

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER VI.

The two companions walked on for some distance without speaking, for they both had plenty to think of, and each seemed to have thoughts which he wished to keep from the other. Goupart was the first to break the silence.

"Louis," he asked, in a half careless tone, "does Simon Lobois love your sister?"

Louis fairly started at the strange question, and after gazing at his companion for a moment, as if to assure himself that he had heard aright, he replied:

"Love her? Simon Lobois? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I ask. Has Simon Lobois ever thought of marrying your sister?"

"Why, what a question! Are your wits turned? But why do you ask?"

"Simply because I wish to know."

"Ha! Goupart, you suspect something. Now, out with it. If you love me, tell me all. Am I to be a fool?"

"I cannot say that I really suspect, Louis, but I can see some small streaks in the wind, and I should like to find which way they lie."

"Do you think, speak up."

"Then listen, Louis. You heard the answer that the villain gave when you asked him who sent him to kill me? He said he did not mean to kill you. Do you believe he spoke the truth then?"

"Yes, Goupart, they meant to kill one of us, and only one. The arrow that came near your head was meant for you, only you must have moved after the shaft started. Had they meant death for both of us, we should hardly have known what killed us, for then they would have been at home in their work. When we started up, they could not shoot you without endangering my life, and thus they got bothered. They were mistaken in their estimate of my character, for they really believed, when they drew their tomahawks, and commenced their death-work, and since, that we should be frightened out of our wits."

"It was not Goupart's men to hesitate, but it was not for a long time."

"I have reason to believe that he hates me. Now, why should he be so? While I knew him in France, we were on the most friendly terms. To be sure, I used to beat him at the pistol, but then he more than made up for it in the sword play. But we were the best friends imaginable. Now, however, he hates or fears me, and the more he tries to hide it, the more plainly can I see it. Now, when comes this, if not from his fear of losing Louis?"

"I cannot say, but there is a show of substance about it. I have always thought that Simon was a man to love deeply."

"To love what?"

"Why, any female."

"Ah," returned Goupart, "he may have a strong affection for her, but he has a thousand pieces of hard, yellow gold. The dying man said, if you remember, that there was a strange bird in the eagle's nest."

"Yes, yes."

"I might have feared that suspicion would fall on me, had not I been one of the intended victims. But tell me, Louis, what you think of it."

"I know not what to think now! But you have touched a strange point. We will watch Simon Lobois when we reach home."

"We will watch him?"

"Ag," resumed Louis, upon whose mind the startling suspicion seemed to work now, "we will work it so that we will come upon him suddenly; and while we tell of our adventures, we will note his face. I have loved that man in days gone by, for he has been faithful to me, yet I have found him growing somewhat strange of late. Had what's that? Louis, as I'm a slinger! Goupart, I'll ask her a question now, ere we reach the house."

"The two hunters had now reached the field next to the dwelling, and they saw Louis, accompanied by Tony and one female slave, coming to meet them. As soon as the first merry greetings were over, and Tony had taken the venison, Louis drew his sister aside.

"Louis," he said, assuming a smile, though he felt it not, "I know you will pardon me, but I ask you a very foolish question, but yet I hope you will answer me truly. Has Simon Lobois ever said anything to you whereby you could suspect that he wished to possess you for his?"

"Why, Louis, what has put such a thing into your head?" uttered the beautiful girl, looking her brother in the face with a smiling expression.

"The thought has come to me, and it is really for my interest to know. Now tell me if he has ever let drop any word to that effect."

"Really, Louis, I ought not to—"

"Ah! you've exposed yourself. Now out with it."

"Well, then, he has."

"I told him I should fear he was crazy if he ever spoke so again."

"Then he spoke plainly—"

"I'll tell you, Louis. He swore he should die if I did not wed him; and I laughed at him, and told him he was crazy. I never dreamed of such a thing before."

"And when was this?"

"On the very next night after Goupart's arrival."

Shortly after this the brother and sister allowed St. Denis to rejoin them, and Louis was not long in making him understand the truth. They took the way around back of the barn, so that no one could see them from the house until they arrived, and thus they reached the hall, Louis just caught a sight of Lobois standing upon the piazza, and looking earnestly off in the direction of the river path. The youth bade Goupart remain behind, and then he walked out upon the piazza. Lobois started when he saw him.

"Ah, safe back!" uttered Simon. "Where's St. Denis?"

"Alas, I fear he's a prisoner!" returned Louis, sadly.

"A prisoner! How?" articulated Simon. And as he spoke, the youth looked

in vain for the first expression of sorrow.

"Why, I left him just now with Louis, and when you said, I think the poor fellow's captured! But what's the matter, Simon?"

"Nothing—nothing; only you startled me somewhat when you said St. Denis was a prisoner, for I knew not but that some rogue had of Indians might have fallen upon him, leading upon such matters is rather out of place. And with this Simon Lobois walked away."

"Ah, Simon Lobois!" muttered Louis, to himself, after the man had gone. "You were started in the wrong place. 'Twas the truth that startled you, and not the fact."

Lobois did not show much of his real feelings when he sat down to the table, for he came in smiling to the supper room, and hardly had he taken his seat ere he turned to Goupart and said:

"Think, master Louis, came high frightened me a short time since. He told me you were a prisoner, and, for the moment, I feared you had really fallen into the hands of the Indians."

"Well," returned Goupart, "we both of us came within an ace of it; so Louis had some foundation for his report."

"How?" asked the other, in a surprised tone. "Did you meet with any danger?"

"Only six stout Indians, who tried to kill Goupart, and take me prisoner," returned Louis.

Simon Lobois did not appear surprised, but he trembled, and the color flushed his cheeks. His eyes were watching him, and he looked up with a startled, incredulous expression, while the old man made three ineffectual attempts to ask a question. But Louis relieved him by commencing with the first sight of the fellow who died by the tree.

"They were Natchez," said the marquis, breathlessly.

"No. They were Chickasaws—all of them."

For the next few moments, various and the questions asked and answered, and the old man seemed about equally balanced between astonishment and pride in his brave boy.

"But what could it mean?" uttered Simon, who felt it necessary to say something.

"It, what could it?" repeated Louis, trembling with apprehension, but very strangely indeed, looking often and longer upon Goupart than upon Louis.

"Yes—that is," cried the old man, "what could it mean?"

"Why," said Louis, "I can imagine but one cause. They know your wealth, father, and they must have hoped that if they could secure me, they would have received a great ransom for me. They probably saw that Goupart was a stranger, and so they tried to get him out of the way, in order that he might not expose them."

Simon breathed very freely now; and the marquis looked upon this as a very probable explanation of the mystery.

After supper, Louis and Goupart embraced the first opportunity to be alone together.

"What think you now?" asked Goupart.

"O, Goupart, I know not what to think! I cannot believe it possible that Simon would do such a thing, and yet things look dark against him. He has asked you for his hand—asked her earnestly and perseveringly."

"And she—what was her answer?"

"Why, as you may suppose, she laughed at his folly."

"Then I fear he is at the bottom of this. But let us watch him. We will keep our eyes upon a secret for a while at least, and while we exercise the utmost care for ourselves, we will watch him close."

"You are right, Goupart. I will only make one suggestion, and that shall be old Tony. He is a keen, quick-witted fellow, and I cannot only trust him, but I can depend much upon his sagacity. He has been with my father ever since I was born, as you know. He was one of the first fellows who were taken from the wreck of the slave at the Cape de Verdes, and he went to France with my father from choice. He alone shall help us now."

And thus the matter was left for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

Another week passed away, and nothing further occurred to mar the pleasure of the young people at the chateau. Of course, a dark suspicion sometimes threw a cloud over their souls, but then they saw nothing new to worry them, and they had begun to hope that, after all, their danger had its rise in the capriciousness of the Chickasaws. And during this week, too, Simon Lobois had been making a study of the situation before him. He was not an evil man at all. At any rate, they tried to hope so. Tony had seen nothing yet, though he always shook his head very dubiously when the dark cousin's name was mentioned.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and Goupart wandered off to where some beautiful wild flowers were just peeping into blossom down by the river's bank in the front garden. But he was not alone. Louis was with him. He had not asked her to come with him, nor had he asked her where he was going. They had both come to a seat where a huge grapevine had been trailed up over and about it. They stopped here and sat down. The sun was already nearing the distant tree tops, and the air was soft and balmy.

"Louis," spoke the young man, at length, and his voice was very low and tremulous, "do you remember the great garden lack of the old chateau in Clermont?"

"O, yes; I remember it well," returned Louis, "and I can remember how we used to go out there and pick flowers, and how you used to weave long garlands with your tiny fingers, and throw them over my head?"

"Yes, Goupart; I remember very well."

"Yes, yes. And yet, in all, they were no happier than we find them here now, for my father was not happy there."

"I know—I know. And after all, what is happiness, but the offspring of content? There were happy hours there in the old chateau, and I have seen some happy ones here."

"O—and we'll see a great many more," said Louis, do you remember how we used to laugh and talk there in that old garden, and in the old chateau, and how you used to pluck and pluck me?"

"Yes, I remember very well. And how well you used to bear it."

"And do you remember how you used to pluck my cheek, and box my ears?"

"And why was it? Why did you do those things?"

"Because—because you used to peck me."

"How did I peck you? Come—now tell me." And as Goupart thus spoke, he reached out and took the fair girl's hand.

But she made no reply. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and the warm, rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"If you will not tell me, may I tell you?" whispered the young man, tremulously.

"But I may have forgotten what you mean," said Louis, casting a furtive glance up into her companion's face, but dropping his eyes again when she found how eagerly he was fastened upon her. "You used to peck me in many ways."

"Yet I can remember of but one. Shall I speak it?"

"Certainly you may speak."

"Then I was for calling you my little wife that you used to do those things. And more, too; you used to assure me that when you became my wife in earnest, you should be strong enough to pluck and box me as I deserved. Don't you remember?"

"But—oh! I was a child then," murmured Louis, trembling.

"Ay—and we were both children. You were then a laughing, buoyant girl of ten, and I a wild youth of seventeen. Those were the times when the heart hid none of its emotions. Ah, Louis, many a time since then have I looked back upon those hours, and tried to analyze the emotions that moved me then. It seemed strange that I should have then taken an image upon my heart that the hand of time could never efface—and that, too, the image of a mere child. But do you remember when the painter, Vignol, came to the old chateau, and I hired him to paint your miniature on ivory?"

"Yes," murmured Louis, now looking up.

St. Denis opened his vest, and from beneath it he drew a golden tablet that opened by means of a spring. He pressed it, and the case separated, revealing a sweet face—a childlike countenance, yet full of soul and life. The golden hair hung in wild profusion about the dimpled cheeks, and a beaming smile dwelt in the deep blue eyes, and upon the parting lips.

"Do you know what that was taken for?" Goupart whispered.

"O, yes—'tis me," he said. "I remember it well. O, how like Louis it looks!"

"Because it looks even now like you!" But listen, Louis. Seven years—yes, eight years—I have owned this sweet portrait, and not for an instant, during all that time, has it left my possession. Never have my eyes closed to sleep but it has rested upon my bosom, and never a waking hour but I have worn it next my heart. Think you I have forgotten the sweet face of my boyhood?"

Gradually the fair girl's head sank upon her companion's bosom, and when she looked up again, her eyes were filled with tears.

(To be continued.)

TRADES FOR LONG LIVES.

Callings that are likely to make you live over one hundred years.

No trade in the world is better and healthier than dye-making from coal tar. It is no unusual work that comes near it, for tar, and the smell of it, is the finest of all tonics and disease-builders; so much so that the average life of a tar-worker comes out at 94 years. The mortality is 80 per cent lower, too, than in any other factory trades.

Distilling saccharin from the tar is equally good, and the bony framework and circulation of a worker in tar is always first-class. Malignant diseases are almost unknown in aniline-dye factories, and even in epidemics the workers suffer little. And there is nothing like a tarworker for keeping off influenza. Yet the work of actually making the tar, which falls to gas and coke works, is virtually unhealthy, because of the sulphur fumes; but when the finished tar is passed on to dyeworks it brings with health and strength, and the weakest men improve when working in it.

Eighty-six years is a marvelous average, by the way, for the average of the population is forty-nine.

Still better, although not a factory trade, like tar-working, is cow-keeping. Not herding cows in the country, for that is neither more nor less healthy than any other farming work, but tending cow stables. Here the average length of life is 85, and scores of stabled cowkeepers live over the age of 100. This is because a cow is the only animal whose presence is thoroughly healthy for man—the very breath of a cow is beneficial. Consumption and kindred ill are utter strangers in cow stables, and the best thing a man can do to lengthen his life is to look after cows, and, if possible, sleep in a room above the stable.

There is a very strange difference in trades that go on side by side in the way of life-lengthening. The labor of whittling a barrow, in particular, has such a strengthening effect on the muscles and joints that confirmed barrow-wheelers show the best average in all the building trades—nearly 77 years. This is largely because, if a man wheels a barrow properly, the wide-apart arms open the chest, and help to strengthen the lungs in a wonderful way. Whereas, though wielding a pickaxe seems as if it should be a fine exercise, it really knocks the life-average down to 45. The partly sitting position, and the bent-forwards position of the arms, contracts the chest dangerously, cramping the lungs, till they are easy victims to pneumonia.

Iron smelting puts ten years on to the average life of a man, if he has good lungs to start with; but if he is weakly, it is liable to cut him off altogether. Coal mining is not good, but copper mining brings the average up to 80 years with a run, for the constant use of the ore, when powdered, has an extremely strengthening effect on the blood and nerves.

Bringing Him to Terms.

"I would like to have your photograph for an article to be published in our Sunday paper," said the representative of the sensational journal.

"Couldn't think of it," said the man whose sudden fame was due to the fact that his son had eloped with a variety actress. "I have no desire for notoriety."

"Of course," was the reply, "if you prefer to have me sketch you from memory after I get back to the office—"

"Take it!" cried the man, hastily tendering the photograph. "I've been so long of those memory sketches."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Peonizing.


Resident—Think of opening an office in this neighborhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician.

Young Doctor—Yes, but—er—er—I shall only doctor children at first.—New York Weekly.

There is a great difference between being buoyant and flamboyant.

George Washington

First in War,
First in Peace,
First in the Hearts
of His Countrymen



He left an estate valued at about \$800,000. He was the first and only President chosen unanimously. He never made a set speech during his long public career. He exercised the veto power twice in the eight years of his Presidency. He had light-blue eyes, verging on gray, and his hair was a dark brown. He was six feet and two inches high and had large hands and feet. His face showed marks from the effect of an attack of smallpox. He was a very good horseman and fond of riding, racing, driving and hunting. His "Farewell Address," published Sept. 15, 1796, is one of the most profound documents ever penned by an American. He was a member of the Masonic order, which, in his day, was the leading, if not the only, secret society. He was fond of instrumental music, especially the lute, on which his step-daughter, Elleanor Parke Custis, was a skilled performer. He loved animals and his horses and dogs were all fine blooded stock. Lotteries were common in his day and he was a frequent investor. He also bet on playing cards, of which he was fond. His mouth was large and he had a habit of clucking his jaws, when in a serious mood. He had portraits of himself painted by Peale, Wright, Ramage, Trumbull, Savage, Sharpless, G. Stuart and others, of which no one can be accepted as entirely satisfactory. He was a hearty eater, and a moderate wine drinker, but did not use tobacco, although he raised it for export. Like Lincoln, he was fond of the theater, and attended whenever he had the opportunity. He could swear with surprising vigor and earnestness, and at times was known to get into towering fits of anger. He was always in doubt as to his own ability and was never adverse to receiving advice from friends.—St. Paul Globe.

THE COUNTRY IN WASHINGTON'S DAY.

Think, my fashionable dames of to day, of a national capital in 1800 in which the audience room was used by Mrs. President Adams as a place for drying clothes. Congressmen lodged wherever a board could be found. Yellow fever drove the population of New York and Philadelphia into the country. Grass grew in the streets while they were away. The population of Ohio was 45,000. Of Tennessee 100,000, of Kentucky 221,000. The number of postoffices was 503, miles of post routes 21,000 and annual revenues \$231,000.

The acquisition of the Louisiana purchase and the opening of the immense domain of the West to the settlers was about the last act which assured the permanency of the republic and laid the way for the marvelous prosperity following. The sewing machine did not exist, nor the steam road, nor a mile of railroad track, nor grain elevators, nor packing establishments, nor electric lights, nor pneumatic tubes, but the spirit of the people was already abroad and unquestioned, their faith in the God of the republic stern and unrelenting. How could they fail, led by Washington, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Randolph?

The farm lands under cultivation in the entire country were less than 10,000,000 acres, although that in corn now exceeds 80,000,000 acres, in oats more than 25,000,000 acres, in wheat more than 40,000,000 acres. The annual wheat yield at the opening of the century was less than 2,000,000 bushels; it is now over 550,000,000 bushels. The cotton acreage was about 1,000,000 acres; it is now 24,000,000 acres and the annual value of the product about \$300,000,000.

Schools were few and books scarce. In fact, such books of value to be had were those carried away from foreign lands when emigrants fled to the colonies to escape persecution. Such poetry, prose or paintings as came forth were poor imitations of foreign standards. Only in theological documents and state papers did the thinkers of the United States take precedence at that time of all other nations. It is not a matter of national boasting, but of world-wide credit, freely given, that the state papers of Washington, Franklin, the Adamses, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Jay and others contained a pure and vigorous English, a clearness of thought, a mastery of lucidity such as no documents of similar character in the old world bore.

So, too, the theological discourses of Jonathan Edwards commanded for the same reason profound admiration, as did as well the oratory of Randolph, Henry and Fisher Ames. But school facilities were few and far between, the accommodations most rude. The total value of all school property in the country in 1800 fell below \$1,500,000; the total school attendance was about 600,000, and the teachers engaged in the work not over 10,000. At the present time the enrollment in the common schools exceeds 35,000,000, the average daily attendance 11,000,000 and the number of teachers 500,000.

Over a Century Ago.

On Feb. 23, 1809, the obsequies of George Washington were officially celebrated at the national capital and were also observed in every city of the nation. The greatest American was also the subject of eulogies throughout the civilized world. Washington died on Dec. 14, 1799, after a few hours of great suffering. He passed away at half past 10 o'clock in the evening, and by his side were his devoted wife, his secretary, Col. Tobias Lear, and his two lifelong friends and physicians, Drs. Dick and Craik. The last words he spoke were, "It is well!"

In these days, when Washington's memory is revered by every one, it seems

THE POET'S LITTLE JOKE.

He Handily Outwitted the Tricky Oriental Monarch.

An Arab king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory any poem which he had once heard. He had, too, a mameleke who could repeat a poem that he had heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice. Whenever a poet came to compliment the king with an ode, the king would promise him that if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money equal in weight to what they were written upon.

The poet, delighted, would recite his ode; and the king would say, "It is not new, for I have known it some years." Then he would repeat it as he had heard it. After that he would add, "An this mameleke also remembers it." And the mameleke would repeat it. To make the proof seen plainer still the king would then say to the poet, "I have also a female slave who can repeat it," and on his ordering her to do so she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard; so the poet would go empty-handed away. Dr. E. W. Lane, in "Arabian Society in the Middle Ages," gives the story of a poet who outwitted this king:

The famous poet, El-Amsal, having heard of this proceeding, and guessing the trick, composed an ode made up of very difficult words, and disguising himself, went to the palace and presented himself.

He repeated his ode. The king, perplexed and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the mameleke, but he had, too, retained nothing. Then he called the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word.

"O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt. Produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised."

"With thee," said the poet, "send one of the attendants to carry it?"

"To carry what?" asked the king. "Is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?"

"No, my lord the Sultan," replied the poet. "At the time I composed it there was not a piece of paper near me upon which to write it, but only a fragment of a marble column; so I engraved it upon this, and it lies in the court of the palace."

He had brought it, wrapped up, on the back of a camel. The king, to fulfill his promise, was obliged to make a heavy drain upon his treasury; and to prevent a repetition of the experience, in future rewarded his poets more justly.

CLEAN CHIMNEYS.

Cheap Means Which Any One Can Use.

The tendency of pipes and furnace flues to fill with soot is so marked that any suggestion of a convenient remedy for that condition is worthy of serious consideration. A correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press says that zinc burned in the furnace is very effective. Just throw upon the fire a handful of zinc filings, or a piece of sheet zinc as large as your hand, and it clears away the soot as if by magic. Once a week will suffice. Shut the door quickly after throwing in the zinc. Our informant says his family has used this method for forty years, and never had occasion to employ a chimney sweep.

As the Pioneer Press suggests, this remedy is not expensive. A worn-out zinc washboard will furnish enough of the metal for six or eight ounces. And if you have to buy sheet zinc, 25 cents' worth will suffice for a single fire all winter. Even when soft coal is used in hard coal stoves any furnace, the zinc will keep them open, so that those who have been unable to secure anthracite will not be seriously inconvenienced by the change.

If this recipe from St. Paul is all that is claimed for it, the inconveniences of using soft coal are reduced to a minimum, and its cheapness more than compensates for being deprived of hard coal. If it will keep the chimneys clean the dangers from fire by burning out, are both avoided.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Perishable Goods.

In a Vermont village there lives a young man who has reached the age of 24 with no apparent thought of taking to himself a wife, although all his companions have either "settled" or left the place. He is regarded by the entire community as a confirmed bachelor. His mother looks upon his state with a sadness which has afforded more or less amusement to her summer boarders.

"There's one of his last pictures," said the mother, displaying a photograph on a small card. "It's a good likeness, isn't it? Getting kind of drawn round the mouth, same as his pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been wanting he should have a dozen taken so I could give 'em round to his friends—young ladies—for sometimes a picture standing on a bureau, facing right to you every morning, will start a kind of affectionate feeling. I've been waiting in the hopes he'd think of it himself, but when I saw this spring that he was beginning to fade and show his age, I took matters right into my own hands, and marched him to the photographer quick as I could. I only hope some good may come of it."

Tinkled Sheridan's Fancy.

Gen. "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did laugh the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked, 'Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'"

A Necessary Evil.

"My dear sir," said the physician, "you should take something for your liver."

"Impossible, doctor; it would ruin my business—I'm a book reviewer!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Plain Loaf Cakes.

Cramp a cup of butter with two of sugar until soft and smooth. Add the beaten yolks of five eggs and whip up till light. Stir in a scant teaspoonful of cold water and about three cups of prepared flour or enough to make a good batter. Last of all fold in the stiffened whites of the eggs with as few strokes as possible to incorporate them; flavor with vanilla and turn at once into a greased loaf tin. Bake in a steady oven, covering for the first twenty minutes with brown paper. Bake until a straw comes out clean from the center of the loaf. If you have not prepared flour, sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a salt-spoonful of salt with the flour.

Baked Custard.

One quart scalded milk, four to six eggs, one half cup sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, few gratings nutmeg. Beat the eggs till smooth, add the sugar and salt and the scalded milk slowly; strain into a buttered dish or mould, or cups, and grate a little nutmeg over it, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm, and a knife blade put into the custard comes out clean. During the baking care must be taken that the water surrounding the mould does not reach the boiling point or the custard will wobble. Use four eggs for the custard, excepting when it is put into a large mould to be turned out into a dish, then use six eggs.

Rice Flour Pudding.

Take a quart of milk, leaving out enough to mix with three ounces of rice flour, put the rest in a saucepan over the fire. When it boils add one ounce and a half of sugar, one-half ounce of sweet and a few bitter almonds, blanched and pounded, or chopped very fine, one ounce of butter, and a small piece of vanilla bean if convenient, if not, flavor at the last with vanilla extract. Mix the three ounces of rice flour with milk, reserved from the quart, and stir into the pudding. Beat one egg yolk with half a cup of cream and stir in just before removing from the fire. Turn into a mould that has been dipped in cold water and serve very cold with fruit and sauce.

Duck and Olive Sauce.

Put two dozen olives into a china bowl and pour hot water over them; let them remain in this for twenty minutes to draw out the brine. Put two tablespoonfuls of salad oil in a frying pan and add one slice of onion, and when this commences to color, add one ounce of flour. Stir until smooth; after it has cooked for two minutes, add one pint of stock and let simmer. Pare the olives around, taking out the stone. Place the olives in the sauce; add the juice of one-half a lemon, salt and pepper. Have slices of cold duck ready and put them in the sauce. When hot turn out on a platter and serve.

Apple Jelly.

Quarter tart, ripe apples and bring slowly to a boil in a preserving kettle. You may add a very little water to prevent scorching. Stew until broken to pieces, then turn into a jelly bag and allow the juice to drip through. If you want clear jelly do not squeeze the bag. Measure the juice and to each pint of this allow a pound of sugar. Return the juice to the fire, heat the sugar in pans set in the open oven, and when the juice has boiled for twenty minutes turn in the sugar, bring to a boil and fill the glasses.

Cheese Souffle.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a spider, add to it a slightly heaping tablespoonful of flour and one cup of hot milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper and one cup of grated Parmesan cheese; then add the yolks of three eggs beaten light, remove from the fire and let it cool; then add the whites of eggs beaten stiff, turn into a pudding dish, bake twenty-five minutes and serve immediately.

Cranberry Sauce.

Boil two cups of sugar and one cup of water about five minutes, add a cup of cranberry juice and serve hot. If a thicker sauce is desired stir in one-half or one teaspoonful of corn starch (made smooth in a little water); let cook ten minutes, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice to accentuate the flavor and a teaspoon of butter.

Fried Oysters.

Select large oysters, drain and dry on a napkin, season with salt and pepper. Lift each oyster by the tough edge and cover with fine dry bread crumbs; then dip in beaten egg to which has been added one tablespoonful of water, and again in bread crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat; drain and serve on a warm platter.

Suggestions for the Housewife.

All canned fruit should be kept in a cool, dark place.

Drop a little lump of sugar among the turkeys while cooking; it improves them wonderfully.

To boil cream the day before enhances the richness of the coffee into which it is poured.

Salt should always be washed from butter before it is used for puff paste, as it retards its rising.

To remove the smell of onions from a saucepan fill it with water and drop into it a red-hot ember.

Milk is better for being kept over night in small tins than if a large quantity is kept over in one vessel.

When scouring zinc, use a little kerosene or bath brick, pulverized, and lime. Wash in hot water and polish with common writing.

A stone jar with a close cover is one of the safest things to keep matches in. Place on a high shelf out of the reach of the children.

Bake custards by setting the cups in a pan of water. This cooks them very evenly and makes them less liable to become watery.

A tablespoonful of turpentine put into the copper will whiten the clothes boiled in it and will prove an economy both of soap and labor.