## SERGEANT FOYLE

By GILBERT PARKER

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What-is-Sergeant Foyle-boys?"

Then, suddenly, the look in Foyle's

face changed, the eyes swam as

room behind. Whatever his trouble

Recognition, memory, tenderness, de-

Jo? You hadn't that-then."

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"Say, ain't he pretty?"

A Jim-dandy-oh, my!" What's his price in open market?" Thirty millions-I think not."

Then was heard the voice of Billy

Goat-his name was Wilham Goatry: at the sight of the girl in the Out in the cold world, out in the street; Nothing to wear, and nothing to cat, Fatheriess, motherless, sadly I roam. Child of misfortune, I'm driven from

A loud laugh followed, for Billy Goat was a popular person at Kowatin in the Saskatchewan country. He had an inimitable drollery, heightened by a cast in his eye, a very large mouth, and a round, goodhumored face; also he had a hand and arm like iron, and was altogether a great man on a "spree."

There had been a two days' spree at Kowatin, for no other reason than that-she knew not quite what, but it that there had been great excitement had to do with a long ago. over the capture and subsequent escape of a prairie rover who had robbed the contractor's money-chest at the rail-head on the Canadian Pa- ture. The touch of her hand thrilled 40 miles from Kowatin by the tall, hers. Then he gathered himself tobrown-eyed man with the hard-bitten gether. "Glad to see you? Of course, face who leaned against the open of course, I'm glad. You stunned me, looked at him wistfully. window of the tavern, looking in- Jo. Why, do you know where you differently at the jeering crowd be are? You're a thousand miles from them, but he had been a failure for head, not really. What brings you once, and, as Billy Goat had said, "It here? It's ten years-ten years since the plains off his trolley-on the cold, a 15 that was as good as 20." cold ground, same as you and me."

This man, leaning idly against the wall, staring into the sunlight, and smoking a Mexican cheroot, had been, as Billy Goat said, "so dang successful" that they had a peculiar joy in his coming a cropper, as they had bad?" done in their time too often. They did not under-value him. If he had been less a man than he was, they would not have taken the trouble to cover him with their drunken ribaldry. He had scored off them in the past in just such sprees as this, when he had the power to do so, and used the power good-naturedly and quietlybut used it.

Then, he was Sergeant Foyle, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, on duty in a district as large as the United Kingdom. And he had no greater admirer than Billy Goat, who now reviled him. Not without cause, in a way, for he had reviled himself to this extent, that when the prairierover. Halbeck, escaped on the way to Prince Albert, after six months' hunt for him and a final capture in the Kowatin district, Foyle resigned the force before the cor could reproach him or call him to account.

Then he had made his way to the Happy Land hotel at Kowatin, to begin life as "a free and independent gent on the loose," as Billy Goat had said. To resign had seemed extreme; because, though the commissioner was vexed at Halbeck's escape, Foyle was the best noncommissioned officer in the Force. He had frightened horse thieves and bogus land agents and speculators out of the country; had fearlessly tracked down a criminal or a band of criminals when the odds were heavy against him. He carried on his face the scars of two bullets, and there was one white lock in his brown hair, where an arrow had torn the scalp away as, alone, he drove into the post a score of Indians, fresh from raiding the cattle of an immigrant trailing to the farther north.

Nettlewood Foyle watched the dust rising from the wheels of the stage, which had passed the elevator and was nearing the Prairie Home hotel far down the street. He would soon leave behind him this noisy ribaldry of which he was the center. He tossed his cheroot away. Suddenly he heard a low voice behind him

"Why don't you hit out, sergeant?" it said.

sitting room was looking out at him half-smiling, but with heightened color and a suppressed agitation. The girl was not more than 25, graceful, supple and strong. Her chin was dimpled; across her right temple was a slight scar. She had eyes of a wonderful deep blue; they seemed to swim with light. As Foyle gazed at her for a moment dumfounded, with a quizzical suggestion and smiling still a little more she said:

You used to be a little quicker, Nett." The voice appeared to attempt unconcern; but it quivered from a force of feeling underneath. It was so long since she had seen him.

He was about to reply, but at the instant a reveler pushed him with a foot behind the knees so that they bent quickly forward. The crowd laughed-all save Billy Goat, who

knew his man. Like lightning, and with cold fury in his eyes, Foyle caught the tail catleman by the forearm and, with a lety.

swift, dexterous twist, had the fellow in his power.

"Down-down, to your knees, you skunk," he said, in a low, fierce voice,

The knees of the big man bent-Foyle had not taken lessons of Ogomi, the Jap, for nothing-they bent, and the cattleman squealed, so intense was the pain. It was break or bend: and he bent-to the ground, and lay there. Foyle stood over him for a moment, a hard light in his eyes, and then suddenly, as if bethinking himself, he looked at the other roisterers,

"There's a limit, and he reached it "Hell, but you're a twister!" the

cattleman said with a grimace of pain. Billy Goat was a gentleman, after his kind, and he liked Sergeant Foyle, with a great liking. He turned to the

"Bobby is eight and a half," she

answered. "And his schooling, and his clothng, and everything; and you have to drawn and gray.

pay for it all?" "Oh, I don't mind, Nett; it isn't love him-I love him; but I want him up his hold on that money-or-" He nodded gravely. "Or you'll set the law on him?"

"It's one thing or the other. Better and can't understand."

"Or read the newspapers," he com-Boys, what is he-what-is he?

mented thoughtfully. "I don't think I've a hard heart," she continued, "but I'd like to punish him-if it wasn't that he's your they had done a minute before brother, Nett; and if it wasn't for

was, that face had obscured it "How did you know he was up in a flash, and the pools of feel- here?" he asked.

even to Cynthy."

ing far down in the depths of a mouth. In an instant he had swung here as usual. The letter left the more shaded corner of the room, and be after it-perhaps to-day. He wouldn't."

anxiety and eagerness. Was she afraid of something? Did she fear Foyle started. "To-day-to-day-" There was a gleam in his eyes, a setting of the lips, a line sinking into He reached out and took her hand the forehead between the eyes.

with a strange shyness, and a self-con-'I've been watching for him all day. sciousness which was alien to his naand I'll watch till he comes. I'm going to say some things to him that he cific railroad. He had been caught him. Their eyes met. She dropped won't forget. I'm going to get Bobby's money or have the law do it-unless you think I'm a brute, Nett." She

"That's all right. Don't worry about fore him. He was not unpopular with home. I can't get it through my him—I know him through and me, Jo. He's my brother, but I know through. He's done everything that a dark problem. "Only Billy Goatry man can do and not be hanged. A knows him. The fellow that led the tickled us to death to see a rider of I saw you, and you were only 15—but thief, a drunkard, and a brute—and singing—that was Goatry." he killed a man out here-I know it." He scanned her face closely. he added hoarsely. "I found it out Billy Goat passed the window. "What's that scar on your forehead, myself-myself. It was murder."

Suddenly, as he looked at her, an "I ran up against something." she idea seemed to flash into his mind. him," she said. "If he comes, Nett-" said evasively, her eyes glittering, He came very near and looked at her "and it left that scar. Does it look so closely. Then he reached over and almost touched the scar on her fore- held it. "If he comes, leave him to "No, you'd never notice it, if you head.

weren't looking close as I am. You "Did he do that, Jo?"

own child—it's eight years old now, thief—I read it all in the papers—the ing the horse away from the post of the that you caught, and that got fice while Foyle stood waiting quietly there was in the world."

He nodded. "I didn't know who he was till I arrested him." he said. that. Bobby is Cynthy's child; and I "Then, afterward, I thought of his his hand on something in his hip child, and let him get away-and for to have his rights. Dorl must give my poor old mother's sake-she was fond of him in spite of all. She never knew how bad he was even as a boy. But I remember how he used to steal the brandy from her bedside, when misunderstood. to do it now when Bobby is young she had the fever, and drink it. She never knew the worst of him. But I let him away in the night, Jo, and I did not know what card his brother resigned, and they thought that Hal-beck had beaten me, had escaped. Of drop to his side. "What's your game? course I couldn't stay in the force, What do you want?" he asked having done that. I couldn't. But, by the heaven above us, if I had him Bobby. Dorland was dreadfully cruel, here now, I'd do the thing-I'd do it -do it, so help me God!"

"Why should you ruin your life for him?" she said with an outburst of "From the lawyer that pays over indignation. All that was in her heart lonely nature had been stirred, the money. Dorland has had it sent welled up in her eyes at the thought out here to Kowatin this two years. of what Foyle was. "You must not sire swam in his face, made generous And he sent word to the lawyer a do it. He must pay for his wickedand kind the hard lines of the strong month ago that he wanted it to get ness, not you. It would be a sin. You and what becomes of you mean so himself over the window sill. The same day as I did, and it got here much." Suddenly with a flash of purgirl had drawn away now into a yesterday with me. I suppose. He'll pose she added, "He will come for that letter, Nett. He would run any she regarded him with a mingled wouldn't let it wait long, Dorl kind of risk to get a dollar. He will come here for that letter-perhaps to-

He shook his head moodily, oppressed by the trouble that was on him, "He's not likely to venture here,

after what's happened." "You don't know him as well as do. Nett. He is so vain he'd do it. just to show that he could. He'd probably come in the evening. Does any one know him here? So many peo ple pass through Kowatin every day. Has anyone seen him?"

"Only Billy Goatry," he answered, working his way to a solution of the

"There he is now," he added, as

She came and laid a hand on his arm. "We've got to settle things with There was a silence for a moment. then he caught her hand in his and me, Jo. You will leave him to me?" he added anxiously.

"And by Dorl, too," he replied

see, I knew your face so well ten For an instant she was silent and "Yes," she said. "You'll do what's vears ago." looked down at the floor. Presently right-by Bobby." "You were always quizzing," she she raised her eyes, her face suffused. said with an attempt at a laugh; "al- Once or twice she tried to speak, but strangely.



"Sit down," was the sharp rejoinder, and a pistol was in his face.

ways trying to find out things. That's | failed. At last she gained courage | why you made them reckon with you and said: out there. You always could see besuccess."

things on the surface, for she did not know-"You were meant to succeed -you had to," she added.

"I've been a failure—a dead failure," he answered slowly. "So they say. So they said-you heard them,

He jerked his head toward the pen window.

"Oh, these drunken fools!" she said indignantly, and her face hardened. "How I hate drink! It spoils every-

There was silence for a moment. They were both thinking of the same thing-of the same man. He repeated

"What brings you out here, Jo?" he asked gently. "Dorland," she answered, her face

setting into determination and anx-His face became pinched. "Dorl!"

he said heavily. "What for, Jo? What do you want with Dorl?" "When Cynthy died she left her \$500 a year to the baby, and-"

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, Jo?" "Well, it was all right for five years-Dorland paid it in, but for five years he hasn't paid anything. He's aken it, stolen it from his own child by his own houest wife. I've come to get it-anyway, to stop him from | ter wasn't to be sent here in his own doing it any more. His own childit puts murder in my heart, Nett. I

He nodded grimly. "That's likely. And you've kept Dorl's child with your own money all these years?"
"I've got \$400 a year, Nett, you know; and I've been dressmakin

hey say l've got taste," she added "Say, boys, this mine's worked out. Nett nodded his head. 'Five years. Let's leave the Happy Land to Foyle. That's \$2,500 he's stolen from his

"After Cynthy's death I kept house

own way; always were meant to be a of little Bobby-I loved him so-he not interfere." has Cynthy's eyes. One day Dorland She was beginning to get control of |--oh, Nett, of course I oughtn't to herself again, was trying hard to keep have stayed there-I know it now: but I was only 16, and what did I understand! And my mother was dead. One day-oh, piease, Nett, you can guess. He said something to me. I made him leave the house. Before I could make plans what to do, he came back mad with drink. I went for Bobby, to get out of the house. but he caught hold of me. I struck him in the face, and he threw me against the edge of the open door-it made the scar."

Foyle's face was white. "Why did you never write and tell me that, Jo? You know that I--" He stopped sud-

denly. "You had gone out of our lives down there. I didn't know where you were for a long time; and then—then it was all right about Bobby, and me, except that Bobby didn't get the money that was his. But now-"

Foyle's voice was hoarse and low. "He made that scar, and he triedand you only 16-- Oh, my God!" Suddenly his face reddened, and he choked with shame and anger. "And he's my brother!" was all that he

could sav. "Do you see him up here ever?" she asked pityingly.

"I never saw him till a week ago." A moment, then he added, "The letname, was it?" She nodded, "Yes, in his own name

Dorland W. Foyle, Didn't he go by that name when you saw him? There was an oppressive silence, in

which she saw that something moved him strangely, and then he answered: 'No, he was going by the name of Halbeck-Hiram Halbeck."

The girl gasped. Then the whole hing burst upon her. "Hiram Hal-

There were loud footsteps without "It's Goatry," said Foyle. "You stay here. I'll tell him everything. He's A girl's face from the shade of the hind things; always would have your for him a year, you know, taking care all right—he's a true friend. He'll

The handle of the door turned slowly. "You keep watch on the post office, Jo," he added. Goatry came round the opening

door with a grin. "Hope I don't intrude," he said. stealing a half-leering look at the girl. As soon as he saw her face, however, he straightened himself up; he took on different manners. He had not heen intoxicated as he had made out,

and he seemed only "mellow" as he stood before them, with his corrugated face and queer, quaint look the eye with the cast in it blinking faster than the other. "It's all right, Goatry," said Foyle.

"This lady is one of my family from

"Goin' on the stage?" Goatry said vaguely, as they shook hands. She did not reply, for she was look ing down the street, and presently

she started as she gazed. She laid a hand suddenly on Foyle's arm.
"See—he's come," she said in a whisper, and as though not realizing Goatry's presence. "He's come." Goatry looked as well as Foyle. "Halbeck-the devil!" he said.

Goatry. I want you to keep a shut mouth. I've work to do." Goatry held out his hand. "I'm with you. If you get him this time,

Foyle turned to him. "Stand by

clamp him, clamp him like a tooth in Halbeck had stopped his horse at the post office door. He dismounted, looked quickly round, then drew the reins over the horse's head, letting

them trail, as is the custom of the A few swift words passed between

pered to the girl presently. "Go into beck! Nett-Hiram Halbeck, the In another minute Goatry was lead-

away. And you've left the police be at the door. The departing footsteps cause of it, and-oh, Nett!" Her of the horse brought Halbeck swiftly eyes were full of tears, her face to the door, with a letter in his hand.

"Hi, there, you damned sucker!" he called, and then saw Foyle waiting. "What the hell-" he said flercely,

away from that gun-take it away." he added with a meaning not to be

Halbeck knew that one shout would have the town on him, and he surlily.

"Come over to the Happy Land,"



The lifeless figure in the chair.

Foyle answered, and in the light of never would." what was in his mind his words had a grim irony.

With a snarl Halbeck stepped out. Goatry, who had handed the horse over to the hostler, watched them from the net. He would not beg, he coming.

"Why did I never notice the like ness before?" he said. "But, gosh! what a difference in the men. Foyle's all a rotten business, anyhow," he regoing to double cinch him this time, joined. guess."

He followed them inside the hall of the Happy Land. When they stepped into the sitting room, he stood at the door waiting. The hotel was entirely empty, the roisterers at the Prairie spectators. The barman was nodding behind the bar; the proprietor was moving about in the back yard inspecting a horse. There was a cheerful warmth everywhere, the air was like an elixir, the pungent smell of a pine tree at the door gave a kind of hundred miles away-for people agreed to forget his occasional sprees -there came, he knew not why, the words of a hymn he had sung only the preceding Sunday:

"As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase..."

The words kept ringing in his ears as he listened to the conversation inside the room-the partition was thin, the door thinner, and he heard much. Foyle had asked him not to intervene, but only to stand by and await the issue of this final conference. He meant, however, to take a hand in, if he thought he was needed, and he kept his ear glued to the door. If he thought Foyle needed him-his fingers were on the handle of the door.

"Now, hurry up! What do you want with me?" asked Halbeck of his brother. "Take your time," said ex-Sergeant

Foyle, as he drew the blind threequarters down, so that they could not e seen from the street. "I'm in a hurry, I tell you. I've got my plans. I'm going south. I've only

just time to catch the Canadian Pacific three days from now, riding hard' "You're not going south, Dorl."

"Where am I going, then?" was the neering reply. "Not farther than the Happy Land."

"What the devil's all this? You don't mean you're trying to arrest me again-after letting me go?" "You don't need to ask. You're my

prisoner. You're my prisoner," he said in a louder voice-"until you free yourself!"

"I'll do that damn quick, then." said the other, his hand flying to his

"Sit down," was the sharp rejoinder, and a pistol was in his face before he could draw his own weapon. "Put your gun on the table," Foyle

said quietly. Halbeck did so. There was no other way. Foyle drew it over to himself. His brother made a motion to rise.

"Sit still, Dorl!" came the warning White with rage, the freebooter sat

still, his dissipated face and heavy angry lips looking like a debauched and villainous caricature of his brother before him. "Yes, I suppose you'd have potted

ne, Dorf," said the ex-sergeant. "You'd have thought no more of doing that than you did of killing Linley, the ranchman; than you did of trying to ruin Jo Byndon, your wife's sister, when she was 16 years old, when she was caring for your child—giving her life for the child you brought into the

"What in the name of hell-it's "Don't bluster. I know the truth."

"Who told you-the truth?" "She did-to-day-an hour ago." "She here—out here?" There wa

new cowed note in the voice. "She is in the next room." What did she come here for?"

"To make you do right by yo ent men would think about a man probbed his child for five years, and let that child be fed and clothed

"She put you up to this-she was always in love with you, and you

There was a dangerous look in Foyle's eyes, and his jaw set hard. "There would be no shame in a decent woman caring for me, even if it was true, I haven't put myself out-"Keep quiet, Dorl. I want to have side the boundary as you have. You're a little talk with you. Take your hand my brother, but you're the worst scoundrel in the country-the worst unhanged. Put on the table there the letter in your pocket. It holds \$500 belonging to your child. There's \$2,500 more to be accounted for."

The other hesitated, then with an oath threw the letter on the table. "I'll pay the rest as soon as I can, if you'll stop this damned tomfoolery." he said sullenly, for he saw that he was in a hole.

"You'll pay it, I suppose, out of what you stole from the C. P. R. con-

tractor's chest. No, I don't think that will do."

"You want me to go to prison,

then? "I think not. The truth would come out at the trial-the whole truth-the murder, and all. There's your child Bobby. You've done him enough wrong already. Do you want himbut it doesn't matter whether you do hardens the fabric. It should then be or not-do you want him to carry through life the fact that his father was a jailbird and a murderer, just as Jo Byndon carries the scar you made when you threw her against the

door?" "What do you want with me, then?" The man sank slowly and heavily

back into the chair. "There is a way-have you never thought of it? When you threatened others as you did me, and life seemed such a little thing in others-can't

you think?" Bewildered, the man looked around helplessly. In the silence which followed Foyle's words his brain was struggling to see a way out. Foyle's further words seemed to come from

a great distance. "It's not too late to do the decent thing. You'll never repent of all you've done-you'll never do different-you

The old reckless, irresponsible spirit revived in the man; he had both courage and bravado, he was not hopeless yet of finding an escape would struggle.

"I've lived as I meant to, and I'm not going to snivel or repent now. It's

With a sudden resolution the exsergeant put his own pistol in his pocket, then pushed Halbeck's pistol over toward him on the table. Halbeck's eyes lighted eagerly, grew red with excitement, then a change passed Home having drawn off the idlers and over them. They now settled on the pistol and stayed.

He heard Foyle's voice. "It's with you to do what you ought to do. Of course you can kill me. My pistol's in my pocket. But I don't think you will. You've murdered one man. You medicament to the indrawn breath. Besides, if you kill me, you will never And to Billy Goat, who sometimes sang in the choir of a church not a get away from Kowatin alive. But it's with you-take your choice. It's

me or you." Halbeck's fingers crept out and

found the pistol. "Do your duty, Dorl," said the exsergeant as he turned his back on his

brother. The door of the room opened, and Goatry stepped inside softly. He had work to do, if need be, and his face showed it. Halbeck did not see him.



beck. Goatry was watching Halbeck's face in the glass, and saw the danger. He measured his distance.

"Come away, come away, Jo"

All at once Halbeck caught Goatry's eyes in the mirror. The dark devilry aded out of his eyes. His lips moved in a whispered oath. Every way was blocked.

With a sudden wild resolution he raised the pistol to his head. It cracked, and he fell back heavily in the chair. There was a red trickle at

A moment afterward came a rush of people. Goatry kept them back. "Sergeant Foyle arrested Halbeck, the robber, and Halbeck's shot him-

"He had the pluck," sald Goatry, as

Toyle swung around with a face of

self," Goatry explained to them. A white-faced girl with a scar on her temple made her way into the

"Come away-come away, Jo," said the voice of the man she loved; and he did not let her see the lifeless figure in the chair.

Three days later the plains swallowed them, as they made their way with Billy Goatry to the headquarters of the Riders of the Plains, where Sergeant Foyle was requested to relid. And henceforth he did not travel

PAINT MARKS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO DRY.

Can Easily Be Removed When Freshly Made-Turpentine, Soap and Water All That Is Necessary for Operation.

The ease or difficulty with which paint stains are removed depends on the length of time they have been in the fabric. If removed when the paint is wet, their removal is more easily

accomplished than when left until dry. To remove wet paint from white material, wash the stain with soap and water and boil it with kerosene in the water, as for kerosene washing, and again rub between the hands, using soap and very hot water. Rinse in several waters to get rid of the smell of the oil.

While fresh it may be removed by repeated applications of spirits of turpentine, or spirits of wine rubbed on with a rag.

Dry paint on white material can be easily removed by soaking the stain in turpentine to soften the medium which rubbed well in the turpentine and washed in soap and water and finished by ordinary washing.

Paint consists mainly of oils and some colored earth. Spots of paint then must be treated with something that will take out the oil, leaving the insoluble coloring matter to be brushed off. Paint can be removed from silk by

first saturating it in equal parts of turpentine and ammonia, then washing in soap suds and letting it dry between blotting paper under a heavy weight To remove paint from colored ma-

terial, dip the stain in turpentine and rub, then place it in a little ammonia and again rub, to saponify the oil of the paint and wash in warm soapy water, rinse thoroughly, dry, and iron when it is slightly damp. There is a risk, when washing paint

stains from colored material, of making the material shaded. If this is likely to happen, it is advisable to place the stain over a towel and to rub it with a rag moistened with turpentine, then with ammonia, concentrating the rubbing as much as possible on the stain.

Water color paint stains can be removed by simply washing. To remove paint from a light tan coat use

turpentine, then sponge with benzine. To remove paint from a dress, spread some dry starch around the part stained, then wet the stain with turpentine. Let it rest for awhile and wet again, and then with the dull edge of a knife scrape off the paint; then sponge again with turpentine. Rub dry with a clean cloth. The starch is used to prevent the spreading of the paint and turpentine. If the color has

## been affected sponge with chloroform.

A New Confection. A dainty new confection was recently invented by a friend, says a writer in the Delineator. He selected somewhat thin slices. In the meantime, he melted some confectioner's chocolate by steaming it, and into this he dipped each slice of banana. When thoroughly coated, the slices were laid on oiled paper, and were set in a cool place to harden. The result was both a delicious and a novel confection. It is also suggested that the idea, with some natural variations, might be adopted as a popular There was a demon in Halbeck's novelty in the garnishment of cereyes, as his brother stood, his back tain kinds of salads, or in the decoraturned, taking his chances. A large tion of desserts, the airtight covering

of chocolate preserving the fruit per-

Nut Roast. Shell nuts and grind enough to make two cups, or they may be chopped fine. Take a five-cent loaf of bread or its equivalent of home-made bread, two days old, and break the crumbs fine, discarding the crust. Mix the crumbs and nuts together with a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and a half teaspoonful of mixed herbs. Melt one-third cup of butter, add one cup of milk and stir into the mixture, then stir into a loaf on a buttered pan that is not much larger than the loaf. Bake one hour and baste often with butter melted in water. Make a rich tomato sauce while it is baking. With a broad knife lift the nut roast to a warm platter or a serving dish and pour the

## sauce around it.

Papier Mache Trays. Papier mache trays should never be allowed to remain wet from tea. water or milk spilt on them. Wash them with a sponge, not too wet, and cold water. While still damp sprinkle a little flour over, then rub with a soft flannel and polish with a chamois leather.

White heat marks may be partially removed from papier mache trays by rubbing with a flannel dipped in sweet. oil and afterwards lightly in spirits of wine.

Velvet Sherbet.

Scald one quart of milk in a double boiler. Add two cups of sugar and stir until dissolved and the milk looks blue, then set away to cool. Pack thefreezer, pour into the can the cold milk, and let stand five minutes. Then add the strained juice of two lemons or oranges and the whites of two eggs (beaten), with two tablespoons of powdered sugar. Freeze, repack, and set away for two hours to ripen. Serve with this a delicate white cake.

One gallon vinegar, one-half pound mustard, one-half ounce celery seed, one-half ounce tumeric, one and onehalf pounds brown sugar, one cun flour. Mix celery seed, mustard. tumeric, and flour in a little cold vinegar and stir into the sugar and gallon of vinegar when at the bolling

Sauce for Winter Salad.

point. Strain and pour over salad. Currant Apple.

Scoop out with a teaspoon about ne-quarter of the inside of a large, firm apple. Fill half full with currants and on top place half a teaspoonful of butter and fill the remaining cavity with brown sugar. Roast for half an hour and serve with a hou