The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER I.

—I—

A Small World.

Cazalet sat up so suddenly that his head hit the woodwork over the upper berth. His own voice still rang in his startled ears. He wondered how much he had said, and how far it could have carried above the throb of the liner's screws and the mighty pounding of the water against her plates. And then he remembered how he had been left behind at Naples, and rejoined the Kaiser Fritz at Genoa, only to find that he no longer had a cabin to himself.

A sniff assured Cazalet that he was neither alone at the moment nor yet the only one awake; he pulled back the swaying curtain, and there on the settee sat a man with a strong blue chin and the quizzical solemnity of an animated sphinx.

It was his cabin companion, an American named Hilton Toye, and Cazalet addressed him with nervous familiarity.

"I say! Have I been talking in my sleep?"

"Why, yes!" replied Hilton Toye, and broke into a smile that made a human being of him.

Cazalet forced a responsive grin. "What did I say?" he asked, with an amused curiosity at variance with his shaking hand and shining forehead.

Toye took him in from crown to fingertips, with something deep behind his kindly smile. "I judge," said he, "you were dreaming of some drama you've been seeing ashore, Mr. Cazalet."

"Dreaming!" said Cazalet, wiping his face. "It was a nightmare! I must have turned in too soon after dinner. But I should like to know what I said."

"I can tell you word for word. You said, 'Henry Craven—dead!' and then you said, 'Dead—dead—Henry Craven!' as if you'd got to have it both ways to make sure."

"It's true," said Cazalet, shuddering. "I saw him lying dead, in my dream."

Hilton Toye took a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "Thirteen minutes to one in the morning," he said, "and now it's September eighteenth. Take a note of that, Mr. Cazalet. It may be another case of second sight for your psychical research society."

"I don't care if it is." Cazalet was smoking furiously.

"Meaning it was no great friend you dreamed was dead?"

"No friend at all, dead or alive!"

"I'm kind of wondering," said Toye, winding his watch slowly, "if he's by way of being a friend of mine. I know a Henry Craven over in England. Lives along the river, down Kingston way, in a big house."

"Called Uplands?"

"Yes, sir! That's the man. Little world, isn't it?"

The man in the upper berth had to hold on as his curtains swung clear; the man tilted back on the settee, all attention all the time, was more than ever an effective foil to him. Without the kindly smile that went as quickly as it came, Hilton Toye was somber, subtle and demure. Cazalet, on the other hand, was of sanguine complexion and impetuous looks. He was tanned a rich bronze about the middle of the face, but it broke off across his forehead like the coloring of a meerschaum pipe. Both men were in their early prime, and each stood roughly for his race and type: the traveled American who knows the world, and the elemental Britisher who has made some one loose end of it his own.

"I thought of my Henry Craven," continued Toye, "as soon as ever you came out with yours. But it seemed a kind of ordinary name. I might have known it was the same if I'd recollected the name of his firm. Isn't it Craven & Cazalet, the stockbrokers, down in Tokenhouse Yard?"

"That's it," said Cazalet bitterly. "But there have been none of us in it since my father died ten years ago."

"But you're Henry Craven's old partner's son?"

"I'm his only son."

"Then no wonder you dream about Henry Craven," cried Toye, "and no wonder it wouldn't break your heart if your dream came true."

"It wouldn't," said Cazalet through his teeth. "He wasn't a white man to me or mine—whatever you may have found him."

"I had a little place near his one summer. I know only what I heard down there."

"What did you hear?" asked Cazalet. "I've been away ten years, ever since the crash that ruined everybody but the man at the bottom of the whole thing. It would be a kindness to tell me what you heard."

"Well, I guess you've said it yourself right now. That man seems to have beggared everybody all around except himself; that's how I make it out," said Hilton Toye.

"He did worse," said Cazalet through his teeth. "He killed my poor father; he banished me to the wilds of Australia; and he sent a better man than himself to prison for fourteen years!"

Toye opened his dark eyes for once. "Is that so? No. I never heard that," said he.

"You hear it now. He did all that, indirectly, and I didn't realize it at the time. I was too young, and the whole thing laid me out too flat; but I know it now, and I've known it long enough. It was worse than a crash. It was a scandal. That was what finished us off, all but Henry Craven! There'd been a gigantic swindle—special investments recommended by the firm, bogus certificates and all the rest of it. We were all to blame, of course. My poor father ought never to have been a poet. Even I—I was only a youngster in the office, but I ought to have known what was going on. But Henry Craven did know. He was in it up to the neck, though a fellow called Scruton did the actual job. Scruton got fourteen years—and Craven got our old house on the river."

"And feathered it pretty well!" said Toye, nodding. "Yes, I did hear that. And I can tell you they don't think any better of him, in the neighborhood, for going to live right there. But how did he stop the other man's mouth, and—how do you know?"

"Never mind how I know," said Cazalet. "Scruton was a friend of mine, though an older man; he was good to me, though he was a wrong 'un himself. He paid for it—paid for two—that I can say! But he was engaged to Ethel Craven at the time, was going to be taken into partnership on their marriage, and you can put two and two together for yourself."

"Did she wait for him?"

"About as long as you'd expect of the breed! She was her father's daughter. I wonder you didn't come across her and her husband!"

"I didn't see so much of the Craven crowd," replied Hilton Toye. "I wasn't stuck on them either. Say, Cazalet, I wouldn't be that old man when Scruton comes out, would you?"

But Cazalet showed that he could hold his tongue when he liked, and his grim look was not so legible as some that had come and gone before. This one stuck until Toye produced a big flask from his grip, and the talk shifted to less painful ground. It was the last night in the Bay of Biscay, and Cazalet told how he had been in it a fortnight on his way out by sailing-vessel. He even told it with considerable humor, and hit off sundry passengers of ten years ago as though they had been aboard the German boat that night and Toye drew him out about the bush until the shadows passed for minutes from the red-brick face with the white-brick forehead.

"I remember thinking I would dig for gold," said Cazalet. "That's all I knew about Australia. But you can have adventures of sorts if you go far enough up-country for 'em; it still pays to know how to use your fists out there. I remember once at a bush shanty they dished up such fruity chops that I said I'd fight the cook if

"I Say—Have I Been Talking in My Sleep?"

they'd send him up; and I'm blowed if it wasn't a fellow I'd been at school with and worshiped as no end of a swell at games! Potts his name was, old Venus Potts, the best looking chap in the school among other things; and there he was, cooking carrion at twenty-five bob a week! Instead of fighting we joined forces, got a burr-cutting job on a good station, then a better one over shearing, and after that I wormed my way in as bookkeeper, and my pal became one of the head overseers. Now we're our own bosses with a share in the show, and the owner comes up only once a year to see how things are looking."

"I hope he had a daughter," said Toye, "and that you're going to marry her, if you haven't yet?"

Cazalet laughed, but the shadow had returned. "No. I left that to my pal," he said. "He did that all right!"

"Then I advise you to go and do likewise," rejoined his new friend with a geniality impossible to take amiss. "I shouldn't wonder, now, if there's some girl you left behind you."

Cazalet shook his head. "None who would look on herself in that light," he interrupted. It was all he said, but once more Toye was regarding him as shrewdly as when the night was younger, and the littleness of the world had not yet made them confidant and boon companion.

Eight bells actually struck before their great talk ended and Cazalet swore that he missed the "watches aft, sir!" of the sailing-vessel ten years before.

"Say!" exclaimed Hilton Toye, knitting his brows over some nebulous recollection of his own. "I seem to have heard of you and some of your yarns before. Didn't you spend nights in a log-hut miles and miles from any human being?"

It was as they were turning in at last, but the question spoiled a yawn for Cazalet.

"Sometimes, at one of our out-stations," said he, looking puzzled.

"I've seen your photograph," said Toye, regarding him with a more critical stare. "But it was with a beard."

"I had it off when I was ashore the other day," said Cazalet. "I always meant to, before the end of the voyage."

"I see. It was a Miss Macnair showed me that photograph—Miss Blanche Macnair lives in a little house down there near your old home. I

"Second Sight!" He Ejaculated, as Though It Were the Night Before.

judge hers is another old home that's been broken up since your day."

"They've all got married," said Cazalet.

"Except Miss Blanche. You write to her some, Mr. Cazalet?"

"Once a year—regularly. It was a promise. We were kids together," he explained, as he climbed back into the upper berth.

"Guess you were a lucky kid," said the voice below. "She's one in a thousand, Miss Blanche Macnair!"

CHAPTER II.

Second Sight.

Southampton Water was an ornamental lake dotted with fairy lamps. It was a midsummer night, lagging a whole season behind its fellows. But already it was so late that the English passengers on the Kaiser Fritz had abandoned all thought of catching the last train to London.

They tramped the deck in their noisy, shining, shore-going boots; they manned the rail in lazy inarticulate appreciation of the nocturne in blue stippled with green and red and countless yellow lights. But Achilles in his tent was no more conspicuous absentee than Cazalet in his cabin as the Kaiser Fritz steamed sedately up Southampton Water.

He had finished packing; the stateroom floor was impassable with the baggage that Cazalet had wanted on the five-weeks' voyage. There was scarcely room to sit down, but in what there was sat Cazalet like a soul in torment. All the vultures of the night before, of his dreadful dream, and of the poignant reminiscences to which his dream had led, might have been gnawing at his vitals as he sat there waiting to set foot once more in the land from which a bitter blow had driven him.

Yet the bitterness might have been allayed by the consciousness that he, at any rate, had turned it to account. It had been, indeed, the making of him; thanks to that stern incentive, even some of the sweets of a deserved success were already his. But there was no hint of complacency in Cazalet's clouded face and heavy attitude. His face was pale, even in that torrid zone between the latitudes protected in the bush by beard and wide-awake. And he jumped to his feet as suddenly as the screw stopped for the first time. The same thing happened again and yet again, as often as ever the engines paused before the end. Cazalet would spring up and watch his stateroom door with clenched fists and haunted eyes. But it was some long time before the door flew open, and then slammed behind Hilton Toye.

Toye was in a state of excitement even more abnormal than Cazalet's nervous despondency, which indeed it prevented him from observing. It was instantaneously clear that Toye was astounded, thrilled, almost triumphant, but as yet just drawing the line at that. A newspaper fluttered in his hand.

"Second sight?" he ejaculated, as though it were the night before and Cazalet still shaken by his dream. "I guess you've got it in full measure, pressed down and running over, Mr. Cazalet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Real Thing.

It is not numbers that count but importance.

MUCH PATIENCE IS REQUIRED

Do Not Get Discouraged in Attempting to Revive Apparently Drowned Person If Results Are Slow.

Any treatment of the apparently drowned, to be thorough, must take into consideration, first, clearing the mouth and nostrils of phlegm and mucus; second, the expulsion of poisonous gases from the lungs; third, the replacing of the expelled gases by pure oxygenated air; fourth, the stimulating of the respiratory organs so that they may assume their regular functions; fifth, the restoring of its normal temperature to the body.

Above all do not allow yourself to become discouraged if your efforts for resuscitation are not prompt in result, says Outing. One might cite dozens of cases reported by absolutely reliable medical journals to prove that life does not become extinct nearly so soon as is generally believed. Men and women, apparently drowned, dragged from the water after thirty or forty minutes of submersion, have been saved. Again, operators have worked artificial respiration for as long as four hours without a sign of recovery, and then seen their noble persistence rewarded by the revival of the patient.

Never despair, therefore. A human life is at stake. Don't give up until the last ray of hope is lost. Keep at it and you'll find that success will usually crown your efforts.

The Schaefer or prone pressure method is now accepted the world over

CANDY TO RELIEVE FATIGUE

British Soldiers in France Devour Sweets in Enormous Quantities—Substitute for Alcohol.

The value of candy is recognized by military authorities. The British soldiers in France are reported as consuming "prodigious quantities of sweets." A captain at the front with the British army reports that the canteen has "five times the demand for sweets that was expected, and one-fifth the demand for beer." The Australians encamped in Egypt have eaten all the chocolate to be had in Cairo.

Scientists contend the sugar has much food value and is a good substitute for alcohol. Chocolate, for example, is harmlessly stimulating. Soldiers have discovered what scientists knew before that sugar will relieve fatigue quickly and give a sense of strength that is real without the subsequent depression experienced by those who use spirits. Sugar and candies are found to be useful not only to the physically tired, but to those who suffer mental exhaustion.

Varnish as a Bedbug Cure.

Varnish is death to the most persistent bedbug. Ten cents' worth will do for one bed. Thin with turpentine and apply with a paint brush, getting it in all the corners, ends of the slats and springs where they hide. Every corner should receive attention. This plan was followed by a hotel woman for ten years with success.

BUNGALOW FITTED FOR ANY CLIMATE

Expert Construction Makes Building Adapted to Every Part of Country.

HAS MANY POINTS OF BEAUTY

Symmetrical Proportions and Artistic Lines Render It Pleasing to the Eye—Floor Space for Five Rooms and a Good-Sized Sun Parlor.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Real bungalow architecture is gaining in popularity. Habitations of this character are typical of California, because that is the section of the United States where artistic bungalows were first built.

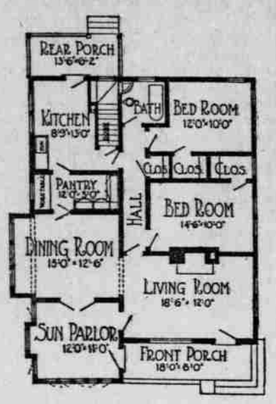
The bungalow idea is supposed to have originated in Africa and to have been adopted in most other warm countries.

The prevailing characteristics of all bungalows is the low general appearance and the wide-spreading roof. The roof overhang on some bungalows is as much as six or eight feet, to protect the sides of the house from the hot sun. In a great many sections of the arid west the sun shines very hot in the daytime, but the air is so dry that it is always cool in the shade. If a house is shaded it is cool on the western slope, even on hot days. Eastern atmosphere contains a great deal more moisture and is much colder in winter, so that eastern bungalows are built a little different.

In the first place, a bungalow in

the East requires a good, warm cellar, and the roof should be made double to keep out the cold in winter and to prevent the humid heat from striking through in the summer. It is a puzzle always in building a bungalow in the East how to retain the low California bungalow effect and still adapt the house to climatic conditions in a more humid summer climate and a much colder winter.

The illustration shows how the trick may be done. While this bungalow has a splendid cellar, you would not know it from the photograph. The cellar walls are built up to the surface of the ground, and the floor joists are raised two or three feet above the sill. The joists rest on a 2 by 6, which is gained into the studding. The joists are also spiked to the studding, which ties the plank framework to-



gether. If there are any cellar windows in front, they do not show from the street. Bungalow cellars may be lighted sufficiently at the back. A lot is chosen that slopes back from the street, or, if the lot is level, the front is filled in to give the proper effect. The planting of shrubs and flowers helps out in this respect.

The beauty of this bungalow may be traced to the symmetrical proportions, artistic lines and to the roof brackets and the overhang. The design is splendidly embellished by the manner in which the windows are arranged. The tall, narrow casement windows in the sun parlor are contrasted with the wide, low window looking across the front porch and the high, square window at the side. It is not absolutely necessary to make every window in a house to look exactly the same as every other window. A more artistic effect may be secured by a judicious variation.

Another mark of beauty in this plan is the wide and deep cornice and the way it is supported by heavy brackets.

A roof as wide as this, with so little incline, is better made of roll roofing, with the joints carefully cemented with plenty of asphalt pitch. The chimneys require a little extra attention to prevent the water from leaking in. It is possible and practical to make a roof like this rainproof and satisfactory, but it requires good quality of material and good workmanship to do it. Such a roof should be laid on smooth, even, well-supported, matched roofboards, covered with building paper, to make the best foundation. Then if the roofing itself is good quality, properly put on, the job will last a long time.

The size of this bungalow is 32 by 44 feet on the ground, exclusive of the rear porch. This gives floor space sufficient for five rooms and a good-sized sun parlor, which makes a splendid annex in connection with the living room. And it is a good-sized sun parlor, being 12 by 11 feet; and light, because two sides are mostly inclosed with glass.

The sun parlor and the open porch are supposed to look to the southeast to get the morning and forenoon sun, and where it is shaded from the sun in the afternoon. The front porch has the same advantage. Because of the wide roof overhang it is not necessary to build a separate roof to cover this porch.

A study of the plan shows a very neat connection between the living room, sun parlor and front porch by means of three doorways. The corner entrance steps are built at the end of the porch to leave a space of about 10 feet 6 inches free for the proper placing of porch furniture without interfering with the free passage in or out of the front door. Such little things mean a good deal in the real comfort of a home.

The floor plan shows the two bedrooms and the bathroom on the north side of the house to make room for the living rooms facing the noonday sun. Placing the living rooms on one side of the hallway, and the bedrooms on the other side, makes a satisfactory arrangement.

It will be noticed that all of the rooms are larger than is generally expected in a bungalow. The dining room is 15 by 12 feet 6 inches, this large size being accounted for by the window extension.

There is an extra large pantry and a very convenient kitchen. In fact, the kitchen is one of the most pleasant rooms in the house, which is perfectly right, because the woman of the house usually spends a great deal of time in the kitchen. Modern kitchens are built as carefully and are perhaps a little more carefully finished than the other rooms. The modern idea is to have the kitchen thoroughly sanitary, which means in the first place that it must be light and well ventilated. The kitchen furniture should be plain, but as well designed and as well made as any other furniture.

Kitchen cabinets and other conveniences for the proper care of kitchen utensils demand as much or more skill and ingenuity than the more showy parts of the house.

New Zealand Bird Sanctuary.

While exploring a wild tract of country known as the Gouland Downs, in the Nelson province of New Zealand, a mining engineer, Mr. R. E. Clouston, made a discovery of importance to naturalists. The Gouland Downs are 25 miles from Rockville, and among a waste of untouched bush and tussock the explorer found colonies of birds, including several species which were believed to be nearly if not quite extinct. Among them the kakapo, or ground parrot, whose plumage, in various shades of green and brown, exactly matches the color of its usual resting place, namely, a mossy tree-trunk. Here, also, were other parrots (geas and kakas), tuis, rainbirds, rifle-birds, saddlebacks (Creadion), and the great kiwi (Apteryx haasti) grubbing about unconcernedly upon the open tussock spaces in search of worms. It is reported that 25 of these kiwis were caught and sent to Wellington, where they received a passage to the Little Barrier island, which is a bird sanctuary under strict supervision. It is fortunate that the tract of country where the birds exist happens to be crown land, and it has now been gazetted as a bird sanctuary throughout its entire breadth; so there is reasonable hope that these survivors of their species may long be protected from extermination.—The Field.

"Double-Crossed."

Sandy Brown, a grocer in a small village in Forfarshire, discovered a bad two-shilling piece, which his wife (who was afflicted with weak eyesight) had taken during the day. Being of a parsimonious disposition, this annoyed him greatly, and he determined to pass the coin at the first opportunity. The next day, while at work, he saw "Daft Jimmie," the village idiot, pass. Calling him over, he said: "Here's a bad two-shilling piece, Jimmie. I want you to go to Simpson's (a rival tradesman) and buy an ounce of tobacco. You can keep the tobacco, but bring me the change." Jimmie hurried off and soon reappeared and handed the delighted Sandy his change. "Did Simpson no suspect onything?" he asked. "Ach," said Jimmie, "I didna fash gaen so far as Simpson's. I just passed it in yer ain shoppie."

Evading the Rule.

A mother told her small son she would punish him if he ever asked for anything to eat while at a neighbor's house. The next time he went over to call on the neighbor, he sat still for a few minutes; then he said: "Now I must go. Do you know why I have to go? Well, I'm hungry, that's why."—Woman's Home Companion.

Did It Ever Occur to You?

"Why do you lick the postage stamp?" one woman was heard to ask another at the post office the other afternoon. The obvious reply was, of course, to make it behave itself on the letter, but this was not made. The other woman simply looked up in surprise and remarked: "Why not?" "I always moisten the corner of the envelope instead," was the response. "I do not like the taste of the mucilage on the stamp. It may be as sanitary as the envelope corner, but it doesn't taste so well, and I'd rather risk the envelope than the stamp. So I lick that instead." "It's a good idea," replied the other. And thereupon she proceeded to do it, although she had already applied her tongue to the stamp to moisten it. But she had the satisfaction of knowing she did it her way as well as the way of her friend.—Lawrence Telegram.

To Remove Paint.

To remove paint from glass rub with hot vinegar.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Let's just be glad.
So many joys are given
To us, each day and moment that we know,
For you and me the blue sky arches over,
For you and me the slender daisies blow.
Let's just be glad.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Every homekeeper delights in serving some novelty of dish or decoration for her Thanksgiving table. Each year in the shops will be found new favors or old ones with a new dress. Turkeys of papiermache, or of cardboard, holding nuts or bonbons. Marshmallow gobblers, browned in crumbs, may be used as cake ornaments or as favors on candy boxes. Some original touch which has been thought out by the hostess herself will mean much, for original ideas are things which take thought. Anyone with a little money may buy pretty things, but she who works out of her own supply something fetching is fully appreciated by her friends.

A basket of yellow flowers, like the small chrysanthemum, grown in our gardens, may be taken up in a pot and kept for Thanksgiving. The Roman hyacinth is another flower that may be grown for Thanksgiving.

When the price of a turkey is too much for the family to afford, try some substitutes. They cannot take the place of the time-honored turkey which we all enjoy, but when expense must be considered these dishes will be most satisfactory:

Braised Beef Tongue.—Wash the tongue well and put it into a kettle of fresh cold water, bring the water to a boil and let it simmer until the tongue is tender. Remove the skin carefully and lay the tongue in a pan surrounded by chopped carrots, celery, an onion and the liquor in which the tongue was cooked. Cover closely and bake an hour. Take out the tongue and put on a hot platter. Rub the vegetables through a sieve and add to the gravy. Season with salt, Worcestershire sauce and pepper.

A leg of pork, stuffed with a highly seasoned sage dressing and roasted, makes a fine dish. Add a little cider to the meat while basting. Serve with tart, baked apples.

AUTUMN MEATS.

Our first turkeys cost only the powder and shot to bring them down, but each year has put an added value on the famous bird until now we hardly know what their cost will be, but we can be reasonably sure that they will be unreasonable in price, so it may be necessary to look elsewhere for the Thanksgiving meat.

Roast Guinea Fowl.—In many markets these fowl are reasonable in price and quantity and make a most appetizing dish as it is as full of flavor as the most delicate turkey. Use any preferred stuffing. Rub the bird with olive oil, and dust with pepper and salt, sprinkle with flour, turn in a little boiling water and bake in a hot oven for an hour and a half, basting frequently with butter, water and a little lemon juice. While the bird is cooking simmer the giblets in water to cover. Remove the fowl from the pan, add a little minced onion and parsley and a tablespoonful of flour. When brown, add the chopped giblets and the water in which they were cooked. Served with cranberry jelly.

Mock Possum.—The cheaper cuts of fresh pork may be used for this dish. Put three pounds of pork through a meat chopper, add a teaspoonful each of chopped parsley, onion, sage, a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Soften three cupfuls of bread crumbs by covering them with hot milk; then squeeze dry and mix with the rest, adding two well beaten eggs. Shape in a loaf and bake for an hour. Then arrange around the loaf, halves of unpeeled apples, around these halves of parboiled sweet potatoes. Bake, basting with the gravy for another hour. Serve with the apples and potatoes on the platter.

Corned Beef.—Wrap a good fat piece of corned brisket in a cloth, cover with cold water and bring to the simmering point, cooking 20 minutes to the pound. When tender, lay out the cloth flat, cover with a board and weight. The next day lay on a platter and garnish with parsley or water cress

SEASONABLE DAINTIES.

Green peppers are so common and may be grown in any summer garden that it seems as if we might serve them often and learn to appreciate them for one of our most appetizing vegetables.

Peppers Filled With Cheese.—Take a cupful and a fourth of cream cheese, with a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a wash of red pepper, thicken with cracker crumbs and fill the peppers. Bake a light brown and serve with tomato sauce.

Salsify Soup.—Scrape a dozen salsify roots and cut them in thin slices. Drop into boiling water and cook for an hour or until tender. Just before serving add an ounce of shredded codfish, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pint of milk and a half cupful of cream. Season to taste and serve piping hot.

Salad of Lemon Jelly.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in a tablespoonful of cold water; then dissolve in two cupfuls of boiling water. Add a cupful of sugar, a half cupful of lemon juice, one green pepper cut in shreds, a third of a cupful of stuffed olives, sliced, a fourth of a cupful of almond meats, shredded. When the mixture begins to thicken it is time to add the vegetables and nuts. Mold in individual or large mold and serve on white leaves of lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

A Delicious Dessert.—Bake in gem pans little spiced fruit cakes, and keep them for this dish. Cut each cake in three slices and put them together with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Served on a pretty plate covered with a paper doily there could be no daintier dish.

Don't idly dream! There is no time for dreaming.
No time to drone and loiter on the way,
With opportunity each day is teeming,
That, till you deign to waken, will not stay.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

Bananas are always in the market, and this dish is worth the trouble in making if one is fond of bananas. Rub through a sieve, dissolve two and a half tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one and a half cupfuls of milk, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar and the softened gelatin to the banana pulp, also the juice of a lemon strained, one tablespoonful of other fruit juice. Chill, then stir in a cupful of cream whipped. As soon as it begins to set, pour the mixture into a ring mold. When unmolded fill the center with whipped cream, garnished with thinly sliced bananas.

Grape Sherbet.—This is another dish that may be made any time of the year. Boil four cupfuls of water with two cupfuls of sugar for 20 minutes, add the juice of two lemons and two cupfuls of grape juice. Soften one and a half tablespoonfuls of gelatin in a cupful of water; add to the other mixture, cool and strain into a freezer. Freeze and serve in sherbet cups with a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

Date Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter, add two cupfuls of brown sugar, add a teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, well beaten, a half teaspoonful of soda, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, add a teaspoonful of cinnamon, ginger, allspice, and between four and five cupfuls of flour. Add a cupful and a half of chopped dates, mixed with some flour, roll out and cut with a cooky cutter. Bake ten to twelve minutes in a moderate oven.

Raisin Fritters.—Mix together a fourth of a cupful each of cornstarch and flour, add a half cupful of sugar, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, two and a quarter cupfuls of milk and the beaten yolks of three eggs; cook in a double boiler 15 minutes, then add a half cupful of raisins and pour into a shallow buttered tin to cool. Turn on a board and cut in squares, dip in egg, crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve with a hard sauce or with a lemon sauce, if preferred.

Tomato sliced, placed on buttered toast, sprinkle with grated cheese, then placed in the oven long enough to melt the cheese is an appetizing dish to serve for lunch or supper.

Nellie Maxwell

Spoil Lives of Weak Men Only.

The man whose life can be "spoiled" by a woman is not much of a man. You do yourself great injustice when you think that so much depends upon that one particular girl. It does not. Many a man does his best work because some foolish girl does not know enough to marry him.

We would never have heard of Walt Whitman if it had not been for a case of disappointed love.

"Out of this I have written these songs," said Whitman.

Perhaps you will lose that girl and out of it you will be a far greater man than you could be with her. Maybe the really right girl is waiting around the corner.—From the Nautilus.

Pat's Choice.

Pat (watching recruits drilling)—Begorra, it's a soldier I'd sooner be than a farmhand.

Mike—An' why so?

Pat—Ye'd be a long time workin' for a farmer before he'd tell ye to stand at aise, I'm thinkin'."

Great Men.

The search after great men is the dream of youth and the occupation of manhood. We travel into foreign parts to find their works—if possible, to get a glimpse of them. . . . I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and with difficulty. He has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light, and in large relations; while they must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. But the great man must be related to us. I cannot tell what I would know; but I have observed that there are persons who, in their character and actions, answer questions which I have not skill to put. One man answers some questions which none of his contemporaries put, and is isolated.—Emerson.

Character Told by the Hands.

According to palmists, short hands denote impulsive judgment without analysis, while long hands denote capacity for detail.

United States Gold.

The actual amount of gold in the United States at the present time is estimated at somewhat over $2,000,000,000. The treasury statement of most recent date showed gold deposited in the United States treasury of $1,445,000,000, while the specie in national banks is probably $500,000,000 more. According to the last report the gold in the Bank of England was $335,000,000; in the Bank of France, $875,000,000; in the Bank of Germany, $602,000,000; in the Bank of Russia, $825,000,000; Bank of Austria-Hungary, $255,000,000; the Bank of Italy, $225,000,000, and the Bank of Belgium, $75,000,000.

Canadian Publications.

Canada has 1,538 publications, classified as follows: Dailies, 150; triweeklies, 7; weeklies, 1,065; semiweeklies, 45; monthlies, 250; bimonthlies, 3, and quarterlies, 18. The census shows approximately 1 daily for every 10,000 families and 1 weekly for every 1,500 families in the dominion.

Rest Those Worn Nerves

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung; when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Start using Doan's now.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
50¢ at all Stores
Foster-Milburn Co. Props. Buffalo, N.Y.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must be Signature

Brent Good

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 M Free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers. Allays pain. Price $1.00 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

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PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

If ignorance is bliss, why so many free schools?

Try Mrs. Austin's Bag Pancake, sure to please you, all grocers.—Adv.

Fine Distinction.

"Did I see you motoring yesterday?"

"No; to be truthful, I was merely jitneying."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Wrong Method.

"Charlie doesn't seem to be doing very well at school," remarked his mother. "His reports show that he has failed in nearly all his studies. I'm afraid the teacher doesn't understand him."

"I'm quite sure she doesn't," replied the boy's father. "I haven't noticed any bruises on Charlie."

Had One on the Sergeant.

A squad of recruits were getting rid of some ammunition on the range, and the sergeant in charge began to use strong language as the firing proceeded and the target remained untouched.

"What! Missed again?" he roared, as an unfortunate recruit cut up the dust for the seventh consecutive time. "I don't believe you could hit a furniture van."

"Oh, you needn't crow, sergeant," retorted the recruit; "you missed a train yesterday."

As Ordered.

The menu of a certain restaurant is a thing of wonder to strangers. It contains several pages of various dishes, all classified, mostly with weird French names.

The country visitor eyed it up and eyed it down, but could make nothing of it. And the waiter stood silently by his side.

At last, in despair, the diner dabbed his finger in the middle of one page, and said:

"Bring me some o' that."

"Oui, 'msieu!" replied the waiter. "That ees mayonnaise dressing, sar."

"I know that, my man," snorted the countryman. "I can read!"

"But, m'sieu," said the waiter apologetically, "what will you have it on?"

The diner glared.

"On a plate, of course, you idiot!" he roared. "Do you feed your guests in troughs at this restaurant?"

A Powerful Physique

Is a valuable asset, but—

Strength of body must be combined with a healthy, active mind, to make for success.

It is well established that both body and brain are nourished and rebuilt daily from food—each taking up the particular elements required.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

made of wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nutriment of the grains, including the vital mineral elements necessary for building stout bodies and active brains.

Grape-Nuts food not only supplies rich, well-balanced nourishment, but is delicious and easy to digest.

"There's a Reason"

—sold by grocers.