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"FORTY YEARS OLD."

Call me not old. it cannot be.
I feel no touch of time upon my heart;
It seems but yesterday I stood beside my mother's knee,
A little child care free.

You say the marks of years are on my face and in my hair;
But as I look within upon my soul,
I see no silver crown, no faded eyes, no wrinkles there,
But all is fresh and fair.

It is the same sweet joy to live to-day as yesterday;
And what to-morrow has in store for me,
To suffer, live, or die, I leave to one who said to lay
On Him our care alway.

Time cannot hurt my soul unless I will it so;
I have the right to everlasting life.
When age and death have spoiled this house of clay, I go
Beyond the winter's snow.

There springtime stays alway, and all are young,
And when I meet my dear friends there,
We'll clasp glad hands, and shout that parting, age, and pain are gone;
We're young—let time pass on.

—Mrs. A. J. Berkstresser, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

The Digger's Revenge.

By Mume Misbet.

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THE snow was coming down in great loose flakes, black and ragged like fringed smuts of soot from a burning chimney against the gray sky, white as feathers from a swan's breast when they crossed the dark branches and trunks of the forest trees; the first snow of winter that was, and while it made the birds creep into the close places of the hedges, and the old folks think about their rheumatics as they drew near to the fire, it only made the young folks and children laugh merrily as they sought the open lanes to watch the downpour, while they thought of the fun the morrow would bring them if the storm kept like that all night.

But Jack Bridges did not seem to relish this aspect of nature, although he was young enough to have done so, as he sat shivering inside his great coat on the front seat of the dog-cart which was taking him from the station to his native village, but then he had been abroad for the past three years, and was at present bringing back sad news of death and that always is enough to make a man shivery and miserable looking.

After he had seen his own people he had to face the parents of his chum, Tom Naylor, and break to them the news of their son's death and burial in a strange land; he had also to face the sweetheart of his chum, Annie Holmes, and tell her what might perhaps break her heart, that is if the money he was bringing to her from her dead lover failed to console her for the loss of the man himself. Therefore uncertain about his reception, he sat now beside the driver gnawing the end of his long tawny mustache, with the lappits of his furry coat drawn over his ears, while he watched the coming down of those flakes so long strangers to him.

He was once more in old England, and coming to his own place a wealthy man, which he had left three years before along with his friend and school mate, and only five pounds between them over and above their passage money. They had gone to Australia and taken to gold digging, and after two and a half years of colonial hard lines and vicissitudes they had at last found fortune in a lucky claim. But with the strange irony of fate, the hole which had enriched them had proved the death and grave of poor Tom, leaving Jack as his legatee to carry home the riches they had worked so hard for and do justice to his memory.

They had both made their wills when the claim showed signs of yielding a return, and after his friend's death Jack had acted like the honest fellow he was and divided their joint fortune equally, twenty thousand pounds for himself, and twenty thousand in two parts, one half to go to the sweetheart who was left disconsolate, and the rest to the father and mother who would see their son no more this side of the grave.

Honest Jack Bridges had a hard task before him on this early winter afternoon, for he had to recount how he left his dead friend far away from civilization, with the trouble they had to get there together, and the terrible hardships he had endured in the getting away from that desolate and fatal claim, and doubtless he was thinking upon this as he regarded the bleak sky, with fixed stern, gray eyes, while he kept chewing at the ends of his mustache.

At last the dog-cart drove up to his boyhood's home, and his fond parents were blest with the sight of their long-absent son, now a tall, handsome, sun-tanned man, albeit the sufferings he had endured had left their traces, for he had a bad cough, and crouched together as he got as near to the blazing fire as he could. His face looked pinched and careworn, but he was a rich man now, and could make himself and his parents comfortable all their lives, therefore they trusted that he would soon lose that nervousness, and be again the jovial Jack of yore.

He had a duty to perform, so as soon as he had answered a few of his friends' numerous questions, he went off while supper was getting ready, to see the parents and sweetheart of poor Tom. He told his story simply and manfully, and then left them to digest their sorrow and examine the bank drafts which he had placed in their hands.

Ten thousand pounds to poor people, even with the news of a death, are mixed tidings of good and evil. The parents wept for the son they had lost, and perhaps did not think much about the legacy which he had left, at least not for the first night.

With the sweetheart, pretty Annie Holmes, it was different. Three years of absence from a girl who had not been very sure of her own mind which of the two friends she really liked best, although as Tom had asked her first, and she had accepted him, is a severe test of endurance. Poor Tom was in his grave, and gone from her life for ever, while handsome Jack had come home, handsomer and as tender and love-struck as ever; indeed, as he looked at her while he told his story, she was almost frightened at the intensity and hunger of his glances, and went to bed with her heart beating tumultuously.

Ten thousand pounds, and Jack back again, the owner of twenty thousand, poor Tom, in that far off, lonely grave, the dingoes may wrangle and fight over your bones, but the girl you left behind you has, at the best, only a grateful kind of sadness over your memory, which is tempered by the pleasure of your gift, and the joy that the presence of your friend has awoke within her.

Jack Bridges had always been a great favorite in the village, for he was one of those obliging light-hearted fellows as ready with his company at a feast as with his sympathy in times of trouble, and they all liked to see his handsome face, and hear his frank, merry laugh. Now that he had come back a rich man, he had more friends than ever, even although he was not quite so merry as he had been, but the people excused that and put it down to the troubles he had gone through.

With Annie he had a new manner which seemed better than the old one. Before his departure he had been careless and free, so that she never could be sure that he liked her more than a friend, but now there was no mistake about his intentions, he was in deadly earnest, and showed by every action that he wanted her as a wife, so after a little pause for the sake of decorum she consented to join her money to his, and then during the month which followed, she was happier than ever she had been in her life before, for this was the one she must have loved all the time although she had not known it.

Jack, during these courting months having nothing else to do, passed the time between her house and the post office. He wrote and posted a great number of letters and saved the village postman the trouble of delivering what came to him or for the cottage where his promised wife lived, and, seeing him always at hand when the mails came in, the old post office keeper delivered them regularly up to him, with a little village chaff at which he laughed heartily, for he was once again getting back his former health and spirits.

One day, however, he got a letter addressed to Annie which he did not give to her. Instead of doing so he sent

"PROVE TO ME THAT ANNIE LOVES YOU."

her a little note by hand saying that he had to go to London, but that he would be back the following evening, and then, catching the first train up, he sought out a little hotel off the Strand, where he asked for and had an interview with a broken down looking, sunburnt and bearded stranger by the name of Naylor.

It was a reproachful conversation on the part of Tom Naylor, during which he made same ugly charges of attempted murder and cowardly desertion against his former friend. A remorseful, passionate, beseeching one on the side of the honest Jack Bridges during which he told of his successful love suit, and how it would break the heart of pretty Annie Holmes, if this ghost came back to claim her, the finale of which interview was that Tom said:

"Prove to me that Annie loves you and I promise you that I shant interfere between you."

To which Jack replied, wiping the sweat from his brow:

"Disguise youself and come down with me Tom, and you can judge for yourself."

Next afternoon two men traveled together and arrived at the village about nightfall, and while one of them went boldly into Annie's cottage, the other hung about outside amongst the shrubbery and looked in at the meeting of the lovers.

"It's a fine night for spring, Annie. Will you come outside," said Jack, tenderly, and nothing loth the maiden went with him to the porch.

"Tell me, Annie, do you ever think about poor Tom now?"

"Yes, of course, Jack. I shall always think of him as our best friend."

"But if he had come back instead of me?"

"Ah, Jack, I didn't know my own mind then."

"But now, Annie?"

"Jack, I always liked poor Tom, but I love you!"

There was a slight rustling amongst the shrubbery, while the front gate was softly opened and as softly shut again. The lovers were alone.

—It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to instruct, even our friends.—Colton.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

To Be An Fait They Must Have a Touch of Color—Artistic Glasses Richly Enameled in White and Gold—A Center Piece Which Is Really a Triumph in Fine Effect.

The fashionable dinner-table of to-day has a touch of color in its decoration. Cut glass for the moment has lost its popularity and an array of French and English glass flushed with color and wrought with glistening gold designs has taken its place.

If you wish to give a little dinner some day during this season select for the center-piece of your table a large, low bowl of green Bohemian glass, enameled with white and gold daisies. Fill the bowl with Marguerites and let it stand upon a round mirror-mat. Your center-piece will be a triumph in artistic effect. These bowls come not only in green but in shades of ruby and

WILL BE FOUND EFFECTIVE.

purple, and are enameled most exquisitely. Odd-shaped finger-bowls and punch cups in shapes to suit an art connoisseur are also made of this beautifully tinted Bohemian glass.

French glass and English art glass are less expensive and almost as beautiful in coloring and design. Green center pieces of French glass are shaped like a low basket. When filled with pink roses, with a rosebud or two turned about the handle, one has secured an excellent effect. These bowls may be bought for $4.50. Long, narrow English glass vases sell for $1.50 each. Filled with ferns they are eminently satisfactory as decorative bits for the table.

Many of the glass center pieces are quite complicated affairs. Sometimes they show an array of small slender vases clustered together or perhaps a deep bowl will be guarded by tall vases at either side. Loving cups in tinted glass are also used as a center decoration for the table. They are large and have handles of twisted gilt and white glass with enameled flowers growing upon their surface. Sometimes the enameling has a jeweled effect. These cups sell for $3.50.

When giving a color dinner the tinted glasses add much to the effect of the table. If green is the color desired the center piece may not only reflect the tint but the candelabra or single candlesticks may also be of green glass. The punch cups may rest upon curled leaves of green glass, and they may be in the shape of a half-opened blossom. The salad bowls and olive and radish dishes may be in green, and the finger

A FAVORITE CENTER PIECE.

bowls look like curled leaves held together with silver pins. When using the colored glass it is much more effective to have each piece rest upon a mirror mat.—N. Y. World.

Delicious Brown Bread Pudding.

One-half pint (or one cupful) of brown bread crumbs, fine and dry; one pint of cream or milk, three eggs (beaten separately), and two tablespoonfuls of maple sugar, or, instead, brown sugar and one tablespoonful of caramel. Soak the crumbs in one gill of milk fifteen minutes; make a custard of the remainder of the milk, eggs and sugar; pour it hot over the crumbs; beat the whites of two eggs with one tablespoonful of the sugar and one or two tablespoons of thick cream; stir lightly into the custard. Bake one-half hour in a moderate oven; eat with cream. Serve with cottage cream cheese.

An Enemy to Cholera.

So inimical to the cholera bacillus are oranges and lemons that if the bacteria be placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruits they survive but a few hours, and even if placed on the rind of the whole fruit they will not live longer than twenty-four hours. It is supposed to be the acid of the fruit that possesses this destructive power. Owing to this valuable property in these fruits no restrictions are placed on their transit and sale, even when it is known that they were grown in infected districts.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MUSLIN curtains, figured and ruffled, look well for narrow windows in apartments.

AMMONIA should not be used frequently in water for bathing. It hardens the skin and makes it crack.

ACCORDING to Polly Pry, a good way to keep the cook in a good humor is to have the kitchen knives always sharp.

ICED tea acquires a new flavor when served in long, thin glasses with a delicately cut slice of lemon floating on top.

PUT an open box in the cellar with a peck of fresh lime in it; it will absorb the moisture and make it smell fresh and sweet.

ALL embroidered articles, such as tray cloths, bureau scarfs, five o'clock tea cloths, silk board covers and the like, should be washed by themselves.

FLAXSEED lemonade is excellent for a cold. To a pint of water add two small tablespoonfuls of seed, the juice of two lemons and sugar to suit. Ice for drinking.

A LAST year's straw hat can be sponged and cleansed with coffee, afterward pressing with a warm iron, laying the rim on a flat surface and using a pan for the crown.

BITS of toilet soap which are very small may be utilized. Make a bag of Turkish toweling about nine inches square and put in it all the small pieces of soap. When three-quarters filled sew up the end and use the same as if it were a cake of soap.

PAPER torn into small pieces make a comfortable stuffing for a cushion, especially if a layer of cotton wool is placed over it. The paper should be put in a canvas case, or one of any strong material, first sewing it round; then lay on the cotton wool, and over that the cretonne.

HANDY STEAMER BAG.

Easily Made If Care Is Taken in the Measurement and Folding.

How to keep useful articles in a small compass and within easy reach of a berth often perplexes people who travel.

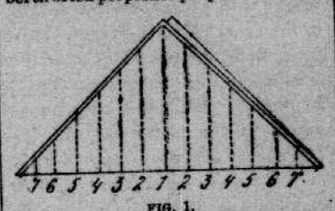

FIG. 1.

For this purpose a steamer bag is very useful. It is easily made if care is taken in the measurement and folding.

Take a square of drab linen, or any material that is alike on both sides, and bind it all around neatly with braid. Cut the square diagonally, and place one part exactly over the other.

Crease these down the center from point to base, calling this line number one. On each side of the center line crease or draw six lines, numbering from the center, dividing the base line into fourteen equal parts, as in Fig. 1.

Stitch the two pieces together on each side down lines 3, then down lines 4, then stitch together the lines 5 of the

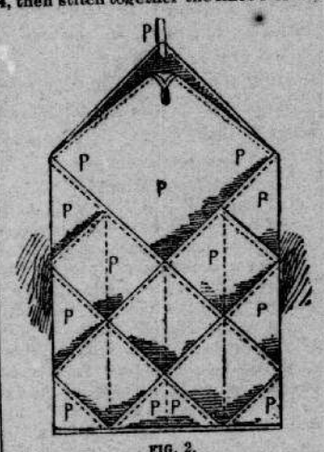

FIG. 2.

upper piece. Next stitch the pieces together on each side down lines 6, stitching lines 7 of the upper piece together as was done at lines 5.

Now fold so that lines 5 and 7 of the upper piece will be over the center line and lines 5 and 7 of the under piece will be at the outer edges of the bag. Turn the two small pieces of each side so that they will meet at the base line over line 6.

Bind with braid from A across the bottom to B, and sew loops of the braid at the two upper points and at A and B, and you will have a most convenient bag with fifteen pockets of various sizes, as seen in Fig. 2.—Youth's Companion.

Bead and Pearl Ornaments.

Sashes of soft, black gauze and of moire, with long floating ends, are much liked, and bead ornaments of every description, especially those in fine jet with festoons and fringes of beads, are lavishly used. Pearls and gold beads form charming ornaments for evening dresses; a bodice for instance, in shot straw color and salmon pink silk, has a large puffed sleeve finished off above the elbow with Louis XIII. revers of silk, pearls, and gold beads above a flounce of guipure. The bodice, open in a V point, is embroidered in the same way, and epaulets to correspond fall from the shoulders.

How to Make Cheese Straws.

To make cheese straws, work to a smooth paste three ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, two ounces of flour, a little salt and cayenne pepper, and the yolk of one egg. Roll this mixture upon a pie board until about an eighth of an inch thick and five or six inches each way across; cut in very narrow strips, place upon buttered tins and bake quickly to a light brown tint. Small rings are sometimes cut and baked in addition to the straws, and before placing on the table the straws are thrust through the rings, forming fagots.—Ladies' Home Journal.

ANOTHER THEORY UPSET.

Faith in a Popular Chinese Habit Causes a Citizen to Offer Big Odds.

Two young men stood in front of the United States hotel the other day discussing politics and society news, when a Chinaman passed by with both hands in his pockets.

"Did you ever notice," asked one of the young men, calling attention to the passing Celestial, "that a Chinaman always carries his hands in his pockets when he is passing along the street?"

"No," replied his companion, "I never did."

"Then you haven't been very observant," said the first speaker. "It is so much the rule that I'll agree to give you a dollar for every Chinaman who passes while we stand here with his hands out of his pockets if you will give me five cents for every one who has his hands in his pockets."

The proposition was agreed to and the two prepared to watch. Presently a Chinaman came in sight around Goodwin's corner, swinging his hands carelessly. The two young men and two others who had joined them laughed as the Chinaman passed by, unconscious that he was knocking out a pet theory.

"Just wait," said the man who proposed the bet, and they waited. In a few minutes another Chinaman was seen going up State street. He then had both hands in his pockets, but glancing at the city hall clock, he immediately took out his watch, proceeded to wind it up, and passed by with both hands out. Three of the young men laughed and the other tried to join in the merriment, but his smile was faint and sickly. He managed to get out feebly: "Just wait," and again they waited.

It wasn't long before the next Mongolian hove in sight. He had a bundle in one hand and a cigar in the other. "Just my luck," said the man with a theory. "I always get beaten when I propose a game." He counted out three dollars and paid the amount to the fellow that did have a theory, and the four withdrew from the street to celebrate.—Hartford Courant.

POPULAR WOMEN.

Widows in the Social Sphere Head the List.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the widow is the most popular woman who flits across the maelstrom of social life. But the law of compensation sets the price on all the favors of fate, and the widow, however gloomy or shining her environments, is no exception to the rule. Are you a loved and loving wife, with the strong right arm of the best of men to shield and protect you from the world, and its calumny? Then know that the removal of that arm means your own transformation in the eyes of the world to a person answering to an entirely different description.

The world steps up higher in order to obtain a better point of view, and it ferrets out the motive for action where no motive exists, and it regards you with suspicion where there is no cause. The world has an evil eye, and the lens through which it observes distorts the objects passing before it. The world has a vivid imagination also, and a predisposition to mistake its imagination for its memory. It is one of the traits for which popularity compensates, or vice versa, that the world keeps an eye on widows, and that their every action is fraught with interest. In the environment of widowhood woman must needs pay the price.

Dickens immortalized Mr. Weller by putting in his mouth the words "Samivel, beware of the vidders." The expression has been handed down and will continue to be, like any other wise old saw that creates capital as it goes, even where there is small foundation to build on. George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte both married widows, each of whom had two children, a boy and a girl, and it is also a coincidence in history that neither of them bore children to their illustrious lords.—Philadelphia Times.

Russet Oranges.

A little item in the New York Confectioners' Journal, in which golden russets and small dark russets are incidentally stated to be the best keeping oranges, has called to our mind a very general experience which we have never seen referred to in print. We buy for our own table consumption russet oranges in preference to bright oranges, and yet in our official work we are in constant receipt of requests from orange growers for methods destroying the rust mite. The hardening of the skin of the orange from the work of the rust mite undoubtedly keeps them juicy, improves them for shipment, and retards decay. The selection of bright oranges was a fad among growers and wholesale buyers which did not last. The time has come when russet oranges for shipment command higher prices, and when remedial treatment for the rust mite is only necessary for a great excess of this Acarid. The change in public opinion in this matter shows that utility governs even sentiment.—Insect Life.

Irritability of Plants.

In an address upon this subject, Prof. Pfeffer points out that irritability is a fundamental quality existing in all plants, these organisms having the same power of reaction as animals. An increase of stimulus in plants, too, produces a dulling of sensativeness. At the same time a plant or plant organ is never sensitive to a single stimulus only, and different stimuli do not produce one and the same effect in a cell. While plants exhibit a variety of sensibilities equal to that of animals, the vegetable kingdom has the advantage in delicacy of perception, bacteria being attracted by a billionth or trillionth of a milligramme of meat extract or of oxygen.—Scientific American.

When, O, When?

"Sh-h-h, child. Young people should be silent when older people are talking."

"Then, when shall young people talk, mamma? Old people are never silent."—Texas Siftings.

BOTH ACHING FOR A FIGHT.

Two Desperate Men Restrained From Bloodletting by a Lucky Occurrence.

On Hastings street the other day a young colored man about twenty years of age sat on a doorstep drowsing in the sun. Many passed him by, but after a time along came another young man of about the same age carrying a cane. Of course he stopped and poked, and of course there were results. The sleeper awoke and angrily demanded:

"Who dat pusson who kept techin' me all de time?"

"I s'pects yo' am lookin' right at him, sah," replied the one with the cane.

"Julius, I'ze a mind to broke yo' in two fur dat."

"Shoo! Yo' couldn't hurt nobody."

"Couldn't, eh? I let yo' know, sah, dat I killed a man obea in Chatham so dead he nebber breathed agin."

"Doan yo' go fur to threaten me, Moses, kase I won't stand it. Mebbe some of yo'r friends done tole you 'bout de way I knocked dat man to pieces down at Toledo. Jist reached out fur him, an' he died."

"Hu! Look out fur me, boy. I'ze gettin mad, and when de madness comes nobody can't dun hole me. I'ze jist a drove of mewls runuin away, I ar'."

"I'ze heard niggers talk afo' dis, but I didn't skeer."

"Nigger! Who yo' callin' nigger! Yo' is nigger ye'self, an' yo' stole chickens."

"What? Yo' say I dun stole chickens? Why, boy, I'll crack yo'r ribs in a minute. I doan' 'low no common trash to talk dat way to me."

"Shoo, nigger! If I war jist to reach out my han, yo' would fall dead. I'ze sorry fur yo'r po' ole mudder, an dat's why I doan' reach."

"Now, I'ze mad. I'll gin yo' just one minit to flee fur yo'r life."

"Nigger!"

"Chicken thief!"

They stood facing each other, breathing hard, and were seemingly on the point of rushing at each other when a small colored boy came around driving an old ash wagon. It was a happy diversion. Both realized it, and advancing to the curbstone together one shouted:

"Look heah, boy, doan' yo' be drivin' aroun' as if yo'r fadder owned dis hull town, kase he don't. Yo' jist keep mighty quiet around heah, or I'll make yo'r heels crack de atmosp'ere."

And as the boy seemed frightened and tried to make himself look as small as possible the other one added:

"An' if yo'r fadder make an fuss 'bout it, I'ze gwine to drive him right frew de airth. Yes, I ar'. Drive on, boy. We is two desperit men an' jist achin' fo' blood."—Detroit Free Press.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

Discharged Government Clerks of Long Service Unfitted for Other Work.

A treasury clerk who was discharged early in the life of the present administration, after many years of service, walked up the steps of the big stone building one night some time ago and shot himself through the heart with a pistol. His body lying on the steps that he had climbed so often was an object lesson to all of the government employes in Washington. It is a sad feature of department life at the capital that a large proportion of the clerks who are removed seem unable thereafter to earn a living. They become possessed, moreover, of the idea that Washington is the only city to live in, and that they must hang on to residence here by hook or by crook. A large share of Washington's population is made up of former congressmen, public officials, and employes of all sorts, who, having come here, refuse to go away again. Some of them are prosperous, but by far the greater number depend upon their friends and charity for a living. It is noticeable, too, that men who have been removed after long service in the departments continue to haunt the building in which they were employed, as though, by looking at it each day, they could exert a charm that would restore their names to the pay roll. This is particularly true of those who have spent long years behind the walls of the treasury department; and every morning a large number of these men walk down Fifteenth street at the usual hour for opening the department, and linger about the hotels, saloons and cigar shops in the neighborhood until closing them in the afternoon, when they return home with the tide of humanity that flows out of the great workshop. The unfortunate man who blew out his brains on the treasury steps apparently was moved by no cause except grief for having lost his place in the treasury. He was a pensioner to a large amount for the loss of a leg in the war, and had other sources of income. He was one of the company of discharged men who met every day on Fifteenth street, opposite the treasury building, and his former companions still make their daily pilgrimages to this apparently fascinating locality. It does not occur to any of them, probably, that if they would desert their old haunts and start out in a new field they might soon forget that they ever drew their daily sustenance from Uncle Sam's crib.—N. Y. Sun.

Domestic Intelligence.

Is Mrs. McSnifter in?" asked Mrs. Verger of the servant who took her card at the McSnifter mansion, on Austin avenue.

"No, she done went out about an hour ago."

"I am sorry to hear that she is out. Will she be back?"

"I don't know when she gwinter come back, but I kin run upstairs and ax yer for you."—Alex. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

In the Business Class.

The teacher of a commercial college was hearing the class in banking recite and he called on a pensive-looking fellow from an interior town. "What's the nature of a check," he asked, "that makes it valuable?"

"The sig-nature," responded the pensive party, and the teacher wanted to apologize.—Detroit Free Press.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Place a tablespoon in glass jars while filling them with hot liquid. The spoon absorbs some of the heat and also carries some of it out in the open air.—M. L. T.

—Soft Ginger Bread: One and one-half cups New Orleans molasses, half cup brown sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon allspice, one-half teaspoon ginger; mix all together thoroughly and add three cups good graham flour. Bake in shallow pans. This is excellent, and if used once is sure to be used again.—Ohio Farmer.

—Pot Pie: Put a soup-bone cooking with two quarts of water. Mutton or beef in almost any form may be used instead of the soup-bone. When nearly done take a teacupful of buttermilk, stir stiff with flour into which a level teaspoonful of soda has been sifted. Drop the dough, a spoonful at a time, into the soup; cover closely and boil briskly for fifteen minutes. Serve hot.

—Rennet Custard: Beat the yolks of three eggs with two spoonfuls of sugar and whip the whites to a stiff froth. Put this into the dish in which it is to be served, and add one quart of milk and a few drops of vanilla or peach flavoring, and when these are well mixed, stir in a spoonful and a half of rennet wine. In cold weather the milk should be warmed a little. It will harden soon, perhaps in five minutes. Sometimes a spoonful will be sufficient. It is more economical to warm the milk a little, sweeten it, and add only the rennet wine, and grate nutmeg over the top.—Boston Budget.

—Grape Fruit and Jelly: In the spring, especially, grape fruit is as good as medicine, and unless the family wants to eat it, as they would any fruit, one large piece of it is enough for three, and should be cut into three parts crosswise of the pulp. The common way of fixing these is to cut out the tough white core in the center and fill with sugar, but a prettier and nicer tasting way is to put red jelly, like raspberry, into the place made by removing the core. If the fruit stands for half an hour the jelly will color the pulp a faint pink, while the taste is tantalizing and sets up an appetite at once.—Christian Inquirer.

SUMMER SOUPS.

How They Can Be Made at Once Delicate and Nourishing.

"Who wants a greasy hot soup in summer?" asks some one.

Nobody, I reply, wants a greasy soup at any season of the year, but a slight, delicate, nutritious soup is one of the most palatable forms of nourishment in hot weather. It is particularly easy to make nice soups in summer on account of the great variety of vegetables. Try, for instance, this, without any ingredient which could give it even the semblance of greasiness: Wash half a cup of rice and a small cupful each of carrots, turnips, and celery stalks cut in dice, and put them in a kettle with two quarts of cold water, a tablespoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, a sprig of thyme, another of marjoram, and three bay leaves. Bring slowly to a boil, simmer two hours, season to taste, and sprinkle in a teaspoonful of minced parsley; boil for five minutes and serve. This may be changed in flavor somewhat by first frying in an ounce of butter, until yellow, the rice and vegetables.

Soup Printaniere—Heat two quarts of clear stock to a boiling and add two ounces each of carrot, white and yellow turnip, cabbage, and string beans, finely shredded; half an ounce of onion, and a tablespoon each of celery leaves and parsley, finely minced; simmer until the vegetables are tender. You may vary this by adding to a quart of broth a large coffee cupful of delicately-cooked vegetables—top of asparagus, tiny radishes, cut small, green peas, beans of any kind—in short, whatever your larder may afford; simmer them in broth for fifteen minutes if they have been previously cooked, or until til tender if not. The bones from a forequarter of roast lamb, if made into a stock and thickened with green peas boiled with it and pressed through a sieve until of the consistency of thin cream, make a nice soup. Season to taste and keep it from settling by stirring in a teaspoonful of flour wet with cold water. Put croutons in the tureen. The bones of a roast of veal, or from the breakfast of breaded veal chops, with a very small ham bone, or, better still, a quarter of a pound of unsmoked pork, will make a stock suitable for combining with lima beans, cauliflower, tomatoes, or asparagus. The debris of chicken—roast, broil, or fry—is a good foundation for an okra soup.

With any vegetable or vegetables, except tomatoes, a cup of hot milk is generally a nice addition.

Mi-Careme Soup—This soup, which in plain English is mid-Lent soup, is excellent at any time of the year. Have your fish merchant filet two flounders, and put them over the fire with three pints of cold water, a carrot, a turnip, an onion, and the usual bunch of soup herbs; bring them to a boil; take out the filets and lay them between two platters to cool while you let the vegetables simmer. Stamp half a dozen lettuce leaves in little rounds with an apple corer; throw them into salten boiling water for one minute; drain and throw into cold water to await further use. Stamp similar rounds from sliced or cold boiled reed beets, and stamp the filets also in the same sized rounds, setting all aside until wanted, while you rub the remainder of the filets through a sieve with a wooden spoon. Bring a quart of water to the boiling point; stir together two ounces each of butter and flour over the fire; add the milk gradually, and a quart of the water in which the vegetables were simmered; season with pepper, salt and grated nutmeg, adding a little more salt if desired. Stir in the puree made from the trimmings of the filets, and when ready to use the soup add the rounds of fish, lettuce and beets. Serve instantly, so that the brightness of the colors may not be impaired.—Chicago Times.