

One Rainy Night

By Grace Evelyn Griffiths

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"Uncle is in trouble, I fear," said Netta Drake and she looked anxious and sorrowful.

Her confidant was Reuben Black and she had an earnest listener. She stood just outside the fence where Reuben had been raking hay, so pretty in her modest muslin garb that his eyes expressed his open admiration. Her own drooped at the ardent glance but not until she had detected the sincere sentiment of sympathy and interest in his clear open face.

"I wish I knew why and how," spoke Reuben truthfully. "I hope I may be of help, for Mr. Blake has been a good friend to me."

"I can hardly make it out," proceeded Netta, "but I fear it has something to do with Mr. Drew. He and uncle have never been friends, and you know Mr. Jonas Drake's reputation for trickery and malice. He has hired away every man uncle has working for him that he could bribe or coax. Why?" and Netta looked up again, "he tried to get you to desert us."

"That is true," nodded Reuben, "but he couldn't have been aware of the good treatment I was receiving here." Netta smiled her approval of the loyalty and appreciation expressed. Then she went on.

"Mr. Drew, you know, hired away that Jim Dover. A week afterward Jim broke into the house here and stole a lot of things, including some private papers belonging to uncle. He was arrested, but Mr. Drew came around and had a talk with uncle and Jim wasn't prosecuted. And ever since then uncle has acted strange and worried, just as if there was some mystery under it all and as if he was afraid of Mr. Drew."

"It wouldn't do me to intrude on Mr. Drake with what he might mistake for idle curiosity or impudence," observed Reuben. "But I will watch and see if I can't find out what is troubling him."



Saw Him Shake His Whip in the Direction of the House.

for idle curiosity or impudence," observed Reuben. "But I will watch and see if I can't find out what is troubling him."

The speaker glanced tenderly after the fair girl as she sighed, nodded an assent and went on her way. A victim of hard luck in the city, six months previous Reuben had struck out for the country. He had found a home, indeed, at the Drake farm. More than that, he had found Netta and life had taken on a new and inspiring guise for him.

Reuben placed himself in the way of his employer without arousing suspicion or resentment. The dark cloud, however, did not leave the brows of the sturdy farmer and he never opened his lips on his personal affairs. One day Reuben made a discovery that startled him. He learned in the village that Mr. Drake was planning to mortgage the farm for five thousand dollars.

Reuben did not tell Netta, for he knew the intelligence would grieve her. He was sorely mystified himself, for he could place no reason why his employer should borrow money, unless for some secret purpose. Then twice he saw Mr. Drake come from the direction of the Drew farm, each time looking broken and depressed, and once, as he drew drove by, not observing Reuben standing in the shadow of some bushes, the latter saw him shake his whip in the direction of the house and grin and chuckle as though vastly enjoying some spiteful triumph over the man who in the far past, it was said, won his wife against the efforts of his rival.

Reuben went into the sitting room late one afternoon, to find Drake at his desk counting over a great heap of banknotes, his face colorless and drawn with some mental anguish. He uttered a deep groan and Reuben caught the muffled words:

"In the group of that villain, and I dare not defy him. No, no, for Netta's sake I will make the sacrifice!"

"Mr. Drake," spoke out Reuben, startling the farmer with his sudden and unexpected appearance and intensely moved at the old man's deep distress, "I must speak out."

"What about, lad?" questioned Drake, trying to disguise his emotion with the friendly ban.

"You are in trouble, sir," responded Reuben, manfully. "I have noticed it; your niece has too. Let me help you, if I can, and Netta—"

"Netta!" repeated Drake, with a slight frown.

"She's that to me," declared Reuben staunchly, "for I love her. Oh, sir, do not fear! I have not told her so. You have known it first. Leaving that aside, you have made of me a loyal friend and my heart aches for you."

A quick moisture came into the eyes of Drake. He made an impulsive movement and his lips moved as though he

was about to award some confidence. Then they compressed again.

"Thank you, Black," he said huskily, "but you can be of no service to me in this case. I must bear my burden alone. Maybe later I will tell you; just now all you can do is to drive me over to the Drew farm after supper."

Reuben bowed and retired. Two hours later Drake got up on the seat beside him. Neither spoke during the dreary journey. It had begun to rain and as Drake alighted Reuben drove the horse under the shelter of some trees.

He watched Drake enter the house. Then he made him out through the open window of a lighted room, seated at a table opposite Drew. Reuben got down from the vehicle and crossed the courtyard. For a moment he stood in the shelter of a haystack, watching the two men in the house. Then, almost irresistibly, he was drawn toward the open window. He had lighted his pipe. This he set on the ground, so that no taint of tobacco smoke might arouse the suspicions of the wily Drew. Within the room Drake, stern, pale, a desperate look in his eye, was saying:

"I've brought the money."

"Hand it over," pronounced the evil-eyed Drew, glibly.

"Not till I know I am going to get the notes in return."

"Oh, I've got those in a safe place. Don't get saucy, Drake, or I'll call the deal off. I owe you something for marrying the only woman I ever cared for. Revenge might be sweeter than money."

"You are a monster!" spoke Drake, unrestrainedly.

"And you are a forger!" was the mocking rejoinder.

"Yes," admitted Drake, "to save the farm years ago I forged some notes; but I paid them like a man and no one knew save you, through theft of the papers."

"I'll go and get them," said Drew, and he arose and then with a stare outside uttered a sharp cry. Some sparks from the pipe carelessly placed on the ground near the haystack had ignited it and it was all in a blaze.

"My hiding place—the papers! The notes!" fairly screamed Drew, and, dashing out, he flew toward the stack, but, stumbling over a log, fell prostrate, stunned.

Reuben, striving to pull out the blazing hay, suspended that operation. He dragged Drew out of danger from the blaze.

"Let it burn," he said calmly to Drake, as the latter appeared. "The papers this wretch held over you are hidden in that stack."

Drew raved like a madman when he recovered and found his power gone and himself harmless so far as Drake was concerned.

"It's a trick, a plot! You set the fire!" he raved to Reuben. "I'll have you arrested for arson."

"All right," replied Reuben. "You utter a peep and we'll have you arrested for attempted blackmail."

They left the baffled wretch to his misery and Drake went home a happy man, the dread of his life removed through the unconscious efforts of the loyal Reuben, his son-in-law that was to be.

Dressing for the Party.

On the trolley the other day there were two winsome damsels hanging to straps and entertaining each other in sparkling conversation about what they were going to wear at some function that was soon to happen. They told of their shoes, their stockings, their fingerings, their skirts, their bodices, their neckwear, their hats, their gloves, and every item of their garb and the material thereof, and their conversation seemed almost a symphony in velvets, silks, jewels, that one could imagine them entering the drawing room in pink tulle and flowered voile, the objects of the admiring gaze of all the company.

We would have given a \$5 banknote if we could have caught that conversation on a dictaphone. By the way, why don't the record people get a couple of these fascinating damsels together and have them tell what they are going to wear to a party? It would be very interesting talk, as one might imagine if he had seen that whole car using their auralities in every sort of fashion to catch the mellifluous accents of those gentle maidens telling what they were going to wear.—Ohio State Journal.

His Share.

Billy glowed with rapture. He had won the girl of his heart, and in the sanctity of his bed-sitting room he was discussing his rosy prospects with a friend.

"Yes," he said, while his shirt front expanded many inches; "I think Molly and I are starting married life under the rosiest auspices. Her father is giving us a little, creeper-clad cottage; her mother will furnish it for us; her grandfather is giving us a motor car, and, in addition to this, Molly has a snug little income of her own."

"Excellent!" said his friend, inspired by the young man's enthusiasm. "And you—what are you bringing to the happy union?"

"Me? Oh—er—I'm giving my name!"

Legal Brethren.

"Gabe," said the lawyer to the amazed negro witness, who had been listening to a heated discussion as to the admissibility of certain testimony, "you have followed carefully the various aspects of medical jurisprudence involved in the issues we have before us for adjudication; and in view of that I now desire to know the theory advanced by my learned brother."

The witness cast a triumphant side glance at his own attorney. Then he puffed out his lips and his chest. "Most doubts," he answered.—Everybody's Magazine.

Wicked Pilot Snake.

The pilot snake is this country's boldest, baddest nest robber, which, despite the fact that he is entirely nonvenomous, makes him a not particularly desirable resident, especially to the mind of the blacksnake, resemblance between the two being so close that wickedness of the first frequently redounds to the discredit of the latter.

Nothing Too Good to Be True

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

I never speak the word farewell. But with an utterance faint and broken; A heartick yearning for the time When it should never more be spoken.

When a patient wife who has for years made a cent possess the buying power of two, suddenly hears that her hardworking husband's salary has unexpectedly been raised her first exclamation instead of being, "Oh, I'm so glad, so thankful," is, "It's too good to be true."

Why should anything that happens, any good luck that comes to us, seem at first to be too good to be true? It is usually the unexpected that happens.

When we hear of a wayward youth turning over a new leaf for love's sake and vowing he has sown all his wild oats, intending ever after to walk straight and narrow path, instead of remarking that the young fellow always had more good than bad in him, we are more apt to declare, and in all

seriousness, "It sounds too good to be true."

When a habitual drunkard staggers home after a week's debauch and tells his family he met Billy Sunday who would let liquor alone from that time on, his family chorus in a breath that it sounds too good to be true. They should give him the benefit of the doubt 'ere casting a suspicion on the truth of his declaration.

People have even been known to forget themselves so far as to exclaim, when they heard of the demise of dear old Aunt Mary or Uncle John and that a fortune had come to them in consequence, "Oh! surely that's too good to be true!" They referred to the fate of the deceased or were in a transport of joy over the thought of the fortune they forgot to explain. If a young father is told over the telephone that he now has an heir, a bouncing boy, his first delighted cry is: "A boy, eh! That sounds almost too good to be true!"

Not much of a compliment to the baby girl who happens to accompany the boy, the mother thinks, but when he learns there's an added reason for rejoicing, and that there's a twin girl as well, his words, "That sounds too good to be true," have a doubtful ring to them.

There's nothing that happens to good deserving people or is about to happen too good to be true. We have a queer way of expressing our joy when we put a doubt upon it.

(Copyright, 1916.)

POULTRY POINTERS

To get the most out of poultry we must put something into the business—feed, care, and a lot more of self.

Feed evenly and regularly, not a feast today and a famine tomorrow. Feed the pullets not only for eggs but for growth. They ought to keep on growing for some time yet.

There may yet be days when road dust can be gathered. Don't get so busy at something else that you neglect this important piece of work.

It takes coaxing to get fowls to eat food they are not accustomed to. Keep a box of dry bran where the hens can have access to it.

When pullets start, they usually lay eggs irregularly for a while. Bowel trouble is often suspected with turkeys when it is nothing but worms.

Mature guineas taken to a strange place are very apt to stray off. Every farm should have a few geese on it.

With poultry it is better to have quality than quantity, if we cannot have both. It is not impossible to get winter eggs. What one has done another can do.

Leghorns are delicately adjusted machines, and it does not take much to upset them.

Roup, and many other poultry troubles, are infectious. Don't forget to wash the hands well after handling sick fowls.

Some hens are sold too soon, and many on some farms are kept too long.

Things You May Not Know.

The nation's toll to the fire demon is approximately 5,000 deaths a year and a property loss of \$500 per minute.

The death rate for the registration area of the United States last year was the lowest of which there is any record, 13.5 per 1,000.

The wastage of a great hotel is indicated by the statement made by the manager of one of the leading institutions of the kind, who states that the purchases of food amounted to \$50,000 per month and that 168,000 pounds of this were thrown away after having been served to patrons.

Soda fountains are to be installed in the dining and lounging cars of fast through trains on one of the western railroads.

The United States, instead of Germany, now leads the world in its number of electric steel furnaces; it has 73, as compared with Germany's 33. The capacity of these 73 is less than 5 per cent of our steel output.

The Chinese have taken very quick to the electric toasters sent from this country.

Inasmuch as the number of species of insects inhabiting the earth is far greater than that of all other animals grouped together, it is hardly necessary to state that New Jersey's 10,520 species should not be taken as an indication that this state is an undesirable place in which to live.

The Harvard expert cites instances of Greater Boston girls who have laid

Tennis courts made of rubber have been invented by an Englishman. More than 1,000,000 electric storage batteries are used in automobiles in the United States.

British scientists are studying a mineral found in Wales that emits a faint light in its natural state.

A library table that unfolds and forms a full-sized double bed is a furniture novelty of recent invention.

An inventor has patented a small celluloid disk to be attached to a phonograph needle to intensify the sound.

Preserve Remarkable Plant.

One of the curious heritages of the war is a little park that was established by the Germans in southwest Africa for preserving the Welwitschia mirabilis, a rare plant that is especially notable for its complete adaptation to the desert conditions of its native soil. The plant has a trunk only a foot high and five or six feet across. It may grow for more than a century, but has only two leaves, which may reach a length of six feet and a width of two

FAVORITE OF FILMDOOM



Louiszeta Valentine.

One of the galaxy of movie stars assembled for the production of "The Scarlet Runner," a recently released serial.

American Girl Dreams of "Ideal Man," But Doesn't Marry Him, Says "Expert"

"My ideal man" may be a nutritious morsel of conversation for girls of a romantic age, but the girls don't marry their ideal men, and the earth continues to rotate in spite of the fact that the normal output of "Francis X. Bushmans" doesn't commence to supply the demand.

From Harvard, where important theories in chemistry, economics and philosophy have been evolved, comes the latest pertinent discovery that what girls want and what they get are sometimes totally opposite, don't you know. It isn't a professor emeritus who launches his idea, however, says the Boston Post. It's a Harvard student, whose record of having been engaged three times and thrice disengaged entitles him to as much hearing on such a matter as a string of alphabetical appendages.

Most girls conjure an image of their ideal man, the Harvard scholar asserts. (He's had many other love affairs with-out engagements, so his experience consists of more than three bona fide "cases.") They utter volumes of words about the specifications of their ideals, swear by almost all that's holy they'll wed only such a one—and—bing! before the words have been forgotten the same girls are marrying men whose Bertillon statistics don't dovetail with those of Adonis, or whoever the girls pick out.

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RULES FOR ROASTING PORK

Prepared in This Way, the Meat Will Be Found Both Appetizing and Digestible.

After carefully wiping the meat with a wet towel, lay it on a rack in the dripping pan and place it in a very hot oven, where it will quickly sear over on all sides. Then reduce the heat of the oven and pour into the pan with the fat, which has come from the roast, a cupful of hot water.

Now cut in small pieces two large tart apples and put these into the pan where, cooking, they will give up their acids.

Baste the meat very often with this liquid, adding water when necessary, letting the pork cook slowly and thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper when half done.

A little flour may be dredged over the roast at intervals and a few sage leaves powdered may be sprinkled over it. Sage and pepper sear easily and must be frequently basted.

Apple sauce and horseradish may accompany the roast pork as usual. When the roast is done take it up and pour off all the drippings except two large tablespoonfuls, being careful to retain the brown substance at the bottom.

Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, letting this cook for a minute with the dripping. Add a pint of cold water, stirring well. Add a slice of onion, letting gray cook a few minutes to extract the juice, then remove the onion. Strain gravy. This gravy is free from grease and has a good flavor.

EGGS WITH ANCHOVY SAUCE

Method of Serving Is Something of a Novelty—Makes Delicious Luncheon Dish.

At most delicatessen shops or large grocery stores may be bought tiny little cans of anchovy paste. These sell, as a rule, for 10 cents apiece.

To make the sauce, melt one rounded tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, heated high. When thoroughly blended, add one cupful of milk and the contents of the tiny can of anchovy paste.

When the sauce has boiled up, remove it from the fire, stir until very smooth and pour it over hard-boiled eggs that have been shelled, cut in half and laid face down on the plate on which they are to be served. Pour the sauce over the eggs evenly, sprinkle with a little finely-chopped parsley or celery and dust with paprika.

For luncheon, as an entree, it should be served hot and then the sauce should be poured in an individual casserole or, should this not be handy, in a baking dish. Fresh eggs, carefully opened, are dropped in this hot sauce and a little cheese grated over the top, and paprika, and the whole put in a very hot oven long enough to "set" the egg. This may be served as a course by itself with thin biscuits.

Pilaff of Rabbit.

Having cut the rabbit in pieces, put it in a saucepan in which you have heated two or three ounces of butter or lard. When the meat is slightly browned, season with salt and pepper and add a medium-sized onion chopped in half. Allow it to cook ten minutes, then add six tablespoonfuls of good soup. (Rice used in soups is parboiled in water for ten minutes, and after water is drained off clear consommé is added.) Moisten with about one and a half pints of boiling water and reduce by boiling. Cover pan and finish cooking in oven or on a slow fire 20 minutes.

Banana Cake.

Make one-egg cake, or generally make a sponge cake and bake in round tins, two layers; slice banana on cake and cover with whipped cream; simply lay another layer of cake on first and cover again with bananas and cream.

Whipped Cream—Take one cupful sweet cream, add the white of an egg to give it body, small pinch of salt and whip all together until thick; sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla.

Keep Oven Scrupulously Clean.

An oven that is in constant use should be kept scrupulously clean, if you want to get the best results from it. The shelves should occasionally be scrubbed with strong soda water, and, in addition, they should be painted with quicklime two or three times a year. An oven treated in this way never becomes coated with grease, and there is no unpleasant smell when it is being used.

Broiled Swordfish With Sauce.

Wash and wipe dry and season with salt and pepper slices of swordfish or halibut. Broil ten or twelve minutes (over a charcoal fire if possible). Serve with a horseradish sauce. Cream one-third cupful of butter, add two rounded tablespoonfuls grated horseradish, one tablespoonful mustard, one tablespoonful of hot vinegar.

Tiny Chicken Pies.

To make individual chicken pies (and incidentally to use up bits of leftover chicken) line gem pans with a rich pastry, leaving crevices enough to fold over a tablespoonful of well-seasoned celery hash.

Bake in a quick oven and serve with currant or cranberry jelly and French fried potatoes.

Ginger Leaf.

One cupful each molasses, sugar, butter and sour milk, one teaspoonful each soda, ginger and cinnamon. Beaten yolks two eggs, four cupfuls flour. Last add well-beaten whites of the eggs. Use raisins or currants chopped or whole. Make one large loaf or two small.

Mock Lobster Salad.

Mix two cupfuls flaked boiled duck with two teaspoonfuls finely-chopped pimento, season with salt, pepper and paprika, add two spoonfuls mayonnaise dressing. Stir lightly, pile on crisp lettuce leaves and cover with a good dressing.

Chinese Girl Studies Here.

Mabel Chin Fong, who has been in this country for some time, recently enrolled in Boston university. She will specialize in business methods with the view of returning to her native land to teach.

Milk for the Family.

There is no food more important for the mother of a family to understand than the value of milk. It appears in many dishes daily on our tables and should be used in larger quantities to lessen the cost of living as it is a substitute for many high-priced foods hitherto thought indispensable.

Velvet Sherbet.

Take a quart of good rich milk, the juice of three lemons, two cupfuls of sugar, put all together in a freezer and freeze as usual. A cupful or less of other fruit juices may be used, although the addition of a little lemon juice to any other flavor enhances it.

For the Children.

A dish of wheat that has been soaked overnight, then cooked all day in a dish for the growing child or the man at hard labor. Serve it salted with good hot milk or thin cream. It will be a meal in itself.

A bowl of good rich milk and homemade bread for the small child's supper is the ideal meal.

When eggs are not too high there is nothing more wholesome, more digestible or more nutritious for old or young than custards, baked, steamed or boiled. By varying the flavor and method of preparation they need never become monotonous.

Waffles.

One and a fourth cupfuls of flour, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt half, a teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of thick sour milk, two eggs and three tablespoonfuls of butter. Separate the whites and yolks, beat and add the melted butter just before folding in the whites.

Fruit Cakes.

Take three eggs, a cupful of shortening, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful each of soda and cinnamon, a cupful of nuts, a pound of dates, a teaspoonful of salt and lemon and vanilla essence to taste. Dissolve the soda in a half cupful of boiling water. Bake in gem pans.

Neelie Maxwell

Frost Does Not Turn Leaves.

Many people are under the impression that the leaves of the trees and creepers turn red or yellow or purple or brown under the action of frost, but the truth is that frost has nothing to do with the change. The leaves in September and October begin to change long before we have frost. It is merely the ripening of the leaves, just as an apple reddens when it is ripe. Leaves are green in spring and summer because they have in their cells a substance called chlorophyll, which is made green by the action of the sunlight. The green is of a pale shade in early spring because the chlorophyll is not fully formed. When the substance is fully formed the green turns darker. Toward the end of summer the chlorophyll begins to decay, and then because it is not supplied as it is early in the season the leaves change color or ripen.

Steam Airplanes.

Because steam-power plants are so simple, and at the same time so dependable, it is thought that steam will be the power employed in operating the airplanes of the future. Besides the investigations of several other inventors through the country, our navy department is making various experiments with steam airplanes.

A Little Goes a Long Way.

Sarcasm, like tabasco, should be used sparingly.—Albany Journal.

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WHEN SERVING TEA

LITTLE TOUCHES THAT MAKE OR MAR THE OCCASION.

Hostess Should See That Tray or Table Is Appropriately Set Off With Flowers—To Properly Prepare the Beverage.

Remember to add as a finishing touch to the tray or tea-table a vase with a few flowers, a single rose, three or four asters or a yellow daffodil, or so placed in a bud vase or held in place in a flat dish by a Japanese frog.

Always serve cream as well as lemon. Many persons do not enjoy tea without cream and of course they will not be so frank as to tell you when they see that the tea tray is not supplied with any.

Serve the cut sugar in the small half cups. For a small cup of tea a large lump often proves too much and it is always awkward to have to break a lump or to take a lump from the cup when it is half-dissolved.

Take pains to see that the teapot and hot-water jug are both well heated before pouring in the boiling water. By doing so the temperature of the boiling water will not be reduced by bringing the teapot and jug to level.

Remember to carry the pot to the boiling water and pour the water on the tea leaves while the water is actually boiling. Many persons wrongly feel that if the water has boiled it matters little whether or not it is still boiling when it is applied to the tea leaves.

Always serve sandwiches or toast in small portions. It is very awkward for the tea drinker to have to manage large portions. Bread and butter sandwiches should be of water thickness and should be cut in wafer slices. A goodly supply should be on hand to make up for the smallness of the single pieces.

Curdled Mayonnaise.

Mayonnaise that has curdled can usually be brought back again by adding it in spoonfuls to a beaten egg yolk, having the yolk both fresh and freshly beaten, and beating the mixture after each additional spoonful.

In the first place, the eggs must be fresh; in the second place, the oil must be about the temperature of the room in which it is served. Thirdly, the oil must not be added too rapidly at the start. Never use congealed oil; even too cold an oil is apt to produce curdling. Again, one must guard against an excess of oil in proportion to the number of yolks of eggs. The right proportion is two and a half ounces of oil to each egg. One may use three ounces of oil if the dressing is served immediately. In any mayonnaise, never add onion juice when the dressing is to be used for fruit salad; if vinegar is replaced by lemon juice, a whiter dressing is obtained.

Lemon Marmalade.

Wash and dry a dozen lemons and weigh them whole. Put them into a pan, cover with cold water—enough to float them—and cook steadily until they can be easily pierced. They may require from one to two hours. When tender slice them thinly, remove seeds and hard pieces. Now measure the water in which they cooked and make up the quantity required—about a pint to each pound weight of lemons. Allow one pound and a half of sugar to each pound of lemons. Put fruit, sugar and water in a preserving pan and cook steadily until the juice "gels" on a plate when cold. Stir often and keep well skimmed. Put into jars and when cold tie down.

Mocha Cake.

Two cupfuls of sugar, butter the size of two eggs, two scant cupfuls of milk, two eggs, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour to the right consistency and vanilla. Make three layers.

For mocha icing, one-half cupful strong coffee, two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of confectioners' sugar. Beat the cocoa in the hot coffee. Cream the butter and sugar. Let the coffee and cocoa mixture stand until cool, and then add drop by drop to the sugar and butter until the desired consistency is reached.

Real Indian Pudding.

Heat one quart of milk and add seven level tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, moistened with water. Stir, nearly thick, add one quart of milk or one pint of water and one pint of milk, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of tapioca, salt, cassia and other spices as like. The rule is one level teaspoonful of cassia, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves and one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg. Bake from five to seven hours in moderate oven.

Belgian Carrots.

Two cupfuls thinly sliced French carrots, one and one-fourth tablespoonfuls sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper, one-third cupful butter. Combine the sugar and carrots and cook covered till soft, adding water barely cover. When tender, drain, mince carrots and add remaining ingredients. Let stand in a warm place about an hour.—Good Housekeeping.

Hake Cutlets.

Cut a one-pound slice of hake in squares and, so far as possible, remove the bones. Take care not to break fish into flakes. Dry the fish, dust cracker crumbs and dip into hot fat. When the fish becomes a golden color remove and place on brown paper to drain off the superfluous fat. Serve with a slice of lemon.