



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged picture of the chief witness for the prosecution, John Gilmore, a millionaire. In the latter's house the lawyer is attracted by the picture of a girl, whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger.

CHAPTER II—Standing in line to buy Pullman ticket Blakeley is requested by a lady to buy one for her. He gives her a lower tier and retains lower ten. He sees a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten, and retires in lower nine.

CHAPTER III—He awakens in lower seven and finds that his traveling bag has disappeared and in its stead is another. Clothes likewise have been exchanged for others.

CHAPTER IV—An amateur detective interests himself in the case. It is learned that the dead man is Simon Harrington of Pittsburgh.

CHAPTER V—Henry Pinckney Sullivan is believed to have the name of the man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes and grip. He is suspected of the murder.

CHAPTER VI—Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in lower seven. Blood stains are found in lower seven. Blakeley comes under suspicion.

CHAPTER VII—Circumstantial evidence against Blakeley is strengthened. The train is wrecked.

CHAPTER VIII—Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. The arm is broken.

CHAPTER IX—Together they go to the Carter farm for breakfast. She tells her name is Alison West, his partner's sweetheart.

CHAPTER X—Alison's peculiar actions puzzle the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley, unnoticed, puts it in his pocket.

CHAPTER XI—He returns home and learns from his landlady of strange happenings.

CHAPTER XII—Blakeley learns that a woman by the name of Sullivan, a fellow victim of the wreck, is in the hospital.

CHAPTER XIII—He also learns that she is under surveillance and that the Pittsburgh police are looking for survivors of the wreck.

CHAPTER XIV—Blakeley hears of strange goings in a vacant house next door. Investigation is without result.

CHAPTER XV—Cinematograph pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaving from the train with his stolen grip.

CHAPTER XVI—Blakeley meets Alison at a dinner and returns her gold bag.

CHAPTER XVII—He learns that a man resembling Sullivan seized from the train near M. The man sprained his ankle and stayed some time at the Carter place.

CHAPTER XVIII—While making inquiries at the Carter place, Blakeley finds Alison. He kisses her.

CHAPTER XIX—While dining in a restaurant the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket summons him to her table.

CHAPTER XX—She tells him her name is Mrs. Conway. She tries to make a bargain for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing.

CHAPTER XXI—Blakeley tells his partner of the incident and that latter evolves a theory that the woman killed Harrington.

CHAPTER XXII—The amateur detective trails Johnson, and believes he has found Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXIII—Blakeley and the detective go to the home of Sullivan's sister to investigate.

CHAPTER XXIV—From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and that Sullivan had been attentive to her. He also learns that Sullivan is married to a daughter of the murdered man.

CHAPTER XXV—Returning home, Blakeley is informed that his house has been ransacked by the police.

CHAPTER XXVI—Blakeley's partner tells him that his affair with Alison West is off.

CHAPTER XXVII—Blakeley goes to the Forbes country home and finds Alison there.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Alison's Story.

She told her story evenly, with her eyes on the water, only now and then, when I, too, sat looking seaward, I thought she glanced at me furtively. And once, in the middle of it, she stopped altogether.

"You don't realize it, probably," she protested, "but you look like a—a war god. Your face is horrible."

"I will turn my back, if it will help any," I said stormily, "but if you expect me to look anything but murderous, why, you don't know what I am going through with. That's all."

"The story of her meeting with the Curtis woman was brief enough. They had met in Rome first, where Alison and her mother had taken a villa for a year. Mrs. Curtis had hovered on the ragged edges of society there, pleading the poverty of the south since the war as a reason for not going out more. There was talk of a brother, but Alison had not seen him, and after a scandal which implicated Mrs. Curtis and a young attaché of the Austrian embassy, Alison had been forbidden to see the woman.

"I knew that, too," I said bitterly, and moved away from her a trifle. I was brutal, but the whole story was a long torture. I think she knew what I was suffering, for she showed no resentment.

"It was early and there were few people around—none that I cared about. And mother and the nurse played cribbage eternally, until I felt as though the little pegs were driven into my brain. And when Mrs. Curtis arranged drives and picnics, I— I slipped away and went. I suppose you won't believe me, but I had never done that kind of thing before, and I— well, I have paid up, I think."

"What sort of looking chap was Sullivan?" I demanded. I had got up and was pacing back and forward on the said. I remember kicking savagely at a bit of water-soaked board that lay in my way.

"Very handsome—as large as you are, but fair, and even more erect." I drew my shoulders up sharply. I am straight enough, but I was fairly sagging with jealous rage.

"When mother began to get around, somebody told her that I had been going about with Mrs. Curtis and her brother, and we had a dreadful time. I was dragged home like a bad child. Did anybody ever do that to you?"

"Nobody ever cared. I was born an orphan," I said, with a cheerless attempt at levity. "Go on."

"If Mrs. Curtis knew, she never said anything. She wrote me charming letters, and in the summer, when they went to Cresson, she asked me to visit her there. I was too proud to let her know that I could not go where I wished, and so— I sent Polly, my maid, to her aunt's in the country, and pretended to go to Seal Harbor, and really—went to Cresson. You see I warned you it would be an unpleasant story."

I went over and stood in front of her. All the accumulated jealousy of the last few weeks had been fired by what she told me. If Sullivan had let her know that I could not go where I wished, and so— I sent Polly, my maid, to her aunt's in the country, and pretended to go to Seal Harbor, and really—went to Cresson. You see I warned you it would be an unpleasant story."

"Some one was calling Alison through a megaphone, from the veranda. It sounded like Sam. 'All-ee,' he called. 'All-ee! I'm going to have some anchovies on toast! All-ee!' Neither of us heard."

"I wonder," I reflected, "if you would be willing to repeat a part of that story—just from the telegram on—a couple of detectives, say on Monday. If you would tell that, and—how the end of your necklace got into the seakink bag—"

"My necklace!" she repeated. "But it isn't mine. I picked it up in the car."

"All-ee!" Sam again. "I see you down there. I'm making a julep!" Alison turned and called through her hands. "Coming in a moment, Sam," she said, and rose. "It must be very late: Sam is home. We would better go back to the house."

"Don't!" I begged her. "Anchovies and juleps and Sam will go on forever, and I have you such a little time. I suppose I am only one of a dozen or so, but—you are the only girl in the world. You know I love you, don't you dear?"

Sam was whistling, an irritating bird call, over and over. She pursed her red lips and answered him in kind. It was more than I could endure.

"Sam or no Sam," I said firmly. "I am going to kiss you!" But Sam's voice came strident through the megaphone. "Be good, you two!" he bellowed. "I've got the binoculars!" And so, under fire, we walked sedately back to the house. My pulses were throbbing—the little swish of her dress beside me on the grass was pain and ecstasy. I had but to put out my hand to touch her, and I dared not.

Sam, armed with a megaphone and field glasses, bent over the rail and watched us with gleeful malignity.

"Home early, aren't you?" Alison called, when we reached the steps.

"Led a club when my partner had doubled no-trumps, and she fainted. Damn the heart convention!" he said cheerfully. "The others are not here yet."

Three hours later I went up to bed. I had not seen Alison alone again. The noise was at its height below, and I glanced down into the garden, still bright in the moonlight. Leaning against a tree, and staring interestedly into the billiard room, was Johnson.

man about to leap from the doomed train, the dinner at the Dalles, and Richey's discovery that Alison was the girl in the case. In quick succession had come our visit to the Carter place, the finding of the rest of the telegram, my seeing Alison there, and the strange interview with Mrs. Conway. The Cresson trip stood out in my memory for its serio-comic horrors and its one real thrill. Then—the discovery by the police of the seakink bag and the bit of chain; Hotchkiss producing triumphantly Stuart for Sullivan and his subsequent discomfiture; McKnight at the station with Alison, and later the confession that he was out of the running.

And yet, when I thought it all over, the entire week and its events were two sides of a triangle that was narrowing rapidly to an apex, a point. And the said apex was at that moment in the drive below my window, resting his long legs by sitting on a carriage block, and smoking a pipe that made the night hideous.

The sense of the ridiculous is very close to the sense of tragedy. I opened my screen and whistled. We said nothing. I held up a handful of cigars, he extended his hat, and when I finally went to sleep, it was to a soothing breeze that wafted in salt air and a faint aroma of good tobacco. I was thoroughly tired, but I slept restlessly, dreaming of two detectives with Pittsburgh warrants being held up by Hotchkiss at the point of a splint, while Alison fastened their hands with a chain that was broken and much too short. I was roused about dawn by a light rap at the door, and, opening it, I found Forbes, in a pair of trousers and a pajama coat. He was as pleasant as most fleshy people are when they have to get up at night, and he said the telephone had been ringing for an hour, and he didn't know why somebody else in the blanky-blank house couldn't have heard it. He wouldn't get to sleep until noon.

As he was palpably asleep on his feet, I left him grumbling and went to the telephone. It proved to be Richey, who had found me by the simple expedient of tracing Alison, and he was jubilant.

"You'll have to come back," he said. "Got a railroad schedule there?"

"I don't sleep with one in my pocket," I retorted, "but if you'll hold the line I'll call out the window to Johnson. He's probably got one."

"Johnson!" I could hear the laugh with which McKnight comprehended the situation. He was still chuckling when I came back.

"Train to Richmond at 6:30 a. m.," I said. "What time is it now?"

"Four. Listen, Lollie. We've got him. Do you hear? Through the woman at Baltimore. Then—the other woman, the lady of the restaurant—he was obviously avoiding names—'she is playing our cards for us—No—I don't know why, and I don't care. But you be at the incubator to-night at eight o'clock. If you can't shake Johnson, bring him, bless him!'"

To this day I believe the Sam Forbes have not recovered from the surprise of my unexpected arrival, my one appearance at dinner in Granger's clothes, and the note on my dresser which informed them the next morning that I had folded my tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. For at half after five Johnson and I, the former as uninquiescent as ever, were on our way through the dust to the station, three miles away, and by four that afternoon we were in Washington. The journey had been uneventful. Johnson relaxed under the influence of my tobacco, and spoke at some length on the latest improvements in galleys, dilating on the absurdity of cutting out the former free passes to see the affair in operation. I remember, too, that he mentioned the curious anomaly that permits a man about to be hanged to eat a hearty meal. I did not enjoy my dinner that night.

Before we got into Washington I had made an arrangement with Johnson to surrender myself at two the following afternoon. Also, I had wired to Alison, asking her if she would carry out the contract she had made. The detective saw me home, and left me there.

Mrs. Klopston received me with dignified reserve. The very tone in which she asked me when I would dine told me that something was wrong.

"Now—what is it, Mrs. Klopston?" I demanded finally, when she had informed me, in a patient and long-suffering tone, that she felt worn out and thought she needed a rest.

"When I lived with Mr. Justice Springer," she began acidly, her mending basket in her hands, "it was an orderly, well-conducted household. You can ask any of the neighbors. Meals were cooked and, what's more, they were eaten; there was none of this 'here one day and gone the next' business."

"Nonsense," I observed. "You're tired, that's all, Mrs. Klopston. And I wish you would go out; I want to bathe."

"That's not all," she said with dignity, from the doorway. "Women coming and going here, women whose shoes I am not fit to—mean, women who are not fit to touch my shoes—coming here as insolent as you please, and asking for you."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "What did you tell them—her, whichever it was?"

"I don't half like this," he said. "That woman is in; you heard me ask the elevator boy. For two cents I'd—"

I had seen it when he did. The door was ajar about an inch, and a narrow wedge of rose-colored light showed beyond. Then, with both men at my heels, I stepped into the private corridor of the apartment and looked around. It was a square reception hall, with hats, and a couple of chairs. A lantern of rose-colored glass and a desk light over a writing-table across made the room bright and cheerful. It was empty.

At five minutes before eight I was at the incubator, where I found Hotchkiss and McKnight. They were bending over a table, on which lay McKnight's total armament—a pair of pistols, an elephant gun and an old cavalry saber.

"Draw up a chair and help yourself to pie," he said, pointing to the arsenal. "This is for the benefit of our friend Hotchkiss here, who says he is small and fond of life."

Hotchkiss, who had been lying to get the wrong end of a cartridge into the barrel of one of the revolvers, straightened himself and mopped his face.

"We have desperate people to handle," he said pompously, "and we may need desperate means."

"Hotchkiss is like the small boy whose one ambition was to have pimple grow ashen and tremble at the mention of his name," McKnight jibed. But they were serious enough, both of them, under it all, and when they had told me what they planned, I was serious, too.

"You're compounding a felony," I remonstrated, when they had explained. "I'm not eager to be locked away, but, by Jove, to offer her the stolen notes in exchange for Sullivan!"

"We haven't got either of them, you know," McKnight remonstrated, "and we won't have, if we don't start. Come along, Fido," to Hotchkiss.

The plan was simplicity itself. According to Hotchkiss, Sullivan was to meet Bronson at Mrs. Conway's apartment at 8:30 that night with the notes. He was to be paid there and the papers destroyed. But just before that interesting finale," McKnight ended, "we will walk in, take the notes, grab Sullivan, and give the police a jolt that will put them out of the count."

I suppose not one of us, slewing around corners in the machine that we night had the faintest doubt that we were on the right track, or that Fate, scurvy enough before, was playing into our hands at last. Little Hotchkiss was in a state of fever; he alternately twitched and examined the revolver, and a fear that the two moments might be synchronous kept me uneasy. He produced and dilated on the scrap of pillow slip from the wreck, and showed me the stiletto, with its point in cotton batting for safekeeping. And in the intervals, he implored Richey not to make such fine calculations at the corners.

We were all grave enough and very quiet, however, when we reached the large building where Mrs. Conway had her apartment. McKnight left the power on, in case we might want to make a quick get-away, and Hotchkiss gave a final look at the revolver. I had no weapon. Somehow it all seemed melodramatic to the verge of farce. In the doorway Hotchkiss was a half dozen feet ahead; Richey fell back beside me. He dropped his affectionate gaze, and I thought he looked tired. "Same old Sam, I suppose," he asked.

"Same, only more of him." "I suppose Alison was there? How is she?" he inquired irrelevantly.

"Very well. I did not see her this morning," Hotchkiss said, "but she's in the elevator. McKnight put his hand on my arm. 'Now, look here, old man,' he said. 'I've got two arms and a revolver, and you've got one arm and a splint. If Hotchkiss is right, and there is a row, you crawl under a table.'"

"The deuce I will!" I declared scornfully. We crowded out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and found ourselves in a rather theatrical hallway of draperies and armor. It was very quiet; we stood uncertainly after the car had gone, and looked at the two or three doors in sight. They were heavy, covered with metal, and sound proof. From somewhere above came the metallic accuracy of a piano-forte, and through the open window we could hear—or feel—the throb of the Cannonball's engine.

"Well, Sherlock," McKnight said, "what's the next move in the game? It is our jump, or theirs. You brought us here."

None of us knew just what to do next. No sound of conversation penetrated the heavy doors. We waited uneasily for some minutes, and Hotchkiss looked at his watch. Then he put it to his ear.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, his head cocked on one side, "I believe it has stopped. I'm afraid we are late."

We were late. My watch and Hotchkiss' agreed at nine o'clock, and, with the discovery that our man might have come and gone, our zest in the

place was full of foreboding times that made us feel the weakness of our position. Some such instinct made McKnight suggest diversion.

"We look like an invading army," he said. "If she's here alone, we will startle her into a spasm. One of us could take a look around—"

"What was that? Didn't you hear something?" The sound, whatever it had been, was not repeated. We went awkwardly out into the hall, very uncomfortable all of us, and flipped a coin. The choice fell on me, which was right enough, for the affair was mine, primarily.

"Wait just inside the door," I directed, "and if Sullivan comes, or anybody that answers his description, grab him without ceremony and ask him questions afterwards."

The apartment, save in the hallway, was unlighted. By one of those freaks of arrangement possible only in the modern flat, I found the kitchen first, and was struck a smart and unexpected blow by a swinging door. I carried a handful of matches, and by the time I had passed through a butler's pantry and a refrigerator room I was completely lost in the darkness. Until then the situation had been merely uncomfortable; suddenly it became grisly. From somewhere near came a long sustained groan, followed almost instantly by the crash of something—glass or china—on the floor.

I struck a fresh match, and found myself in a narrow rear hallway. Behind me was the door by which I must have come; with a keen desire to get back to the place I had started from, I opened the door and attempted to cross the room. I thought I had kept my sense of direction, but I crashed without warning into what, from the resulting jangle, was the dining table, probably laid for dinner. I cursed my stupidity in getting into such a situation, and I cursed my nerves for making my hand shake when I tried to strike a match. The groan had not been repeated.

I braced myself against the table and struck the match sharply against the sole of my shoe. It flickered faintly and went out. And then, without the slightest warning, another dish went off the table. It fell with a thousand splinterings; the very air seemed broken into crashing waves of sound. I stood still, braced against the table, holding the red end of the dying match, and listened. I had not long to wait; the groan came again, and I recognized it, the cry of a dog in straits. I breathed again.

"Come, old fellow," I said. "Come on, old man. Let's have a look at you."

I could hear the thud of his tail on the floor, but he did not move. He only whimpered. There is something companionable in the presence of a dog, and I fancied this dog in trouble. Slowly I began to work my way around the table toward him.

"Good boy," I said, as he whimpered. "We'll find the light, which ought to be somewhere or other around here, and then—"

I stumbled over something, and I drew back my foot almost instantly. "Did I step on you, old man?" I exclaimed, and bent to get him. I remember straightening, suddenly, and hearing the dog pad softly toward me around the table. I recall even that I had put the matches down and could not find them. Then, with a bursting horror of the room and its contents, of the gibbering dark around me, I turned and made for the door by which I had entered.

I could not find it. I felt along the endless wainscoting, past miles of

Parisian Novelty That Has Won and Well Deserves the Favor of Fashion.

A decidedly novel and attractive fan is this that first appeared in the ballrooms of Paris. The framework of the article is like that of an ordinary fan, but through holes in the tops of the sticks a ribbon is strung. At the end of each stick is sewed an artificial flower, rose, lily or some other type, and running from the bottom of the handle to the top is a border piece of ribbon, tied in a bow. When the fan is closed it so closely resembles a bouquet of natural flowers that the difference is impossible to detect except on close examination. The illustration is helped by the flowers being perfumed so that in odor, too, they resemble the blooms they represent. A fancy metal ring, which may be of precious metal, and which looks like a brace-let, runs up outside the sticks when the fan is closed and holds them together. As can be seen the novelty combines usefulness with a high degree of ornamentality.

Baked Apples. One cup granulated sugar in pudding dish, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, pinch of clove stirred in sugar, one cup cold water; put whole apples in; cover and bake slowly.

Victim of Fate. "I saw you talking to Mrs. Featherly. She seemed excited." "Yes; she was putting up the same old grumble."

"What's her grievance?" "A case of bunched anniversaries. She was born the day before Christmas and married the day after—and one precent answers for all three occasions."



"Did You Marry Him?" I Demanded.

come across the sands just then, I think I would have strangled him with my hands, out of pure hate.

"Did you marry him?" I demanded. My voice sounded hoarse and strange in my ears. "That's all I want to know. Did you marry him?"

"No." I drew a long breath. "You—cared about him?" She hesitated.

"No," she said finally. "I did not care about him."

I sat down on the edge of the boat and mopped my hot face. I was heartily ashamed of myself, and mingled with my abasement was a great relief. If she had not married him, and had not cared for him, nothing else was of any importance.

"I was sorry, of course, the moment the train had started, but I had wired I was coming, and I could not go back, and then when I got there, the place was charming. There were no neighbors, but we fished and rode and motored, and it was moonlight, like this."

I put my hand over both of hers, clasped in her lap. "I know," I acknowledged repentantly, "and—people do queer things when it is moonlight. The moon has got me to-night, Alison. If I am a boor, remember that, won't you?"

Her fingers lay quiet under mine. "And so," she went on with a little sigh, "I—began to think perhaps I cared. But all the time I felt that there was something not quite right. Now and then Mrs. Curtis would say or do something that gave me a queer start, as if she had dropped a meek for a moment. And there was trouble with the servants; they were almost insolent. I couldn't understand. I don't know when it dawned on me that the old Baron Cavalcanti had been right when he said they were not my kind of people. But I wanted to get away, wanted it desperately."

"Of course, they were not your kind," I cried. "The man was married! The girl Jennie, a housemaid, was a spy in Mrs. Sullivan's employ. If he had pretended to marry you I would have killed him! Not only that, but the man he murdered, Harrington, was his wife's father. And I'll see him hang by the neck yet if it takes every energy and every penny I possess."

I could have told her so much more gently, have broken the shock for her; I have never been proud of that evening on the sand. I was alternately a boor and a ruffian—like a hurt youngster who passes the blow that

you get tired of monkeying around with the blood-stain and finger-print specialist upstairs, you come to me, I've had the fellow you want under surveillance for ten days!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some Simple Precautions That Will Mean Addition to Life of Garment.

Now that taffeta petticoats are coming back again it is well to know how to make them last as long as possible.

Do not choose a silk that has much dressing in it, as it cuts much more quickly.

Do not have much shirring or tucking as the effort to keep dust brushed out is hard on the petticoat.

Do not fold in a chest or trunk as the creases will cut quickly. Hang by straps to the waist band.

Have a silk skirt put on a narrow band; pulling on a draw string, besides giving greater bulk, cuts the material.

One woman says her skirts wear longer if she hangs them upside down by loops placed on under side of ruffle.

Do not save your taffeta petticoats. They will cut from hanging too long in a closet, so you might as well have the satisfaction of wearing them out.

The Home.

Stuffed potatoes are made by mixing cheese and bread crumbs in with the contents.

A few allspice are an improvement to stews, thick soups and gravy. They give almost the same flavor as if wine had been added.

Plaster figures in hard or alabaster finish are easily cleaned by dipping a stiff toothbrush in gasoline and scrubbing into all the crevices.

If you have a black gown that needs freshening, cleanse it thoroughly with clear black coffee diluted with water and containing a little ammonia.

After the weekly washing rub a little winegar and spirits of camphor over the hands. This will keep the hands in good condition summer and winter.

Garments that are to be hung out to air can be put on hangers rather than pinned to the line. This prevents sagging or marking with the clothespins.

Cleaning Lace. Pure alcohol can be used with wonderful success as a means of cleaning black Spanish or chantilly lace. The alcohol should be poured into a clean basin and whipped with the hand until it is frothy, when the lace should be dipped into it and well worked about with the fingers until the dirt is removed. After gently squeezing out the spirit the lace should be laid on a folded cloth, the patterned edge fastened down with a pin. When perfectly dry the lace should be unpinned and pressed gently between the palms of the hands until smooth in lieu of ironing it, as this would flatten the pattern and spoil the color.

COMBINED FAN AND BOUQUET

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