The COAST of CHANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

[illegible]vate view of the Chatworth [illegible]tate, to be sold at auction, the [illegible] ring, known as the Crew Idol, [illegible]sly disappears. Harry Cressy, [illegible] present, describes the ring to [illegible]ce, Flora Gilsey, and her chap[illegible]rs. Clara Britton, as being like a [illegible] god, with a beautiful sapphire [illegible] the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, [illegible]nglishman, at the club. In dis[illegible]g the disappearance of the ring, the [illegible]its of an English thief, Farrell [illegible]d, are recalled. Flora has a fancy [illegible] Harry and Kerr know something [illegible]ut the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that [illegible] has met Harry somewhere, but cannot [illegible]place him. $20,000 reward is offered for [illegible] the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass, is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora meets Kerr at a box party. She is startled by the effect on him when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing room. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. Flora's interest in Kerr increases. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Buller tells Flora that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Buller.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Well, I'll let you know if it makes any difference," said Ella hopefully.

Flora knew that nothing either of them could say would make any difference to Clara, or turn her from the thing she was pursuing; but by speaking she might at least find out if Judge Buller himself were really her object.

The bells and whistles of one o'clock were making clangor as she ran up the steps of her house again.

She Tore It Open Hastily.

In the hall Shima presented her with a card. She looked at it with a quickening pulse. "Is he waiting?"

"No, madam. Mr. Kerr has gone. He waited half an hour."

Down went her spirits again. Yet surely after their last interview she ought not to be eager to meet him again. "In the morning," she thought, "and waited half an hour. How he must have wanted to see me!" She didn't know whether she liked that or not. "When did he come?"

"At 11 o'clock."

At this she was frightened; he had missed Harry by less than half an hour.

"He waited all that time alone?"

"No. Mr. Cressy came."

Flora felt a cold thrill in her nerves. Then Harry had come back! What had he come for?

"He also would wait," the Japanese explained.

Flora gasped. "They waited together!"

The Japanese shook his head. "They went away together."

She didn't believe her ears. "Mr. Kerr went away with Mr. Cressy?"

The Japanese seemed to revolve the problem of mastery. "No, Mr. Cressy accompanied Mr. Kerr." He had made a delicate oriental distinction. It put the whole thing before her in a moment. Harry had been the resistant, and the other with his brilliant initiative attacking, always attacking when he should have been hiding, had carried him off. What had he done, and how had he managed, when Harry must have had such pressing reasons for wanting to stay? Ah, she knew only too well Kerr's exquisite knowledge of managing; but why must he make such a reckless exposure of himself? Did he suppose Harry was to be managed? Had he no idea where Harry stood in this affair? In pity's name, didn't he know that Harry had seen him before—had seen him under circumstances of which Harry wouldn't talk?

CHAPTER XV.

A Lady in Distress.

She had returned, ready for pitched battle with Clara, and on the threshold there had met her the very turn in the affair that she had dreaded all along—the setting of Kerr and Harry upon each other.

These were two whom she had kept apart even in her mind—the man to whom she was pledged, with whom she had supposed herself in love, and the man for whom she was flying in the face of all her traditions. She had not scrutinized the reason of her extraordinary behavior; not since that dreadful day when the vanishing mystery had taken positive form in him had she dared to think how she felt about Kerr. She had only acted, acted; only asked herself what to do next, and never why; only taken his cause upon herself and made it her own, as if that was her natural right. She could hardly believe that it was she who had let herself go to this extent. All her life she had been docile to public opinion, bowing to conventions, respectful of those legal and moral rules laid down by some rigid material spirit lurking in mankind. But now when the moment had come, when the responsibility had descended upon her, she found that these things had in no way persuaded her.

Then this was herself, a creature too much concerned with the primal harmonies of life to be impressed by the modulations her decade set upon them. This was that self which she had obscurely cherished as no more real than a fairy; but at Kerr's acclamation it had proclaimed itself more real than flesh and blood, and Kerr himself the most real thing in all her life.

Then what was Harry? The bland implacable pronouncement of Shima had summoned him up to stand beside Kerr more clearly than her own eyes could have shown him.

Kerr, with his brilliant initiative, might carry him off, but Kerr was still the quarry. For had not Harry, from the very beginning, known something about him? Hadn't he at first denied having seen him before, and then admitted it? Hadn't he dropped hints and innuendoes without ever an explanation? She remembered the singular fact of the embassy ball, twice mentioned, each time with that singular name of Farrell Wand. And to know—if that was what Harry knew—that a man of such fame was in a community where a ring of such fame had disappeared—what further proof was wanted?

Then why didn't Harry speak? And what was going on on his side of the affair? Harry's side would have been her side a few days before. Now, unaccountably, it was not. Nor was Kerr's side hers either. She was standing between the two—standing hesitating between her love of one and her loyalty to the other and what he represented. The power might be hers to tip the scales Harry held, either to Kerr's undoing, or to his protection. At least she thought she might protect him, if she could discover Harry's secret. Her special, authorized relation to him—her right to see him often, question him freely—even cajole—should make that easy. But she shrank from what seemed like betrayal, even though she did not betray him to Kerr by name.

Then, on the other hand, she doubted how much she could do with Harry. She wasn't sure how far she was prepared to try him after that scene of theirs. She had no desire to pique him further by seeing too much of Kerr. On her own account she wanted for the present to avoid Kerr. He roused a feeling in her that she feared—a feeling intoxicating to the senses, dazzling to the mind, unknitting to the will. How could she tell, if they were left alone, that she might not take the jewel from her neck, at his request, and hand it to him—and damn them both? If only she could escape seeing him altogether until she could find out what Harry was doing and what she must do!

Meanwhile, there was her promise to Ella. She recalled it with difficulty. It seemed a vague thing in the light of her latest discovery, though she could never meet Clara in disagreement without a qualm. But she made the plunge that evening, before Clara left for the Bullers', while she was at her dressing-table in the half-disarray which brings out all the softness and the disarming physical charm of women. From her low chair Flora spoke laughingly of Ella's perturbation. Clara paused, with the powder puff in her hand, while she listened to Flora's explanation of how Ella feared that some one might, after all these years, be going to marry Judge Buller. Who this might be she did not even hint at. She left it ever so sketchy. But the little stare with which Clara met it, the amusement, the surprise, and the shortest possible little laugh, were guarantee that Clara had seen it all. She had filled out Flora's sketch to the full outline, and pronounced it, as Flora had, an absurdity. But though Clara had laughed, she had gone away with her delicate brows a little drawn together, as if she'd really found more than a laugh, something worth considering, in Ella's state of mind.

She heard the wheels of Clara's departing conveyance. Now was her chance for an interview with Harry. She spent 20 minutes putting together three sentences that would not arouse his suspicions. She made two copies, and sent them by separate messengers, one to his rooms, one to the club, with orders they be brought back if he was not there to receive them. Then—the business of waiting in the large house full of echoes and the round ghostly globes of electric lights, with that thing around her neck for which—did they but know of it—half the town would break in her windows and doors.

The wind traveled the streets without, and shook the window-casings. She cowered over the library fire, listening. The leaping flames set her shadow dancing like a goblin. A bell rang, and the shadow and the flame gave a higher leap as if in welcome of what had arrived. She went to the library door. In the glooms and lights outside Shima was standing, and two messengers. It was odd that both should arrive at once. She stepped back and stood waiting with a quicker pulse. Shima entered with two letters upon his tray. She had a moment's anxiety lest both her notes had been brought back to her, but no—the envelope which lay on top showed Harry's writing. She tore it open hastily. Harry wrote that he would be delighted, and might he bring a friend with him; a bully fellow whom he wanted her to meet? He added she might send over for some girl and they could have a jolly little party.

Flora looked at this communication blankly. Was Harry, who had always jumped at the chance of a tete-a-tete, dodging her? In her astonishment she let the other envelope fall. She stooped, and then for a moment remained thus, bent above it. The superscription was not hers. The note was not addressed to Harry, but to her, and in a handwriting she had never seen before!

Again the peal of the electric bell. Shima appeared with a third envelope. This time it was her own note returned to her. With the feeling she was bewitched she took up the mysterious letter from the floor and opened it. She read the strange handwriting:

May I see you, anywhere, at any time, to-night? ROBERT KERR.

It was as if Kerr himself had entered the room, masked and muffled beyong recognition, and then, face to face with her, let fall his disguise. She gazed at the words, at the signature, thrilled and frightened. She looked at Harry's note, hesitated; caught a glimpse of the two messengers waiting stolidly in the hall. Waiting for answers! Answers to such communications! She made a dash for the table where were pens and ink and on one sheet scrawled:

"Certainly. Bring him," appending her initials; on the other the word "Impossible," and her full name. Then she hurried the letters into Shima's hands, lest her courage should fail her—lest she should regret her choice.

"Anywhere, at any time, to-night," she repeated softly. Why, the man must be mad! Yet she permitted herself a moment of imagining what might have been if her answers had been reversed.

But no, she dared not meet Kerr's impetuous attacks yet. First she must get at Harry. And how was that to be managed if he insisted on surrounding himself with "a jolly little party?"

She found a moment that evening in which to ask him to walk out to the Presidio with her the next morning. But he was going to Burlingame on the early train. He was woefully sorry. It was ages since he had had a moment with her alone, but at least he would see her that evening. She had not forgotten? They were going to that dinner—and then the reception afterward? Her suspicion that he was deliberately dodging wavered before his boyish, cheerful, unconscious face. And yet, following on the heels of his tendency to question and coerce her, this reticence was amazing. The next day would be lost with Harry beyond reach—12 hours while Kerr was at the mercy of chance, and she was at the mercy of Kerr.

Yet when his card was brought up to her the next morning she looked at the printed name as wistfully as if it had been his face. It cost an effort to send down the cold fiction that she was not at home, and she could not deny herself the consolation of leaning on the baluster of the second landing, and listening for his step in the hall below. But there was no movement. Could it be possible he was waiting for her to come in? Hush! that was the drawing-room door. But instead of Kerr, Shima emerged. He was heading for the stair with his little silver tray and upon it—a note. Oh, impudence! How dared he give her the lie, by the hand of her own butler! She stood her ground, and Shima delivered the missive as if it were most usual to find one's mistress beflounced in peignoir and petticoats, hanging breathless over the baluster.

"Take that back," she said coldly, "and tell him that I am out; and, Shima,"—she addressed the man's intelligence—"make him understand it."

She watched the note departing. How she longed to call Shima back and open it! There was a pause—then Kerr emerged from the drawing-room. As he crossed the hall he glanced up at the stair and as much as was visible of the landing. He had not taken Shima's word for it, after all!

The vestibule door closed noiselessly after him, the outer door shut with a heavy sound. Yet before that sound had ceased to vibrate, she heard it shut again. Was he coming back? There was a presence in the vestibule very vaguely seen through the glass and lace of the inner door. Her heart beat with apprehension. The door opened upon Clara.

Flora precipitately retreated. She was more disturbed than relieved by the unexpected appearance. For Clara must have seen Kerr leave the house. Three times now within three days he had been found with her or waiting for her. She wondered if Clara would ask her awkward questions. But Clara, when she entered Flora's dressing-room a few moments later with the shopping-list, instead of a question, offered a statement.

"I don't like than man," she announced.

"Who?"

"That Kerr. I met him just now on the steps. Don't you feel there is something wrong about him?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Flora vaguely.

Clara gave her a bright glance.

"But you weren't at home to him."

"I'm not at home to any one this morning," Flora answered evasively, feeling the probe of Clara's eyes. "I'm feeling ill. I'm not going out this evening, either. I think I'll ring up Burlingame and tell Harry." It was in her mind that she might manage to make him stay with her while Clara went on to the reception.

"Burlingame! Harry!" Clara echoed in surprise. "Why, he's in town. I saw him just now as I was coming up."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He was walking up Clay from Kearney. I was in the car."

"Why that—that is—" Flora stammered in her surprise. "Then something must have kept him," she altered her sentence quickly. But though this seemed the probable explanation she did not believe it. Harry walking toward Chinatown, when he had told her distinctly he would be in Burlingame! She thought of the goldsmith shop and there returned to her the memory of how Harry and the blue-eyed Chinaman had looked when she had turned from the window and seen them standing together in the back of the shop.

"You do look ill," Clara remarked. "Why don't you stay in bed and not try to see any one?"

Flora murmured that that was her intention, but she was far from speaking the truth. She only waited to make sure of Clara's being in her own rooms to get out of the house and telephone to Harry.

It was not far to the nearest booth, a block or two down the cross street. She rang, first, the office. The word came back promptly in his partner's voice. He had gone to Burlingame by the early train. It was the same at the club. He must be in town, then, on secret business

She walked rapidly, in her excitement, turning the troubling question over in her mind. She did not realize how far she had gone until some girl she knew, passing and nodding to her, called her out of her reverie. She was almost in front of the University club. A few blocks more and she would be in the shopping district. She hesitated, then decided that it would be better to walk a little further and take a cross-town car.

A group of men was leaving the club. Two lingered on the steps, the other coming quickly out. At sight of him, she averted her face, and, hurrying, turned the corner and walked down a block. Her heart was beating rapidly. What if he had seen her! She looked about—there was no cab in sight—the best thing to do was to slip into one of the crowded shops, full of women, and wait until the danger had passed. Once inside the door of the nearest, she felt herself, with relief, only one of a horde of pricers, lookers and buyers. She felt as if she had lost her identity. She went to the nearest counter and asked for veils. Partly concealed behind the bulk of the woman next her, she kept her eye on the door. She saw Kerr come in. How absurd to think that she could escape him! She turned her back and waited a moment or two, still hoping he might pass her by. Then she heard his voice behind her:

"Well, this is luck!"

She was conscious of giving him a limp hand. He sat down on the vacant stool next her, laughing.

"You are a most remarkably fast walker," he observed.

"I had to buy a veil," Flora murmured.

"Has it taken you all the morning?"

She could see she had not fooled him.

"I had a great many other things to do." She was resolved not to admit anything.

"No doubt, but I wanted to see you very much last night, and again this morning. I may see you this evening, perhaps?" He was grave now. She saw that he awaited her answer in anxiety.

"But—" she hesitated just a moment too long before she added, "I'm going out this evening."

She started nervously to rise.

"Wait," he said in a voice that was audible to the shop-girl, "your package has not come."

She looked at him helplessly, so attractive and so inimical to her. He swung around, back to the counter, and lowered his voice. "Did you know I called upon you yesterday morning, also?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Mr. Cressy and I waited for you together. Did he mention it to you?"

"No." Her lips let the word out slowly.

"That's a reticent friend of yours!" The exclamation, and the truth of it, put her on her guard.

"I can't discuss him with you," she said coldly.

"Yet no doubt you have discussed me with him?"

"Never!"

"You haven't told him anything?" The incredulity, the amazement of his face put before her, for the first time, how extraordinary her conduct must seem. What could he think of her? What construction would he put upon it? She blushed, neck to forehead, and her voice was scarcely audible as she answered "No."

But at that small word his whole mood warmed to her. "Why, then," he began eagerly, "if Cressy doesn't know—"

"Oh, but he—" Flora stopped in terror of herself. "I can't talk of him, I must not. Don't ask me!" she implored, "and please, please don't come to my house again!"

He gave his head a puzzled, impatient shake. "Then where am I to see you?"

"In a few days—perhaps to-morrow—I will let you know." She rose. She had her package now. She was getting back her courage. There was no further way of keeping her.

But he followed her closely through the crowd to the door. "Yes," he said quickly under his breath, "in a few days, perhaps to-morrow, as soon as you get rid of it, you won't mind meeting me! What are you afraid of? Surely not of me?"

She was, but hotly denied it.

"I am not afraid of you. I am afraid of them!"

"Of them!" He peered at her. "What are you talking about now?"

Ah, she had said too much! She bit her lip. They had reached the corner, and the gliding cable car was approaching. She turned to him with a last appeal.

"Don't ask me anything! Don't come with me! Don't follow me!"

Not until she was safely inside the car did she dare look back at him. He was still on the corner, and he raised his hat and smiled so reassuringly that she was half-way home before she realized that, in spite of all she had urged upon him, he had not committed himself to any promise. And yet, she thought in dismay, he had almost made her give away Harry's confidence. She was seeing more and more clearly that this was the danger of meeting him. He always got something out of her and never, by chance, gave her anything in return. If he should seek her to-night she dared not be at home! Any place would be safer than her own house. It would be better to fulfill her engagement and go to the reception with Clara and Harry. That was a house Kerr did not know.

It was awkward to have to announce this sudden change of plan after her pretenses of the morning, but of late she had lived too constantly with danger for Clara's uplifted eyebrows to daunt her. The mere trivial act of being dressed each day was fraught with danger. To get the sapphire off her person before Marrika should appear; to put it back somehow after Marrika had done; to shift it from one place to another as she wore gowns cut high or low—and

every moment in fear lest she be discovered in the act! This was her daily maneuver. To-night she clasped the chain around her waist beneath her petticoats.

She was ready early, in the hope that Harry might come, as he had been wont to do, a little before the appointed hour. But he turned up without a moment to spare. Clara was downstairs in her cloak when he appeared. There was no chance for a word at dinner. But if she could not manage it later in the wider field of the reception, why, then she deserved to fail in everything.

But she found, upon their arrival, that even this was going to be hard to bring about. For she was immediately pounced upon—first, by Ella Buller.

"Why, Flora," at the top of her voice, "where have you been all these days?" Then in a hot whisper: "Did you speak to her? It hasn't done one bit of good."

"I think you are mistaken," Flora murmured. "But be careful, and let me know—" She had only time for that broken sentence before she was surrounded; and other voices took up the chorus.

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping Lent early, and allowed herself to be drifted about through the crowd by more or less entertaining people, now and then getting glimpses of Harry, tracking him by his burnished brown head, waiting her opportunity to get him cornered. At last she saw him making for the smoking-room. Connecting this with the drawing-room where she stood was a small red lounging-room, walls, floor and furniture all covered with crimson velvet. It had a third door which communicated indirectly with the reception-rooms, by means of a little hall. She was near that hall, and it would be the work of a moment to slip by way of it into the red room and stop Harry on his way through. She had not played at such a game since, as a child, she had jumped out on people from dark closets, and Harry was as much astonished as she could remember they had been.

"What in the world are you doing here alone?" He spoke peevishly. "I don't see how a crowd of men can leave such a bundle of fascination at large!"

She made him a low courtesy and said she was preventing him from doing so.

"It's very good of you, and you are very pretty, Flora," he admitted with a grudging smile, "but I've got to see a man in here." His eyes went to the door of the smoking-room whence was audible a discussion of voices, and among them Judge Buller's basso. She was between Harry and the door. Laughingly, he made as if to put her aside, when the door through which she had entered opened again sharply; and Kerr came in.

"Forgive me. I followed you," he began. Then he saw Harry. "I—ha—ha—I've been hunting for you Cressy, all the evening!"

Harry accepted the statement with a cynical smile. It was too evidently not for him Kerr had been hunting, and after the first stammer of embarrassment, the Englishman made no attempt to conceal his real intentions His words merely served him as an excuse not to retreat.

"This is a good place to sit," he said, pushing forward a chair for Flora. She sank into it, wondering weakly what daring or what danger had brought him into a house where he was not known, to seek her. He sat down in the compartment of a double settee near her. Harry still stood with a dubious smile on his face. The look the two men exchanged appeared to her a prolongment of their earnest interrogation in the picture gallery; but this time it struck her that both carried it off less well. Harry, especially, bore it badly.

"Did you say you were looking for me?" he remarked. "Well, Buller's been looking for you. He wants to know about some Englishman that they're trying to put up at the club."

"How's that? Oh, yes! I remember." Kerr shrugged. "Never heard of him at home, and can't vouch for every fellow who comes along just because he is English."

"Quite so!" said Harry, with a straight look at Kerr that made Flora uncomfortable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Quite So!" Said Harry, with a Straight Look at Kerr.

No Market For Umbrellas

United States Consul in Peru Has Post in Country Where Rain Is Unknown.

Former Secretary of State S. M. Taylor of Urbana, now United States consul to Peru at Callao, is home on the first leave of absence from his post since he was assigned to Callao three years ago.

"We like life in Peru," said Mr. Taylor. "While my office is in Callao, I live in Lima. Callao is the seaport, a place of about 35,000 population, while Lima, seven miles distant, has a population of 150,000. We are 11 degrees south of the equator, so that this is their summer, but it is never very hot there. They get the sea breeze and it rarely gets over 85 degrees Fahrenheit, while the lowest temperature is about 65. Of course, frost never occurs there.

"The climate is one of perpetual sunshine. It never rains. All agricultural operations must be carried on by means of irrigation. A Peruvian girl came up to Panama with me, and, though she was almost a woman, she had never seen rain. When we encountered a thunderstorm in Panama she was badly frightened. It was the first thunder I had heard for three years."

Courtship Class for Jap Girls.

Japan has killed the last doubt as to its modern progress by the organization of a "class of courtship" for girls in each of the secondary schools. The Japanese maidens are taught that if they "should be so unfortunate as to fall in love before becoming engaged they must conceal the fact. Above all they must remember that women never propose. Another thing, they are warned that well-bred girls do not exchange photographs with their admirers. In Japan until now there has not been any trouble about courting, and this is the first evidence that the Japanese maidens need instruction in affairs of the heart. Classes to the contrary, however, the point is maintained that there is not a Juliet under the sun who does know the exact formula for dealing with a Romeo.

Little Willie's Bright Idea

He Caught Santa, All Right, But Probably Santa Had His Innings Afterward.

A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London Times, refused, at a dinner at the Union club, to criticise adversely the New theater of New York.

"To criticise you adversely, at a moment when you are giving a feast in my honor, would surely be impolitic on my part," Mr. Walkley said. "I should be putting my foot in it, like the Santa Claus of Chelsea.

"A Chelsea artist—you know all London artists live in Chelsea—rose in the middle of the night on Christmas eve, and, in pajamas and bare feet, proceeded to the coal black room of his little sons. He had in his arms toys, sweets and picture books, and his wife with a glad heart watched him depart.

"But a minute after he entered the boys' room he muttered a terrible cry.

"'John, John, what's the matter?' cried his wife.

"'Why,' he groaned 'I've caught my foot in a rat trap. 'A nice place,' he added reproachfully, for a rat trap, I must say!'

"'There, if I didn't forget!' the wife exclaimed. 'Willie told me he was going to set it to catch Santa!'"

Suppressing a Nuisance.

When Professor Taft went up to Cambridge he had to live outside the college and was located next door to a musical family. The lady practicing her scales disturbed his equanimity very much indeed. So much so that he remonstrated with her father. The result was a curt reply: "Mr.— regrets that his daughter's musical education cannot be neglected." The future collaborator with Lord Kelvin was "cast down, but not destroyed." He sent away to Edinburgh for some bagpipes, and, not knowing a note of music, he started practice whenever the young lady played the piano. It was then her turn to sue for peace. Then came the future professor's triumph. His reply was that Mr. Taft much regretted that his musical education could not be neglected. Terms were soon arranged.—London Globe.

Stanley's Estimate of Leaders.

In his recent published autobiography Sir Henry M. Stanley says: "The civil war only developed two first-rank men, and those were Grant and Lee, but in the second rank there were many who might possibly, with opportunities, have rivaled the first two. I believe if it were put to the vote of the military class as to which was the greater of the two greatest captains of the war the vote would be cast for Robert E. Lee. Nevertheless there was something in Grant which though not so showy as the strategy and dash of Lee, makes me cast my vote for Grant."

MADE WITH CHEESE

RECIPE FOR PARMESAN CHEESE NOODLES.

Melt Two Ounces of Butter, One-Half Cup of Flour, Measure of Milk, Three Eggs and Four Ounces of the Parmesan.

Noodles With Parmesan Cheese.—Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan on a hot stove, and when melted mix in one and a half ounces of flour, a little salt, a little red pepper and a cupful of milk. Work these into a firm paste, add three eggs and four ounces of grated cheese. Have ready a saucepan of boiling water. Take the mixture up in small quantities in a spoon and drop into the water. Boil for a quarter of an hour. Take out, drain, place the noodles on a hot dish and serve with a rich brown sauce.

Rissotto.—Mix together in a stewpan over the fire a heaping tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour. When mixed put in a finely chopped onion and fry until browned. Wash a fourth of a pound of rice in several waters, drain and add to the onion. On this pour stock and boil until each grain is cooked. Shake the stewpan occasionally, but do not stir with a spoon. When cooked season to taste with pepper and salt and strain in a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Turn upon a hot dish, strew some grated Parmesan cheese over it and serve immediately.

Almond Cookies.—Rub together six ounces of butter and half a pound of flour. Add two ounces of sifted sugar, two ounces of pounded sweet almonds and the beaten yolk of an egg. Put the paste aside for an hour, then pour into a cake tin and bake for a quarter of an hour. When done remove from the tin, divide the cake in half; spread one-half with jelly and lay the other half on top; cut with a sharp knife into strips, dust with sugar and arrange in pyramidal form on a glass dish.

Cleaning Cretonne.

Now that cretonne and chintz are used so universally about the house this cleaning suggestion should be invaluable, as it can be adopted in the home so easily. Take one pound of rice and boil it in a gallon of water until the rice is quite soft. Now strain off about one quart of the milky water in a separate vessel, and add to it a piece of gum arabic about the size of a small egg. This to be set aside and used for starch later on. To the remainder of the water and rice add enough warm water to wash the curtains in. Instead of soap rub the curtains with a handful of boiled rice and "souse" the cretoone up and down many times. Rinse in fair water, and finally starch with the water as prepared above. The cretonne or chintz material should be ironed when partly dry (not allowed to dry and then sprinkled), and a medium hot iron should be used. If this method is followed the hangings will be like new.

Roast Breast of Veal.

Get two pounds of the breast even if there is to be no company, for it can be eaten cold the next day. Roll out the long narrow piece and fill it with a stuffing of dry, stale white bread, and chopped pimentos seasoned with cayenne and salt. Mix the mass together with olive oil, put in a raw beaten egg and lay the dressing on the veal, shaping this into a roll. Skewer or tie with cords and dredge with flour, pouring over a little olive oil to start the roasting if there is little fat.

This must be thoroughly done to be perfect, and when it is served the carver cuts a round slice, putting the stuffing beside it and covering the two with the gravy.

Roasted Spanish Onions.

Wash well in cold water as many onions as are required to roast. Do not peel them; put them into a saucepan with enough cold water to cover them. Stand them over the fire and let them simmer gently for two hours; then lift them one at a time from the water with a skimmer; place them in a baking dish, pull the skins off, season them with a light sprinkling of red pepper and plenty of salt. Put a tablespoonful of butter on top of each onion, cover them well with fine bread crumbs and stand them in a quick oven and let them roast until a rich brown on the top; then serve in the dish in which they are roasted.

Walnut Stain.

Walnut hair stain may be made by breaking the hulls into a jar and filling the latter loosely. Over the hulls must be poured grain alcohol, the jar lid screwed down tight and let stand over night. In the morning the alcohol is poured off, squeezing the hulls. The hulls are then covered with cold water and slowly brought to a boil to simmer until the hulls are mushy. The liquid thus obtained is strained off and when cold is added to the alcohol.

The hair must be washed and thoroughly dried before putting on the stain with a brush. The application must be repeated.

Pot Roast.

Wipe four pounds of beef from the rump or best part of the round. Put it into a hot frying pan and sear all sides. Put it then into pot with two cups of water and simmer gently. If the water boils away too much add just enough more to keep it from burning. Have it covered closely, serve with a garnish of boiled carrots. Thicken with a little flour (the gravy left), wet with a little water, let it boil up a few minutes and serve in a gravy boat.

Ham Pattie.

Make a cream sauce of one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon flour, one cup milk. Boil eggs hard and drop. Place in pudding dish a layer of chopped boiled ham, then a layer of eggs moistened with the cream sauce. Repeat until the dish is full, then cover with breadcrumbs and dot with bits of butter and bake in oven a few minutes.

Graham Mush.

Mix one-half a cup of graham flour and one-half a teaspoonful of salt; make it into a thin, smooth paste with a little cold water; stir in into one pint of boiling water; cook 20 minutes, stirring often; serve with cream.

Gluten Gems.

Two cups of gluten, one-half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one egg, two cups of water or milk; bake in very hot buttered gem pans in a hot oven half an hour.

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Talk about making good with your friends, a New Orleans man told everybody he knew that he was going to Philadelphia for the dual purpose of seeing the world's baseball series and having a slight surgical operation performed. Reaching this city, he consulted a specialist, and was told that an operation was not necessary.

"But, doctor," the New Orleans party urgently interposed, "it must be done."

"Why must it?" wonderingly queried the surgeon.

"Because," was the startling rejoinder of the Southern man, "I told all the boys at home that I was going to have an operation performed, and if I don't make good they will kid the life out of me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Note From the Basswood Bugle

Somebody took the rope off the bell in the fire engine house to use for a clothesline, and now, when there is a fire, the constable has to climb up into the tower and ring the bell with a hammer. Somebody took the hammer the other day and, when Hank Purdy's corncrib ketched fire, the constable had to hurry down to Hilliker's store for to borry a hammer. Hilliker had lent his hammer to Deacon Renfrew, who lives four miles out in the country, and by the time the constable had got there and hunted around in the barn for the hammer and got back to the engine house, the angry elements had done their worst and Hank's corncrib was a mass of smoldering ruins.—Judge's Library.

HEALTH AND INCOME
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Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money.

With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day.

"Today, I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.