

but I shall never forget that evening! We were just an informal party of eight. of whom two were host and hosters. New-ton Wyngate was the host, a tall, slient, dignified, pale man, who wore eye glasses and a pointed heard, and who always frightened me, although I tried not to show it.

all took place five years ago at Easter

He is well known in London for writing articles on selentific subjects which nobody ever reads, and people have never got over his marrying my cousin, " Baby " Brydone, ten years ago.

Baby " is lovely and extravagant and witty and silly; she is always in boisterously high spirits and can't spell a bit. But she and Newton are quite happy together, although she sometimes makes a pandemonium of their flat in town with her bohemian receptions and supper parties. Newton has a "den" in the country, where he can write in peace, but what he writes about I don't know in the least and 1 never dare to ask.

That particular, never-to-be-forgotten evening we were not so boheminn as usual. I live in the country, but I was staying with the Wyngates in town, and I remember I was in a state of intense excitement that day because I had made up my mind that a man I liked immensely was going to ask me to marry him.

The man was Ralph Bridgenorth, a great friend of Newton Wyngate, and a journalist, although he looked like a soldier.

Such a splendid man, big and broad and gray eyed and clear skinned, a man who looked you straight in the face and thought a little before he spoke. He had hence of men friends, but women didn't care much for him, They called him "heavy" because he had no conversational slip slop and because he respected women too much hung about in the hope that if she wouldn't go she might to chaff them or flatter them. He was only 38 then, but his curly hair was gray and he looked as if he had lived and suffered a lot.

"Baby " thought fit to warn me against him.

" Don't lose your heart to Ralph whatever you do." she said. "He hasn't got sixpence and he doesn't mean to marry. He used to be rich once, but he threw away all his money on some horrid little married woman and now he has to work for his living."

I did not like Ralph Bridgenorth any the less for this back of this tale, however, as I found out from Ralph himself

I had met him six times and I had made him talk. About himself, too, and that was a difficult matter. He matter a bit, for he sat on Baby's right hand at supper knew my county and the uncle and aunt with whom I and Baby talked for two. lived. He loved the country and horses and dogs and riding to hounds as much as I did, but he talked as though life were over for him, and when I took him to task about that he sold he had "been through a good bit," and was "old enough to be my father."

That was nonsense, for I was 22 that year and I told him so. The next time we met was in Kensington gardens by accident, and sitting under the trees in the "flower walk " I got nearly the whole of his life out of him, bit by blt, and simply loved him for it.

The "romance" was a half cousin, rather like me. she was, he said-but then men never seem to know what she always reminded me of a battered old cheap doll at a women are like. She had "yellow brown bair" anyhow, and "great blue eyes" and a soft voice, but between the lines of his story I made up my mind that she was an artful little cat.

She turned his head when they played about country lanes as children. Of course, they were to marry each other, but at 17 she married a great brute of a man, who treated her dreadfully and half murdered her.

Then the trouble began.

She ran away with her child and begged Ralph to take care of her and he behaved just in the beautiful, chivalrous way one would have expected from bina, as if she had been his own sister. He provided her with a home and got half murdered by her dreadful husband, who was finally locked up in a lunatic asylum, where he died.

Of course, one would have said Ralph would have married the widow, but after spending nearly all his money (for she must have been awfully extravagant) she died, too, in a decline, and Ralph thought of her as a saint. " And that is the true story of the only woman I ever

loved-until three weeks ago," he said to me.

feel inclined to talk any more, so I made a move for home. He was to come in to supper after my cousin Baby Wyngate's "at home" on the day after Easter.



SENSATIONAL EASTER SUPPER PARTY

GERTRUDE WARDEN

slip in to supper unobserved. There were six of us there, with Baby and Newton,

by five minutes to 8, and we were walting for Ralph and Kensington gardens. I took such a fancy to him as soon as we met that a friend of his he had asked permission to bring.

"A chance for you, Ethel," Baby had said to me, "A said, young baronet, Bir Evelyn Welbye, who has just unexpectedly come into the title and £12,000 a year. He's about your age and I'm told he's the handsomest man in Lon- plied don. Ralph's awfully taken with him and won't go anywhere without him."

I suppose it was my bad inste, but I did not admire story. Baby told stories about everybody and half of Sir Evelyn Welbye a bit. He was too much like an abthem she invented. There was a little bit of truth at the normally tall girl dressed up as a man, with his great blue eves and long curled eve lashes and his vellow hale His manners were gentle and nice enough, but he seemed by took it into her head to remark on the " charms " with shy and had nothing much to say for himself, which didn't

> The way in which the guests sat at that table meant what it's got inside." a great deal to me then and afterwards, so I must de-

The table was oblying; only one person could alt at each end and Newton faced Baby as usual. On Baby's left was Mons, de Gallicas, a little, lively, shriveled up man, who was supposed to be an Italian count, but who was dreadfully poor and gave lessons and did translations. Next to him was Mrs. Clewson, who was going on snewhere else and was in full war point. It is difficult to describe Mrs. Clewson to people who have not seen her; French fair. Nothing about her ever matched. She wore a dress of rose pink satin that night, bought at a sale (she bought everything at sales), with chiffon sleaves of ite another color and no end of spangles. She was always trying new hair dyes and I remember that her hair

that evening was bright red. Jewels were stuck all over her. In her hair she wore "fender" of sapphires and diamonds, round her neck were strings and strings of pearls of all sizes, shapes, and colors, every dirty little finger (and her fingers were always dirty) was covered with rings, and all down the front of her long thin frame there meandered a massive gold necklace to which she had hung a quantity of charms" in gold and lewels.

The party being composed of four ladies and four gentlemen, two ladies and two gentlemen had to sit together, so on the left of Mrs. Clewson the Hon. Mrs. Fothergill Manhing sat, at Newton Wyngate's right.

I know I have prejudices, but I could not bear Mrs. Fothergill Manning. She was what is called a "showy " woman. She had a booked nose and a small waist, a pat-It was three weeks since he met me, but I saw he didn't ronizing manner, and a shrill laugh. Not a hair on her head was unfrizzed or out of place, and she took hardly any notice of the women, but told stories that I am sure were risque to her host all through supper, while she glad Ralph and the young baronet across the table with her hard blue eyes.

We all got on famously, being beautifully paired. Ralph contrived to ask me in the noise every one was making what I thought of the story he had told me in

"The more I think of it the more I like the hero." I

Would you advise the hero to marry?" he asked. If he can find a woman who understands him," I re-

He thinks he has," he said, looking straight at me. This was delightful, and I could have gone on talking like that half the evening; but we were getting near the dreadful thing which made that supper party memorable.

The servants had left the room. Every one was talking and laughing, when Mrs. Fothergill Manning suddenwhich Mrs. Clewson had loaded her gold chain;

"There's the oddest sort of plerced cashet among them," she cried in her high voice. "I'm dying to know

"You'd never guess!" said Mrs. Clewson, who loved to have her ornaments talked about. " It's the most valunble single stone 1 possess, a big diamond in a perfect heart shape. It's the only one in England. They say it brings one luck to have a stone like that, and I dare not have it set lest it should be injured. So I bought this little antique case to keep it in."

On this, every one clamored to see the stone, and Mrs. Clewson unfastened the casket and good naturedly sent it round the table.

It certainly was a beautiful diamond and of a most uncommon shape. Jewels do not particularly attract me, but I admired it as the others did, and we all amused ourselves in fastening and unfastening the spring of the case and taking the diamond in and out.

Hvery one was talking at once, telling stories about time Mrs. Clewson's heart shaped diamond is not in the ebrated and odd shaped jewels. Mrs. Clewson's cusket was a long time at our end of the table, but it was finally handed back to her, and not until fully ten minutes later did she suddenly break into a little hysterical laugh and slowly, stop the conversation by rapping sharply on the table with her fan.

"Of course, I know it is a joke," she said in a high. nervous voice. " But, please, will the person who is keeping my diamond hand it back to me now, as I am going Newton's loud, monotonous counting. Not until he had almost immediately?"

Dead Milence followed.

We all looked at each other, and I noticed that Ralph - rake possible-1 felt the right arm of my neighbor, Ralph had grown ghastly pale. I thought nothing of it at the ment, for we all scenied uncomfortable. Meanwhile Mrs. Clewson had opened the little gold casket to show Newton that it was empty.

"Mrs. Clewson is right," he said, looking extremely annoyed. "Will the person who is keeping back the diaing more than a common thief! mond for fun please hand it back to her at once?"

Did it end there? you will ask. No, thank heaven, it did not! But I was doomed to wait two whole years before I learned the truth.

and have st

It came to me in the most singular fashion.

I had been avoiding London, getting my aunt and undle to take me abroad. But I had to come up to town at last on the marriage of an old schoolfellow of mine, my dearest friend. And almost the first person I recornized at the reception after the wedding was Ralph Bridgenorth.

Until I saw him I had no idea how much I liked him still. A thought he looked aid and worn and worried, but his face was as frank and trustworthy as it had always seemed to me.

He grew pale when our eyes met, and I felt myself growing crimson. But he only bowed and did not attempt to speak to me

Sir Evelyn Welbye was with him. I disliked the young baropet's appearance more than ever and thought his big. blue eyes looked downright silly. I was anary with myself for longing so ardently to go up and speak to Ralph. and I made up my mind to leave as early as possible.

The bride's two sisters were conducting a large party of the visitors round the little drawing room in which the presents were laid out. I was looking at them without much interest [for my illoughts were all with Raiph] when a lady just in front of me uttered an odd little scream.

My bracelet!" she cried. " My lost bracelet that my husband gave me. I should know it anywhere?

Every one crowded round. She was a middle aged woman, a widow, whom I knew slightly,

She was rich and known for her beautiful lowels; and this case before which she stopped contained one of the handsomest of the bride's presents, a bracelet of platinum and diamonds in the shape of a smake, with big ruby eyes. In a minute the bride's sisters were assuring her that it could not possibly be her bracelet; but the widow remained

obstinate on the point. "I know it by the setting," she asserted. "It slipped

off my arm at the hunt ball at Lelcester just a year and a half ago. I was chaperoning a girl there. Shall I prove to you it is my bracelet?"

The bride's sisters, who were naturally extremely uncomfortable, could not prevent her from taking the bracelet from its case.

"If it be mine, as I can swear it is." said the widow, there is a spring in the scruent's head, and under a cluster of diamonds there is a tiny pertrait of my boy Harry as a baby of 2."

"There is no spring or portrait in this bracelet," the bride's elder sister was declaring when, at the widow's touch, the cluster of diamonds flew open and the portrait of a baby boy was exposed to view.

In the little commotion which ensued the bride's mother joined the group around the bracelet, and seconed equally astonished and annoyed when the affair was explained to her.

" It must be some mistake!" she said. " The name of the sender is by the present. It is from a wealthy friend of ours, Sir Evelyn Welbye."

"Sir Evelyn Welbye was at the hunt ball at which I fost my bracelet" cried the widow. " He danced several times with the girl I chaperoned. He is here today. Let him be sent for to explain this!"

Suddenly, above the circle of excited women's faces. I perceived Ralph Bridgenorth approaching the bride's mother, and before any one had time to say more, he drew her aside and began talking to her in low, earnest tones.

The end of it all was that within the next few days silver sweet dish. I shall be commelled to lock the doors, the widow had her bracelet back.

There had been " a mistake," it was said, and the affair He switched off the light and began to count aloud was hushed up as much as possible.

But the light had dawned upon me. Before the guests I don't know how everybody else fell, but I know that left that afternoon I went boldly up to Raigh Bridgenorth. 'Sir Evelyn Welbye had stolen the widow's bracelet." I said. "And it was Sir Evelyn Welbye who took Mrs.

Clewson's diamond at my cousin Mrs. Wyngate's house two yeavs ago. You got it from him and placed it in the sliver dish."

"That is true," he said, gravely. "For the sake of his mother, who put him in my charge on her death I have done my utmost for him. But he is growing beyond me now. His father was mad and poor Evelyn is a kleptomaniac

"And you knew," I whispered, "that your action alized in those instants of darkness that the man I had might be misunderstood-as it was-and yet you only grown to love, the man I would have married, was notacared to shield him ""

"But it does!" I panted out. " Pray forgive me!"

It was a dreadful thing to do in a drawing room, but

Ralph took both my hands in his and asked me where

" He is my cousin's orphan son. Could I spoll the beginning of his career by letting - transverse thread security

And I shall have something to say to you then," he said as he took leave of me before the door of the flats and squeezed my hand so tightly that my rings hurt my fingers.

I had made up my mind to take him. I did not care for and I did not believe any story against him, and as to his having no money, as Baby sold, I had f700 a year, and surely that would be enough for us both.

So you see I was in a great state of excitement all through the day which ended in that dreadful supper party. Every half hour I looked at the clock and longed for the people to go and 8 o'clock to come, for 8 o'clock meant Ralph!

They had all left at last, to the last old lady, who

To the left of Newton I was seated, and on the other side of me was Ralph Bridgenorth, looking handsomer than I had ever seen him yet, and so frank and manly and good that I never should have suspected-but I am going ahead of my story!

On Baby's right, as I have said. Sir Evelyn Welbye was seated with Ralph on bis other side. I heard Ralph ask Baby that "the boy," as he called him, might be put near him.

"He's not used to going out and he's shy." Ralph explained.

"He won't be shy with me," said Baby,

Nobody moved.

'It's really too odd'" Mrs. Manning said with a little shiver. Probably it's on the floor."

"Shall we ring for the servants and have the room conrolled?" suggested Faby.

Nobody else spoke or moved. Suddenly Newton sprang from his chair, looking white couldy,

and angry and determined. Crossing the room, he stood by the door, with his hand too miscrable to care. His departure and that of his and he came to see me the next day. immediately over the batton which controlled all the

ordinary coarse salt of commerce

electric lights in the room. There is a big silver dish for sweets in the middle of the table," he said. "I am going to turn out the electric lights and count twenty aloud slowly. When I have

finished I shall turn on the light again. And if by that

Burlty.

Cheese-

and serve quickly.

ggs till stiff and dry, add one cup rich un-olored creamy cheese finely grated, season

some fine slfted soft bread crumbs, merely

mace and a speck of salt. Mix thor-

the stiffy beaten whites. Turn it into the

Newton ceased, the lights flashed out, the diamond arkled in the silver dish. But Ralph turned towards me his father's madness was in him? What people think of as Mrs. Clewson was taking back her jewel and he read me does not matter. in my face what I knew.

send for a detective, and have everybody searched. Now!"

I was trembling from head to not with excitement and

reached the number fifteen did I notics any movement at

the table. But on that number-there was, alas, no noise

Bridgenorth, suddenly move forward; then came a tiny

click as the lowel was dropped into the silver dish. To

my utter astonishment, to my shame and despair, I re-

At first there was not a sound in the darkness but

From being pale he grew crimson. Never had I seen any one look more guilty. The next moment he had risen the tears rushed to my eyes; I actually cried. and was taking leave of my cousin and her husbandwas staying in London. I almost sobbed out the address

Towards me his manner was colder still, but I was friend was the signal for the breakup of the little party.

nervousness.

VAU

Not one word did I say to the Wyngates as they discussed the unpleasant incident. Both of them suspected Mrs. Pothergill Manning, and I could not undeceive them. But I left London next day and took the screet of hearts back to my country home.

Just five minutes' talk explained everything and those horrid two years were forgotten. And that is the true tale of how I nearly lost and

finally won the only man in the world for me, the man I have loved and appreciated aright ever since that after-

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Practical Hints for the Busy Housekeeper . . . By Ada M. Krecker.

We All-

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Have duties to society, but entertaining is not one of them. There is no more obliga-tion for a woman to entertain than there . is for a man to swap horses with his neighbors. The conditions as they now exist are identical. The neighbor may desire to swap his horse, but no man is bound on that ac-count to exchange his own for it against . his wishes.

The real and sometimes neglected duty to society is hospitality, which has an impor-tant distinction from entertaining. It is hospitality only when the entertainment is without hope of reward. The moment he host hopes to receive in exchange even a good opinion, a little affection, or admira-tion it ceases to be hospitality and becomes entertaining. The foundation of hospitality

must be perfect unselfishness. It is for one's acquaintances to decide on one's social qualifications and it is their flat that is final. It is for one's self to find out what there is to give out and to offer it

without apology, while they decide whether they care to accept it or not. Any function planned so wholly within the

resources of the giver as to leave the mind untaxed with anxiety and free to devote Itself to the interest of the guests is sure to be successful. Individuality is something non to every human being, and to make it felt the only thing necessary is to be sincere.

A woman is quite right in trying to adopt methods of the successful social leaders The mistake made by most she knows. women is that they try to imitate results instead of methods. The characters of different society leaders differs in many points, but one thing is almost invariably remarked of them, that is that they take their own course in social life, imitating no one. course is generally spoken of as a result of their position. As a matter of fact, the po-

sition is the result of the course.

Eggs-

CRADLED,-Have a saucepan nearly full of boiling water, drop in the eggs carefully, cover, set back where the water cannot boil, and cook six or eight or ten minutes, ac-cording to the size and freshness of the eggs, A fresh egg, full to the shell of albumen, requires more time than an older egg that has lost something by evaporation. This is why there is so much variation in the cooking, and unless one knows about the age of eggs it is difficult to have them always done to the desired degree

CURRIED .- Six eggs bolled twenty minutes cut in quarters or slices. Cook one ten-spoon fine chopped onion in one tablespoon butter till soft and yellow, add one level tablespoon corn starch mixed with one teaspoon or more, if liked, of curry powder, add gradually one-half cup each of milk, cream, and strained tomato, salt and pepper to taste; when smooth add the eggs and serve when .

> spoon mixed whole spice, one-half leaspoon salt, and strained. Put one rounded table-spoon butter in chafing pan, add tomato, onehalf cup crumbled cheese, and when hot drop

In four whole eggs. Shake in a little paprika. selves or to talk too much of ourselves. It bottom of the vat, whence once a day or once Lift up as they cook, and when whites begin to thicken stir the whole until creamy. rve on wafers or toast.

TURNED.-This dish is prepared in the chafing dish. Put one heaped tenspoon but-ter in the hot blazer, break an egg in a saucer, slip it off into the butter without breaking the yolk, sprinkle with sail and aprika, draw the cooked while toward the better than going to any extreme, however enter to prevent spreading too much. When strongly one may feel. paprika, draw the cooked white toward the the egg is firm add a bit of butter, turn it ver, and brown on the other side. TIMBALES.-Bent six eggs slightly, add

one teaspoon sail, one-quarter teaspoon pep-per, few drops onion juice, one and one-balf cups milk. Pour into buttered molds; stand the molds in a pan of hot water, cover, and cook about twenty minutes or till firm to the touch. Remove to a hot platter and serve.

A Woman-

Who can use her needle has a resource of comfort denied those beings who can only In control aware those beings who can only find transpullity or diversion from wearing thought in a pipe or cigar. And she has the satisfaction of knowing that her employ-ment amounts to something and will not variable a schemetric. vanish in a cloud of smoke. Bright fancies and posite thoughts are ften woven while the hands are builty em-doyed with needlework, and even homely

sending and stocking darning are no bur-iers to thought's widest range. Margaret Fuller, whose brilliant mind and wonderful intellectual powers are as yet unrivated by any of her sisterhood in American literature, was an efficient and ever ready heiper in the family sewing. Her work, it is said, was always done beautifully. never slighted.

We all know Penelope and her artful ruse to keep the sultors at hay and soft arruit rus-to keep the sultors at hay and smile with womanly superiority at the stupidity of the lovers who were so wofully ignorant of the capabilities of the needle. The famous tapestry wrought by the quese of William the Conqueror is a faithful picture galiery and invafueble to the historier.

and invaluable to the historian. The improvements of machinery have done away with the necessity of the seam, which was indispensable for a sheet in the days when lines was woven in harrower widths. But the "long white seam" was a favorite But the "long white seam" was a favorize task given to young girls, and sweet wore often the day dreams sewed into it. There is a personality almost in one's needle, and we cannot embroider or durn or do any kind of mending without its aid.

Unqualif.ed Praise-

Is seldom called for, neither is unqualified condemnation desirable. The great poet found good in everything.

It is the overdoing of things that leads to difficulties, even as too much study may weaken the eyes or destroy the health, thus preventing, for a time at least, further ac-quirement of knowledge. tomate, which has been stewed with one small onion, one-half inch bay leaf, one-half tea-spoon mixed whole spice, one half teaeral use of extremes is upt to arouse suspi-cion as to sincerity. Absolute perfection is, indeed, rare, and exaggeration plays a grand

part in conversation. It is well not to think too much of our-

is well not to dwell too much upon family or society and lend a fictitious value to absolutely empty things. The use of superlative words often tends to destroy the impression that we wish to

convey simply because we overdo things. A light curb, a little thought regarding things of this life, seems to accomplish the end much

Many a Lobely Creature-

With clumsy manners has failed to turn her beauty to account, and many a plain woman with graceful and genial manners has achieved social fortunes to be admired. A triumphal career is due no less to peer less loveliness than to the cordial and de lightful ways that win all hearts. The manners which evince a warm interest in others without the timidity that hinders its express without the intrusion which makes one's self too prominent are the manners as

orent as beauty. Perfectly regulated manners, indeed, often require a dramatic aptitude for throwing one's self into the Meutity of others, losing one's self for the time in each new individual. There must be almognition of self, and a nuclek good will to parry the shaft that might wound.

There must be a light hearted bravery which never allows one to be put down by a triffle. by pomposity, or ill temper, or bruilshness in any guise, and always makes asy the ulterance of the apropos word. There must be a capacity for keeping one's

temper under all conditions, and a reticence neerning annoyances, personal or domes-These winning manners can exist without

reference to the minor matters of etiquette. whose rules vary from one generation to an-other, and in their variations proclaim themselves matters of fashion.

These manner fashions are to be regarded, nd regarded with all their triffes, when life n the wider world has given us knowledge of bem, each triffe in etiquette adding its grace to the bearing and address.

But without this pluratillo plensant man-ners are perfectly possible, and they are to be cultivated as a duty. Old Lady Mary in Mrs. Oliphant's romance kept everybody com-fortable so that she would be comfortable herself. The root of all good manners is an including unsafely and unsafers is an absolute unselfishness and unceasing care for others

Aristotle needed not to call manners the lesser morals. They are among the largest if preferred. If the cheese i and broadest morals giving expression as it slightly with sweet cream. they do of our feeling for our fellow man.

The Process-

The Woman-

Of the middle ages, whether lady of the Of making salt is most simple. There are three varieties of the same general method, manor, mistress of the city residence, or guardian of the humble cottage of the peng-The brine pumped from the wells flows to huge settiers or tarks where impurities ant, was remarkable for business shilling. The Florentine indication of the scono-The Florentine monaton of the most pop-mies of Xenophon was one of the most popsink to the bottom and are drawn off. The fluid next passes into long shallow wooden

ular books of the renaissance. vats called grainers. In each of these grainyears later Olivier de Serres, a French writer ers are several colls of steam pipe connected on rural and household affairs, could still describe the mistress of the matsion its with great boliers of sufficient capacity to keep the brine at or near the boling point. Xenophon had described her; and Montaigne, Evaporation does the rest. This water rises avowing that he had no concern with busi-

in two days it is lifted out upon the drip boards by workmen armed with steel shovels relinquish to his wife the planting and reap-ing of his crops, the oversight of his masons, with perforated bottoms. After drying for negotlating of bargains for him, the cola short time the sait is shoveled into push carts and wheeled to the storchouse, where it tion of debts due him, and the keeping of is accounts while he, as one of his countrymen said, "dawdled through Italy at his must lie for at least two weeks before ship ment, drying out. The process produces the leisure.

Montaigne also said, "The most useful and honorable science and occupation for the mother of a family is that of domestic Table and dairy sait are made by the same basic process, but these products pass through a series of manipulation to secure economy. I see many who are avaricious, but of real economists I find but few. This greater dryness, finer grain, and superior indeed is the mistress' quality-the one that should be sought above all others, the dowry that will either ruln of save our establish-

CHEESE CROQUETTES .- Melt one even Two women allled by marriage to the famablespoon butter, stir in two rounded tableof ha Rochefoucauld gave to the sevenspoons cornstarch, then add one cup hot cream; when thick and smooth, stir in four teenth and eighteenth centuries examples of the wisest administration of extensive countablespoons grated Parmesan or sage cheese and a dash of paprika. When the cheese try and city establishments. The former, Jeanne de Schömberg, duchess of Liancourt, drew ur a scheme of administration in which nelts add quickly one cup mild cream cheese in small, thin slices, and turn at once into we discover a broad conception of family finance; and the latter, Augustine de Montfamily a shallow pan to cool. When cold, cut into nall diamond shaped pleces, or triangles preferred, cover them with fine bread mitail, duchess of Dondeinville, not only ad-ministered her own estate but brought the umbs, beaten egg, crumbs again, then fry e minute in deep smoking hot fat. Drain large hereditary property of her exiled hus-band through the reign of terror, and "left the family of Le Rochefenesuid in the un-CHEESE SALAD,-Press cream cheese usual position of landed proprietors when

through a ricer into salad bowl. On top of it put a little bar-le-duc jelly, and around the early all the French nobhity were irrerlevably ruined." sige put a border of watercress. Priss h dressing sandwiches with this course

CHEESE PUFFS .- Beat the whites of two Of The commonplace man, let it be said that he has no talents as that word is usually employed.

with a dash of cayenne pepper and a few drops of horse radish vinegar; then stir in He never seems to be bored by the things He hears and by the people about nim. He just listens with a pleasant expression, dea hold the eggs and cheese together. Make into small balls and cook quickly in deep, smoking hot fat. Drain and serve hot. noting how thoroughly, nay, how ensity, he is entertained. He advocates no reforms. CHEESE CAKE-Rub six rounded tableoons butter till creamy, then stir into it if cup powdered sugar and heat till light. makes no after dinner speeches, indulges in no puns, is not witty and knows it, and does hair cup powdered sugar and teat through Beat the yolks of four eggs till thick and lemon color, lhen add them to the butter mixture and beat again. Add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and two rounded tablespoons of flour mixed with half teanot mind taking unattractive women down to supper.

The mon never run after him to be a feature at stag parties; he belongs to no club, has no views, never poses, never stays out nights, and is never called brilliant. But when it oughly. Press through a potato ricer one pound fresh cottage choose. Lightly blend it with the other ingredients, then fold in comes to the life by the ingleside, he is one of the world's noblemen.

Have you never such the chlidten dashing up the street to much him when he comes dish and bake in a quick oven. The same mixture may be baked in small pally pans if preferred. If the cheese is dry, moisten home at night? Does he ever forget to buy the baby's shoes, and doesn't he atways have nickels in his pocket to be converted into Juvenile prizes at a moment's notice? Make no mistake about this commonplace

man. Probably he will never go to con-gress. But probably he will go to heaven. And heaven may be better than congress.

Maple Sugar-

MAPLE SUGAR -- Mix two pounds maple Fugar, a quatter teaspoon cream of tartar and one cup water. Boll in a granite or porcelain kettle until a little of the sirup will form a soft ball when tested. To test drop a little of the sirup into lood water and immediately roll it between the thumb and floger, and if it will readily form into a soft bell it member to use as little of the mixture as posin vapor and the crystallized salt drops to the ness and was glad that "women do find is cooked shough. Set it away in the kettle sible, or you will do more harm than good.

delight in managing affairs," could safely until it is almost cold, then peat until creamy then pour into a shallow buttered tin pan When perfectly cold turn the pan upeld

down, and the cream will drop out. Cut into small squares with a sharp knife. MAPLE CARAMELS.-Make a rich maple sirup by bolling maple sugar with a little water. To three cups of this sirup add two cups light brown sugar, three tablespoons glucose, and half a cup of bolling water. Stir all together, then boll until it will snap when dropped into ice water. Now add a cup of rich sweet cream and half a cup of butter, and let it boil until it will snap when dropped into ice water. Keep stirring it all the time. When done remove from the fire and pour into a shallow builtered pan to cool As soon as cold cut it into blocks and wrap

ach in paraffin paper. MAPLE BALLS.-Cook without stirring two cups grated or fine maple sugar and one cup water. When it becomes brittle dropped into ice water add one heaping tablespoor good butter. Remove from the fire and beat antil creamy. When cold enough to handle make into balls and put hait an English walnut on each side

Some Sensible Suggestions-When Serving Broiled Fish-

Or ham squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on it just before serving. Plant Insects-

May be kept away from plants in winter by laying tobacco stems on the earth in the

Old Tablecloths-

May be utilized by cutting out the best leves and neatly hemming them for dainty tray cloths. An edging of lace is a great improvement.

When Making a Call-

And finding a number of other guests present on entering the room always speak to your hostess first. If you do not know the other guests, she will then present you

To Cure Neuralgia-

Baturate a cloth with the essence of pep-ermint and apply it to the affected part This will sometimes remove the pain but it is generally wise to consult a doctor in such CREEK.

Frozen Ment and Fish-

Should be thawed slowly. Place the meat a the warm kitchen and the fish in cold water. In freezing the watery juices are separated from the fibers of the meat, which

usual way. The bran absorbs the moisture and leaves the leather soft and supple. It can be used over and over again.

Ink and Olive Oil-

Mixed in equal proportions, painted on the glove with a feather or soft brush, and then allowed to dry, will improve shabby kid gloves immenaely. Suede ones may also be treated in the same way. Re-

s thas impoverished. Wet Boots-Should be filled with dry bran, laced or buttoned up, and hung in an airy place—but not near the fire—to dry. Then rab a little vaseline or enstor oil well in and polish in the