I lacked—an offer which I gladly accepted. Her stockings were rather coarse, having been knit by herself, but they possessed the virtue of being white and clean, and would have answered my purpose very well had it not been for the slippers, which were far too long for me, and showed almost the whole of my foot. Besides that, I found it rather difficult to keep them on, until Mrs. Ross suggested the propriety of stuffing the toes with cotton. This done, I donned the muslin dress, which seemed to me much shorter than when I had last worn it, inasmuch as I had the painful consciousness of being all feet, whenever I glanced in that direction.

But Mrs. Ross said "I looked mighty crank," at the same time fastening on my low-necked waist her glass breast-pin, which she pronounced "just the checker." "You orto have some gloves to wear when you get there," said she, as she saw me drawing on my brown ones, "and I b'lieve I've got the very thing," she continued, bringing from the depths of the bureau drawer a pair of white cotton mitts fancifully embroidered on the back with yellow and blue. These she bid me "tuck in my bosom until I got there, and on no account to lose 'em, as she had 'em before she was married."

Thus equipped, I started for Captain Thompson's, reaching there just as the church was striking five, and finding, to my mortification, that I was not only the first comer, but that neither Mrs. Thompson nor her daughter had commenced dressing. Fearing that I should be left to entertain the guests alone, I [illegible] and who assured me that I was right, while at the same time she conducted me to the chamber above, where in the long mirror I obtained a full-length view of myself, feet and all. My first impulse was to laugh, my second to cry and to the latter I finally yielded. No one came near me; I heard no one, saw no one, until in light flowing muslin, white silk hose, and the tiniest of all tiny French slippers, Dell Thompson sailed into the room, starting with well-feigned surprise when she saw me, asking how long I had been there, and what was the matter.

Without considering what I was doing, I told her unreservedly about the shoes and stockings, pointing to my peacock feet as proof of what I said. With all her faults, there was enough of the woman about Dell to inspire her with a feeling of pity for me, and after forcing back a laugh she could not well help, she said, kindly, "Your shoes are rather large; but I think, perhaps, I can remedy the difficulty."

At the same time she started to leave the room. What new impulse came over her, I never knew; but sure am I that something changed her mind, for, when nearly at the door, she suddenly paused, saying, "I know, though, you can't wear my slippers, so it's of no use trying the experiment;" adding, as she saw how my countenance fell, "I wouldn't mind it if I were you. Nobody'll notice it, unless it is Doctor Clayton, who, I believe, admires small ankles and little feet; but you don't care for him; he's old enough to be your father, and, besides that, he thinks you perfect anyway."

Her words and manner annoyed me, and for a moment I debated in my own mind the propriety of leaving at once; but I had not seen Doctor Clayton since he carried me home, and so I finally concluded to remain, thinking that I would keep my seat, and on no account stir when he was looking at me. After coming to this conclusion, I ventured to ask Dell where the rest of the company were, and was told that they were not invited until evening.

"Until evening," I repeated; "then I guess I'll go before they come, for I shall be afraid to walk home alone."

"There's a good moon," said she; adding, "You must not leave on any account, for that will spoil all the—pleasure," she said—fun I now think she means; but I could not fathom her then, and I never dreamed that she had invited me there merely to show me up before her fashionable friends, and make light of me in the estimation of Doctor Clayton.

"Come down to the parlor," she said at last, after arranging for the third time the heavy braids of her black, beautiful hair; and following her, I soon stood in the presence of Mrs. Thompson, a tall, dark, haughty looking woman, who, half arising from the sofa, bowed stiffly, muttering a few words of welcome as Dell introduced me.

Dropping into the first seat—a large willow chair near the door—I tried to act natural, but I could not; for turn which way I would, I felt that a pair of large black eyes were upon me, scanning me from my head to my feet; and when her linen cambric handkerchief went up to her mouth, apparently to stifle a cough, I was certain that it also smothered a laugh. Right glad was I when both the ladies found an excuse for leaving the parlor, though I did find it rather tiresome sitting there alone until the shades of evening began to fall.

At last, when it was nearly dark, I ventured out upon the long piazza, where I had not been long, when a gentleman on horseback galloped into the yard, and in a moment I recognized Doctor Clayton's voice. Hastily retreating to the parlor, I had just time to seat myself in a corner where I thought I should attract the least attention, when he entered the room with Dell, whose hand I am sure he held until he saw me; then quickly dropping it, he advanced to my side, greeting me kindly.

Just then we heard the sound of fast-coming wheels, and in a moment there came round the corner a long open omnibus, drawn by four horses, and densely crowded with young people of both sexes. I was not much used to the ways of the world then, and having been taught that it was not ladylike to be either rude or boisterous, I wondered greatly that well-bred people should conduct themselves so badly. Bounding out, and adjusting their light, flowing robes, the young ladies went tripping up the stairs, still talking, laughing and screaming so loudly that once I started up, exclaiming, "Why, what is the matter?"

With a peculiar smile, Doctor Clayton laid his hand on my head in a very fatherly way, saying, "My little girl hasn't yet learned that in order to be refined she must be rough and boisterous, and I hope she never will, for it is refreshing to find occasionally something feminine and natural."

By this time the guests were assembled in the parlor, and when I saw how tastefully they were dressed, I began to wish myself anywhere but there. One by one they were presented to me, I at first keeping my seat; but when Doctor Clayton whispered to me to stand up, I did so, bending my knees a little, so as to make my dress longer, and thus partially hide my feet. But this could not be done, and like two backgammon boards they set out at right angles, with the wads of cotton lying up, round and hard. The young ladies had undoubtedly received a description of me, for they inspected me closely, glancing the while mischievously at Dell, who seemed to be in her element; asking me if I were not tired; telling me I looked so, and adding, aside, but loud enough for Doctor Clayton and myself to hear; "I should think she would be, for she's been here ever since five o'clock."

"Is it possible?" said one; while another exclaimed, "How green! But I suppose it's her first introduction into society, and she knows no better."

This conversation was probably not intended for me, but I heard it all, and with much bitterness at my heart I turned away to hide my tears, involuntarily drawing nearer to Doctor Clayton, as if for protection. But for some reason or other, he did not appear now as he did when we were alone; then he was all kindness and attention, while he now evidently avoided me; seeming slightly annoyed when any of his acquaintances teased him about me, as I more than once heard them doing. At last, as if his good genius had conquered, he suddenly broke away from a group of girls, and crossing over to where I was standing, offered me his arm, telling me, "I must stir round and be more sociable."

I looked down at my feet; so did he, and for an instant there was a flush on his face; but it passed off, and with a word of encouragement, he led me toward the music room, where Dell Thompson was unmercifully pounding a five-hundred-dollar piano, which groaned and shrieked under the infliction, while the bystanders, who had insisted upon her playing, were all talking together, seemingly intent upon seeing which could make the most noise, they or the instrument.

"Do you play, Miss Lee?" was asked me by half a dozen or more.

I had taken lessons two quarters, and I could play a few dancing tunes, marches, etc., and so I said, whereupon they insisted upon my favoring them with "Money Musk," as they wanted to dance, and none of them could perform anything as old-fashioned as that. I looked at Doctor Clayton, who, in a low tone, asked, "Are you sure you can get through with it?"

Something, I am sure, must have inspired me, for never before did I play so well; keeping perfect time, and striking every note distinctly. My audience were evidently both surprised and pleased, for they called for piece after piece, until my list was exhausted, when one of the gentlemen, more thoughtful than the ladies, suggested the possibility of my being tired.

"Perhaps she dances, too. Ask her, Bob," said a young lady, while Dell eagerly rejoined, "Oh, yes, do;" but Bob was forestalled by Doctor Clayton, who for several minutes had stood by my side, complimenting my playing, and who now asked me to be his partner in the next cotillon, his cousin having volunteered to take my place at the piano.

In my excitement I forgot my shoes, forgot everything, save that Doctor Clayton was looking down upon me, that my hand was resting in his, and ere I was aware of it I found myself upon the floor. I was perfectly familiar with the changes of the cotillon; but at my right was John Thompson, who, when it came his turn to swing with me, refused to take my hand, treating me with such marked insolence that I became confused and made several mistakes, at which he laughed contemptuously. Besides this, my big shoes incommoded me; and at last, in the midst of the promenade, one of them dropped off, the cotton ball rolled out, I tripped, lost my balance, and after two or three headlong plunges, fell flat at the feet of Doctor Clayton, who stood aghast with surprise and mortification. I gathered myself up, and fled from the room; but not until I heard Dell Thompson say, as she picked up the shoe and passed it to Doctor Clayton, "It is Mrs. Ross'; she hadn't any of her own which she thought suitable, and so she borrowed."

Rushing up the stairs, I found my shawl and bonnet; and then, without a word to any one, started for home, minus my shoe, which I entirely forgot in my excitement. I had scarcely got outside the gate when the sound of a footstep caused me to look around, and I saw Doctor Clayton, his hat in one hand and Mrs. Ross' slipper in the other. This last he passed to me, and then without a word drew my arm within his, and for a time we walked on in silence, while I cried as if my heart would break. Coming at last to an old oak tree, under which a rude bench had been constructed, he bid me sit down, and placing himself by my side, asked me, "What was the matter?"

"You know well enough what's the matter," I said, angrily, struggling to rise; but his arm was strong, and he held me fast, while he tried to quiet me, and in this he soon succeeded, for he possessed over me a power which I could not resist.

Gradually, as I grew calm, I told him all; how I believed that Dell Thompson had invited me only to ridicule me, how she had asked me to come in the afternoon, and then made fun of me for doing so; while her companions called me green; and that in the absence of my own slippers I had worn those of Mrs. Ross, thereby meeting with the worst catastrophe of all, to wit, the falling flat in the dance.

For a time the doctor said nothing; but the arm, which all the time had encircled my waist, drew me still closer to his side, while he at last replied, "She is jealous of you—jealous because she thinks I like the little Rosa better than I do her."

"And it's very foolish in her to think so!" I exclaimed.

Then followed a long conversation in which much was said, which had far better been left unsaid; for I was a warm-hearted, impulsive child, believing that I to him was what he was to me. And still he did not once commit himself, nor in what he said was there aught which could possibly have been construed into an avowal of anything save friendship, which was the theme upon which he rang many a change. Alas, for such friendships! They are dangerous for one's peace of mind, particularly if told beneath an old oak tree, with the silvery moonlight shining down upon you, and the soft summer air gently moving the green leaves above your head. How long we sat there I do not know; but I was the first to propose going, telling him they would miss him at the party, and wonder at his absence.

"Let them wonder then," said he. "I have no intention of returning to the house. It would be intolerable after this pleasant chat with you, so I shall just get my horse and go quietly home."

We found Mrs. Ross sitting up for me, sleeping in her chair, while the tallow candle at her side had burned and spluttered away, until the black, crisped wick was longer than the candle itself.

"Why! doctor, is that you?" she exclaimed, rubbing open her eyes. "I thought, mebby, you'd beau Rosa home. Come in and stay a spell? I'd as lief you'd spark it awhile in t'other room as not."

But th doctor had no idea of doing anything so marked as that; and with a whispered good-night to me, and an audible one to Mrs. Ross, he departed; just as the good lady asked me, loud enough for him to hear, "if I'd dirtied her stockings, lost her mitts or broken her breast pin?"

(To be continued.)

Women's Doings.

Cleaning Time.

Bird yourselves with gingham aprons, O ye women of the land;
Pin your skirts to clear your shoe tops, take the scrubbing brush in hand,
Soil up alkaline infusions, turn the whole house upside down,
Slop the floors with soap and water, heedless of your husbands' frown,
Yank up carpets, rugs and matting, jerk the pictures from the walls,
Have your pails of suds where we can stumble o'er them in the halls,
Pile the stairs till they are worse than any Alpine steeps to climb,
Have the regular old picnic incident to cleaning time.

Fill the bathtub with umbrellas, books and shoes and bric-a-brac,
Heap upon the grand piano kitchen dishes in a stack,
Set the dinner on the mantel, though there's little time to eat;
See that every one who enters wipes with care his muddy feet;
Keep the windows all wide open as you ply the mop and broom,
Have a hot and steamy vapor permeating every room,
Swab and scrub and splash and spatter in your fight with winter grime,
Revel in the moist discomfort incident to cleaning time.

Have the men with whitewash brushes spread the tinted calcimine,
Take all necessary bedding out and air it on the line,
Have the furniture revarnished till the odor makes one faint,
See that all the woodwork glistens with a coat of shining paint;
Don't have anything to sit on, sleep on, eat on; also frown
When you hear a meek suggestion as to "some hotel down town";
Let the masculine complainer know it's nothing short of crime
Not to make one's life a burden in the glad spring cleaning time.

—Utica Globe.

Woman with the Smile.

Nothing is more beautiful than a woman, and the most beautiful woman is the cheery, perpetually pleased woman who smiles constantly and who looks at you inquiringly when she meets you on the street.

There is, perhaps, nothing more exquisitely painful and cordially humiliating to a man than to be told by a member of the fair sex: "I bowed to you on the street two or three times lately and you would not speak to me." Young men do not mind this much, and they are seldom chided for such a churlish delinquency, but men who are a trifle grizzled and who rush to the barber shop frequently to be shaved—not because the stubble is more irritating than formerly, but because it is gray, and a gray stubble is a tattle-tale—feel that their native gallantry has been impeached by the infirmities of advancing years. Not one in ten of these men can recognize a woman on the street, or could recognize his own wife, did she of his heart and home change the manner of dressing her hair, wear a bit of unusual color or exploit a ribbon or a rose in some unwonted fashion. The result is that he is continually in misery, bowing and scraping to women whom he does not know and who do not know him, and ignoring the salutations of women whom he knows and who are his friends.

It would be a great blessing if the woman who smiles would refrain from doing so at long range and adopt the old revolutionary method of reserving her fire until she "can see the white of the enemy's eyes." Men are not as highly sensitized and delicately adjustable as a Marconi instrument, and when a smile is sent scurrying through space every son of man reaches for it and tries to get a strangle or half-Nelson hold on it.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Refuses to Marry J. W. Young.

Because he is the father of a murderer, Miss Lillian Judge has broken her engagement with John W. Young, eldest surviving son of Brigham Young, and recently elected an elder in the Mormon church. Miss Judge is a New York girl. She embraced the Mormon faith, and all was well between her and the man she promised to marry until his son was convicted of murdering Mrs. Pulitzer. Then she called the engagement off.

MISS JUDGE.

What One Clever Woman Is Doing.

There seems to be no limit in these modern days to what woman may do. In South Boston there is a woman who owns and controls a chain of nine weekly papers supplying smaller New England cities with leisure reading. Five years ago this woman had never seen the inside of a newspaper office. At that time she invested in five papers at the advice of a young man who had supreme confidence in himself as an all-round newspaper man and controller of a syndicate. The result not justifying his confidence, collapse seemed imminent, when this resourceful woman herself stepped to the fore. The peculiar feature of her management is that she employs only girls on these papers. Man never appears in connection with them, save as subscriber or advertiser. Her workers are often as young as 17, and she never engages anyone over 21, her idea being to secure optimistic, fresh and cheery views of life in her sheets and to avoid the work of women with "set ways" which might be difficult to unlearn. These "girl graduates," as most of them are, are sent forth in search of news, and rapidly learn to become newspaper women. The proprietor herself writes and signs all editorials. Her papers are not distinctively papers for women—that is, they do not confine themselves exclusively to women's news—but they have the interests of women more particularly in view.

Health and Beauty Hints.

If an insect of any description gets into the ear, fill it with a teaspoonful of either warm water or sweet oil. This will have a tendency to float the foreign substance out of the ear.

Camphor is a most useful deodorizer for a sickroom. Place a lump of it in an old saucer, and when it is required apply to it a red-hot poker. The fumes that arise will give the room a pleasant freshness.

Vinegar, as is well known, prevents discoloration. Bathe a bruise with vinegar as soon as the accident happens. If it can be kept in place lay a cloth soaked in vinegar over the injury, moistening it as it dries, and there will be little if any discoloration.

When poaching eggs for a sick person use milk instead of water, as the milk gives them a more delicate flavor. If you beat an egg to a froth with the addition of a little milk and then scramble it in a very hot pan it will be very delicate and digestible. Scrambled eggs should never stand before being served, as they toughen and become indigestible.

To remove stain from the neck caused by wearing a black ribbon bathe the neck in water containing powdered borax about a tablespoonful to two quarts of water. Rinse with clear water and dry; then wipe the neck with a cloth dipped in a lotion made of one ounce of acetic acid, two ounces of glycerine and three ounces of rose water. If several applications do not help bathe the neck with three parts of lemon juice and one part water.

American Girl Honored.

Miss Violet Langham, who is just now the center of a discussion which has arisen in diplomatic circles by reason of her name having been published by the State Department as a member of the German legation, is a sister of the wife of Baron Speck von Sternburg, who succeeded Herr von Holleben as German ambassador to Washington. Baroness von Sternburg and Miss Langham are both natives of this country, though their father, Mr. Charles Langham, was an Englishman. Their mother was a Miss Duffield, daughter of Judge John Duffield, of Chicago, and both girls were born in California.

MISS LANGHAM.

Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor or the capacity to have a little amusement along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brigthens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous point of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and then she felt happy; and so what might have been an occasion for unkind feelings and hard words became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

To Create a Home.

Six things are requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by love and lighted with cheerfulness, and an honest purpose must be the ventilation, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all as a protecting glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

To Save Your Stockings.

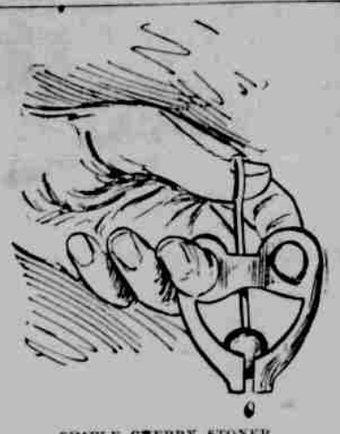
To save your stockings, sew a piece of chamois leather on the inside of the heel of your shoe. This will prevent it rubbing the stocking, and so delay the appearance of those dreaded holes.

Mining enterprises and limited companies are now taxed 2 per cent of their net profits in Bolivia.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Convenience for the Cook.

While the little implement shown in the drawing will be of special use in cherry-canning time, it will have work to perform nearly every week in some households in removing seeds from raisins, for which it is adapted also. The one special feature which recommends this device is its simplicity, there being only the frame and plunger, with no springs or other mechanism to require extra care in washing. The frame itself is nearly triangular in shape, with a small concave pocket formed just above the opening through which the seed or stone falls when driven from the fruit. The plunger is a small rod, sliding through an opening in the frame, and the lower end is arched and double-pointed to give it a firm grip on the stone. To put this stoner in operation the fingers and thumb are inserted in the proper openings and a cherry is dropped into the pocket by the other hand, when the depression of the plunger will push the stone through the bottom. Then hold the implement at an angle over another receptacle, withdraw the plunger and the stoned cherry will fall from it into the dish.



SIMPLE CHERRY STONER.

Angel Cakes.

Sift a half cup of flour half a dozen times with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the whites of six eggs until they stand alone and beat into them gradually a half cup of sifted powdered sugar; add the flour in the same way, beat steadily, then a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn the mixture into a clean, ungreased pan with a funnel in the middle. Bake carefully in a steady oven. At the end of twenty minutes test the loaf with a broomstraw. When baked remove the cake from the oven and let it stand in the tin for ten minutes before loosening it gently from the sides and turning it out upon a clean cloth. Cover with a white icing.

Tomatoes Canned in Cold Water.

Wipe each tomato carefully and pack in perfectly clean jars. When the jars are full stand each under the cold water faucet and run the water in until the jar is full and overflows. Let the water run until every particle of air has been forced out, then, while the jars are still overflowing, screw on the covers and stand upside down. See that the covers are as tight as they can be made. Pack the jars away, head down, in a box of sand in a cool, dark place.

I do not vouch for this recipe, but it has been sent to me several times by persons who have tried it and found it satisfactory.

Beaten Biscuit.

Two quarts of sifted flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sweet lard, one egg. Mix with half a pint of milk, or if milk is not to be had with cold water. Beat well until the dough blisters and cracks. Pull off a two-inch square of the dough, roll it into a ball with the hand, flatten, prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven. It is not the hard beating that makes the biscuit good, but the regularity of the motion.

Brief Suggestions.

At least four roller towels are necessary for the kitchen, and half a dozen or more hand towels for bathing purposes should be provided for the servant.

It may be well to remember the assertion that grass stains can be removed by rubbing the place with molasses and afterward thoroughly washing it.

When using sardines for savories the first thing one has to do generally is to skin them. This is easily done with a knife if the fish is first dipped for a moment in boiling water.

The most durable floor covering is linoleum and the best wall decoration for kitchen, pantries and bathrooms is tile. Where tiles cannot be had painted walls or varnished paper can be employed.

The care of gold decorations on china has been a source of debate with housekeepers. Many believe that it should not be put into hot water. A dealer says that it will stand unlimited washings in hot water if soap is omitted.

A delicious preserve may be made by this recipe, furnished by an old sailor to many foreign ports. Take one cup of large, plump raisins, seed and put into a saucepan containing a quart of cold water. Let this boil slowly until the mixture is reduced to a pint, then add four cups of cranberries and two and one-half cups of sugar. Let this mixture boil until it becomes as thick as jam. Put into tumblers and seal.