



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and the history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious character, appears. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Hannibal, from the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Yancy, overtakes Bladen, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty, a friend of the Quintards, is an encounter with Captain Murrell, who takes her attention on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge receives him in the evening of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's house, and the Quintards are told. Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks him. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER X.

Belle Plain.
"Now, Tom," said Betty, with a little air of excitement as she rose from the breakfast table, "I want you to show me everything!"
"I reckon you'll notice some changes," remarked Tom.
He went from the room and down the hall a step or two in advance of her. On the wide porch Betty paused, breathing deep. The house stood on an eminence; directly before it at the bottom of the slight descent was a small bayou, beyond this the Judge stretched away in an unbroken mass to the Mississippi.

"What is it you want to see, anyhow, Betty?" Tom demanded.
"Everything—the place, Tom—Belle Plain! Oh, isn't it beautiful!"
"So, you like it, Betty?" cried Betty, as with her eyes still fixed on the distant panorama of wood and water she went down the steps, him at her heels—he bet she'd get sick of it all soon enough, that was one comfort."

"Why, Tom! Why does the lawn look like this?"
"Like what?" inquired Tom.
"Why, this—all weeds and briars, and the paths overgrown," Betty said, rubbing his chin reflectively with the back of his hand.
"That sort of thing looked all right, Betty," he said, "but it kept five or six of the best hands in the county right at the busiest time of the year."

"Haven't I slaves enough?" she asked.
The dull color crept into Wate's cheeks. He hated her for that "I!" So she was going to come that on him, was she?
"Don't you want to see the crops, Betty?"

The girl shook her head and moved swiftly down the path that led from the terrace to the margin of the bayou. At the first terrace she paused.
"It's positively splendid!" cried Betty, with a little start of her foot. "I've glanced about with dull eyes, but now I see it. I'm busy this morning; you poke about and see what you want done and we'll do it," he said, and made a hasty retreat to his room.

Betty returned to the porch and seating herself on the top step, with her elbows on her knees and her chin sunk in the palms of her hands, gazed about her miserably enough. She was still there when half an hour later Charlie Norton sallied up the drive from the highroad. Catching sight of her on the porch, he sprang from the saddle, and, throwing his reins to a black boy, hurried to her side.
"Inspecting your domain, Betty?" he asked, as he took his place near her on the step.

"Why didn't you tell me, Charlie—or at least prepare me for this?" she asked, almost tearfully.
"How was I to tell you, Betty? I haven't been here since you went away, dear—what was to bring me? Old Tom would make a cow pasture out of the Garden of Eden, wouldn't he—a beautiful, practical, splendid soul!"

Norton spent the day at Belle Plain; and though he was there on his good behavior as the result of an agreement they had reached on board The Nalad, he proposed twice.
Tom was mistaken in his supposition that Betty would soon tire of Belle Plain. She demanded men, and teams, and began on the lawns. This interested and fascinated her. She was out at last to do what she loved. She had the advantage of Charlie Norton's presence and advice for the greater part of each day in the week, and Sundays he came to look over what had been accomplished, and, as Tom firmly believed to put that little foot up to fresh nonsense. He could have booted him!

He Depended on His Wife

How the Neighbored Old Man Al-most Slept Himself to Death.
Never Ending.

It seems that an old man with some property had married an elderly lady. The lady was a sprightly dame, executive, lively and keen. The husband could not see more than an inch beyond his nose, and he was pretty hard of hearing, too. So he depended a good deal on his wife, you understand. He'd wake up in the morning and wonder if it wasn't time to get up for breakfast. So he'd slide out of bed and look into his wife's room. If she was up, he'd begin dressing; if she was still in the hay, he'd go back and have another nap. Well, the lady got on to this habit of his. She fixed up a dummy out of bedclothes one morning just before she went downstairs. The old man came into the room an hour later, squinted at the bed and said, "Anna's still asleep," and went right back to the feathers. After he had slept

As the grounds took shape before her delighted eyes, Betty found leisure to institute a thorough reformation indoors. A number of house servants were rescued from the quarters and she began to instruct them in their new duties.

Betty's sphere of influence extended itself. She soon began to have her doubts concerning the treatment accorded the slaves, and was not long in discovering that Hicks, the overseer, ran things with a heavy hand. Matters reached a crisis one day when, happening to ride through the quarters, she found him disciplining a refractory black. She turned sick at the sight. Here was a slave actually being whipped by another slave! Betty's indignation was aroused. She went to the overseer, and, as he was about to strike the black, she stepped in with her hands in his pockets, and, with a brutal, satisfied air.

"Stop!" commanded Betty, her eyes blazing. She strove to keep her voice steady. "You shall not remain at Belle Plain another hour!"
Hicks said nothing. He knew it would take more than her saying so to get him off the place. Betty turned her horse and galloped back to the house. She felt that she was in no condition to see Tom just at that moment, and dismounting at the door, ran upstairs to her room.

Meantime the overseer sought out Wate in his office. His manner, as he began by swearing at his employer, he had been insulted before all the quarter—his rage fairly choked him; he could not speak.

Tom seized the opportunity to swear back.
"Sent you off the place, did she; well, you'll have to eat crow. I'll do all I can. I don't know what girls were ever made for anyhow, damned if I do!"

Hicks consented to eat crow only after Mr. Wate had cursed and calogized him into a better and more forgiving frame of mind.
Later, after Hicks had made his apology, the two men smoked a friendly pipe and discussed the situation. Tom pointed out that opposition was useless, a losing game; you could get your way by less direct means. She wouldn't stand for it, would she? But she did remain the sort through which they had just passed, and presently she'd be sick of the place.

In the midst of her activities Betty occasionally found time to think of Bruce Carrington. She was sure she did not wish to see him again! But when three weeks had passed she began to feel incensed that he had not appeared. She was angry of him, but his cheeks and a quickening of the heart. It was anger.

Then one day when she had decided forever to banish all memory of him from her mind, he presented himself at Belle Plain.
She was in her room just putting the finishing touches to an especially satisfying toilet when her maid tapped on the door and told her there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see her.

"Is it Mr. Norton?" asked Betty.
"No, Miss, he didn't give no name, Miss."

When Betty entered the parlor a moment later she saw her caller standing with his back turned toward her as he gazed from one of the windows, but she instantly recognized those broad shoulders, and the fine poise of the shapely head that surmounted them.

"Oh, Mr. Carrington!" and Betty stopped short, while her face grew rather pale and then crimsoned. Then she advanced boldly and held out a frigid hand. "I didn't know—so you are alive—you disappeared so suddenly!"

"Yes, I'm alive," he said, and then with a smile, "but I fear before you get through with me we'll both wish I were not, Betty."

"Do you still hate me, Betty—Miss Malroy? Is there anything I can say or do that will make you forgive me?" he looked at her penitently.
But Betty hardened her heart against him and prepared to keep him in place.

"Will you sit down?" she indicated a chair.
He seated himself and Betty put a side distance between them. "Are you staying in the neighborhood, Mr. Carrington?" she asked, rather unkindly.

"No, I'm not staying in the neighborhood. When I left you, I made up my mind I'd wait at New Madrid until I could come on down here and say I was sorry."

"And it's taken you all this time?" Carrington asked her seriously.
"I reckon I must have come for more time, Betty—Miss Malroy. In spite of herself, Betty glowed under the caressing humor of his tone.
"Really—you must have chosen poorly then, when you selected New Madrid. It couldn't have been a good place for your purpose."

"I think if I could have made up my mind to stay there long enough, it would have answered," said Carrington. "But when a down-river boat tied up there yesterday it was more than I could stand. You see there's danger in a town like New Madrid of getting too sorry. I thought we'd better discuss this point."

"Mayn't I show you Belle Plain?" asked Betty quickly.
But Carrington shook his head.

"I don't care anything about that," he said. "I didn't come here to see Belle Plain."

"Then you expect to remain in the neighborhood?"
"I've given up the river, and I'm going to get hold of some land."

"Land?" said Betty, with a rising infection.
"Yes, land."

"I thought you were a river-man?"
"I'm a river-man no longer. I am going to be a planter now. But I'll tell you why, and all about it some other day." Then he held out his hand. "Good-by," he added.

"Are you going—good-by, Mr. Carrington?" and Betty's fingers clung with his masterful clasp long after he had gone.

CHAPTER XI.

The Shooting-Match at Boggs'.
The judge's faith in the reasonableness of mankind having received a staggering blow, there began a somewhat futile existence for himself, for Slocum Price, and the boy.

They kept to little frequent byways, and usually it was the early hours of the morning, or the cool of late afternoons, when they took the road.

A certain hot afternoon brought them into the shaded main street of

race-track, straight down the road, and you'll find that out—everybody's there to the horse-racing and shooting-match. I reckon you've missed the horse-racing, but you'll be in time for the shooting. Why ain't you there, Mr. Carrington?"

"I'm going now, Mr. Pegloe," answered Carrington, as he followed the judge, who, with Mahaffy and the boy, had moved off.

"Better stop at Boggs'!" Pegloe called after them.
But the judge had already formed his decision. Horse-racing and shooting-matches were suggestive of that progressive spirit, the absence of which he had so much lamented at the jail raising at Pleasantville. Memphis was their objective point, but Boggs' became a side issue of importance. They had gained the edge of the village when Carrington overlooked them. He stepped to Hannibal's side.

"Here, let me carry that long rifle, son!" he said. Hannibal looked up into his face, and yielded the piece without a word. Carrington balanced it on his big palm. "I reckon it can shoot—these old guns are hard to beat!" he observed.

"She's the closest shooting rifle I ever sighted," said Hannibal proudly.
Carrington laughed.

There was a rusty name-plate on the stock of the old sporting rifle; this caught Carrington's eye.

"What's the name here? Oh, Turberville!"
The judge, a step or two in advance, wheeled in his tracks with a startling suddenness.

"What?" he faltered, and his face was ashen.

"Nothing, I was reading the name



She Instantly Recognized the Broad Shoulders.

a straggling village. Near the door of the principal building, a frame tavern, a man was seated, with his feet on the horse-rack. There was no other sign of human occupancy.

"How do you do, sir?" said the judge, halting before this solitary individual who he conjectured to be the landlord. "What's the name of this bustling metropolis?" continued the judge, cocking his head on one side.

As he spoke, Bruce Carrington appeared in the tavern door; pausing there, he glanced curiously at the shabby wayfarers.

"This is Raleigh, in Shelby county, Tennessee," said the landlord.
"Are you the voice from the tomb?" inquired the judge, in a tone of playful sarcasm.

Carrington, amused, sauntered to him.

"That's one for you, Mr. Pegloe!" he said.
"I am charmed to meet a gentleman whose spirit of appreciation shows his familiarity with a literary allusion," said the judge, bowing.

"We ain't so dead as we look," said Pegloe. "Just you keep on to Boggs'!"

here; it is yours, sir, I suppose?" said Carrington.
"No, sir—no; my name is Price—Slocum Price! Turberville—Turberville!" he muttered thickly, staring stupidly at Carrington.

"It's not a common name; you seem to have heard it before?" said the latter.
A spasm of pain passed over the judge's face.

"I've heard it. The name is on the rifle, you say?"
"Here on the stock, yes."

"Where did you get this rifle, Hannibal?" he then asked brokenly.
"I fetched it away from the Baron, sir. Mr. Crenshaw said I might have it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Minor Detail.

Reporter—"I have a good description of the dresses, presents and your appearance. Now, what shall I say about the bridegroom?" Bride—"Oh, I suppose he must be mentioned! Just say he was among those present!"

MYSTERY THAT HAS SET SOCIETY ON EDGE

INVOLVES RICH AND GREAT

Strange Affair of Mrs. Frederick O. Beach, Whose Throat Was Slashed by a Man at Her Winter Home in Fashionable Aiken, S. C.

NEW YORK—Society mysteries are the most baffling of all mysteries. Society has a mystery today that would require the best efforts of a Sherlock Holmes to solve. It has some elements in it that are altogether unusual in the affairs concerning the rich and great. This mystery surrounds the attack that was made on Mrs. Frederick O. Beach at Aiken, S. C. More than a month has elapsed since she was brutally assaulted in the darkness outside her home. Her head was beaten with a fence palling and her throat was slashed with a knife. The mystery is still unsolved.

All the persons whose names have appeared in this affair are in the front rank of high society. Mrs. Beach, before her marriage, was the widow of Charles F. Havemeyer. She was Camilla Moss, the daughter of Courtlandt D. Moss of Philadelphia. One of her sisters is Mrs. J. B. Tallier, whose New York residence is at No. 43 West Forty-seventh street. Another sister is Mrs. Johnston Livingston Jr. The Livingstons have an estate at Hewlett, L. I. Frederick O. Beach is a member of several clubs and a close friend of William K. Vanderbilt.

When in the north the Beaches make their home at Hewlett. In the winter they shift their domicile to Aiken. Mr. and Mrs. Beach are prominent members of the "Country Club" of the colony that is devoted to outdoor sports and gathers every winter at Aiken for shooting, hunting and golf. It is the Meadowbrook and Hempstead sporting element transplanted.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Beach Favorites of Fortune.

Mrs. Beach is a noted equestrienne, and very fond of the hunting field. Her husband long has been famous as a driver of crack four-in-hand teams, and a crack hunter. His handsome face has gained him the sobriquet of "Beauty" Beach. His wife is very pretty. She is still under 35, but looks almost ten years younger.

Mrs. Beach's first husband, Charles F. Havemeyer, was the eldest son of Theodore A. Havemeyer, the enormously rich sugar king. Her marriage to Mr. Havemeyer was considerably later than the children. Mrs. Havemeyer killed herself with a pistol at his home at Roslyn, L. I. August Belmont summoned the coroner. A jury was hastily summoned. It was a case of self-defense. The jury found in favor of the woman. The case was closed. August Belmont was the foreman. It met at midnight and declared that there was no evidence that Havemeyer had fired the bullet into his wife's chest. The jury found that the self-shooting was an accident.

From her husband's estate Mrs. Havemeyer inherited a great sum of money. About a year and a half after his death Mrs. Havemeyer married Frederick O. Beach. At the time she was rich, as a widow she was richer still, and as the wife of Beach she still had a greater fortune at her command. All her life, therefore, she has had all the money she could possibly need, millions of dollars.

Aiken is one of the most fashionable winter resorts within easy traveling distance of New York. It vies with Palm Beach in the luxurious way of living pursued at the fashionable colony, and is far more exclusive than the famous resort on the coast of Florida. It has been celebrated for years for its mild climate. Not only those of riches and leisure, but many who are suffering from lung troubles are attracted by its balmy atmosphere. Great pine forests cover the country for miles all about Aiken, and the air is soft and mild, no matter how bitter the cold winds of the north.

Perhaps a hundred rich and fashionable families from New York, Philadelphia and Boston have their winter homes there. Then there are many more who run down to Aiken to spend a few months of the year. The places of residence are great estates, among the most magnificent in America; others are big, comfortable houses surrounded by spacious grounds.

One of the most opulent and select country clubs in the south is at Aiken. The building in which it is housed is large and luxuriously appointed. It is the headquarters for the smart set, and many of the society people who are in the city at Aiken.

Robbery Not Motive for Attack on Mrs. Beach.

The attack on Mrs. Beach occurred on the evening of Monday, February 26. She was returning to her home when she was assaulted. She was knocked down by a blow from the palm which he had torn from the fence that surrounds the Beach place, and slashed her throat with a sharp knife. Mrs. Beach's earrings were torn from her. It was at first supposed that she was being robbed.

LONG LIFE; LITTLE LEISURE

Truly a Wonderful Worker in All Vineyards Was This Old-Time English Clergyman.

Those who think they have a great deal to do may profitably consider the life of a clergyman who lived more than a century ago. People of a far busier age will not dispute this man's right to the title of "wonderful worker." He was a Westmoreland, and will agree with his fellow clergymen that he was, indeed, of the "stodder fowls."

Rev. Robert Walker, who became minister and schoolmaster of Buttermere, was noted for long work and hard work.

AT THE MINEOLA RACES



Mrs. F. O. Beach, Mrs. Jas. B. Tallier, Sister of Mrs. F. O. Beach; Mrs. Johnston Livingston, Sister of Mrs. F. O. Beach.

posed that they were of great value and that the motive had been robbery, but the pendants were found next morning on the ground where the attack had taken place. They proved to be of little intrinsic worth. Mrs. Beach said they were family heirlooms her mother had given her, and she valued them on account of the associations connected with them. A moment before Mrs. Beach was assaulted, Pearl Hampton, a negro woman in the Beach family's employ, was feeling the same fence palling and presumably by the same man who struck down Mrs. Beach. This negro was near an outbuilding used as a laundry. She told contradictory stories afterward of having seen some one run out of the laundry and disappear.

Mrs. Beach's screams when she was assaulted aroused the neighborhood, and her attacker was pursued. He fled into an alley and escaped. Mrs. Beach swooned and was taken into the house. The assault occurred just outside the grounds. She was for a long time in a serious condition and unable to afford the police and detectives much assistance. She declared it was a negro that attacked her, one that she does not remember ever having seen before.

Naturally every one began to ask questions. Why should Mrs. Beach be attacked? What possible motive could there be? If the motive had been robbery, why had her assailant attempted to cut her throat and add murder to the crime?

Choice Morsel for Those Who Revel in Scandal.

Starting with the known facts, society at Aiken and elsewhere straightway became more than busy. It must be remembered that in a small place like Aiken, where the exclusive social circle is limited, the vital thing of the day's existence is gossip. It is like life in one of those little garrison towns in India that Kipling has described so mercilessly. Therefore every one began building a fabric of theories as to how it all happened. Mrs. Beach's existence is so much a close relative of the woman slashed Mrs. Beach's throat, and that the assailant and his friends conspired to hide his guilt by charging an unknown negro with the crime. Mrs. Beach's rapidity was the object of the police and the activity of the gossip, employed two of the most prominent lawyers in Aiken to look after her interests, and brought down a detective from New York. The detective spent several days in Aiken, but if he accomplished anything it was not made public. This furnished food for the gossips, and Mr. Beach spent day after day closeted with his lawyers.

Whisperings Excite Ire of C. Oliver

Then a new figure appeared in the case with an astounding proclamation. C. Oliver Iselin, the millionaire New York banker, the dean of the Aiken colony, came out with an announcement in a letter to the mayor of Aiken that he would take pleasure in the lynching of the person or persons who were responsible for the slanders accusations that had been made against since the murderous assault on Mrs. Beach.

After Mrs. Beach's recovery she and her husband returned north and sailed for Europe. Later a warrant was issued on the affidavit of a detective accusing Beach of the attack. Beach cabled from abroad that he would return home at once.

Parrot Stops a Fire.

Never again will the pet parrot in the Clark home, in New Rochelle, N. Y., be punished for violation of the rules of polite conversation, or for any other cause. If it hadn't been for the self-same parrot, the Clark home might today be in ruins. While Polly was enduring her punishment by incarceration in a small cage in the attic she discovered a fire there and gave the alarm. Consequently her three weeks' imprisonment has been recalled. The parrot had been so disobedient of late, especially in the matter of the looseness of her conversation, that she was put in the attic. Her plans for mercy were in vain.

To Throw Deadly Projectile.

Planned to throw a projectile weighing 2,000 pounds, with armour-plating velocity a mile a second, a new record-breaking 15-inch gun has been designed by the United States navy department. The gun will be 67 feet long, and a new type of super-Dreadnought will be necessary to use it. No battleship now in commission in any of the world's navies could withstand without injury the firing of the new weapon. At present the largest rifle on any warship is a 14-inch gun, firing a projectile of 1,400 pounds eleven miles.

Four Days Without Food or Shelter.

After being marooned on Venus Island, which is uninhabited, for four days, without food, two Bellingham, Wash., business men, succeeded in reaching safety at Eliza Island the other day. The men removed their clothing and used it as a sail for their small launch, which had been wrecked by the gale. They drifted about the greater part of one night, battling water out of their boat constantly to prevent it from sinking.

Then the mayor of Aiken threw his hat into the ring, figuratively speaking. He came out with the announcement that he proposed to probe the matter to the very bottom, and that he was going to pursue his own private and personal investigation of the affair. He added that he was not going to take any one into his confidence, but was going to get at the truth and make public in due time what he found out. He declares he does not propose to have the reputation of Aiken suffer in the eyes of the world, and he is going to clear it of every stigma that has been put upon it by the Beach affair, no matter whose feelings are hurt.

That is the present status of the mystery. If it ever is unraveled and the solution gets into print, it seems likely it will be one extreme or the other. Either it will resolve itself into a case of unprovoked and brutal assault by a negro, or else it may drag Mrs. Beach into a good deal of mud. It stands now it has all the elements of mystery that are essential to the first 4,000 words of a fine Sherlock Holmes story. All that is lacking is the solution—and it would take more than a Conan Doyle to invent a climax that exceeds in thrills any of half a dozen that are being whispered behind closed doors in Aiken.

Charge Made Involves Frederick O. Beach.

Frederick O. Beach and Mrs. Beach recently returned from a trip abroad, where Mrs. Beach learned that he was wanted in Aiken, S. C. for trial on a charge of having attacked Mrs. Beach. Beach stated that he ran from the house to his wife's rescue when he heard her screams.

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Orange Caramel Sauce.

One-half cup of butter melted, one cup sugar, added to the butter and cooked till it is a thick syrup. About 10 minutes. Sprinkle with orange juice and a good deal of sugar. Then add these to the ingredients with molasses and thin to a batter with a cupful of sour milk. Beat well, fill buttered muffin tins partly full, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Wash in a Case.

To wash crocheted articles, place them loosely in a pillowcase, tie up the top, put into a good hot soap solution and press and squeeze with the hands. When the water becomes discolored, use fresh sud, and finally rinse in three clear waters of the same temperature. Squeeze out as much of the water as possible and hang to dry, still in the pillowcase. Washed in this way, says Needlecraft, a sweater will not stretch out of shape, but will have the soft, fluffy appearance of a new garment, and be in good form.

Fried Rice.

Pick over and wash one-half of a cupful of rice, put in a double boiler with one pint of milk and one-half of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir once or twice as the rice begins to swell and cook slowly until all the liquid is absorbed. Turn into a buttered dish or bowl and serve with a sauce. Cut in half-inch slices, dust with flour and fry in butter or sweet drippings.

To Bake Cakes.

Place the cakes close to the bottom of the oven, so that the heat strikes them better when raised from the bottom first. If the heat strikes the top and then, in order to rise, it breaks the crust and runs through, leaving unsightly cracks in the top of the cake.

Prune Sauce.

Wash, soak and boil the prunes in the usual manner. When tender take out the stones as neatly as possible, crack them and extract the kernels. Throw these into boiling water for a minute and rub off the outer skin. Dip in cold water to preserve their color and add to the fruit. Sweeten the sauce to taste.

To Keep Parsley Fresh.

Place the bunch of green parsley in an airtight jar. Screw the lid on tight and keep it in a cool place, often for in this manner parsley will keep in good condition for a week.

Like Dog in a Treadmill.

A young man in Cooper Union the other night complained that every day of his life he just rose, breakfasted, worked, lunched, worked, supper, and went to bed. That isn't life—Dr. Luther H. Gullick—New York Globe.

Uncle Pennywise Says:

Takes a man of strong character to avoid submitting to hair tonic, lavender water, pomade and brilliantine every time he climbs into a barber's chair.

MAKES VERY DAINTY DESSERT

Little Caramel Puddings Are Easily Made and Will Appreciate Them.

Into a clean, dry frying pan put one-half of a cupful of granulated sugar and set on the side of the fire where it will melt slowly. To water it is to be added, and by the time the sugar is entirely melted the syrup should be of a clear, golden brown color. If the fire is too hot the syrup will be too dark and the burnt flavor too pronounced. Have ready some small cups or tins. Pour a little of the caramel in each, turning them round and round in order to coat the sides and bottom as evenly as possible. The amount given should be sufficient for five or six small cups. In a bowl break four eggs, add four tablespoonsful of sugar and beat enough to mix well. Add one pint of milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla or almond extract. When done pass a knife around the sides and turn out on individual plates. The caramel, uniting with a portion of the water in the milk, serves to form the sauce. Serve cold.

AN ELECTRIC CHAFING DISH

Useful Apparatus That Gives Maximum Results With Minimum Currents—Also Used as Toaster.

The chafing dish illustrated consists of an electric stove and a food warmer pan, either of which can be clamped to the stove by a simple quick device.



Chafing Dish.

working device that insures a perfect heating contact. The outer pan is made of heavy copper with inner pans double tin lined and finished in nickel, silver or copper. An electric current of passes through wire embedded in fired enamel inside of the stove, fused to the iron plate that forms the top. This gives direct transmission of heat, insuring maximum results with minimum current. A regulating switch beneath the stove gives three degrees of heat, each one even, steady and dependable. This is an important consideration in successful cooking. The stove can be used by itself for toasting—Popular Electricity.

Ginger Muffins.

This is one recipe for ginger muffins—there may be others: Into one-half cup of New Orleans molasses, one-half cup of soda, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of granulated sugar, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Into two and one-fourth cups of sifted flour, add one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses and thin to a batter with a cupful of sour milk. Beat well, fill buttered muffin tins partly full, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

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