

The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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IN THE VALLEY.

The morning was bright as I went on
Tuesday night.
A Happy and Free
to You, one and all
Was stirred on its slender stalk.
Oh, happy the bird at the rose-tree, unheeding
the threatening storm:
And happy the little leaf-chaser, rejoicing
in its freedom:
They take no thought for the morrow—they
know no care to-day:
And the thousand things
That the future brings
Are a blank to such as they.
But, by the household table, can interpret
the meaning of
For the wife "too-hum" through the keyhole,
and a shadow the house overhead:
And I know I must quit my mountain, and go
down to the vale below.
For my home is still
On the windy hill,
When the autumn tempest blows.
My mind is for ever drawing an instructive
parallel
'Tis the temporal things that perish and eternal
things that dwell—
When millions and millions surround me, and waters
my soul o'erflow.
I descend in haste
From the mountain top
To the sheltering vale below.
I go down to the valley of silence, where the
worldly are never met:
I know there is "balm and healing" there for
eyes that with tears are wet:
And I find, in its sweet solitude, gentle solace
for all my grief.
For that valley pure,
With its shelter sure,
Is the beautiful vale of prayer.
—Nannie Power-O'Donoghue, in Chamber's
Journal.

THE STORY OF A TABLEAU.

FROM THE GERMAN.
TRANSLATED BY EMILY S. HOWARD.

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the Author.)

On a beautiful
summer day not
long ago, two
handsome women
sat on the
terrace of one
of the many
charming hunting-castles with which
the mountains of Styria abound.
"Dear in mind, Dora, that Prince
Benatschew is a very dangerous man."
Countess Dorothea blushed crimson.
"Why do you call him dangerous?"
"Is not your husband a little jealous
of his pretty wife?"
"Ah, if he only were! But he de-
voted night and day to the study of po-
litical and economic subjects, and has
no time for me."
"Do you mean to say that he neglects
you?"
"Not exactly; but he has so many
things to take up his thoughts that he
would not have time to be jealous. In-
deed, on my part would arouse his
jealousy, but it would not try his heart.
He is a cold and austere man, Emmy—
a great and noble man, if you will—but
like a block of ice."
"While Prince Benatschew is a ver-
itable volcano."
Dora does not reply for the subject
of their conversation appears on the
terrace where the two ladies are chat-
ing.
"I hope that I am not disturbing an
exchange of confidences, ladies?"
"We were speaking of you, prince,"
answered Emmy. "It was said that
you are a man of a volcanic disposi-
tion."
"You must be flattering me."
"Countess Dorothea has indignantly
said: 'I have said nothing of the sort.'
I know nothing of Prince Benatschew's
character. Pray, let us return
to the drawing-room; I hear Mr. Green-
low play the prelude to his—"
"I entreat you, countess, stay. It is
the 'Moonlight Serenade,' and I am
sure you can enjoy it to better advan-
tage here, with the real moon shining
down upon us. What a lovely summer
night! Look down yonder, countess,
and watch the effect here, from where
I am standing! Do you see the moon
reflected in the lake, and the fountain
transformed into a sparkling pillar of
silver?"
Reluctantly Countess Dorothea fol-
lows the prince. This man exerts a
dangerous power over her. Emmy is
right; he is a dangerous man.
"Why are you, Emmy?" cries she, as
she looks to where her friend had been
standing.
"Come and watch the moon-
light."
But Emmy has disappeared through
the door which leads from the veranda
into the brilliantly lighted drawing-
room, and the two are left alone. A
delightful pleasurable feeling of awe
takes possession of Dorothea's soul.
During the past days she has con-
stantly avoided the tempter. To-
night she remains spellbound, held cap-
tivated by a power which is greater than
her resistance. Will he again speak
of love to her?
"It is indeed a delightful scene," she
says, with quivering voice. "A delight-
ful scene," she repeats, in confusion;
"but let us go in."
"You hear that, countess? I control over her
self. The man of the world interprets
these symptoms correctly, and begins
to do what she has feared—or hoped,
she does not know which—whisper a
passionate avowal of love into her ear.
"To him her silence means a yielding
to his entreaties. "You have made me
supremely happy," he murmurs softly,
and steps aside to meet several persons
who are at this moment approaching
from the drawing-room. Among them
is Count Tolsteg, Dorothea's husband.

Early in the morning of the follow-
ing day, Count Tolsteg informs his
wife that he is called to the city on im-
portant business and must leave by the
last train that evening.
"And the tableau in which you are
expected to take part?"
"As the train does not leave until
nine, I will have ample time to figure
in that, since I was foolish enough to
consent to such childish play. Our
hostess insists that no one but myself
can represent the character for which
she has chosen me, and it would be un-
kind to spoil her pleasure."
"Then we will leave before the ball
commences?"
"We? There is no reason why you
should not remain. I will come for you
in a few days."
"Command me to go with you, Otho-
be of you!"
But Count Tolsteg shrugs his shoul-
ders with a smile, and makes no reply.

The guests are assembled in the pret-
ty little amateur theater, and the play-
ers have gathered behind the scenes on
the stage. In the first row sits Doro-
thea, and beside her Benatschew. He
has been her escort during dinner, and
has filled unnoticed her glass with
champagne as often as possible. Dora's
cheeks are flushed, and a feverish light
burns in her black eyes. Her excite-
ment, however, is not caused by the
wine, but by the inward struggle of
the past few days.
"I will not!" cries conscience. "I
will—I must!" answers another voice
in her breast, as if under the ban of
some strange hypnotic power. Her
husband's departure! Has everything
conspired in Benatschew's favor? Oh,
if Tolsteg had but spoken one word—
one word of comfort and kindness—
when she entreated him to take her
back with him. She would have gath-
ered strength from it to resist the pas-
sionate yearning that drives her into
the tempter's arms. There is but one
way out of the difficulty. She must
confess to her husband the danger with
which she is beset. Several times dur-
ing that day she has been on the eve
of doing this, but when she lifted her
eyes to her husband's cold, indifferent
countenance, she released from her-
self, and now, now he is going from her—
to leave her unguarded to the other
wiles. "I am lost! I am lost!" moans
the unfortunate woman.
Three of the tableaux, copied from
famous works of art, have already been
presented. The next on the programme
is the one in which Count Tolsteg is
to figure. A side-door which leads to



"I AM SUPPOSED TO HAVE STABBED YOUR
LOVER."

the stage is suddenly thrown open, and
some one enters and advances toward
Countess Dorothea, beckoning her to
follow. One of the performers has been
taken ill, and Dora is the only one who
can successfully take her place. Would
she consent? The tableau is already
arranged; there is no time to be lost.
Dorothea gives her consent. Her
dress is soon arranged to suit the char-
acter which she is to represent. They
seem to show her the photograph
of the painting from which the tableau
is copied in which she is to figure, but
in the general confusion it has been mis-
laid. Count Tolsteg is hidden to in-
struct his young wife. She is ready.
The count hurries to her side. A cry
of delight and admiration escapes
Dorothea's lips. She has never known
him to look more handsome. He
matches her hand and draws her on
the stage with him. The other actors
in their places. Tolsteg leads her to
the center of the stage and bidding her
to kneel down before him, he says, with
muffled voice: "I am supposed to have
stabbed your lover; you are to gaze
with horror upon his bleeding form.
Press one hand to your temple—so-
couching the other, as I grasp your
wrist. You are trembling, dear. Have
I hurt you? Forgive me; but for a mo-
ment the part which I am playing
seemed so natural, as if I were in real-
ity the avenger of my honor."
"Otho—speak—would you have done
as he did?" asks Dorothea under her
breath.
"Oh! my life, my all—I don't know
whom I would have killed in such a
case. Perhaps myself!" whispers Count
Tolsteg, with suppressed emotion, as
his eyes rest lovingly upon the pros-
trate form of his young wife.
"Otho!"
"Attention!" cries the stage manager.
The signal is given. The curtain rises.
An hour later Count Tolsteg's car-
riage is on its way to the station.
Leaving back in the cushions, with his
arm around her waist, and her head
resting on his breast, sits Dorothea.
She has confessed to her husband.
The proud, austere man draws her
gently to him. "Then Master Angell
has helped me to be the savior of my
honor."
"And of my happiness," tenderly
whispers Dorothea.

LEARNING TO EAT POI.

Acquiring a Taste for the National Dish.

At your first meal, says a letter from
Hawaii you inquire hungrily for poi,
and there is brought you a little
wooden bowl or calabash containing a
queer-looking grayish sticky compound
resembling paper-hanger's paste. You
regard it with a look of incredulity,
but are told it is to be eaten with the
fingers.

"Why, no one could take that stuff
up his nose," you gasp.
"Oh, just see," and into a com-
pact calabash your instructor dips
two fingers, and with a twist, oiled
by long practice, withdraws them
loaded with the compound, which is
at once transferred to his mouth and
swallowed, his countenance assuming
meanwhile an expression of beatified
ecstasy. You do not know what
expression may have taken its abode
upon your visage, but you know your
principal sensation is one of simon-
pure horror.

"Now, you try it," says Epicurus.
Tentatively you thrust one finger into
the mess and gather up a minute dose
of the delectable viand. As you raise
it toward your mouth your nose takes
cognizance of a sour smell that har-
monizes perfectly with the appearance
of the poi. You close your eyes, and
mentally ejaculate, upon your mouth and
suck up the poi from your instructor. By a sublime
effort of will you keep your lips closed,
over the mouthful, while your compan-
ion looks on interestedly, evidently ex-
pecting to hear your palate scream with
delight. Meanwhile your imagination
is working with lightning speed. The
poi is cold and clammy. The poi tastes
like stale yeast; it stings your tongue,
and an unutterable disgust possesses
your soul. You are sure you are going
to choke, though you know you dare
not, and you figuratively take yourself
by the throat and force yourself to
swallow the compound. You can trace
its progress through the esophagus by
the horrid shudder that organ gives
as the mouthful passes along it; you
can hear the villi in your stomach
shriek as the frog-like lump makes its
appearance among them, and you think
you are going to die then and there.

"Don't you like it?" your hearer some-
one says. You struggle to conceal your
disgust and murmur your fear that you
are not educated to such a high point
of taste.
"O, never mind," is the consoling
reply. "You'll be so fond of it in a day
or two you can't keep house without it."
You know better than that, but you
offer no contradiction to the assertion.
But if you would leave the islands
with a conscience untroubled by poi you
must hold to your resolution to ab-
stain from tasting the stuff again. This
will be difficult to do. You will see all
your acquaintances dipping into their
calabashes and hear them expatiating
on the delights of poi, and you begin
to aspire to taste again. You think
about it by day and by night, and at
last you venture. You take another
step along the downward pathway.
As the poet has so touchingly described:
"You first endure, then pity, then em-
brace." The calabash must long remain
peculiar to the Hawaiian islands—
ways, in fact, unless some means are
contrived for preserving taro so that it
will stand export. Poi is made from
taro, a root resembling the turnip. It
grows in the water, with a large, hand-
some, green leaf, and it is almost
tasteless. There is also an upland
taro cultivated in the mountains by
the natives, which has a more de-
cided taste, and which, as I learned
to my cost on tasting it, raw, bites the
throat like horseradish. The low taro
is the chief vegetable in the island, and
in early days constituted the native's
principal crop. When cooked it as-
sumes a mottled gray and white ap-
pearance very like the lava rock that
abounds everywhere in the islands. The
process of manufacturing the poi is
quite a lengthy one. A great hole is
dug in the ground, and into this the
taro roots are placed around piles of
hot stones. The earth is then heaped
over the place and the taro left to
steam. When the taro is thoroughly
cooked, which operation often takes
several hours, the roots are dug out
again, peeled, and put into huge stone
receptacles, in which they are pounded
to a pulp. This work is performed by
the men. It is an arduous task, and
on a hot day (and nearly all days are
hot on the island) the pounding of poi
is a some or which it is desirable to
draw a veil. The poi pounder not only
earns his bread by the sweat of his
brow, but mixes it as well largely with
that fluid.

The "poi of commerce" is now made
by machinery. The natives, how-
ever, still make their own. When
the mass is thoroughly beaten and
smooth it is mixed with water to the
proper consistency, about like good
thick cream, strained through a coarse
cloth, and set away for two or three
days, until it begins to ferment when
it is ready to be eaten. It then tastes
a little like buttermilk, and is very nu-
tritious and wholesome. The natives
eat it by the gallon. Give the average
native a big pot of poi, half a dozen
raw fish, and a bottle of gin, and you
may have the kingdom and the rest of
the earth as well. He will squat upon
the ground, break the head off one of
the fish, take a bite from its raw side,
pack it in a mouthful of poi, and wash
the whole down with a swallow of gin,
and repeat the process until all have
disappeared.

Singularly enough, revolting as this
sounds, the actual scene is far from be-
ing disgusting. I have watched a dozen
natives feeding thus, all dipping poi
from the same calabash, and seen less
dainty and cleanly table manners in
many a backwoods hall in the states.
Why should we swallow a raw oyster
without winking and shiver at the
thought of raw fish is one of the mys-
teries of metaphysics few can solve.—San
Francisco Call.

—Husband (listening)—"I think there
is a burglar in the house." Wife (ex-
citedly)—"Nerdy me, is my nightcap
so straight?"—Somerville Journal.

QUICK WITTED.

Cool Heads Which Have Turned the Delic-
ious Scales of Life and Death.

A Southern girl anxious to support
herself, and to make her own in the
world, entered the training-school for
nurses at Bellevue hospital, New York.
She became an expert nurse, remark-
able for courage and self-possession.
"One night a patient, who had been
hastily admitted to the wards without
inquiry respecting her mental con-
dition, attempted suicide by throwing
herself from a window. This nurse,
by her coolness and quick wit, diverted
her from her purpose and saved her
life.

The incident made an impression
upon the managers of the school.
When they received an application from
an insane asylum for nurses to be em-
ployed in the scientific care of deranged
patients, she was highly recommended
for the work, and was subsequently
promoted to the responsible position of
matron in one of the largest insane
hospitals in the country.

One of this nurse's experiences with
insane patients disclosed her nerve and
quickness of mind. She was attacked
in a ward by a powerful woman, who
had taken offense because for miscon-
duct she had been forbidden to go with
the other patients to the noonday meal.
The nurse, being alone with her, had
incidentally turned her back upon the
patient. The infuriated woman crept
up, and lifting the little nurse by the
waist, and from her feet and
spun round and round with her like a
top.

The nurse was completely in the
power of an uncontrollable lunatic,
whose excitement and frenzy were in-
creasing every instant. It would have
gone hard with her if she had lost her
presence of mind.
What she did while she was whirling
in the air was to take a large pin fast-
ened to the belt of her uniform and
thrust it into the woman's arm. The
assault, startled by the sudden pain,
relaxed her grip and released her pris-
oner.

Then the nurse faced her, and had
her instantly under control. Looking
her in the eyes, she sternly ordered her
to go to her room and get into bed.
The woman, completely cowed, obeyed
like a child.
The same quick wit enabled a sur-
geon to save the life of a hospital pa-
tient who was undergoing a critical
operation.
The assistants had dropped their in-
struments, for the patient's heart had
apparently ceased to beat. "She is
dead," they said; "it is useless to go on."
The surgeon seized a pitcher of hot
water and poured into the gaping
wound. "Go on with your work!" he
cried.

The circulation of blood was imme-
diately restored by the sudden access
of heat. The operation was quickly
completed. The patient lived and was
restored to health.
Often it is the simplest device which
turns the delicate scale of life and
death; but only the coolest head can
think of it in time.—Youth's Companion.

TOES TURNED IN.
How a Distinguished Man Was Remem-
bered by an Admirer.

A lady who recently had the good
fortune to meet a distinguished man
and spend an evening in his com-
pany, was eagerly questioned after-
wards by her friends with regard to
him. Her impressions were highly fa-
vorable. She found him brilliant, court-
eous, kindly and agreeable.
"And how did he look?" inquired
one friend at length, after his man-
ner and conversation had been fully de-
scribed.
"He is very good-looking—even hand-
some," was the reply. Then after a
slight pause she added, pensively, "But
I wish I wasn't sure that I should al-
ways remember him sitting with his
feet planted rather far apart on the
rug, and his toes turned in."
"His toes turned in?" echoed the
other ladies in dismay.
"Turned very much in," replied the
lady who had met him; and it is safe to
assume that not one of those who heard
her say so, can ever again think of this
revered literary idol independently of
his toes.
It is of course ridiculous to be in con-
stant fear of ridicule, and it is con-
temptible to pose for effect. Neverthe-
less, if many people realized in what
particular attitudes the memories of
their friends most readily recalled them,
their carriage and outward ap-
pearance would be sensibly improved.
It is a trick of memory to catch and
retain tricks of pose. People who know
us seldom think of us as looking our
best, unless our best is the way we
look every day, but as looking most
natural, most familiar, most character-
istic.
If a person is in the habit, when talk-
ing, of raising an elbow in each hand
and rocking to and fro, or of rump-
ling his hair, or stirring the dimples in
his knuckles with a forefinger, the mem-
ories of his friends take in the conscious-
ness of the act like so many kodaks.
Their minds hold in remembrance the
absurd and trifling peculiarity, which,
in the man's more flattering picture of
himself, he never sees at all.
It is true that little personal tricks
and attitudes sometimes gain a charm
from merely being characteristic, and
that an absent friend is often recalled
most affectionately in an attitude
whose very awkwardness has become
dear. Nevertheless, it is probable that
the friend, could he know it, would
prefer to be remembered in a position
less natural to him, but more becom-
ing.
The distinguished author who turned
in his toes would doubtless rather be
thought of with toes turned out, even
if an admirer dared enough to believe
the former position permissible. Grace,
like goodness, is a quality that we all
of us admire and should try to culti-
vate.—Youth's Companion.

FRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Russian Tea.—Pare and slice fresh
juicy lemons and lay a piece in the
bottom of each cup; sprinkle with
white sugar and pour hot, strong tea
upon it. Serve without cream.—House-
keeper.

—Baked Hash.—Mix well about equal
portions of minced cold meat of any
kind and minced cold potato, moisten
with milk, gravy or some stock—never
with water—season with salt and pep-
per, make into a roll, put in a buttered
pan and bake in the oven. This, if
properly prepared and cooked, will be
delicious hash.—Boston Herald.

—Pie Crust.—Rub thoroughly one
cupful of lard into two cupfuls of flour.
Mix with enough ice water to make a
soft paste, but which can be rolled out
thinly. Do not handle more than nec-
essary, as upon that and the coldness
of the water depends its flakiness.
Have the filling of the pies ready be-
fore making the crust, as it should not
stand before using.—Housekeeper.

—Omelette Souffle.—For this an
earthen pudding dish should be used.
Butter it warm. Beat the yolks of two
eggs with a tablespoonful of powdered
sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla
extract. Then beat the whites of four
eggs until stiff, and whip them lightly
into the favored yolks. Pour the mix-
ture into the dish and bake at once in
a moderate oven from ten to twelve
minutes. Serve immediately.

—Braised Tongue.—Simmer the
tongue two hours. Tie the tip to the
thick part. Brown two tablespoonfuls
of butter, add two tablespoonfuls
of flour, on one quart of hot stock,
add one-half of a cup of one-half of a
turkey, one onion, one cut potato, one
sprig of parsley, two bay leaves, one
stalk of celery, one tablespoonful each
of Worcestershire and mushroom catch-
up. Add to the tongue and bake one
and one-half hours. Boil sauce down
and pour over tongue.—Good House-
keeper.

—Tropical Snow.—Ten sweet oranges
pared and grated, two glasses sherry,
one cup powdered sugar, six bananas.
Peel and cut the oranges small, taking
out the seeds, put a layer in a glass
bowl and wet with wine, then strew
with sugar, next put a layer of grated
coconut, slice the bananas thin and
cover the coconut with them; when the
dish has been filled in this order
heap with coconut; eat soon or the
oranges will toughen.—Detroit Free
Press.

—Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice the
cucumbers very thin, sprinkle with a
little salt, cover with bits of cracked
ice. Let them remain thus half an
hour before they are wanted; then
drain, and they will be crisp and with-
out any bitterness. For the dressing
mix slowly together two tablespo-
onfuls of oil with the same amount of
vinegar, and a teaspoonful each of
sugar and white pepper. Pour it over
the cucumbers just before meal time
and serve.—Orange-Judd Farmer.

—Sponge Cake.—Take one cupful of
sugar, four eggs, one cupful of flour
and one level teaspoonful of baking
powder. Beat the yolks of the eggs
and sugar together, then add the flour
in which you have put the baking pow-
der. Lastly stir in the beaten whites
of the eggs. This makes one loaf.
Baked on a long shallow tin this makes
a very nice rolled jelly cake. I have
found this recipe of mine and like it, both
for jelly cake and sponge cake. It
should be baked quickly.—Prairie Far-
mer.

SUMMER FANCY WORK.
It May Save Time in Future as Well as
Kill It Now.
On all the porches and out on the
piers one sees pretty hands engaged in
light work which in some cases never
sees the light after it is made to de-
cay as a killer of time during the
warm weather. Many an utterly worth-
less bit is wrought out in endless stitch-
es, which might have been put to bet-
ter service if only a little thought had
been exercised in the selection of the
article or articles that pass muster
under the head of fancy work.
A few hints may not come amiss even
at this late date. Instead of starting
something more than usually elaborate
that will in all probability never be
finished, point the needle toward some
smaller and less discouraging bit of
work that can form a part of the great
fund of Christmas gifts that one never
finds time to prepare during the rush
preceding the popular holiday.
In the list of articles that are easy to
carry about and yet are worthy the at-
tention bestowed upon them are fine
articles that can be made most beauti-
fully by drawn work or embroidered with
monograms either in wash silks or
linen thread. Even one of these would
be rarely appreciated by a housekeeper
who does not add to her linen closet
dainty eccentrics of all sorts.
Next to towels, in the order of their
actual merit, are all the pretty ap-
pointments for the table, from the
wine glass and butter-plate dollies up
to the largest bit of its kind—the cov-
ered scarf. The smaller pieces are, how-
ever, the easiest to carry about and
certainly best suited to one's satisfaction
than if more pretentious efforts are
made.—Chicago Times.

Two Strange Death Cases.
In some parts of England a queer
custom is still in vogue, which is re-
peated whenever a death occurs. It is
called the "bite of sin," and whenever
some one in a house dies a piece of
bread is laid on the breast of the corpse
which some stroller-by is persuaded to
eat for a good sum of money. In this
way it is believed that the sins of the
dead are transferred to the living, who
in turn can shove them off together
with his own by a similar ceremony
when his life comes to an end. On the
Sandwich Islands the widows have the
names of their departed husbands tat-
toed on their tongues.—Cincinnati
Post-Dispatch.

WOMAN AND HOME.

PRETTY LITTLE CLOAK.

How to Make an Artistic Garment for
a Girl—The Materials Used by the
Author of This Charming Design Were a
Woolen Dress of Considerable An-
tiquity.

Economy does not necessarily sacri-
fice daintiness and beauty to useful-
ness. Some of the prettiest dresses
imaginable are "made-over" dresses,
and the number of bewitching little
garments our grown-up clothes are
capable of being turned into for the
tiny folks is legion.

The little cloak illustrated here is
one of the "made-overs," and I am
quite sure no prettier need be asked
for to put a little four-year-old maiden
into it. It is very simple, but I was
convinced by the doctrine of simplicity for
children long ago.

The materials for the little cloak
were—well, a worn-out dress belong-
ing to a former generation! To be
sure, the worn-outness was not uni-
form—only the sleeves really. So the
little cloak has all the wear of new
goods in it. The body is dark blue
plaided off with lines of gold and red,
the sleeves of plain blue to match the
ground-work of the plaid, and the
collar and yoke of blue velvet. Hine
ribbons the under a little round shir-
twaist. However, the material is immaterial.
Colors and goods may vary to suit a
body's taste—and worn-out dresses!

—Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice the
cucumbers very thin, sprinkle with a
little salt, cover with bits of cracked
ice. Let them remain thus half an
hour before they are wanted; then
drain, and they will be crisp and with-
out any bitterness. For the dressing
mix slowly together two tablespo-
onfuls of oil with the same amount of
vinegar, and a teaspoonful each of
sugar and white pepper. Pour it over
the cucumbers just before meal time
and serve.—Orange-Judd Farmer.

—Sponge Cake.—Take one cupful of
sugar, four eggs, one cupful of flour
and one level teaspoonful of baking
powder. Beat the yolks of the eggs
and sugar together, then add the flour
in which you have put the baking pow-
der. Lastly stir in the beaten whites
of the eggs. This makes one loaf.
Baked on a long shallow tin this makes
a very nice rolled jelly cake. I have
found this recipe of mine and like it, both
for jelly cake and sponge cake. It
should be baked quickly.—Prairie Far-
mer.

SUMMER FANCY WORK.
It May Save Time in Future as Well as
Kill It Now.
On all the porches and out on the
piers one sees pretty hands engaged in
light work which in some cases never
sees the light after it is made to de-
cay as a killer of time during the
warm weather. Many an utterly worth-
less bit is wrought out in endless stitch-
es, which might have been put to bet-
ter service if only a little thought had
been exercised in the selection of the
article or articles that pass muster
under the head of fancy work.
A few hints may not come amiss even
at this late date. Instead of starting
something more than usually elaborate
that will in all probability never be
finished, point the needle toward some
smaller and less discouraging bit of
work that can form a part of the great
fund of Christmas gifts that one never
finds time to prepare during the rush
preceding the popular holiday.
In the list of articles that are easy to
carry about and yet are worthy the at-
tention bestowed upon them are fine
articles that can be made most beauti-
fully by drawn work or embroidered with
monograms either in wash silks or
linen thread. Even one of these would
be rarely appreciated by a housekeeper
who does not add to her linen closet
dainty eccentrics of all sorts.
Next to towels, in the order of their
actual merit, are all the pretty ap-
pointments for the table, from the
wine glass and butter-plate dollies up
to the largest bit of its kind—the cov-
ered scarf. The smaller pieces are, how-
ever, the easiest to carry about and
certainly best suited to one's satisfaction
than if more pretentious efforts are
made.—Chicago Times.

Two Strange Death Cases.
In some parts of England a queer
custom is still in vogue, which is re-
peated whenever a death occurs. It is
called the "bite of sin," and whenever
some one in a house dies a piece of
bread is laid on the breast of the corpse
which some stroller-by is persuaded to
eat for a good sum of money. In this
way it is believed that the sins of the
dead are transferred to the living, who
in turn can shove them off together
with his own by a similar ceremony
when his life comes to an end. On the
Sandwich Islands the widows have the
names of their departed husbands tat-
toed on their tongues.—Cincinnati
Post-Dispatch.

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FAMILY SCRAP BAG.

After knives have been cleaned they
may be brilliantly polished with char-
coal powder.

In making coffee the broader the
bottom and the smaller the top of the
vessel in which you prepare it the bet-
ter the coffee will be.
Six handkerchiefs should be washed
in a suds made with castile soap and
tepid water. They should never be
wring out, but just shaken and ironed
with a cool iron.

There is nothing better for cleaning
copper bottles than powdered borax
and soap. Wet a coarse cloth in hot
water, soap it well, and sprinkle over
it the powdered borax.
Wax-staining fruit, or, in fact, when
cooking anything in an open vessel do
not leave the spoon in if you wish to
have it boil quickly. The spoon car-
ries a portion of the heat off into the
air.
If Monday proves a stormy day the
white clothes, after washing, should
be put into clean water and wait for
the hanging until fair weather. Calico
and flannels should not be washed
until fair weather.
Wash ornaments should be first
washed with a strong lye made of
rock-alkali, in the proportion of one
ounce of alkali to a pint of water.
When dry rub with leather and fine
tripoli. This will make the brass brilli-
ant.
This is one of those simple things
which few people know of. If you are
in a Pullman car get a pillow from the
porter, put it on your lap and place
your writing materials on it. The
elasticity of the pillow will insure
smoothness. Where a pillow cannot
be obtained use a shawl or coat.
A coffee pot with a strainer of
aluminum that will not rust nor cor-
rode, a bread-knife with the cutting
edge in reflex curve, that is warranted
not to crumble nor crack when
very light bread, and liquid chocolate
in pound cans, ready for use in layers,
cake, are some of the new conveniences
offered by the stores.
Some women unwisely try to enhance
the brilliancy of their eyes by expos-
ing them to an air slightly impreg-
nated with a powerful acid or rub
over each eye a tiny quantity of Philo-
sophical opium. This artificial dilu-
tion has again and again been the
means of injuring the sight. Plenty of
sleep and good digestion are the best
cosmetics for the eyes.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.
FRESH stone is one of the best
things to use in removing stains of any
kind from the hands.
Gold and silver jewelry may be
thoroughly cleaned by a strong solu-
tion of ammonia—a teaspoonful of a
cup of water.
Remove all sorts of vessels and uten-
sils with charcoal powder is a good
way to rid them of old smells that
seem to defy the sand and water scour-
ing.
An apple polisher is said to be so
good a thing for sore eyes that