

betray it.' That was Cigarette—at seven years. The esprit du corps was stronger than her own wrongs. What do you say to that nature?"

"That is superb!—that it might be molded to anything. The pity is——"

"Ah, tais-toi!" said the artist-trooper, half wearily, half laughingly. "Spare me the old world-worn, threadbare formulas. Because the flat and the laleza blossom for use, and the garden-flowers grow trained and pruned, must there be no bud that opens for mere love of sun, and swings free in the wind in its fearless fair fashion? Believe me, dear Victor, it is the lives which follow no previous, it is the lives which follow no previous rule that do the most good and give the most harvest."

THE HOUSTONIAS.*

Half a dozen Quaker ladies,
Straight and slim and small,
In a sunny Berkshire feadow
By a low stone wall.

"Is thee come to Yearly Meeting?"
"Yea." "And thee, too?" "Yea."
"Verily, and thee is early!"
"Opens next First-day."

And in truth, the next day May
Sabbath
All that meadow fair
Scarce could hold the Yearly
Meeting
Set for session there;

In their little gray-blue bonnets,
Chatting, brim to brim,
Half a million Quaker ladies,
Straight and small and slim.
SARAH J. DAY, in *The American Friend*.

[*The Houstonia, one of our prettiest wild flowers, is often called "Quaker Lady" on account of the quaint primness of its dainty little blossoms.]

BREAD MAKING.

By L. E. Chittenden.

After I learned to cook most things very well, I still held aloof from bread making, as of something so laborious and uncertain

and altogether mysterious that I feared to attempt it.

But the cooks in the kitchen were too often failures in respect to bread making, and we despised baker's bread; hence it came to pass that in the interim between cooks, I came across a recipe of Mrs. Rorer's which read so intelligently and included no all-night settings and early risings and indefinite results; so I resolved to try this apparently simple formula, with a resolution privately made, that if it was a failure I'd say nothing about it, but cast the failure into the furnace and preserve a golden and discreet silence in regard to my attempt. That was nine years ago, and I have met with no failure then or since, and as a proud and happy reward have earned the unique tribute from my husband that my bread is "even better than his mother's." And I know praise can no further go than this!

This is the way I make it.

When breakfast is almost ready, I put a cake of compressed yeast to soak in three tablespoonfuls of tepid water.

In the mixing crock I put one pint of milk and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. I set this crock in the warm oven leaving the oven door open, and go to breakfast; when I come out, the butter has spread over the surface of the milk. I add a pint of cool water, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, then if the mixture is luke warm I stir in the yeast and a quart of flour. I beat the batter hard for five minutes and stir in a quarter or more of flour, enough to knead it into a mass.

I turn it onto a well-floured board and knead for fifteen minutes; I grease my crock and set where it is warm. I place bread within, cover with a close, set it in a warm place, and let it rise three hours. Then I mix into four loaves and let rise one hour more, and bake 45 minutes.

Whole wheat flour bread I make the same way except that I mix whole wheat flour with the white, one-half of each.

If I wish rolls for breakfast I leave out enough for one loaf; this I roll out and spread with melted butter, cut out with small

biscuit cutter, let rise one-half hour longer than the bread, bake 30 minutes, and warm through the next morning by covering pan with a well-fitted cover and watching carefully not to let them get too brown.

Or I add sugar, cinnamon, a cup of currants, and a little melted shortening, and mold into larger shapes for buns, or bake altogether in a flat pan for coffee-cake or Sally Lunn, wetting the top with egg or milk, and sprinkling with sugar and cinnamon.

A cup of boiled rice added to bread sponge makes it deliciously sweet and nutritive. In fact, any of the cooked breakfast foods, if not too stiff, add nutrition and a delightful nutty flavor to the bread.

AN INSTANCE.

Bridget and Pat were sitting in an armchair reading an article on "The Law of Compensation."

"Just fancy," exclaimed Bridget; "accordin' to this whin a mon loses wan av 'is sineses another gits more developed. For instance, a blöind mon gits more sinse av he'rin' an' touch, an'—"

"Shure, an' it's quite true," exclaimed Pat.

"Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra the other's longer."—*Philadelphia Times*.

A PATHETIC MESSAGE.

Kennebec (Me.) Journal: A pathetic message was received by Dr. Gould of Rockland recently from that lonely place called Martinicus. Dr. Gould has a system of pigeons which convey messages from there to the mainland, and on Saturday there came a pigeon to the homing loft at Tenant's Harbor conveying news of the serious illness of Mrs. E. A. Young. The silent messenger that flew across twenty miles of seas to Tenant's Harbor was found to have seven No. 1 shot imbedded in this injury, by a thoughtless sportsman, the bird had flown across with her message, and, true to instinct, the bird had delivered her message. Shortly after the homecoming the bird died.