

pleasant, I almost forgot what I was up for. But to work now.

I was well along with the washing when mother came quietly downstairs. 'Why, Josephine!' she said. 'Why, my dear girl!' I thought she was going to cry, and I came very near it, so I said laughingly, 'I couldn't sleep for the heat, mother, and as I was up anyhow, I thought I might as well be doing something.'

Well, we finished the washing together. We were all through before seven. Then we had a lunch. Strange to say, mother and I sat at this lunch longer, and talked more, than we had for weeks before.

When we were well rested, we tidied up the house, and then we both lay down for an hour's nap before dinner. 'Let us get a cool dinner to-day, mother,' said I, after we had shut out the heat by closing all the blinds and letting down the curtains. So we prepared lemonade instead of tea, fruit instead of pudding, cold tongue instead of hot meat, with nice warmed potatoes for our one warm dish; and mother did not look nearly as heated as she generally did at this time of day. We had a pleasant afternoon together after we had 'cleaned ourselves up,' mother read while I sewed, and then I took my turn reading while she sewed. We read Hamilton Mabie's sweet book, 'Under the Trees and Elsewhere,' so appropriate to a day like this. In the evening we took a car ride into one of the suburbs. Somehow we did not feel the heat that day.

This was not the last of our happy days. Every day mother and I invented some new way of forgetting the heat, and when the bright, cool days came, as they come in the most sultry of summers, we took long walks, or sat under our trees with our work and our books.

In the last week of vacation I gave a 'sunrise breakfast' to my girl friends. The idea was mother's. The girls came before five and stayed till eight. We had our table spread under the apple-tree in the back yard, and you never saw a more inviting table. It was trimmed with morning-glories. It was loaded with good things—golden melons, light biscuits and honey, peaches and cream, sponge cake, and I almost forgot mother's 'croquettes.' The girls pronounced our party the sweetest thing of the summer, and so original.

'I almost begin to understand how Dora Snell can enjoy her four o'clock washing,' said Louise laughing. 'But I rather think there is a difference between a washday party and a nice breakfast party like this,' she added.

'Oh,' I remarked, 'mother and I have had four o'clock "washday" parties every Monday for five weeks.'

'You naughty girl,' cried the others, 'and never told us!'

'Well,' I answered, 'you see I was afraid it couldn't last.'

After the girls were gone, mother said in a wistful way, 'Our five precious weeks are almost over, daughter, but I shall never forget them. I shall miss you very much when the school begins.'

'Never mind, mother,' answered I, gaily, for I felt a lump rising in my throat, 'there will be the Saturdays and Sundays, and since we have become acquainted, we can not afford to give up our excursions and our sewing-bees, can we?' And mother was not afraid to kiss me.

Selected Recipes.

Preserved Rhubarb.—Cut rhubarb into inch lengths, wash and allow a pound of sugar to every pound of rhubarb. Put the rhubarb and sugar in alternate layers in the preserving kettle and add a very little water, setting aside over night. In the morning drain off the liquid and boil to a syrup, add the rhubarb and simmer until tender. Remove the rhubarb, pack into jars and boil the syrup until thick, adding at the last the juice of three lemons to every seven pounds of sugar that has been used. Fill the jars to overflowing with the liquid, then seal.

Rice with Tomatoes.—Place a cupful of rice well washed in a double boiler, with two cupfuls of boiling water, adding a level teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. When the rice is done pour in a scant pint of hot, cooked and strained tomatoes, that have been well seasoned with salt, pepper, butter and a little sugar. Stir the rice and tomatoes well together, arrange as a garnish around roast beef or pork.



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To Make Old Trunks New.

The month of merry June brings to mind the interesting fact that holiday time is at hand, and we and our trunks will soon be travelers. If you have a very plain trunk, without many compartments, things are apt to get topsy-turvy in a short time, but one does not want to buy a new trunk just for a few more drawers when the old one is still good. The following is a very modern device for an old-style trunk: Cut large sheets of heavy pasteboard slightly smaller than the bottom of your trunk, cover them with a cheap print, and attach long loops to each end. When you pack a layer of clothes lay upon it one of the trays; then another layer and another tray, until the trunk is full. By lifting out a tray full at a time you can get the article needed without churning up the contents of the trunk.

Keeping Eggs.

In a test made with various preservatives, the eggs coated with vaseline and kept in lime water at the end of six months were found to be in excellent condition, while those treated in other ways were all more or less spoiled. Those kept in brine were all unfit for use; those packed in wood ashes were good except 20 percent, which were spoiled. Others packed in bran and salt had between 60 and 70 percent spoiled, and those immersed in boiling water for a short time and wrapped in paper had 50 percent loss. The vaseline and lime water were the best methods of the dozen or more tried. The eggs were packed in July and not touched until February.—The Michigan 'Advocate.'

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