The House of Whispers

By William Johnston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

THE GASTON PEARLS.

Synopsis.—Circumstances having prevented Spalding Nelson, clerk, from joining the American forces going to France, he is in a despondent mood when he receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way to the house he meets, under peculiar circumstances, a young girl, apparently in trouble, to whom he has an opportunity to be of slight service. She lives in the same apartment building as Rufus Gaston, and he accompanies her to the house. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and want to leave Nelson in charge of the apartment. He accepts. Gaston and his wife tell their great-nephew of mysterious noises—"whispers"—which they have heard in the house. On his way to the Gaston apartment next Sunday Nelson again meets his accidental acquaintance of a few days before, Barbara Bradford. She urges him not to allow the fact of their being acquainted to be known. The hero takes an instinctive dislike to the superintendent, Wick, of the building.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

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"Quite a proper precaution," I admitted.

"The elevator boy reported your arrival," he continued, "but he wasn't quite sure it was you. The fact that you were chatting with the young lady bothered him, and me, too. Mr. Gaston told me you were a stranger in the city, and I didn't expect to find you knowing one of the Bradfords."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "Well, you see I do know her," when I recalled her request that I would not recognize her until we had been introduced in some fashion. I contented myself with saying merely: "Well, I hope you are satisfied now."

"Of course, Mr. Nelson, of course," he answered, though his looks belied his words. Manifestly he was still puzzled over my acquaintance with Miss Bradford.

"I hope you will find it comfortable here," he said, plainly trying to continue the conversation. "If there's ever anything the matter, just call me on the house phone; Mr. Wick, the name is."

"I will," I said, and he unwillingly withdrew.

"If there's ever anything the matter . . . " Was there something sinister in the superintendent's parting remark? Once more the warnings of my relatives flashed into my mind. What was wrong in the house? Why did he anticipate that I might be calling him up? Why did he exhibit such an interest in me and in my acquaintance with the girl across the hall? Somehow the man's whole aspect had impressed me unfavorably.

I carried my bag back to my bedroom and unpacked it. The various attachments in the bath looked so inviting that I stripped and amused myself for half an hour testing the variety of showers and sprays provided. Donning my bathrobe I leisurely smoked an excellent cigar from a box old Rufus had thoughtfully—or perhaps thoughtlessly—left open on his desk, and then returned to the inspection of my new quarters.

As it was Sunday, I had a whole day of leisure before me, and I felt that if I was to clear up the mystery that had driven the old couple out, it was incumbent on me to make a minute study of my surroundings. Only in the little rear sitting room was there any atmosphere of hominess. All the rest of the place was done in the best department store style, even to the richly bound sets of standard authors which lined the walls of the living room, most of which I found had their pages uncut.

My search of the place—and it was thorough, extending even to the empty canisters in the pantry and kitchen—revealed nothing whatever that gave any hint as to the cause or explanation of old Rufus' fears. The place seemed the least likely of all places in the world to hide any mystery, just a great, modern, luxurious apartment, equipped with every possible device for the comfort and convenience of its occupants. It would have to be an up-to-date ghost to find itself at home here.

But wait! Perhaps the safe held some clue to the problem they wanted me to solve. But where was the safe? I had not noticed it anywhere in my repeated journeys through the rooms. I made another tour looking for it. More than likely it had been located in some inconspicuous place purposely. But where? At last I located it, behind a faded c von portrait of Mrs. Gaston, in the hall sitting room.

I lifted the picture to the floor and stood hesitant before the safe. Should I, or should I not, open it? The fact that they had given me the combination seemed to imply that I had a perfect right to inspect its contents.

"Six to the right, four to the left, two to the right, eight to the left."

As I turned the knob I repeated the combination to myself. There was a little click, and the steel door came open. Reaching in I drew forth two old-fashioned jewel cases of leather, both securely locked. I took from my pocket the keys my great-uncle had given me and toyed with them thoughtfully. Among them were two tiny keys that undoubtedly belonged to the jewel cases. Had I the right to use them? I decided that I had.

The first case I opened contained, so far as my limited knowledge of precious stones enabled me to judge, nothing but a bunch of cheap junk, bits of finery from another century, coral earrings that Mrs. Gaston may have worn when she was a little girl, combs of jet, amber beads, quaint hoop earrings and a ring or two, merely the trinkets of a vain old woman, treasured from the time when the money to buy them was scarce. There was nothing in the lot that any self-respecting thief would take, precious as they may have been to their owner. I locked up that case and returned it to the safe and opened the other.

As I raised the lid an involuntary exclamation of amazement and admiration escaped me. There, nestling in the center of a velvet-lined tray, lay gleaming the most wonderful mass of iridescent pearls I ever had laid eyes on, surely worth a vast fortune. Turning them over and over admiringly in the light, at last I laid them back in the tray and began to investigate the other treasures the casket contained. In other traps in the box I found diamonds galore, a great solitaire that must have been all of seven carats, dinner rings, bar pins, crescents, stars, earrings, and in a compartment all by itself, a tiara of rubies and diamonds. There was also a variety of other gems, pins and rings wrought in curious designs with rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and pearls, some unset diamonds and loose fragments of pieces that had evidently been torn apart to add to other settings, the collection of a woman with unlimited money to spend.

With trembling hands I restored the jewels to their hiding place, twice testing the knob to make sure that the combination had set. The unexpected sight of such a vast fortune in gems had filled me with strange emotions, with thoughts so evil I hardly dared admit them to myself. There must have been nearly half a million dollars' worth of precious stones in that one casket. The Gaston pearls in themselves were a fortune.

If only they were mine!

To every honest man at times come temptations as great as come to any criminal. No man knows whether or not he is honest until he has been put to the test. I knew! I was tempted, strongly tempted, to take my great aunt's jewels. What was to hinder? The old couple were to be absent for months. They had left me in charge and had given me their keys and the safe combination. There would be abundant time for disposing of the jewels before their theft was discovered. With the money they would bring I could satisfy my craving for adventure. I could travel the world over.

Yet, as I look back at it, all the time I was thinking these thoughts, I knew I would not take the jewels. A normal man cannot steal. Even when his desires lead him to theft, his mind points out the folly and his conscience the wrong.

Resolutely I put the thought of the jewels out of my head—or tried to—and stretching myself out on a couch gave myself up to pleasant reveries about my delightful new acquaintance, the girl who lived just across the hall. I pictured myself finding some way of winning her confidence and of helping her out of her mysterious trouble. And what if eventually old Rufus should make me his heir? Surely I would need a mate with whom to share the joys of having a fortune. With visions of Barbara Bradford, bedecked with my great-aunt's choicest jewels, I fell asleep.

It was almost dusk when I was awakened by the arrival of the expressman with my trunks. After I had receipted for them and had unpacked, I suddenly realized that I was hungry, for I had eaten nothing since breakfast. Hastily I donned my clothes, stopping only to count my money. With a week's salary in my pocket and no room rent to pay for several months, surely I could afford a good dinner to celebrate the change in my fortunes.

As I went out I stopped in the lower hall to chat with the telephone girl, ostensibly to ask her to take any messages for me, though I was expecting none.

"You're Mr. Nelson, ain't you?" she asked, eyeing me with curious interest.

"Yes," I replied, "Mr. Spalding Nelson. I am occupying the Gaston apartment while they are away."

A flicker of amusement crossed her face, with just the suggestion of a sneer.

"I hope you'll enjoy living here."

"Why not?" I replied carelessly. "If any one calls, say that I will be home by ten, Miss—"

"Nellie Kelly," she added.

As I chatted with her the elevator had descended again, and three persons emerged, one of them being she for a sight of whom I had been intentionally loitering. One of the two persons with her was plainly the mother and the other I took to be an older sister. She resembled Barbara strongly, but there was a world-weary look in her face, and her beauty seemed to me to be marred by a weak, sensitive, passionate mouth. But I had no eyes for her, so absorbed was I in the appearance of the girl I had met in the park. If I had thought her beautiful then, she was ravishing now. Her raven hair was piled high and caught back with a great Spanish comb. An ermine-trimmed evening coat of brocade swathed her figure, opening at the front just enough to give me a glimpse of her bared white neck. Involuntarily my hand went to my hat, but into her eyes came a haughty look and one hand went to her lips for just a second, as if she were warning me again not to recognize her. I stood there abashed as she swept by me to the waiting motor. The telephone girl's voice jarred me back to my senses.

"I thought you was a friend of the Bradfords," she said sarcastically.

"Sure he is," said the voice of Mr. Wick behind me. "Didn't you hear the boys telling me he came in twice with Miss Bradford?"

"Well, what of it?" I answered lamely and fled from the house, indignant at this open prying of the employees into my affairs, yet entirely at a loss to know how to stop it. How could I tell them I knew Barbara Bradford, when she had just cut me dead?

Feeling vaguely dissatisfied with my first day in my new home, I boarded a bus and rode downtown to a little French cafe, where my comrades and I had been accustomed to go when we were in funds. All about me were merry Sunday evening dinner parties, and I was alone. Birge and Roller had gone, and Miss Bradford had refused to recognize me. I hurried through my dinner, paid my check, and was leaving the restaurant when at a corner table I spied the scar-faced man whom I had seen in the park a few evenings before.

He looked up and caught my glance. Into his face came a strange expression, a look of malignant hate, not unmingled with fear. Boldly I returned his gaze. I was tempted to walk right up to him and ask him what he had been doing in the park, and why he had warned his mate away when he saw me there. Yet I had no right to interfere. Miss Bradford had not taken me into her confidence. I had only suspicions to go on that the two men had been there to attempt something wrong on the girl.

Slowly I left the restaurant, puzzled more than ever by the malevolent glance he had given me, and perplexed as to how I was going to serve Miss Bradford, when she would not even recognize me.

CHAPTER III.

My great-aunt's pearls were gone—stolen—vanished from the wall safe!

Still discrediting the evidence of my own eyes, I lighted a match and peered into the steel-lined recess. It was empty. On the table beside me was one of the two jewel boxes it had contained, the one filled with worthless trinkets. The other, which had contained the priceless Gaston pearls and the other rich treasure, had vanished.

Today was Saturday. Six days before I had arrived in the apartment. There had been two jewel cases then. With my own hands I had put them both back safe in their hiding place. I recalled having tested the knob to make sure that the combination had set. Yet since that time someone had opened the safe. Someone had removed the jewels. Who could it have been?

To the best of my knowledge there had been but two persons in the rooms, old Mrs. Burke, my aunt's trusted laundress, and myself. Certainly I had not taken the jewels, and it seemed absurd to suspect Mrs. Burke, who had been in Mrs. Gaston's employ for years and had long been entrusted with a key to the servants' entrance. Yet who else was there to suspect?

Recovering a little from my bewilderment I hastened to the telephone. I must notify the superintendent and also the police that the apartment had been robbed. I decided, too, that I should wire my great-uncle Rufus of the robbery, and then it dawned on me for the first time that I did not know the old couple's address. They merely had said that they were going to Maine. Never mind, there was nothing that they could do in their absence. Probably I could get their address from the superintendent, or from Mr. Gaston's bankers. The first thing to do was to notify the superintendent.

But wait! With my hand on the telephone, I stopped short. It dawned on me that in all likelihood I would be the one most under suspicion.

If detectives were called in, I could see that their first move would be to lay the theft to my door. They would investigate everything about me, and I remembered with distress that I, Spalding Nelson, just now was out of a job—and far worse, stood discredited at the only place of employment I had had in New York.

My discharge had come that very morning like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. The reason for my peremptory dismissal I had not been able to fathom. In some mysterious fashion my employer's wrath had been roused toward me. Why, I could not imagine. Certainly my life, especially since my two comrades had gone away, had been circumspect enough.

Even though I was living in a seven-thousand-dollar apartment I was unemployed, all but penniless, just recently dismissed for some unexplained reason, and now more than likely to be accused or at least suspected of theft.

Yet only this very morning I had been taking an optimistic view of life. Delighted at having cut my living expenses in two, I had decided to take twenty dollars of the thirty-five I drew that day and add it to the one hundred and eighty dollars I had in the savings bank. I would mail a registered letter to my mother and reduce my indebtedness to her. On my way to business I stopped at the bank and drew out every penny I had there. It was my intention to go to the post office at lunch time to register the letter. Just before twelve, Mr. Wood, the head of the firm, had sent for me.

"Mr. Nelson," he had said wrathfully, the minute I entered his office, "here is your week's salary. You will leave our employ at once."

Stunned both by his manner and his words, I gasped out something about not understanding what he meant. I knew of no reason that would warrant my discharge.

"I can't put it in any plainer English, can I?" he roared at me. "Get out!"

I held my ground.

"Surely I am entitled to some explanation," I protested. "If there's been anything wrong with my work—"

"Your work's all right," he bellowed. "It's this," he cried, waving at me a letter that had been lying on his desk. "This letter is enough. It exposes you for what you are."

Dumfounded at his amazing statement, I demanded to see the accusing document. Angrily he refused.

"You know as well as I what's in it."

In vain I protested. Every word I uttered only seemed to add to his wrath. In the end he almost hustled me out of his office. Blindly I found my way to the street, still clutching in my hand the week's pay he had rudely thrust on me.

That letter to which he referred—who could have written it? What could have been in it that had so inflamed my employer against me? I racked my brains in vain, puzzling to account for it. I had not been aware that I had an enemy in the world, yet who but an enemy could have written a letter that would have such dire effect?

The mystery of my dismissal was too great for me to solve. The one thing I felt thankful for was that it had come before I had sent off my money. At least I had two hundred and fifteen dollars in my pocket. Under my present mode of life that would last me quite a while, surely until I found another position. Well, there was nothing to do but make the best of it.

Barbara's sister with a "past."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Foregt It.

A slang expression which ought to be applied like a sticking plaster to a large proportion of our schemes to get rich.—Exchange.

MARKET REPORTS GIVE MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION TO MAN WHO READS THEM

To the Buyer or Seller Who Understands Market Reports This Reading Is More Interesting Than Fiction.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Market reports dry? Not on your life!" exclaimed Haskins. "Reading them saved me $125 last week on my potatoes. Of course the reports were dry until I got on to how to read them, but, believe me, now I think they are about the most interesting reading there is."

This veteran reader of market reports on this particular morning was sizing up the potato situation, since he had potatoes to sell. The manner in which he did it illustrates pretty well how to use market reports intelligently. He began by taking up the latest daily schedule of potatoes and looked over the report from the leading market, namely, Chicago. He noted that car lots were quoted at 15 cents per hundredweight lower than the day before. Then, glancing at the reports from Minneapolis, Kansas City, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, he learned that the prices in these cities had declined but little.

Finding Cause of Decline.

Seeking the cause of the weakness in the Chicago markets he observed records of heavy arrivals of potatoes from Minnesota, Michigan and other northern shipping states, and concluded that the drop was caused by these large offerings reaching the nearest leading market, in conjunction with heavy supplies from other producing sections. He also found mention of some poorly graded stock which, in all probability, added to the unfavorable market situation.

Turning to his file of daily reports for the past week and the Weekly Review issued by the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture, he concluded that the decline marked a general downward trend. Consequently he glanced over the reports from the leading producing sections supplying Chicago, and found that the trend of f. o. b. prices was also downward at such important potato centers as Waupaca, Wis.; Moorehead, Minn.; Grand Rapids, Mich., and in the Grand Junction district of Colorado; also that hauling and shipping were active at these points.

Review of Situation.

"Evidently the western crop is now moving fast," Haskins said to himself, "and the Chicago car-lot market has been the first to feel the effect in a marked degree."

Rapidly he went over in his mind the crop conditions, aided by the car-lot summary, Weekly Reviews, and a special article on the potato situation in a recent issue of a farm paper.

He noted the size of the crop compared with the previous year and the amount shipped from each state for the season, to date. Nor did the attitude of growers, buyers and shippers escape his attention. He took into account the car supply and the weather conditions which, at that particular time, were both fairly favorable. He noted conditions in eastern shipping sections and consuming markets.

Having reviewed the whole situation, with the aid of market data such as any producer can secure with little trouble, he was able to reach an intelligent conclusion. Experienced as he was, he detected the "hinge" on which the market was turning and said to himself: "Chicago car lots are off another dime; the market is going down. All things considered, as the weakness isn't extreme, I think I will hold on to my potatoes a little longer, for I believe things will look better in a few days."

Summarizing Many Facts.

To size up the situation for potatoes or any other crop at any time requires the quick balancing of many facts and causes. No general instructions can be given to fit all cases. The way to learn to use market reports is to begin and use them. Expertness comes with practice. In time one is able to read between the lines and to "feel" the market from indications that may mean little to the beginner. Patience and alertness in studying market reports, including those in the daily papers, those issued by the bureau of markets and those found in weekly periodicals, will bring its reward.

OPENING SILO FOR FEEDING

First Remove Cut Straw or Whatever Covering Was Used—Don't Cut Silage in Sections.

When first opening the silo for feeding, remove the cut straw or whatever covering was used. Do not cut out the silage in sections. Feed from the whole surface. In this way not a pound of ensilage will be spoiled or wasted. If cut down, mold will work its way in the exposed side. Never feed moldy food of any kind to cows.

WEANING CALVES IN SPRING

After Having Been Placed on Pasture Gradually Increase Allowance of Grain—Add Hay Later.

Fall-born calves should be weaned after they have been placed on pasture in the spring, and then a gradually increasing allowance of grain should be given them, with hay and silage added later in the summer. For baby beef they should go into dry lot for finishing at the end of the pasture season, and be ready to market in December or January.

PERIODS OF INCUBATION

The period of incubation extends as follows for domestic fowls:

Turkeys, 26 to 30 days.
Guinea, 25 to 26 days.
Pea hen, 28 to 30 days.
Ducks, 25 to 32 days.
Geese, 27 to 33 days.
Hens, 19 to 24 days (average 21).
Pigeons, 16 to 20 days.

GARDEN EASY TO CULTIVATE

Many Farmers Fight Shy of Patch Because of Inconvenient Location—Plan to Use Tools.

Too many farmers fight shy of the home garden, for the reason that it is not conveniently located, or it may be enclosed with a fence of some kind, making it impossible to conveniently cultivate with the farm tools. Those who have not done so should plan their gardens in such a way as to make them easy to cultivate.

Using Commercial Fertilizers.

Use commercial fertilizers in a small, experimental way until you have learned which is best for your particular crop.

Loss in Farm Machinery.

Statistics show that the loss in farm machinery due to wear is less than 50 per cent of the total loss.

Ergot.

Ergot is a fungus growth on the shady side of corn stalk leaves and sometimes on the underside.

EFFECT OF MANURE ON SOIL

It Opens Up Heavy Land and Makes Light Ones More Compact and Retentive of Moisture.

With proper care in storing, manure may return as much as 85 per cent of the plant food taken from the soil by the crops, and hence the time when the addition of artificial fertilizers will become necessary will be put far in the future. The physical effect of manure on the soil is very great. It opens up heavy soil and makes light soils more compact and more retentive of moisture.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Apples keep better if wrapped in paper.

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Provide hogs with inexpensive but sufficient shelter.

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The tuberculous cow is the greatest source of danger to healthy cattle.

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The hen with long spurs will never win her spurs laying eggs. Decapitate her, for profit's sake!

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The amount of manure voided by animals varies according to the kind, size and age of the animal.

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In raising market fowls there are several breeds of fowls that reach a great weight in a very short time.

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The chicken house on the farm need not be elaborate. It should not be connected with any other building.

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The soy bean is regarded as a coming forage plant in Minnesota by Andrew Boss, vice director of the Minnesota experiment station.

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Young cut and army worms pass the winter hibernating in grass roots of uncultivated lands. Watch for them in the early spring.

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Land isn't all that's necessary to make crops; brains help. A savage will ruin the best piece of land in a year or two, while a real farmer can persuade poor land to change its mind.

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Feeding is truly a science if one follows it as it should be pursued. That is true of poultry feeding as well as feeding live stock.

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Corn silage is comparatively low in protein, hence feeds rich in this substance should be fed with it in order to obtain the best results.

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Rabbits are great producers of fresh meats. They eat much of the vegetation that might be wasted without them. Why not raise a few Belgian rabbits?

THE KITCHEN CABINET

"The only reason a road is good, as every traveler knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes."

HOT BREADS.

Hot breads are always liked and with such a variety one may have something different for every meal.

Good Muffins.—Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, add two eggs, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add one cupful of milk. Beat well and bake in muffin rings.

Sally Lunn.—Beat two eggs, whites and yolks separately, add one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of softened butter, and when well mixed add one cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a sheet or cut into biscuits.

The Biscuit.—Take a pint of bread sponge which has been mixed with some milk, or add a half cupful of warm milk, a beaten egg and tablespoonfuls of soft butter. Knead well, let rise, roll out, cut into biscuit, place in a baking pan and put to rise. When very light, bake in a hot oven.

Spider Cake.—Take one and two-thirds cupfuls of corn meal, one-third of a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, sift together; add two beaten eggs, one cupful of sweet milk and one cupful of sour milk, with one teaspoonful of soda added. Pour into a very hot, well greased spider or frying pan. Bake nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

Spoon Corn Bread.—Take one cupful of boiled rice, one cupful of corn meal. Scald the meal with one cupful of boiling water, add two cupfuls of sweet milk, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar. Beat well and bake in a baking dish from which it is to be served.

Steamed Oatmeal Brown Bread.—Take one cupful of graham flour, three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two cupfuls of sour milk, two cupfuls of oatmeal, one-half cupful of molasses or one-fourth cupful of molasses and one-fourth cupful of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda. Mix all the ingredients and steam two and one-half hours, if in one mold.

The sun sets every day, and people die every minute, and we mustn't be scared by the common lot.—David Copperfield.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Do not throw away the vinegar from pickled beet or other pickles. It may be used in salad dressing in place of other vinegar, giving a most desirable flavor and color.

When we pay 20 cents a bunch for celery it is needful that every scrap is utilized. The tender inner stalks may be served fresh or in salad, the coarser outer stalks cooked and served with cheese in an escalloped dish, making a most appetizing and not common combination. Then the leaves may be dried and used as flavor for soups and sauces.

Add a few tablespoonfuls of salt pork cut in small cubes and fried brown to any vegetable soup, and a very little sugar. A pinch of sugar added to a roast of any kind adds to its flavor.

When making gravies, sauces, or mushes that are apt to lump, stir and beat well with an egg whisk. This will save much time and many lumps. When using lemons, drop them in hot water to become heated or place in the oven to become hot. They will then give up every drop of juice.

An old toothbrush will be found useful in cleaning out small corners and for putting on shoe-blackening as it is small enough to get into the fine crevices where dust collects.

When you have rough, chapped hands use fresh lard mixed with sugar, using enough lard to moisten the sugar; rub it in well and wear gloves to bed; in the morning the hands will be healed and softened.

Old felt hats make the best kind of wicks for lanterns or lamps. Cut in strips suited for the burners.

In frying mush, roll each slice in dry corn meal and a little sugar. This makes the slices crisp and brown in color when fried.

In the preparation of a meal use care that the amounts are neither too lavish nor lacking; one is equally as bad as the other, if not worse, as the Irishman says.

Keeping all food in closed cans or boxes to keep from drying is a most important economy. A cut loaf of bread left in the air for a few hours is dry and unpalatable. All dry bread should be saved for the hundred and one ways for using it. Toast points, cubes for soup, croutons, stuffings, puddings, in meat loaves, in scalloped dishes are a few of the ways of disposing of stale bread.

If one has a handy work shelf, a meat grinder may be fastened on it and then it is ready to be used without putting together the parts. Slip a clean paper bag over it to protect it from the dust and it is always ready for instant use.

Fur rugs and white robes or furs will be cleaned nicely if rubbed and brushed with dry clean snow. Repeat several times with fresh snow, rubbing in all directions. Then hang up over night and there will be little fear of any kind of germ surviving such treatment.

One may have neat and attractive looking cans to hold all kinds of foods and keep them insect-proof by saving the sirup cans, coffee and tea cans. Paint them with a coat or two of white paint and print in black paint or dark blue the name of the contents.

In this day of carpetless rooms and easy-to-move rugs, floors may be kept in good condition with a little care each day. The up-to-date housewife cleans house weekly, so that there is no housecleaning time unless remodeling and redecorating is to be done.

All the past things are gone and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's wounds let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with a healing which night hath shed.

OUT OF A CAN OF CORN.

Corn is one of the vegetables like potatoes that nearly everybody likes. There are any number of ways in which to serve it; as a vegetable, a soup, a chowder, scalloped and in salad are a few of its accomplishments.

Corn Soup.—Chop one can of corn, add one pint of boiling water and simmer 20 minutes; rub through a sieve. Scald one pint of milk with a slice of onion and remove the onion and add the milk to the corn. Bind the soup with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Plain Corn Salad.—Drain a can of corn and season with mustard and onion juice. Marinate with French dressing and let stand one hour, then drain and arrange on a bed of lettuce or chicory.

Corn Chowder.—Take one can of corn, four cupfuls of diced potatoes, a one and one-half inch cube of salt pork, four cupfuls of scalded milk, eight milk crackers, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one sliced onion and salt and pepper. Cut the pork in small pieces and try out. Add the onion and cook five minutes, stirring often. Parboil the potatoes five minutes, drain and add to the fat, then add two cupfuls of boiling water; cook until the potatoes are soft; add corn and milk, then heat to the boiling point. Season with salt and pepper, add the butter and the crackers soaked in hot milk to soften. Serve with the crackers on top of the chowder. This quantity will serve six people.

Mock Crab.—Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of flour. Mix one-half teaspoonful of salt with three-fourths of a teaspoonful of mustard and a dash of paprika. Stir until well blended, then pour on gradually one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Bring to the boiling point and add one can of corn, one egg slightly beaten and three teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce. Turn into a buttered dish, cover with croutons and bake until the croutons are brown.

To know how to eat, what to eat and when to eat is a problem that humanity has never yet solved, although she has enriched herself with many inventions.—Emerson.

ORDINARY GOOD THINGS.

Even a baked potato may be made to look stylish with a few passes of a knife over it. Use well baked, and shapely, smooth - skinned ones; make two gashes at right angles on the top or side of each potato. Press to let out the steam, fold back the corners and send to the table with a bit of butter and a dash of paprika and salt on each.

Raisin Pie.—Take one cupful of chopped raisins, boiling water to cover them, two tablespoonfuls of cracker crumbs, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, one-half cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Bake the mixture in one crust and cover with a meringue, using the whites of the eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Return to the oven and brown.

Graham Pudding.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one-half cupful of molasses, one-fourth of a cupful of shortening, one egg, half a cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one cupful of raisins. Add spices to taste and steam four hours.

Sponge Drops.—Beat five eggs very light and add one cupful of sugar. Add a teaspoonful of lemon extract and fold in one cupful of flour. Drop in tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Cabbage Salad.—To one quart of chopped cabbage add one-half cupful of vinegar, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard, one teaspoonful of sugar, salt, pepper and a little butter. Cook the dressing until thick, pour hot over the cabbage and cook five minutes. Serve at once.

Pieplant Pie.—Take one cupful of raisins, two cupfuls of pieplant, chopped; half a cupful of water and one cupful of sugar. Place in a covered pie and bake as usual.

One Egg Cake.—Cream together one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of sour cream and one egg. Add a pinch of salt, a half teaspoonful of soda and two-thirds of a cupful of milk; flavor with vanilla. Add two cupfuls of sifted flour and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in layers or in loaf or gem pans.

Nellie Maxwell

Memoranda in Glass.

A reader tells us that with the use of gum tragacanth, allowing a week for drying, two sheets of glass can be joined with a sheet of paper between them, without the slightest staining of the paper. It is suggested that this provides a new and useful means of making paper weights and other glass articles with calendars, etc., imbedded in them. The gum, while still wet, appears to have stained the paper; but every trace of this disappears as the drying out proceeds.—Scientific American.

Dignified Protest.

It is told of an old negro servant of roguish propensities, as many a darky is, that on one occasion he was unjustly reprimanded by his master for the disappearance of a certain article of value. His reply was: "Marse Andrew, I has enuff to answer fer wid the scusations what is jest, widout having to be sponsible for dem what aint so."

Jud Tunkins says that when a man gets elected to office he has worked so hard he ought to have a long vacation to start with.

SICK WOMEN HEAR ME

You Can Be Free from Pain as I Am, if You Do as I Did.

Harrington, Me.—"I suffered with backache, pains through my hips and such a bearing down feeling that I could not stand on my feet. I also had other distressing symptoms. At times I had to give up work. I tried a number of remedies but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me more good than anything else. I am regular, do not suffer the pains I used to, keep house and do all my work. I recommend your medicine to all who suffer as I did and you may use my letter as you like."—Mrs. MINNIE MITCHELL, Harrington, Me.

There are many women who suffer as Mrs. Mitchell did and who are being benefited by this great medicine every day. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. It is made from extracts of roots and herbs and is a safe medium for women. If you need special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

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