

the city, yet right out in the country on the other side of the house?"

"Oh, he is a man about your size," I replied. "Is he—that is—did he—say, did he ever go to college?"

"I believe he did fool away some of his time at a University," I replied, smiling at the look that swept over his face, while the only remark to this he could make was his familiar, "I um."

In this one expression, all the convictions of years seemed swept away, but it needed one more test to banish them all. I had whispered something to my mother that had driven all care from her dear face, but I was not yet ready to divulge to my father what was said. Neither had laid away their wraps, but sat holding them in their hands as if expecting soon to leave. At last father said:

"Well, Pres, since you have stopped here till I've told our story, maybe we better be goin' up to your boardin' house. The family here don't seem to be comin' home, an' maybe you can run in agin if you were wantin' to see them. I'm 'fraid mother is pretty tired after her long ride on them tamel cars, an' we better get on."

"Oh, no," I replied smiling. "The family are not away. The farmer is at home. Lay off your things and come out to supper."

"Why, what—I don't understand," he replied, looking helplessly at mother; then seeing her smiling face, he was more astonished than ever, until, to ease his anxiety and bewilderment, I explained:

"This place, my dear father, belonged to me; but when I heard, through one of the neighbors, how things were going out at the old home, I had the deed changed and it is now made out to Mrs. Phoebe Astery. Thinking you would not like to live with mother if she owned all of the property in the family, I have also purchased the old home-farm, and here is the deed made out to Joseph Astery, so you can, in the future, live on just whichever place you please, only if you stay on this one, I may board with you for a few years, while I fool away some more time inventing machinery." His only answer was,—

"I um."

Tapioca.

Upon your pantry shelves a good supply Of tapioca keep unfailingly; For many dainties, wholesome, rich or rare, You from this starchy product may prepare. First, then, Ambrosia, food meet for the Gods— They ne'er partook of it, but 'what's the odds?' One cup of tapioca soaked o'er night; Then when you're stirring with the morning light, Place it where it will slowly cook till clear— A double kettle is of value here.

And now one cup of sugar; and meantime Have one nice pineapple chopped very fine. On this the boiling tapioca pour, And stir together; 'twill need nothing more. Pour into moulds, which shall the shape preserve; When cold and firm with cream and sugar serve. This delicate and always welcome dish You may prepare with peaches if you wish; Or other fruit, soft, ripe, or even canned, Such as at any season may command.

If apples you would use, best, pare and core Enough to fill your baking dish—no more. The space of cores with sugar fill, and spice; A dash of lemon juice is very nice. Bake till the apples tender grow; then pour The cup of warm, soaked tapioca o'er, And bake till clear. Most surely you will deem This "about right," served warm with sweetened cream.

A little salt the tapioca'll need, As almost every pudding does indeed.

For tapioca cream, in water swell Four tablespoonfuls; only cover well; Then with a quart of milk you'll set it on, And gently cook till sure it is well done. Four eggs; the yolks with sugar you will beat— A cupful will not make the cream too sweet— Stir in with care and add a little salt; Vanilla flavor will not prove a fault; Lastly, the whites well beaten. Serve when cold, And how acceptably need not be told.

Or, these two recipes you may combine In apple pudding, if you so incline. Apples to fill your dish you'll peel and core, Filling with sugar, then bake as before. The tapioca you will soak and swell; Three tablepoons, or four, will do quite well. Mix with a custard made of milk, one quart, Three eggs; vanilla flavor or some sort; A cup of sugar. O'er the apple pour; Bake till the custard is well set, no more.

A custard pudding baked is very nice With tapioca, or with this and rice. The first—proportions as for "cream"—will do; Coconut added may be something new; Three tablespoonfuls with your yolks you'll beat, And sugar; 'twill look "good enough to eat." The tapioca soaked, and as before In the milk scalded, you to this will pour; Lastly the whites, that all may be well done, For frosting beat, and in the oven brown.

For invalids a jelly may be made, Quite palatable, too, so it is said. The tapioca you will cook till clear. As for Ambrosia, no fruit needed here. Except a lemon; juice and grated rind. A simple nourishment you'll surely find.

—Good Housekeeping.

Minnie May's Dep't.

She Would Sweep Nothing Else.

"How gracefully she sweeps the keys," The caller to the mother said, As o'er the answering ivories The daughter's nimble fingers sped. "Ah, yes," the mother's voice replied, And tremors in her accents creep; Then to herself she sadly sighed: "The keys are all she cares to sweep."

MY DEAR NIECES:—

It is the prevailing opinion that no woman can hammer a nail without hitting her thumb, but many a nail has been driven and no thumb hurt. Every girl should know how to use hammer and saw as well as boys, and a small box containing hammer, saw, chisel, screwdriver, tack hammer, pair of plyers, nails of various sizes, an assortment of screws, wire, and picture nails and tacks should be in the possession of every house-keeper. They should be kept sharp and in good order, and exclusively for indoor use, for if they are allowed to be taken to the barn they are never where they ought to be when needed. All small repairs can be done by a woman inside the house. How often we have wished for a box of just a certain size to grow mignonette, or plants for the window sill, and could not have it. The job not being a large one did not interest the mechanic enough to make him hurry with it. It does not require any particular muscular force nor ingenuity to saw and nail a box together, and the work is clean and interesting. When we want to cut a piece of wire our scissors are called into requisition, or twist at it until our thumb nails are broken and our patience out of joint. Picture frames can be neatly made by buying the mouldings and fitting the corners by a mitre joint and finishing with glass and back. Locks can be oiled and the screws tightened, a nail put where required in the pantry shelf that "wobbled" for so long, and all the domestic machinery kept in smooth running order by girls who can handle tools. And there is nothing unfeminine in it either, the frailest of girls hammer at brass and copper and make so many useless things too when they might do much that was of real use if they could use tools. Fret work is considered quite an art, but it is only carpenter work on a small scale. Who does not remember the discomforts and mortification caused by a door not opening smoothly over a carpet, which could be all set right in five minutes with a sharp saw. And many cherish unpleasant memories of a wounded knuckle caused by a window sash "striking," as it is called. How many odd jobs have to be done in glueing, too—and it is quite an art to glue neatly and well—so we must add a glue-pot to our collection. As we become more versed in the use of tools we will want sandpaper, paints, varnish and brushes, and instead of waiting for the mechanic, who often never comes, we can do them ourselves and at far less cost. It seems a simple thing to put a pane of glass in the window, but how often we have stood helplessly by to see our window blind drenched and carpet soaked, and to stop the damage had to resort to a bundle of rags until some one came who could do the job. Paints come prepared in all shades, and it only requires a little practice to lay them on smoothly, and it adds so much to the appearance of a room to see the paint work in good order, besides it saves labor, and should be

eagerly accepted by all if only for that; but neatness observed about our homes has a refining influence, and we should all take that pride in our home that makes it the dearest place on earth and do all we can to keep it so.

While the morning is still cool and dewy is the best time to air the house. Open wide all doors and windows until the sun begins to shine directly into them, then close the sash and draw down the curtains until the close of the day. You will find your room cool and sweet, and just the place to rest in after your work is finished.

MINNIE MAY.

N. B.—Minnie May offers a prize of \$2 for the best article on "Experience in Poultry Raising and the Results; Giving all Details of Profit and Loss." Communications to be in our office not later than the 22nd September. Also a prize of \$2 for the best list of "Easy and Useful Home-made Presents, Suitable for Xmas, and How to Make Them." All articles on this subject must be in by the 15th of October. Minnie May would be glad of a recitation for publication, if any of our readers have a particularly good one.

Recipes.

CUCUMBER SALAD.

Peel and slice thin four well-grown but unripe cucumbers; slice an equal number of well-grown, ripe tomatoes, from which the skin has been removed, lay in alternate rows and pour over it the following mixture:—One tablespoonful of mustard rubbed into two of salad oil and a teaspoon of salt; thin it with vinegar and toss up the cucumbers and tomatoes until all are covered with it.

CHOCOLATE ICING.

Five tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a cup of milk; boil five minutes, then stir in half a cake of chocolate, which has been grated and moistened with boiling water. Use while warm.

BAKED-RICE WITH CHEESE.

One pint of boiled rice, half a cup of grated cheese, in alternate layers in a buttered dish; spread crumbs of bread on top and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Serve very hot.

RICE AND BERRY PUDDING.

Soften cold boiled rice with milk and stir until all the lumps are dissolved; add three well-beaten eggs, a teaspoon of butter, a small cup of sugar, and two cupsful of blackberries. Bake slowly for one hour in a buttered pudding dish.

CREAM COOKIES.

One cup of maple sugar, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoon of soda, a little nutmeg, one teaspoon of caraway, and flour to make a stiff batter; roll thin and round. Bake in a quick oven.

CORN OMELETTE.

Cut six ears of cold boiled corn from the cob; beat the whites and yolks of six eggs separately; butter a hot pan; stir whites and yolks lightly together, add a pinch of salt, one of black pepper; pour into the hot pan; sprinkle the corn on top when it sets; turn it half over and let it remain in the pan until wanted. Turn it out on a hot dish.

BAKED POTATOES.

Baked potatoes form an agreeable variety to our table and are simply and quickly prepared. Wash clean, dry and rub the skins with a small piece of dripping. Bake one hour in a hot oven.

BAKED TOMATOES.

Select them all of a size, put into a pan with a little water and a pat of butter, a little pepper and pinch of salt on each. When they look shrivelled they are done.