

NORA'S TEST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

From
Darkness
To Light

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Then you will doubtless have this window blocked at once, and, as this door locks—you told me that no other will—you will decide, I feel sure, to leave the key here, and lock and seal the door until Mr. Doyle's arrival. Is that what you intend?" inquired Mark, coolly, as young Corr, muttering angrily, shuffled across the hall to the front door.

"As you like," returned Noel, idly.

"What was Corr doing?"

"Oh, worshipping, of course," answered Mark, with the keenest irony, "on his knees before the shrine. You seemed to know it all by instinct—or by previous knowledge of your man—else I would have told you in his presence. He has a spiritual countenance, has he not?"

"He is a man," remarked Dr. Armstrong, pointedly, "whose reticence would know no limits of law or piety, if you injured him without cause."

"Yes, he looks a vindictive vagabond," rejoined Mark, coolly. "Now, shall we help Breen? And then you will seal this door, with my assistance. I had hoped to be half way to Pintonia by this time."

Dr. Armstrong did his part carefully, feeling how keen were the eyes that watched him, and how dexterous the hands which helped. And then Mark Poyz walked away from the old house, slowly and thoughtfully, in the whitening dawn.

CHAPTER VII.

The inquest was over; the anticipated verdict of "accidental death" had been returned; and for the first time within five-and-thirty years, the old brick grave of the St. Georges was opened; while, a true Irish fashion, the people crowded into the Kilver, hunched up to see the husband-called off so suddenly in his grain and aged beside the young wife who had begun to die upon her wedding day.

The inevitable coronary was over, and only compassion for the orphan girl had prevented its being a very hollow and indifferent one. But sympathy for her while she stood beside her grandfather's grave had given warmth and feeling to the dreary proceedings; and now all those who, an hour before, had stood with her at the open grave, had met in the child and gloomy sitting room at Traveere, rather amused in their own minds, most of them, to think what a farce it was to wait for a will where there was only penury to inherit.

Celia Pennington sat beside Nora on the hearth, where the cats and dogs lay just as of old, and Dr. Armstrong stood beside her, with one hand on the back of her chair. She wore an old-fashioned black calico dress, which she had kept in her box for years, because she had thought it so very ugly. But what other mourning was in her power, when she had not even one shilling in the world? Celia was dressed prettily, as usual, in a thin, pure-colored dress, which stood her instead of mourning, and which she had decorated liberally with jaunty bows of black ribbon.

At the table near Nora sat Will Foster, employing the interval of leisure in studying a "Bradshaw" which was open before him. He had arrived from England only on the previous night, having been obliged to escort his sister home on the day after Col. St. George's death, but determined to return for the funeral. Still, it was not for his own return that he was studying the times of trains and steamers now, for he knew he had to leave by the mail that night, and travel without pause, to reach Heaton in time for his Sunday morning service. Opposite the girls, also at the table, sat the old lawyer and Mr. Pennington, each in his grave and somber black; and further off, Mark Poyz, half sitting and half leaning against the high, narrow window seat, seemed to have little to do with either what was occurring or what would eventually occur. At first, when he had come from the churchyard to Traveere, Dr. Armstrong had suavely inquired if he had any business to transact there, putting the question so adroitly that it left Mr. Poyz would be forced into equivocating in his confusion, and leaving the premises at once. But Mr. Poyz had done nothing of the kind.

"I have attended Col. St. George's funeral as a family connection," he said, "and by that right I wait until Doyle considers all business matters over, and is ready to leave the house himself; for I intend to drive him back to Pintonia."

"Would not a servant do as well?" inquired Dr. Armstrong, superciliously.

"Possibly," replied Mark, with the utmost composure; "but neither you nor I, Dr. Armstrong, have our own servants—here in Miss St. George's house."

So the argument had ended, and Noel Armstrong was conscious of looking a little baffled, though he schooled his face determinedly.

"I have for a long time," observed the attorney, in a clear, business-like tone, "had in my possession the will of the late Col. St. George, with a letter of trust. As all the property of which he died possessed must be contained in the iron chest which was in his own chamber, I propose, gentlemen, that we adjourn there first, that we may avoid disappointment and mortification, if possible."

It was soon over, the digging out of the chest, the search in it and the weak tarrying hope—all soon over. The safe was found empty, save for a few musty papers of no value; yet it was patent to the slowest capacity there that the lock had never been tampered with, nor the seal broken.

And now Nora had to hear her grandfather's will, and to know the while that it was a hollow mockery, and that all he could bequeath to her was the old ruined house and the useless animals. But this was no new pain for Nora.

"I always knew how poor I was," she said, smiling at the vicar's sympathy; "didn't you?"

"A perfectly correct and legal farce," observed Mr. Doyle, as he refolded the paper. "The only sensible thing the old man has done, Miss Nora, is to leave me sole guardian and executor. Don't you think so?"

"Thank you," said Nora, simply; "but

it will be a thankless task for you, Mr. Doyle."

"Do you think," asked Noel Armstrong, lifting his eyes for the first time from Nora's face, where they had fixed themselves with surprise, "that the letter you hold may contain an inclosure, which would throw any light upon this matter, Doyle?"

"Not the slightest. And I have read the letter already," replied the attorney. "St. George gave it to me to open, and wished me to read it. This will render the letter void; but the letter can throw no light upon this irritating will."

"Is it possible," inquired Mr. Foster, "that that iron chest has secret receptacles, a false lock, or anything of that kind?"

"I thought of that," returned the lawyer, "as I examined it; but you will find that the most careful measurement will not disclose a secret recess. No, there is no doubt at all permitted us, though the house shall be well searched. The only ray of light at all in this gloom, Miss St. George, is your own previous assurance of your present condition."

"Yes," said Nora, quietly, "of course, I know how very poor I was. I have known it all my life, but I never thought of it till a few days ago, when grandpa told me how I was to earn my own livelihood."

"Oh, he told you that?" questioned the lawyer, briskly. "That betrays a great deal. But I would scarcely have believed even that forethought in him."

"And he nearly consented," put in Will Foster, eagerly, "that she should accept a proposal of my mother's and go to England to study with my younger sister. What do you think of that, sir?"

Quietly, standing with his hands behind him and his head bent forward, the Irish lawyer listened to the unfolding of Mr. Foster's proposition, and nodded his approval more than once.

"It is the very beau ideal of a plan," he said, heartily. "Then, if you can manage this year of study, Miss Nora, you will be all right, and the world will be your oyster, which you, with knowledge, will open—eh?"

"If I can really afford that year's study," said Nora, in her grave, straight-forward way, "I shall not fear. I will work so hard that when the year is over—"

"Well, when the year is over?" interposed Mr. Pennington, with a smile.

"You will see," she answered, and she even smiled, too.

"It is only talk, Nora," whispered Dr. Armstrong, under his breath. "You will have no need to work. You forget, Doyle," he added presently, aloud, "that this time of preparation and study in England—as marked out by Mr. Foster, and, as he avers, his mother—Miss St. George must be possessed of funds, and you have just informed her that she is without this necessary adjunct."

"Then what do you propose?"

It was Mark who put the question, for Mr. Doyle seemed in no haste to reply, and the other gentlemen only gazed blankly at the speaker.

"I propose," rejoined Noel, "the only course which I see open to my young relative—that is, to accept the home to which I am waiting to conduct her. I am a kinsman, and I have sufficient means to provide a home for her. I was her grandfather's trusted friend, and have been her guardian and adviser all her life. What more natural than that she should come to me now?"

"As for that," said the vicar, meditatively, "she would be very welcome, if she came to us; but we are thinking of the future, and for that Mr. Foster's project holds out much greater advantages."

"Yes," said Nora, smiling at Celia; "kind as your thought is, Mr. Pennington, I know I could not work half steadily enough if I lived with Celia. It will be hard, of course, in any case, after my idle life, but it would be hardest of all at the vicarage."

"My offer is best, is it not, Nora?" queried Dr. Armstrong, flushing a little in his eagerness.

"Yours is very kind, too," she answered, while Will waited breathlessly for this reply; "but I should not think of that for one moment. Need I say again how determined I am to work, and not be idle?"

"Then if," put in Mr. Pennington, "we could dispose of Traveere—"

A wistful smile curled Nora's lips.

"Who would ever buy Traveere?" she asked.

"Now, too," added Celia, "when the half of it is only a heap of rubbish."

"It is not of very much value," interposed the attorney, speaking as if deep in mental calculations; "but in the event of all the animals going with it, Nora, I know a purchaser."

"The animals?" said Nora, wondering. "People have often said so one but grandpa would have kept Borak or Snow. And there are only the pigs. Kitty has killed the last of the poultry now; and the dogs are all so old and lazy, and, as her eye fell on the hearth, 'the cats—'"

"There is not a very great marketable value, so to speak, in a cat," observed the lawyer, "but still, perhaps, my client would include the cats in his purchase, and be inclined to pay accordingly. Of course I shall inquire about that; meanwhile we will conclude that the purchase money of Traveere supplies you with funds for education and pocket money at present, Miss Nora, and that the future will secure its profits? Now, gentlemen, I think that is all I need decide today, in my new capacity of guardian and trustee."

"It is well to recollect you hold that office," interrupted Noel Armstrong, sarcastically. "Even though nothing is intrusted to you, you are, of course, still trustee, and it is an important office."

"I agree with you, sir," returned Mr. Doyle, affably. "Now, Miss Nora, I will wish you good-by for the present. Pack up your things as soon as you can."

"How will Miss St. George travel to England?" inquired Will, his fingers on his railway guide. "Unfortunately, I am obliged to leave to-night; but I could manage to come again for her."

"Quite unnecessary," interrupted Dr. Armstrong, his low, smooth tones unusu-

ally hurried now. "I shall myself take my cousin to England if I eventually allow her to go. At present I do not see that I am called upon to do so."

"Not being legal guardian to your cousin—I did not before this minute know of that near relationship," said Mr. Doyle, placidly—"you have no need to worry yourself in the matter, Dr. Armstrong. You will, of course, travel with Miss Nora if you like; at the same time, you can also spare yourself if you like, for I shall certainly myself accompany my ward to England, to make all arrangements with the lady who has kindly professed her co-operation."

"Thank you," said Will, heartily, though his heart faltered him a little as he pictured how variable his mother's co-operation would be.

And then a few further matters were discussed, and Mr. Poyz and the attorney prepared to leave. As Nora had steadfastly refused to leave Traveere and Kitty that day, Celia was determined to stay with her; and Mr. Pennington drove home to fetch his wife, as well as a basket of provisions from the vicarage irdier, which should supply the deficiencies at Traveere, if they all stayed to cheer Nora.

Mark thought they were still all chattering with Mr. Doyle in the hall, when, as he brought down his horses from the yard, he saw Nora issue alone from the back door, and go slowly out among the gnarled old trees. Stopping his horses, he stood and called her by her name; in such a natural, easy way, that though she had started at first, she turned and came up to him running, with genuine gladness in her eyes.

"Are you going at once, Mr. Poyz?" she asked. "You hadn't said good-by to me, had you?"

"Not yet. Are you content with what has been decided to-day?"

"Yes," she answered him with simple earnestness; "quite content and very grateful to those who have put it into my power to work."

"You will like Mrs. Foster?"

"Yes; Will says so. But never his sister—I mean, I was thinking just then that it might be better for me to go to some sort of grown-up school, if there are such things in England."

"But there are not. Schools never grow up in England."

"Mr. Poyz," said Nora, fixing her eyes upon him with the frankest scrutiny, "mustn't it be a curious person who has bought Traveere?"

"I think not," answered Mark, reflectively. "I believe there is valuable ore on the land, and some shrewd client of Mr. Doyle's has found it out."

"I have found it out," said Nora, laughing. "I suspected it before, but I wanted to be sure. I know the shrewd client of Mr. Doyle's, and I—"

Here she broke off, and began to speak very earnestly.

"Oh, Mr. Poyz, how good it was of you! The land is worth nothing; and of course you know it. And the animals—she could not help the laugh coming back to her eyes—"are as useless and helpless as—as we have all been at Traveere for years and years. And there is Kitty. She says she is to live on here—and Breen. Oh, Mr. Poyz, how good you are to us all!"

"But I am not keeping you on at Traveere."

"No," she said, with her beautiful, swift smile, "you are doing still more for me. I shall owe all my better life to you. I shall work—oh, so hard! And you shall see if I have wasted it all; though—with a regretful sigh—"I have wasted so much already, and I shall be so slow compared with what other girls would be."

"Good-by," he said then, giving his hand to Nora; "we may meet in England."

"Only may?" she questioned, too anxious for his reply to notice how closely and how tenderly he held her hand to the last moment.

"As I understand that you are to be buried in boxes for the whole year, of course no resurrection on behalf of an old friend is to be hoped for; so good-by."

"Yes, I shall be very, very busy," assented Nora, with great gravity; "but still I hope I shall see you sometimes, even when I have no time to talk."

"Oh, ask questions."

"Oh, Mr. Poyz," she said, with a total change in her voice, and a great dumb question already in her beautiful eyes, "what shall I do in England if I may not ask questions? If I met you, I know I should have a hundred ready to ask, weighing me down utterly, and you would be so shocked, and so disappointed in me."

"Try me," replied Mark, laughing; and then he turned almost quickly from her to bid good-by to Miss Pennington.

Only in the briefest manner had he responded to the lawyer's varied remarks when they reached Pintonia, and Mr. Doyle offered his hand at parting; then he said, without any preparation:

"You will see that Miss St. George has money with her, for her own nameless girlish fancies; because cats sell well, you know."

"Generally," assented the attorney, with a twinkle in his eye.

"And, if I were you, I would not let that one tenant, young Corr, know just yet that he has an English landlord. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

(To be continued.)

Critical Year of Married Life.

"Some folks have a way of declaring that the first year of their married life is the most trying," writes Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "But where one gets a close knowledge of several families the conviction is brought home that the trying period lies beyond the first year. I should fix it rather at the third year, when the pretty trousseau is showing wear and needs replenishing; when the wedding presents have lost their lustre, and this thing has worn out and that thing has to be replaced; when a little family is growing up and doctor's bills are introduced into the family reckoning. That is the trying period when interests are apt to become very close. Like-wise calculations. Then it is that the saying of the comparatively care-free and less expensive first year of married life comes in handy, or is sadly missed if the income was then lived up to in unnecessary buying and foolish entertaining. A great deal of happiness in this world is wrecked by debt, and generally the debt could have been avoided if a little more care and common sense had been exercised."

WOMEN

THE WOMAN AT HOME.

There is no place where the graces of true womanhood shine out more conspicuously than in the common daily intercourse of the family. Patience, gentleness, tender sympathy, love and forbearance here come into play with a force and influence felt in no other place. Here those virtues, which find their source in the divine nature, find their most congenial atmosphere. Let them be lacking, or any of them, and the harmony is broken, and peace and joy depart. It is not to be understood that the happiness of the family relation does not also depend in a large measure upon the character of the husband and the father, but we insist only that the influence of the wife and mother here is the chief and most essential thing. The home is, primarily, what she makes it. It is her domain, her throne of power. If she chooses to neglect her duties at the best of society, or because of other outside interests, the home suffers from her absence, and the family loses all that charm and brightness which her presence should infuse. There is danger, we apprehend, in those days of progress and "reform," particularly in the matter of "woman's rights," of undervaluing the influence and character of the family life. It is sometimes talked of as a matter of small consequence in comparison with that so-called wider sphere outside of home duties, to which many are inspiring. But let the truth be emphasized, that the mothers of to-day hold the levers of the world's to-morrow. Let impurity, discord and dissension enter the homes of the people, let the family life be corrupted, and disease and death will fasten itself upon the vitals of the republic and its days will be numbered. Domestic happiness underlies national strength and prosperity, and the nearer we approach to the ideal home the less we shall have to fear for the future.—Leslie's Weekly.

Beauty and Breathing.

Correct breathing is the first art to cultivate in the pursuit of beauty, just as it is the first step toward improvement in health. As a woman breathes, so she lies; for the poise of the chest is the keynote to the whole figure. When the chest is in proper position, the fine points of artistic wearing apparel and all the little frills of fashion are seen to best advantage. Even humble materials assume a certain elegance hitherto unknown. But if it is carried badly, the figure droops and falls into ugly angles. Nothing sets well; no garment seems right. It is always wrong to make the bone structure do most of the work in keeping the body upright. The muscles should hold it in position, otherwise grace is out of the question and good health difficult. To breathe correctly, keep the chest up, out, forward, as if pulled up by a button. Keep the chin, the lips, the chest on a line. Hold the shoulders on a line with the hips. The observance of these directions will insure to golf skirts and rainy-day costumes a real dignity and picturesque effect. Breathe upward and outward, as if about to fly, drawing in the air with slow, deep breaths and letting it out gently. This conscious deep breathing repeated ten or twenty times at intervals during the day tends to expand the chest permanently, to give it classic poise and style. Repeated forty times, it is said to be a cure for worry.—Dr. L. F. Bryson, in Harper's Bazar.

Roosevelt's Views on Woman's Suffrage.

Roosevelt is the first President of the United States since Abraham Lincoln who has expressed himself publicly in favor of woman suffrage before attaining the Presidency. Cleveland proved himself favorable to it by actions rather than words, as he signed bills giving women partial suffrage in New York when he was Governor of that State. Hayes favored it in his quiet way, and helped the senior editor of the Woman's Journal to get a woman's right resolution through the national Republican convention of 1872. Garfield recognized its growing importance. He said, "Laugh as we may, put it aside as a jest if we will, keep it out of Congress or political campaigns, still the woman question is rising on our horizon larger than the size of a man's hand, and some solution ere long that question must find."

Some other Presidents were believed to be more or less friendly to it, but Roosevelt and Lincoln have been the only ones to put themselves conspicuously on record.

Prettiest Girls in the World.

A man who has traveled far and wide over the face of the earth, visiting nearly every country known to civilization, declares that if asked where the prettiest girls in the world are to be found he would unhesitatingly reply in Limerick, Ireland. There is a freshness of face, lustrousness of eyes, healthfulness of color and complexion about the Limerick girls en masse that carry off the sweepstakes trophy. The girls of Cork, and of the lakes—in fact, of the country all the way down from Dublin—are somewhat of the Limerick order. In form they constitute a happy medium between the rotund English maids across one channel and then sylphlike Parisian demoiselles beyond the other.

But the Limerick face is the perfection of female beauty—a human ceramic without a blemish. The Limerick girl is also the highest example of

exquisite wit and ingenuousness—an extraordinary assimilation, to be sure. In other words, while she is not insensible of her sparkle of words, she seems like one who has never looked frequently into a mirror. She has regular and sometimes very pretty teeth and if her nose is often inclined to re-trouse and there is an "Irish expression of mouth" these but add pliancy to her other beautiful features.

Beauty of Simplicity.

The fad for perfectly plain pieces of furniture still flourishes, the colonial style in mahogany and the dark weathered oak pieces being the fashionable household fittings of the hour.

The weather oak settee is of very good design, and is cushioned in brown roan skin, as is considered best form, the cushions being laced with thongs of the leather itself.

These weathered oak settees are never upholstered, but are always cushioned. On the contrary, the plain colonial sofa, often called a Davenport, with its straight back and high ends, is always upholstered in some material appropriate to the period.

The very latest ideas are embodied in these two pieces. One of the best points of the severely simple outlines the vogue now is that one doesn't tire of them as one does of the lightweight kinds, ornamented with machine-stamped out ornamentations. Another thing, they will never look bad style, even after this fad has passed.

War on Docking Horses.

Mrs. Miles Standish, of New York, with other prominent women, has initiated a popular movement, which has for its object the barring of docked horses from all horse shows, and the enactment of legislation providing severe penalties for this and other forms of cruelty toward horses.



Cropped ears and cut tails disqualify dogs for most of the important kennel shows in the old world, and also in the new, and these women hold there is no reason why this decree of exclusion should not be extended to horses whose tails have been docked.

Housekeeping at \$400 a Day.

The Queen of England's retinue of servants makes a staff which would appal an American housekeeper. The salaries aggregate \$660,000 a year. Appended is a list of some of the functionaries, and what the cost of their services: Waxfitter, who arranges all the candles, \$300 a year; a first and second lamp-lighter, \$500 each per year; five table deckers, who set the royal table, \$1,460; chief butler, \$2,500 a year; chef, \$3,500 a year; four master cooks, each \$1,000 a year; clerk of the kitchen, \$1,500 a year; confectioners, \$1,500 and \$1,200 each; workers in the royal laundry, aggregate wages, \$10,000 a year. Besides the amount that is paid for household labor, the tradespeople who supply the eatables receive on an average \$860,000 a year.

When Visiting Sick Rooms.

Never enter a sickroom in a state of perspiration to remain for any time, for when the body becomes cold it is in a state likely to absorb the infection; nor visit a sick person—if the complaint be of a contagious nature—with an empty stomach. In attending a sick person do not stand between the patient and any fire that may be in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction.

Jenny Lind Soup.

Take three quarts of white stock, seasoned with white pepper and mace; put into it three ounces of sage.

Home Notes.

Old oak furniture can be thoroughly cleaned by being washed with hot beer. When all spots and dirt have been removed, polish in the usual way with beeswax and turpentine.

The white lead that is used in painting in oils, and which may be bought at any shop where art paints are sold, is the best and simplest sort of cement to mend china. It is so durable that dishes mended with it can withstand water.

Home Notes.

To economize soap in the laundry a little pipe clay may be used for kitchen cloths and other much soiled articles. It has a very cleaning effect, and if a little be dissolved in the water only about half the usual amount of soap will be required.

Home Notes.

To soften water for laundry purposes when you have no rain water supply it is a good plan to draw the water three or four days before it is needed for use, and to expose it to the air. This will render it quite soft, and will make soap either entirely unnecessary, or at any rate, will make a very small quantity of it sufficient.

Home Notes.

Where a sewing room is not available the seamstress will find a rug of linen crash perhaps two yards square a great convenience. This may be put under the machine, sewing chair and cutting table, and will keep scraps and bits of thread from the carpet, and in turn protect delicate fabrics from the dust of the floor. It can be hauled, dried and fall, and kept in service indefinitely.



Boiled Ham.

After making a satisfactory selection, wash and scrape the ham until clean, and then let it stand in fresh water over night. In the morning submerge it in a kettle of near-boiling water. Let it cook gently for an hour, when you may throw in a carrot if there is no objection to the flavor; also a sprig of parsley, or a few cloves and bay leaves, to suit the taste. When the meat is done let it stand in the liquor until cool, thus leaving it juicy and tender. Never boil any salt meat severely, but keep it at a gentle simmer until done. To give the ham a fine appearance, cover it with bread crumbs when cold, and brown lightly in the oven. This not only improves the flavor, but makes it possible to serve the same as baked ham.

Cranberry Timbales.

Take two quarts of cranberries, four cups sugar and two cups water; wash and pick over the cranberries carefully, put them in a saucepan with two cups of water, cover and stew till tender; then strain them through a sieve, return the pulp to the saucepan and boil fifteen minutes; add the sugar and stir and boil just long enough to melt the sugar; rinse out the timbale molds with cold water and sprinkle with granulated sugar; pour the cranberries when nearly cold into the molds, and set in a cool place to get firm.

Beefsteak and Onions.

Broil the steak over the fire, being careful to turn it often; after it is cooked place on a hot platter and put in the oven with little dabs of butter on it. Put two ounces of very finely chopped suet in a frying pan and fry a light brown; into that put three onions, sliced very fine. Cover the pan and cook until tender, then remove the cover and continue the cooking until the onions are a light brown. In serving pour the onions and gravy over the steak.

French-Fried Potatoes.

Peel some potatoes and cut in finger lengths not too thick, cover with ice water, and if they are old it is better to let them stand two hours. Drain, wipe dry, and fry in boiling fat as Saratoga chips—not too many at a time. When they are a nice brown lift the basket from the fat, sprinkle with salt, shake the grease from them and remove with a skimming spoon, drain on paper and serve at once.

Beef Broth.

Wash well two pounds of lean beef cut in small pieces, and put to boil in three quarts of cold water. Skim frequently while boiling, and when reduced to one quart take from pot and strain. Return to pot with half a pound of lean beef chopped fine and well mixed with three raw eggs. Beat all together and return to fire. Boil half an hour, or until clear, then strain and season to taste.

Broiled Veal Steak.

Butter the gridiron well and broil the steak over a hot fire; when quite brown on both sides, take out and put in a shallow pan; into the pan put a little white stock and about two ounces of butter. Set this in the oven for five minutes, take out the veal, and to the stock in the pan add a gill of tomato sauce with a bit of horseradish, and pour over the veal before serving.

Sponge Cake.

Three eggs, one and a half cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a half teaspoonful of soda. Put all of the ingredients together at once, stir about five minutes; bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes.

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A combination of lace with every fabric, from the thinnest muslin to the heaviest wool, is to be en vogue.

The Gibson waist, one of the latest shirt waists, is especially becoming to women with poorly developed figures.

A new square-cut collar, much in evidence on spring jackets, is just the blazer collar of several seasons past, redivivus.

No dainty piece of lingerie is complete these days without its ribbon finish at neck and sleeves, and here and there for trimming, whether in rosettes or rows of ribbon-rim heading. This season will be no exception.

Say what you will, the plain chenille dotted tulle and soft net veillings are far more becoming to American women than the fanciful and monstrous figured nets which disfigure some faces. A soft veil is becoming to a woman, but no one can pretend that the mathematical figures and huge splashed designs and giant wafers assist in discerning the good points of a feminine face. These strange veils are startling, and that is all that can be said for them.