

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN

OR
PURITAN AND CAVALIER

BY
MRS. CAROLINE ORNE

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

As Mr. Walworth finished speaking, the clock commenced striking eight. It was the hour for family worship, and as the last stroke died away, Joseph Walworth, a boy of thirteen, with the dark complexion and sedate countenance of his father, and his brother Benjamin, two years younger, with bright curling hair, and eyes full of the same cheerful light which beamed from his mother's, entered the room and quietly took their seats on a low bench a little apart from the others. They were followed by the subordinate members of the household, all of them demeaning themselves in an orderly, quiet manner.

When all were seated, Mr. Walworth, removing little Ella from his knee, and telling her to go to her mother, drew his chair to the table, on which lay a large Bible. It had been brought to this country in the Mayflower. A chapter was selected, which he read with a countenance expressive of earnest devotion, and a voice deep-toned and full of solemn fervor. The reading of the chapter was followed by a prayer, and during the performance of each, the different demeanor and aspect of the auditors might have formed an interesting study to a spectator.

Mildred Daeres now and then winked at Falkland, who in return smiled derisively. But it was in vain that either of them attempted to catch the eye of Harleigh. There was to him, whose emotional nature was more earnest and profound than theirs, something touching, even sublime, in the simplicity with which all was conducted, which could not fail to inspire a feeling of reverence.

"Hurry the night with us, Gabriel," said Mr. Walworth, when, as the clock struck nine, he rose to go.

"I came for that purpose," he replied, "but now I don't feel fully satisfied in my own mind. It might have been a temptation."

As he said this, his eyes suddenly dilated, and for a moment were fastened upon Clarence Harleigh, burning with the same fierce glare as when they rested on him in the earlier part of the evening, as he stood at the threshold.

"You are too scrupulous," said Mr. Walworth. "It surely can't be amiss for you to sleep beneath the same roof with those who differ from us?"

"It isn't that—it isn't that," he said, hurriedly; and then walking up to Alice, he seized her hand. "Alice," said he, "you stand on the brink of perdition. If your feet slip, remember that I didn't neglect to warn you."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice, attempting to withdraw her hand from his vice-like grasp.

"None are so dull as those that won't understand. This very evening, you gave a pleased ear to the poney words of one who, being not with us, is against us. I was near at hand and heard all."

"Then you've been acting the part of the eavesdropper."

"If I have, it was in the way of duty. Once more I warn you to avoid the ungodly Harleigh, and woe to you and him if you neglect to pay heed to what I say."

"Gabriel Guthry," said Mrs. Walworth, who stood near, "I don't know what is in your mind, but as you have taken it upon you to warn Alice, I take it upon myself to warn you, and not mistake fanaticism for religion."

Gabriel stood in a musing attitude a few moments, and then abruptly left the room.

"How strange he seems, Aunt Esther!" said Alice. "He makes me afraid."

"I don't think that he means any harm," replied her aunt, "but he needs checking. I will speak to your uncle about it."

All present had by this time risen, in order to separate for the night, nine o'clock, in those primitive days, being the customary hour for retiring.

"Harleigh," said Mildred, as she passed him, "I shall leave here to-morrow morning early."

"Not before breakfast?"

"Yes; soon after sunrise."

"Shall you walk home?"

"No; I shall cross the bay in the little canoe in which I am accustomed to cross it."

"And do you not fear the water, after what took place yesterday?"

"Why should I? I have crossed the bay in the canoe a hundred times, and if some one—the Indian girl, I suppose, I have heard called Bird-Voice—hadn't made free with it yesterday, I shouldn't have been obliged to employ Silas Watkins, and then the accident might not have happened. You must hunt it up, and have it ready for me at the foot of the stone steps."

"Your command shall be obeyed," was Harleigh's reply, though it did not escape Mildred's quick eye or ear that the promise was reluctantly given.

The time which he would be obliged to devote to the required service would have enabled him to speak a few words to Alice, who was an early riser, and he more he thought of it the more he felt determined to have what Mildred had insinuated respecting Falkland either confirmed or denied by her own lips. Though, as has been said, Mildred saw that Harleigh's promise was given with reluctance, she felt no disposition to release him. The few moments it would give her alone with him—for she intended to be in season to meet him at the foot of the steps—she could, as she believed, turn to good account.

"My sweet Alice," said Mildred, encircling her waist with her arm, as they left the room, "don't put me into the spare chamber; let me share yours."

"But the spare chamber will accommodate you so much better."

"No matter; your company will more than make up for any lack of accommodation; so remember that to-night, and all future nights I may spend here, I am determined to share your room."

CHAPTER IV

Morning had scarcely begun to kindle its fires in the east when Harleigh rose. Soon afterward he left the house, and directed his steps towards that part of the bay, opposite a lodge, where dwelt the Indian maiden alluded to by Mildred. He did not notice Gabriel Guthry, who was approaching the house by a different path from the one he had taken.

Alice had risen, and was at her chamber window. Though she soon lost sight of Harleigh, she could see Gabriel Guthry, as he glided in and out among the trees. A feeling of dread fell upon her as she recalled what he said to her the previous evening, for the thought occurred to her that he was following Harleigh with some evil design, as she saw him stealing cautiously along in a direction nearly parallel to the path taken by her lover.

She had already thrown a short cloak over her shoulders, with the half-formed intention of following him, and by her presence defeat any sinister purpose which he might have formed against Harleigh, when Mildred, whom she imagined to be still sleeping, suddenly roused herself.

"You are preparing for an early walk this morning, my dear Alice," said she, "I half suspect that there's a lover's appointment to fulfill."

"I can assure you there is nothing of the kind," she replied.

"You are merely tempted by the beauty of the morning, I suppose, then?"

Alice, who still stood close to the window, instead of answering her, bent eagerly forward, having, through an opening among the trees, again caught a glimpse of Guthry, for a few moments, she had lost sight of. Mildred was at her side in an instant, and in time to see a man holding aside the branch of a tree, as if to prevent its intercepting the view of some object. Alice hurried from the room.

Mildred watched her from the window, and saw her hasten to the woods, which she entered, and soon disappeared.

"I should begin to think," said she to herself, "that what I told Harleigh concerning her and Falkland has some truth in it, if I hadn't seen that steple-crowned hat looming up in the morning mist. It cannot be that she has taken a fancy to the grim Gabriel. Compared with him, Mr. Walworth is a pattern of refinement and affability. But never mind, Falkland or Guthry, I can make equally to subvert my purpose. She might have staid long enough to arrange my hair." And she went to the looking glass, which was about the bigness of a common-sized window pane.

Before commencing the unwelcome task, she opened a small pearl box which sat on the table.

"I thought this was where she kept Harleigh's gift when she didn't wear it," said she, as one of those rare opals, whose lively play of colors makes it one of the most precious of gems, met her view. As she removed it from the box, the sun darted his first beams in at the window, and kindled it into a dazzling brilliancy. "I am half a mind to make sure of it now," she added, "at a moment she stood irresolute, and then returned it." "No; it will be premature. The broad Atlantic must roll between him and Alice when she misses it, or an explanation will make all right between them," were the thoughts which passed through her mind.

Alice, after entering the woods, stopped and looked in the direction where she had last seen Gabriel. He was nowhere in sight, but just as she was about to again move forward, she heard a slight crash, like the breaking of a dead limb. It was not long before she came in sight of the man.

Gabriel's usually pale face was now pale to ghastliness. He stood as if rooted to the ground, with his eyes glaring still more fiercely than when, the previous evening, they fell on Harleigh. Alice was near enough to see that they were fastened on some object at no great distance. All at once she heard voices. One of them was Harleigh's, the other a sweet, girlish voice, which she knew was the Indian maiden's, who dwelt in the lodge hard by.

At that moment, Gabriel Guthry changed his attitude, and then she saw that he held a rifle in his hand. He partly raised it, and Alice, springing forward, was about to utter a cry of warning, when he suffered it to fall back again to its former position.

"A curse on the ungodly cavalier, and on the little copper-colored heathen by his side. I should have had him if it hadn't been for her," said Gabriel, in a voice quivering with rage.

The next moment he turned and plunged deeper into the woods, while Alice, with an unuttered prayer of thanksgiving in her heart, pressed close to the further edge of the woods, that with her own eyes she might see that Harleigh was safe. At a little distance, the waters of the bay broke on a beach of hard, silvery sand, and Harleigh, in a tiny canoe which would hardly have afforded space for the accommodation of a second person, and which Alice knew belonged to Mildred Daeres, was just pushing off from the shore.

Bird-Voice, with the golden arrows of the sun glancing in and out among her ebon hair, which was ornamented with a wreath of delicate and many-colored shells, and with lips parted with a smile, stood in front of a rude though picturesque lodge, watching him. Harleigh waved his hand to her, and then applied himself diligently to paddling his canoe. In a few minutes he rounded the headland, and could see that Mildred was standing on the upper step, awaiting his arrival.

She was skillful in the science of attitudes, and the haughty grace of her magnificent, almost Amazonian beauty, was now artfully softened and toned down, in a way which she knew would be fascinat-

ing to Harleigh. Her pensive air, in striking contrast with the sparkling and breezy freshness of morning, produced a favorable impression.

"A lovely morning," said she, in a soft and sweet tone of voice.

"Exhilarating, too, is it not?" said Harleigh, while at the same time he remarked that her countenance wore an expression of melancholy.

"It should be, I suppose," was her reply; "but the truth is, my spirits are too much depressed for me to be alive to the cheering influences of nature."

"What causes the depression? Has anything happened?"

"I believe I should answer you in the negative; for why should it affect me thus, even if Alice is guilty of an indiscretion?"

"What second indiscretion has she been guilty of? I thought her eagerness last evening to see upon Falkland's hint was enough for the present."

"Nothing very serious. I am foolish for letting it affect me thus. But then, you know she is the same to me as a dear sister."

"Tell me what she has done."

"That for which I, at least, should hardly blame her. She took an early walk, and so have I. I expected to meet you, and she, no doubt, knew very well who the one was that was waiting in the woods, though the distance and the morning mist, still hanging round, prevented me from having a distinct view of him."

"It was Falkland."

"I don't say that it was."

"Harleigh sprang from the canoe, and Mildred, descending the steps, took his place."

"You are not afraid to cross alone?" said he.

"Not on such a smooth sea as this."

With a graceful inclination of the head, Mildred turned away, and the next moment was darting lightly over the blue waters. Harleigh did not move from the spot where she had left him.

"Harleigh."

His name was spoken in a low, sweet voice, and a hand, at the same moment, was laid timidly on his arm. He turned at the sound of his name.

"You are abroad early," said he.

"Yes. I have sought you to tell you that you are in danger, and may be still."

"If danger threatens any one, I should think it was you rather than me."

"O no; I have nothing to fear from him."

"You think he likes you too well for that?"

"Not he; but he does."

"You mean it then?"

"Should I conceal it, what reason could I give you for his attempting your life?"

"Attempting my life?"

"Yes."

"How? When?"

"This morning? not an hour since. Had not Bird-Voice been close by your side, he would have shot you with his rifle."

"I had little opinion of Gilbert Falkland's morality, but I didn't think him had enough to attempt a person's life."

"It isn't Falkland that I mean."

"Who can it be, then?"

"Gabriel Guthry."

"And you didn't meet Falkland in the woods this morning?"

"Neither in the woods nor elsewhere."

"It was Guthry you went to meet?"

"Not to meet, but to watch him."

And Alice related to Harleigh those incidents of the morning already known, and how her fears for his safety had taken alarm, in consequence of what Guthry had said to her the preceding evening.

"I have wronged you, Alice. I have suspected you without sufficient cause," said Harleigh, when she had finished her recital.

"Of what have you suspected me?" she inquired.

"Of preferring Falkland to me."

"It was indeed without cause."

"Have you forgotten that at his request you released this beautiful hair from its bondage? It was a request I shouldn't have ventured to make, even though a half-hour before you had permitted me to believe that you preferred me above all others."

"He never made any such request, and if I was not sorry that Mildred refused to restore the ribbon which, at the moment we were about to enter the room, she playfully snatched from my hair, it was because I hoped what I believed to be my improved appearance would please, not Falkland, but you."

"Can what you say be possible?"

"It is true."

"I believe you, my sweet Alice. I have been basely deceived."

He was about to tell her the way and manner in which Gabriel Guthry, whose approach had been concealed by some bushes, suddenly stood before them.

(To be continued.)

How a Hedgehog Fights a Snake.

"Several years ago I was an interested spectator at a combat between a hedgehog and a huge black snake," said W. D. Ingraham of Memphis recently. "I came upon the scene just as the hedgehog began the attack upon the snake, which was lying stretched out on the road asleep. The hog advanced cautiously upon the reptile and seized its tail in its mouth, giving it a sharp bite. Then he quickly withdrew a few feet, and, rolling himself into a compact spiny ball, awaited developments. The snake, upon being thus rudely awakened, turned in fury upon its antagonist, striking the hog again and again with its fangs. The wily hedgehog, securely entrenched within its spiny armor, remained perfectly motionless all the while, allowing the snake to keep up the attack. At every stroke the jaws of the snake would become filled with the spines, until at last, exhausted and bleeding from dozens of wounds caused by the needle-like spines of the hog, the snake gave up the battle. This was evidently what the hedgehog was waiting for, as he immediately proceeded to roll over the snake again and again until he had completely disemboweled his victim."

Densely Populated British Parish.

Islington (London) is the most densely populated parish in the United Kingdom. A return just issued by the medical officer shows that at the present time there are 112 persons living on each acre, as against 68.8 persons at Bolton, which ranks next on the list.

The good or evil we confer on others often recoils on ourselves.—Fielding.

Science AND Invention

With his electro-magnetic gun, Professor Birkehead, w.o. has been experimenting at Christiana, expects to hurl one thousand-pound projectiles much farther than they can be thrown by explosives.

All the blood in the human body passes through the heart in about three minutes. The heart beats seventy times a minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, throwing out 2½ ounces of blood a second, 656 pounds an hour, 7½ tons a day. It is only when supplied with pure, rich blood that the heart, an organ six inches long by four inches wide, can accomplish this enormous amount of work and rebuild its own wasted tissues.

In an account of the recent survey, under British government auspices, of the Maldive and Laccadive Islands in the Indian Ocean, the habits of some of the hermit-crabs that inhabit them are described. These animals, it is said, were once inhabitants of the sea, but have forsaken the sea and taken to living on the land. They, however, retain the habit of protecting the abdomen with some hard shield or covering, and one of the pictures illustrating this peculiarity, in the published report of the explorations of the islands, shows a crab which has taken possession of a broken coconut shell, and is traveling about with the vulnerable part of its body safely ensconced therein.

Recent experience shows that science should go hand in hand with civilization in the development of new countries, and often it should be the pioneer. Sir Harry Johnston avers that the British government might have saved as much as \$2,500,000 in the construction of the Uganda Railway if it had previously expended \$100,000 in enabling men of science to investigate the geology, climatology, botany and other scientific aspects of the region. Germany and France have shown an appreciation of the great utility of such investigations in the settlement and exploitation of their colonial possessions. Every day the practical value of branches of science commonly regarded as almost purely intellectual in their claims to attention is being demonstrated.

Evidences of the gradual revival of solar activity, as manifested by the presence of dark spots on the face of the sun, are becoming more numerous and conclusive. It is considered certain that the sun has now passed the minimum of the spot period, and during the present year many spots may be seen. The increase of a sun-spot period is more rapid than its subsequent decline. The minimum just passed has been somewhat long-drawn-out, and the return of the spots has been awaited for a year. In March the first spots bearing all the traits of those that belong to a new period were seen in the sun's northern hemisphere, in latitude 25 degrees. It is characteristic of a new period that its first spots appear far north or south of the equator, while at the end of a period they are near the equator.

WHERE HE WAS GOING.

The Western Bully Decided He Was Going to Get Off.

The following story of how a bully was subdued on a railroad train by a courageous conductor is told in the Baltimore Sun by D. E. Monroe of the Baltimore bar. Mr. Monroe was coming eastward over the Atchison Railroad one night in the fall of 1877. The train stopped at Dodge City, which was then the most important point for the shipment of cattle in southwest Kansas. Some of the worst characters on the frontier made their headquarters there. A number of passengers of the true frontier type boarded the train.

Among them was a fellow who particularly attracted my attention because of his burly form and coarse, and I could not but think, cowardly features. He wore a suit of buckskin profusely adorned with a fringe of the same material. "Bully" was written in his unattractive face and was shown in his every movement.

The conductor of the train, a very courteous and efficient man, rather small of stature, named Bender, some time after leaving Dodge City, came through the car, collecting fares. Bender had some nasal trouble, which made it appear when he spoke that he was talking through his nose. He rumbled out his words very slowly, and altogether his utterances were rather lroll. He approached the Dodge City bully and asked for his ticket.

"Got no ticket," he said surlily.

"Where are you going?" drawled Bender.

"Goin' where I please, and it's none of your business where I'm goin'," replied the bully.

"You've got to pay your fare or get off this train; and I want to know how far you're going," again demanded Bender.

"I tell you I'm not tellin' you or any one else where I'm goin'," replied the bully, at the same time placing his right hand on one of the two revolvers of large caliber conspicuously displayed in his belt.

The bully during the colloquy had emphasized his words with the coarsest profanity. The other passengers in the car became a little excited, and were evidently curious to see what the end would be.

When the bully thus threateningly gave his ultimatum Bender eyed him coolly for a moment in silence, then passed on, collecting his fares. In per-

haps half an hour Bender came into the car from the direction of the express car with a double-barreled shotgun cocked, and before the bully had time to offer any show of defiance Bender had him covered, the muzzle of the gun being within two feet of the bully's face.

"Now where are you going?" said Bender, coolly drawing out the question through the nose.

"I'm goin' to get off," replied the thoroughly cowed bully.

A brakeman pulled the bell cord and the train came to a halt. Bender, keeping his man covered with the cocked gun, followed him until he saw him jump from the steps of the car into the darkness, at least twenty miles from the nearest station. Then the train moved on and the passengers settled into a normal quiet.

HORRORS OF THE BLACK CELL.

Terrible Method of Punishment in the French Prisons.

It was in Ile Nou that Mr. Griffith saw the terrible cachot noir or black cell—that engine of mental murder which the sentimentalism communitas has substituted for the infinitely more merciful lash. The cachots noirs were never opened except at stated intervals—once every morning for inspection and once every thirty days for exercise and a medical examination of the prisoner. Mr. Griffith stopped at the doors of two cases of "ten years' solitary confinement in the dark," and asked for the doors to be opened. The commandant demurred for a moment. Mr. Griffith's credentials were explicit and the doors were opened.

"Out of the corner in one came something in human shape, crouching forward, rubbing his eyes and blinking at the unaccustomed light. It had been three and a half years in that horrible hole, about 3 feet long by 1½ broad. I gave him a feast of sunshine and outer air by taking his place for a few minutes.

"After the first two or three the minutes lengthened out into hours. I had absolutely no sense of sight. I was as blind as though I had been born without eyes. The blackness seemed to come down on me like some solid thing and drive my straining eyes back into my head, and the silence was like the silence of upper space.

"When the double doors opened again the rays of light seemed to strike my eyes like daggers. The criminal whose place I had taken had a record of infamy which no printable words could describe, and yet I confess that I pitied him as he went back into that living death of darkness and silence."

It is scarcely three years since Mr. Griffith witnessed this atrocity. It is a relief to know, as he informs us in a note, says the Scotsman, that since then—not, however, by legislation but on the authority of the Minister of Colonies—this terrible punishment has been made less severe.

DIED IN PRISON.

Inventor of French Telegraphic System Met Sad Fate.

Only the other day there died on Devil's Island, the French convict settlement off Cayenne, the man who invented and patented the telegraphic system now universally adopted in France, and known as the multiple transmission system. Victor Nimault, 20 years ago, was an electrical employe of the French telegraphic service. In 1871 he discovered and legally protected a system of multiple transmission, on which he had been busied for years. Almost coincidentally a M. Baudot, being a personal friend of M. Raynaud, the director of the Telegraphic Department, found favor with that gentleman, and the Baudot system was finally accepted and universally adopted as the better of the two. Victor Nimault brought actions against M. Baudot and M. Raynaud, and, after losing lawsuit after lawsuit, fired at and mortally wounded M. Raynaud. The unhappy inventor was tried, sentenced to imprisonment for life, and in due course was sent out to Cayenne. Twenty years having elapsed, he was recently pardoned by President Loubet. A subscription made by his friends in France left by the same boat which took out his pardon. But it arrived too late, for Victor Nimault, who had been ill for some time, died the day before port was made. The irony of it all is that poor Nimault's system has been in use in France for many years now; for, after he was sentenced, it was found to be preferable to the one adopted and approved by Raynaud, the then director of the Telegraphic Department.

Mineral Waters for Senators.

United States Senators are supplied with bottled mineral waters at government expense. Nearly every committee-room has something like a bar attachment. It is usually in one corner, behind a screen and next to the wash-bowl. The bottles of fizz water are supplied by colored messengers, who bring them in buckets of ice, like champagne. The excuse for the expense is the poor quality of the Potomac water.

Lamp lighter on a Bicycle.

A Parisian lamp lighter makes his rounds on a bicycle, with a long torch carried over his right shoulder. He guides the wheel with the left hand, and is so expert that he lights the lamps without dismounting.

Shakespeare.

More than 250 references to Shakespeare by his contemporaries have now been collected.

A fat woman who has trouble in getting ready-made dresses to fit her has been advised to try a circus tent.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Savory Jelly.

To make the savory jelly use two quarts of good meat stock, a quarter of a pint of sherry, one-eighth of a pint of tarragon vinegar, four ounces of sneed gelatine, and three whipped whites of eggs. Put all the ingredients into a saucepan, and whisk them together until they boil, then leave them to boil gently for five minutes. Strain the jelly through a coarse tea-cloth, stretched fairly tight into a basin, strain again into another basin, and so on until the jelly is perfectly clear, using a clean basin each time. It is now ready for use. This of course makes rather a large quantity, but by halving the amount of the ingredients a smaller quantity can be made.

To Clean Carpets.

If carpets be very dirty they will look better and brighter for being washed with soap. Beat the carpet to free it of dust, then nail it down on the floor and wash it with a lather made with yellow soap dissolved in hot water, with the addition of a little soda. Rub the mixture into the carpet with a house flannel, and then rinse with clean water and rub with a dry cloth. Only attack a little piece of the carpet at a time and finish before going on to another part. If, after it is dry, the colors do not look bright, apply to the carpet a weak solution of alum in water.

Facts About Eggs.

Eggs boiled twenty minutes are more easily digested than if boiled ten. They are dry and mealy, and are readily acted upon by the gastric juice. The yolk of an egg well beaten is a very good substitute for cream in coffee. An egg will season three cups. Hoarseness and tickling in the throat are relieved by a gargle of the white of an egg beaten to a froth with a tumblerful of warm, sweetened water. Beat an egg fifteen minutes with a pint of milk and a pint of water, sweeten with granulated sugar, bring to boiling point, and when cold use as a drink. It is excellent for a cold.

Aprons for Housemaids.

In well-regulated houses the housemaids are supplied with large gingham working aprons that replace or cover the white apron while the work of unsticking or cleaning is going on. These aprons are of pink and blue plain gingham, made with a square bib and a deep pocket. The skirt is long and full, protecting the dress thoroughly. The mistress adds to the outfit a dust cap to match. By keeping the caps and aprons in sets of different colors and patterns and insisting that they shall be so worn it is easy to see that they are laundered sufficiently often.

Roly-Poly Pudding of Tinned Fruit.

Make a light suet or butter crust for boiling, roll it out the size required, and have the contents of a tin of peaches or apricots or plums chopped rather small, without the syrup, and dusted with caster sugar and flour. Spread it on the crust, roll up tightly, and then roll and tie in a cloth and steam or boil three hours. The syrup should be boiled and thickened with a little arrowroot or cornflour, and served with the pudding as sauce.

Sweetbread Croquettes.

Prepare two sweetbreads, parboil them and cut in small pieces, cut one can mushrooms into small pieces also. Put into a saucepan one tablespoonful each of flour and butter, and when the mixture is smooth add one-half a cup of cream; heat and add the sweetbreads and mushrooms. When very hot, take from the fire and add two well-beaten yolks of eggs. When cool, form into croquettes and dip in egg and crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Gingerbread.

One teaspoonful of ground ginger, the same of baking powder, added to one pound of flour; warm together one pound of golden syrup and a quarter of a pound of clarified dripping or butter, and mix this well into the flour, add one egg beaten up with a tablespoonful of new milk. Have ready some shallow baking tins, buttered and warm, pour the mixture at once into them, and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Ham with Cream Sauce.

Heat a frying pan very hot, and into it put slices of raw ham. Do not use any fat to fry it. When crisp take it out and lay it on a hot platter. Add one cupful of milk to the fat in the pan; when it boils thicken it with one tablespoonful of flour; season with salt and pepper. Pour the sauce over the ham and serve.

How to Cut Meat.

In cutting breakfast bacon, lay the rind side down on the meat board, cut down to the rind as many slices as are needed, then cut it off in a block. Turn edgewise and cut off one end, then the other end, the inside, and last the rind, and you will have trimmed all the slices nearly as quickly as you could have trimmed one.

Stewed Loyster.

Cut the boiled lobster fine; put it in a stewpan with a little milk or cream. Boil up once; add one tablespoonful of butter, a little pepper, and serve plain or on toasted crackers. Cook the lobster just long enough to heat it, as cooking it longer renders it tough.