The Secret Dispatch

By JAMES GRANT

CHAPTER XXI.

Heavy and sad was the heart of Charlie Balgonie when on the evening of the 16th of September, that which was subsequent to the episode at Schlusselburg, he saw the domes and towers of St. Petersburg glittering in gold and bronze, in green and fiery or fantastic colors, amid the rich glow of a ruddy sunset, and where rising from the haze of the vast city, the polished cupola of St. Isaac's Cathedral, and the slender spire of the Admiralty, like a needle of flame, seemed to float in midair.

As he entered the first guarded barrier he met a party of lancers at a trot, their tall fur caps having large plumes, their lances each with a long bannerole waving in the wind. They escorted a covered wagon, and were led by Balmain, a Scottish officer, who in after years stormed Kaffa, in the Crimea.

"Whither go you?" asked Balgonie.

"For Schlusselburg—the palace of sorrow."

"With a prisoner, of course?"

"Yes, I regret to say, with the niece of Mierowitz, with Mlle. Mariolizza. She is to be confined under a warrant from the Grand Chancellor—poor girl!"

Sadder and heavier grew the honest heart of Balgonie as the escort and its hearse-like carriage passed on, and as he looked after it the fair, merry face, the graceful figure, the gay manner of the betrothed of poor Basil, as he had seen her at Louga, came back vividly to memory.

Balgonie was at St. Petersburg when Mierowitz was executed, when his father died, and when other horrors followed. Moreover, he was closely and repeatedly interrogated by the Grand Chancellor, the Privy Councilor and by Gen. Weymarn as to all he knew and had seen of the conspirators—so closely that nothing surprised him so much as to find that no suspicion was attached to himself. But being a soldier of fortune, who possessed nothing in the world but his sword and his epaulets, he was not worth suspecting by the imperial government.

Ere long the name of Natalie came before the Secret Chancery as a prisoner in Schlusselburg, and, like the rest, she was tried and condemned in her absence, undefended and unheard—and sentenced, too, amid the solitude of her prison.

To Balgonie the charm of life seemed to have passed away, and during the week or two that followed his return to St. Petersburg, dreary, weary and unmeaning indeed seemed the routine of his duties as aide-de-camp at the vast parades, the brilliant receptions, the courts martial, and other public affairs to which he followed his chief, Gen. Weymarn, at the palaces of Tsarsky Selo, or Oranienbaum, and elsewhere, while ignorant of the fate of Natalie—while the very life of her he loved hung in the balance.

Charlie, in his desperation, applied to the ambassadors from France and Britain; and both received his verbal prayers; but they were unheeded; and the ministers replied only by bows, grimaces and shrugs of their diplomatic shoulders. Their interference was impossible—quite; and, unfortunately, his old patron, Admiral Thomas Mackenzie, was with the fleet.

Balgonie, returning from Cronstadt, whither he had been sent by Gen. Weymarn, suddenly met Captain Vlasfief face to face near the palace of the favorite Lanskoi.

This personage he would have avoided like a toad or a leper; but from him only might he learn something of her he loved in Schlusselburg, that hateful place to which the captain was returning; so, overcoming or rather concealing his repugnance, he adjourned with him to a cafe.

"I dare say you have heard," said Vlasfief, with a strange leer in his eyes, as he tossed his hat and saber on the sofa and deposited his jack-booted limbs on another, "how the estates of the Mierowitz and those of Usakoff have been sold or gifted away; pillaged and ravaged by Lanskoi with a party of Cossacks; and that the plunder has been stored up in Schlusselburg?"

"Something of all this I have heard," replied Balgonie, "and—and—but you have there two ladies of the family?"

"True—one beautifully fair, the other black-haired like a Pole. Poor girls! I remember them both in happier and brighter times; but those who play with fire will, you know, be burned. The sentences on all have been found, recorded and, in two instances, executed; and they are truly terrible!"

"Executed—the sentence!" replied Balgonie, in a faint voicce.

"Yes; ah! he is a stern old fellow, Panim!"

"How—what? Vlasfief, you jest!"

"'Tis no jest; we don't jest on such matters in Russia," replied Vlasfief. "You are a Scot, like Balmain, and as the Turks say, truly, 'Those who have never seen the world think it is all like their father's house.' In short, the—the two ladies, in the wildness of their grief—Mariolizza especially—on hearing of the death of Mierowitz, permitted their tongues to run riot, and to say such things of her Imperial Majesty and some of the favorites as no woman would pardon; so they are to be given in succession to the master of the shoulders."

"Explain, I implore you, explain!" asked Balgonie, with quivering lips.

"Mademoiselle Mariolizza has received six blows of the knout. The torturer is a new man, and mangled her cruelly. She has had her tongue cut out, and her forehead branded with the executioner's mark, and she goes to Siberia as soon as she recovers; but she will never reach it alive. The other will undergo exactly similar punishment, and there ends the house of Mierowitz, which boasts of its descent from Ruric the Varagian of Old Ladoga!"

With wonderful coolness of manner, almost an occasional jest, the cruel and gentlemanly Vlasfief—who, as a parvenu of the foundling hospital hated the hereditary aristocracy—detailed these matters and Balgonie felt as if a black cloud enveloped him. He heard the captain talking, but his mind and thoughts were far, far away; and after a time he found himself alone.

Vlasfief had mounted and ridden off; and mechanically, like an automaton, Balgonie had bidden him adieu at the portico of the cafe, as one in a waking dream; nor was it until the bell of St. Isaac's tolled midnight, when the lights were burned low, and he saw a drowsy waiter hovering near him, that he rose to depart; for to him, now, all places seemed alike.

In the street a shower of tears revived him; and he wept unseen, like a great boy, while grinding his teeth and twisting his mustache like a furious and desperate man. Russia, her laws, her rulers, her very air, he loathed and detested. But what was he to do?—which way was he to turn?—was he to permit these horrors and live?

He had been present when the Regiment of Smolensko guarded the punishment of Mme. Lapouchin, one of the most beautiful women of the Imperial Court, where she shone like a planet, was loved, admired and more than once fought for. An alleged conspiracy brought her to the knout, in the light of open day; and Charlie remembered that sickening scene, before the eyes of assembled thousands, and how, as the Abbe d'Anterroche records, "in a few moments all the skin of her tender back was cut away in small strips, most of which remained hanging. Her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was banished into Siberia."

"Oh, Natalie, Natalie!" he could but repeat, while he wrung his hands; and thus the dawn of day found him.

After mature consideration of his position, his powerlessness and the difficulties that beset him, with the horrors impending over Natalie, poor Charlie Balgonie felt maddened, crushed and heart-broken. Could he see her perish without a struggle, an effort, however reckless, fruitless and futile, on her behalf, even if he pistoled the executioner?

"Hearts will break in this life," says a recent writer; "it is the nature of them; but if God wills it, and it were possible, it is honester, braver, and nobler to live than to die." Most true; but to live is to hope. Balgonie vaguely, but sternly, resolved that he would do something, but being a poor, bewildered, loving young fellow, he could in no way practically see what that something might be.

The next day was not far advanced when Balgonie was summoned by Gen. Weymarn, whose staff he had been resolving to quit; but for what purpose, or whither to go, he knew not. With something of a shudder he beheld the Stepniak—the comrade and confederate of the late Nicholas Paulovitch—leaving the general's quarters.

Save that he wore the scarlet livery of his new trade—torture and death—he was unchanged, and was the same hideous and ill-visaged giant—with square shoulders, enormous beard, mouse-like eyes, hair shorn off straight across the beetle brows, and the pineapple-shaped head—whom Balgonie had seen in the hut where the wretched Podatchkine perished. He was now public executioner of St. Petersburg; under his felon hands had poor Mierowitz and Mariolizza been, and ere long would Natalie be!

Weymarn was a grave and stern, yet not unkind, old soldier; and on perceiving that his young aid-de-camp looked pale, he spoke to him with unusual kindness, and added:

"I am sorry to say that I have a new duty of importance for you to perform."

"Thanks, general; any excitement is better than—than idleness."

"True. You will have to ride to Schlusselburg with an escort, composed of six Cossacks of the Imperial Guard, and bring back the sum of eighty thousand roubles, which are there in canvas bags, sealed. They have been levied on the estates of Mierowitz. You will receive them from the officer commanding there; give a signed receipt, and deliver them into the Imperial Treasury."

Balgonie bowed in silence. The general, who, of course, knew well the corrupt venality of the Russian service, added:

"If the sum is brought entire to the treasury, Carl Ivanovitch, a reasonable gratuity will, of course, be paid you."

"Excellency, I require none for doing my duty, either in this or any other matter," replied Balgonie, even haughtily.

"As you please, sir—as you please. Some among us might be less particular," said the old general, tugging his grisly mustache. "And—stay. By the by, there is a prisoner at Schlusselburg whose sentence is to be executed to-morrow in presence of the assembled troops and people here——"

Balgonie thought of but one prisoner there, and an icy chill came over him as Weymarn said:

"With the escort and the wagon, Captain, you will at the same time bring the culprit here."

"And—and this pris-on-ner, Excellency?" faltered the poor fellow.

"Is Jagouski, the Cossack, who so severely wounded Col. Bernikoff when in the execution of his duty. An order will be necessary for you—a special order—since the affair of that wretched young fellow Mierowitz we cannot be too particular; so take this:

"'To the Officer Commanding at Schlusselburg:

"'You are hereby directed to deliver to Captain Carl Ivanovitch Balgonie, of the Smolensko Regiment, the prisoner who is to be executed to-morrow.

"'WEYMARN, Lieut. Gen..'

"For the delivery of the money here is a separate order from the treasurer. Adieu."

CHAPTER XXII.

As Balgonie left the presence of Gen. Weymarn a sudden light broke through the darkness of his mind—an unlocked-for thought—and hope suddenly inspired him and a prayer of thanks to heaven rose to his lips thereafter. No prisoner was actually designated by name in the written order of the general!

Thus in lieu of the Cossack Jagouski, he would demand that Natalie Mierowna be given into his custody, and with her he would escape, quit Russia and the service of the Empress at all risks.

He had no papers—no leave of absence, or passport; but as the epaulet is an all-powerful badge in Russia, his uniform and his saber would be passports enough. For the rest, he must trust to his own love and courage and to his knowledge of the country. But then there was the Cossack escort—how was he to rid himself of it? The same kind heaven which favored and inspired him now would not fail to do so, he hoped, when the crisis came.

While his best horse was being saddled and accoutered he consulted the map of Russia. There was no way for it but to ride, at all hazards, toward the frontier of Finland. They would there be safe beyond pursuit—safe among the hospitable Swedes, who are always hostile to the grasping and aggressive Russians.

At last he saw his way clearly, as he thought, through Viborg from Schlusselburg northwestward in safety. He put all the money he possessed about his person, filled his cartridge box with ammunition and buckled on his saber.

"By this time to-morrow," he muttered, as he glanced at his watch, "the game will have been won or—lost!"

It was considerably past the noon of an October day when they set out for Schlusselburg, and ere long the rain began to fall heavily, soaking the hussar finery of the Cossacks of the guard; but Charlie Balgonie rode silently on at their head, heedless of the blind torrents and the bellowing wind, though he little knew that as the darkness increased, and the early night drew on, that the waters of the lake and river were rising fast, and that a peril, of which he had no conception, already menaced the existence of Natalie. But her voice seemed to be ever whispering in his ear:

"Carl, Carl, my beloved Carl, come to my aid—save me—help me, if you love me!"

When they were midway to Schlusselburg the wagon driver fell awkwardly from his seat, and broke his right arm. What was to be done now? No Cossack of the guard would condescend to supply his place, and for more than an hour the party remained halted in a desolate spot, near a pine wood, while looking about to capture the first peasant, serf or civilian of any kind whom they might meet, and press him into the service.

A skulking and somewhat sulky boor, in a fur cap and canvas coat, leather leggings and bark shoes, who had been sleeping under a great tree, was ere long discovered, dragged forward, and, with sundry threats, commanded to mount the shaft and act as driver, which he did with a reluctance he was at no pains to conceal.

Knowing how necessary it was to conciliate this new acquisition, Balgonie asked him a few questions, with sternness, but yet with politeness.

The serf was a singularly handsome young man, with eaglelike eyes and an aquiline nose, that was almost hooked; he was without his mustache, which seemed to have been recently shaved off; but he had a curly red beard, with a complexion of well-nigh Asiatic darkness.

"Trust me, dear Carl Ivanovitch," said he, in a low and impressive voice, that was strangely familiar to Balgonie, "My disguise, I find, is complete indeed, when it deceives even you; but speak in French."

"Your disguise—yours?"

"Yes—I am Apollo Usakoff," he added through his teeth.

(To be continued.)

How to Fold a Letter.

"I see you have lots of applications," said the advertising manager to the business house manager who had advertised for a typewriter and bookkeeper.

"From all over New England," said the business man, jamming his pockets full. "But what some of the girls who answer are thinking of I can't imagine. Here is one girl who will come fifty miles to take a place at $5 a week.

"Can you tell much as to their qualifications by their letters?"

"Can I? Well, rather. For instance there is the writing; there is the spelling of the words; there is the way the letter is put together; there is even the way the letter is folded. Ever think that letters are folded so as to save time nowadays?"

"No," said the advertising man. "It's all I can do to get the stamps put on 'em. My stenographer folds 'em all right, I guess. How should it be done?"

"Easy enough, simple enough, but folded wrong often enough," said the business man sententiously. "If your typewriter knows her business she takes the sheet and folds it up from the bottom toward the top, leaving the proper width for the envelope, then over from right to left and from left to right—so. Then when your letter is opened it is right side up. See?"

"I see," murmured the advertising man. "And how many applicants fold their letters that way?"

"Oh, three or four out of a dozen, perhaps. Quite a commentary on business as she is taught, eh?" remarked the business man as he strolled away.—Springfield Republican.

Failed in an Emergency.

The man who said he did not see what good his life insurance would do him until he was dead must have been a hopeless object for the suave attack of the agent. Like him is the farmer of a Fifeshire village of whom V. O. tells.

He had been advised from time to time to insure his house against fire. The agent, Sandy M'Lery, could never get the old man to listen to the familiar argument that "his house would never gang on fire."

The unexpected happened, however, and the neighbors were astonished when the old man instead of trying to save his goods, ran wildly up and down the village, crying:

"Whaur's that mon, Sandy, noo? Whaur's that insurance chiel? Ye can never get a body when ye're needin' him."

Pawning an engagement ring is a pledge of love.

Farmer's Corner

Kinds of Corn to Raise.

The Iowa Agricultural College at Ames gives the following list of varieties of corn for the State:

Reid's Yellow Dent, average length 9 to 10 inches, average circumference 7 to 7½ inches, average time to mature 120 days; Leaming, average length 9 to 10 inches, average circumference 7 to 7½ inches, average time to mature 125 to 128 days; Iowa Gold Mine, average length 7½ to 8¾ inches, average circumference 6¾ to 7¼ inches, average time to mature 125 days; Legal Tender, average length 9½ to 10½ inches, average circumference 7 to 8 inches, average time to mature 125 days; Boone County White, average length 9 to 10 inches, average circumference 7½ inches, average time to mature 130 days; Silver Mine, average length 8¾ to 9½ inches, average circumference 7 to 7½ inches, average time to mature 120 days. Calico corn, average length 9 to 10 inches, average circumference 7 to 7½ inches, average time to mature 115 days.

These are the varieties that are generally grown in the State, although there are several other varieties in different localities in the State receiving favorable mention. Among the earliest of these are Longfellow's Yellow Dent, Farmers' Reliance, Pride of the North, and Minnesota No. 13; and among the later varieties, Mills County Prize, St. Charles White, Brown's Choice, Iowa Cropper, Iowa King, etc.

In our judgment the Boone County White Legal Tender, Leaming, and Mills County Prize are better adapted to the southern part of the State, say as far north as the Rock Island Railroad. Here again elevation must determine. The higher divides south of the Rock Island will not grow as early a corn as some of the river bottoms north of the Rock Island. The Gold Mine, Reid's Yellow Dent, Silver Mine, and Brown's Choice will do well in the territory between the Rock Island main line and the main line of the Illinois Central, while the earlier varieties are to be preferred north of that line and in the corresponding latitude east and west.

A Dirt-Hoisting Device.

Mr. J. H. Arthur, of Macon County, Missouri, writes to the St. Louis Republic as follows: "I send you a sketch of a device with which dirt can be hauled out of a well while digging or cleaning out. The same can be used for lowering brick or stone in walling a well. It is cheap and is far

DIRT HOISTING DEVICE.

better than a windlass. Take a post 14 feet long, set it in the ground 18 inches and fasten the top with guy wires, each 30 feet long. Make a triangle of pieces of 2x6 and bolt or hinge to the post. A screw eye is fastened at one end of the angle on which to hang a pulley and another is fastened at the foot of the post. A rope passed through these pulleys on which is placed a bucket completes the device, save a singletree to which a horse can be hitched. By placing the triangle high on the post the dirt may be unloaded in a wagon and drawn off out of the way."

Early Peas.

The first crop usually planted in the farm garden is one of the earliest varieties of peas. On account of the hardiness of the plant no amount of cold weather will do much injury after the peas are once up, but when planted extremely early a part of the seed will rot in the ground, causing many gaps in the row. Early in the season usually there is little nitrogen in the soil and the plants grow very slowly at first. A little nitrate of soda applied in the row at the time of sowing will hurry the growth of peas. The market value of the crop depends largely upon its earliness. The kinds which do not require bushing are most popular for farm use. The late kinds often do not produce a crop until warm weather comes, and for that reason are often attacked by blight, which may be prevented by spraying with bordeaux mixture, same as for apple trees.

A Good Grafting Wax.

For a good, all-around grafting wax, to be used for any purpose for which such wax is used, try the following: Take four pounds of rosin, one pound of beeswax and one pint of linseed oil. Put these in an iron kettle, put over a slow fire and mix thoroughly while heating. Then pour in the mass some cold water and pull the wax with the hands until it is the color of light molasses candy—a light cream. Pull into the form of sticks and put away in a cool place until wanted for use. This wax is cheap and of the best quality, quite as good as that made from tallow in place of the linseed oil.

Damp Beds Bad for Pigs.

Damp bedding is bad for pigs and yet there are many pig raisers who neglect providing dry beds for their pigs. Sunshine is one of the best things that pigs can have and it is not always possible to obtain it. Some years we are woefully short on sunshine. Sometimes we have the sunshine and no way for the pigs to enjoy it. It requires some planning to construct a good brood house for pigs. Cold drafts are damaging to pigs and cause a great deal of mortality.

Experiments with Potatoes.

During the last year a test in potato growing was conducted at the New Mexico Experiment Station with the idea of finding out something about the best time to plant, best method of culture, as well as testing a large number of varieties. Two plantings were made, the first one on March 30, and the second on April 30. In each case part of the potatoes were planted about four inches deep and the furrow was plowed back on them, while those on ridges were put in with a garden trowel about the same depth. A few of the potatoes planted in furrows were covered with straw and then with dirt. Immediately after planting all were irrigated to start them sprouting. The potatoes on ridges sprouted first, and a good stand as well as a fair growth was secured. Those planted in furrows were very unsatisfactory, and, on the whole, the stand was poor. In fact, the results from these potatoes were very unsatisfactory; the small-sized tubers and poor yield were due, to a large degree, to the soil packing so much around the plants after each irrigation. The cultivation given between the irrigations did not seem to help very materially to keep the soil loose in the middles. On the other hand, the potatoes in the ridges ripened earlier, during the first week of July, and the tubers grew to a fair size and the yield was good. The early planting did the best. On the whole, the results of the early planting and ridge system of culture were very satisfactory and encouraging.

Out of the thirty-nine varieties planted, the Rose Seedling, Triumph, Early Six Weeks, Early Ohio and New Vermont Gold Coin did the best. These are all early varieties.

It seems from these results that early planting, ridge culture and a suitable early variety are among the more important points to be considered in potato growing, at least in the Mesilla valley.—Fabian Garcia.

Rations for Horses.

The New York Farmer says the United States army feeds its cavalry and artillery horses 12 pounds of oats and 14 pounds of hay per day per 1,000 pounds of weight, and its mules 9 pounds of oats and 14 pounds of hay.

The Wyoming station feeds its driving horses 21.25 pounds of alfalfa and 3.2 pounds of straw, and its carriage horses 10 pounds of oats and 12 pounds of hay per 1,000 pounds of horse per day.

The Boston fire company feeds its horses 9.38 pounds of grain and 14 pounds of hay, and the Chicago fire company feeds 4 pounds of oats and 15 pounds of hay, all per 1,000 pounds of weight, per day.

The Richmond (Va.) Express Company feeds its horses 4.67 pounds of corn, 5.33 pounds of oats, 8 pounds of bran, 4.16 pounds of corn meal, and 15 pounds of hay.

The Jersey City Express Company feeds 2 pounds of corn, 19 pounds of oats, 1.15 pounds of bran and 9.1 pounds of hay.

The Boston Express Company feeds 12 pounds of corn, 5.25 pounds of oats and 20 pounds of hay.

The Wyoming station feeds its farm horses 13.75 pounds of alfalfa and 2.22 pounds of straw per day.

The Utah station feeds its farm horses 25 pounds of alfalfa and 10 pounds of bran, or 22.8 pounds of timothy hay and 10 pounds of bran.

It will be noticed that at all these Western stations alfalfa hay is a preferred feed for farm horses.

At Chicago the daily rations of the draft horses of large companies is 7.5 pounds of oats and 20 pounds of hay, and in South Omaha 15 pounds of oats and 12 pounds of hay.

How to Keep Milk Cool.

A good milk cooler on the gallery or under the shade of a tree is a pleasure during the summer to every house wife. It is so hard to keep milk at a low temperature during our hot summer weather. It is hot from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening. There is no place about the house that is cool enough unless we have a cooler.

Water tends to keep everything cool so long as it evaporates. Wrapping milk vessels in porous wet cloths will temper the hot air. The Mexicans cool all their drinking water in this way. A number of devices have been patented for keeping milk cool and are sold to people who cannot use ice in cooling milk while it is creaming. Milk must be kept at 60 or 70 degrees to cream well. Every housewife who troubles with milk during the summer and makes butter of any sort would do well to use one of these milk cooling devices unless a hand separator is kept which creams the milk while it is hot and fresh.

For a Swampy Place in the Yard.

Many yards and lawns have low, wet or moist places, which it does not pay to drain, and in which ordinary plants will not grow. Such persons are to be envied, as they can have a class of flowers which are denied in their best form to others. For the wet spot use the Japanese and German iris, Montbretias, Heucherla Sanguinea, Caladiums and Flags. The soil can be well enriched by working in well-rotted manure and leaf-mould. They can be protected over winter by putting on brush first and covering it with straw.

The Household

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Have all the ingredients very cold. Into a chilled soup plate put the yolk of an egg from which all the white has been drained and pour upon it a few drops of lemon juice. Stir with a silver fork for a minute, then add a few drops of oil gradually and, as the yolk thickens, add the oil faster until a half pint has been used. Now season with salt, white pepper and a added gradually. If this thins the few drops of lemon juice or vinegar dressing too much add a little more oil. Keep in the ice chest until wanted.

Buttermilk Bread.

Two pounds of flour, brown or white, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-eighth ounce of bicarbonate of soda, a pinch of salt, a dessertspoonful of white sugar, if liked. Put the flour into a basin, and mix all the other ingredients on a board, taking care to leave no lumps; add to the flour, and mix in a firm dough with sour buttermilk, knead it a little, make it into loaves, and bake it at once. Sour does not mean rancid buttermilk. If it is sweet, double the baking powder and leave out the soda; but it will not be so good.

Boston Brown Bread.

Mix together a cup each of graham flour, wheat flour and cornmeal, adding a teaspoonful of salt. Mix and warm a teacupful of milk and dissolve in it a small teaspoonful of baking soda, then add a teacupful of warm molasses. Into the mixed flour and meal stir a cup of boiling water, then the warm milk and molasses. Beat hard and long and steam in a greased mold with a tightly fitting top for three hours. Set in the oven for a few minutes after turning from the mold.

Bean Soup.

One pint of kidney beans, 2 quarts of cold water, small piece of salt pork or bacon. Cook slowly, covered, until the beans are very tender (about two hours should do); then strain, mash the beans through a colander, add a pint of milk mixed with a level tablespoonful of flour, and a generous lump of butter. Return to the fire, stir and cook until as thick as cream; add one-half saltspoonful of pepper, salt with one scant teaspoonful to three pints of soup. The salt pork should furnish the rest of the salt required.

Mince Meat.

Two pounds each of raisins, currants and suet. One pound each of light brown sugar, beef chopped very fine and citron or candied orange peel; twelve large apples; three teaspoons each of allspice and cinnamon, one and a half teaspoons of cloves and one teaspoon of grated nutmeg. Brandy to taste.

Cream Rarebit.

Melt a tablespoonful of butter, to which add one-half pound of cheese cut fine, one saltspoonful of salt, and one-fourth as much pepper. When the whole has become creamy, add gradually one cup of cream and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Serve on toast or light crackers.

White Cookies.

Two-thirds cupful of melted butter, one and one-half cupful of sour cream, two cupfuls of sugar, soda and enough flour to roll out evenly. Have the materials cold and mix quickly, handling as little as possible. Flavor as desired.

Hickory Nut Macaroons.

One pound of powdered sugar, one pound of chopped hickory nuts, the whites of five unbeaten eggs, half a cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop on buttered paper and dry in the oven. These are delicious.

Short Suggestions.

To make ironing easier, rub the flat irons first on fine sand and then over a piece of paper which has been saturated with kerosene.

When making a pudding don't forget to make a plait in the cloth at the top of your basin, so as to allow the pudding room to swell.

When making soup or stew with old vegetables add one teaspoonful of sugar, which will sweeten them and make them taste like new.

To clean tinware first wash the tin thoroughly with hot soapsuds, wipe it thoroughly dry and then scour with flour and well-crumpled newspaper.

To remove sewing-machine oil stains, rub the stain with sweet oil or lard and let it stand for several hours, then wash it in soap and cold water.

To keep sponges soft and white wash them in water with a little tartaric acid in it, then rinse in plenty of cold water. Take care not to put in too much tartaric acid or the sponges will be spoiled.

It is said that if new tinware be rubbed with lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before being used, it will prevent it from rusting.

Stains may be taken off an enameled bathtub if it is rubbed well with rough salt, moistened with vinegar. This will also clean enameled pots and pans, no matter how burnt or discolored they may be.

When a spoonful of borax is put into the last water in which white clothes are rinsed it has the effect of whitening them. Before it is added to the rinsing water the borax should be dissolved in a little hot water.