

CHOICE PICKLES.

Pickles give zest and piquancy to many otherwise insipid dishes, and it made from good materials and used in moderation, are not unwholesome for a person in normal health. The purest spices and best cider vinegar should always be used, and care taken to accurately follow tested receipts. Brass, copper or metal of any kind could never be used in the making of these relishes, despite the fact that our grandmothers had nothing else; the action of acids on metals often produces a poison, and when porcelain-lined or granite utensils are so easily obtained, it is folly to take any chances of such a mishap. The latter wares are absolutely safe (until the enamel wears off), and are kept clean with the least possible trouble.

Pickles should be kept in glass or stone jars, which have been thoroughly sterilized, and have never contained grease, and the vinegar should always be added in sufficient abundance to keep them well covered. Keep the jars closely covered, adding a bit of horse-radish root to such as a further incentive of safe-keeping.

French Pickles.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes and six onions, and sprinkle over them one cupful of salt. Let stand until morning; then drain thoroughly, and cook them in two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar for fifteen minutes, then drain again. Return to the preserving kettle, add two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar mixed with one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, white pepper and ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed, and half a pound of white mustard seed. Boil gently for fifteen minutes; then bottle and seal.

Chili Sauce.—Peel and finely chop eighteen large, not over-ripe tomatoes, and put them into a preserving kettle with two large white onions finely chopped, two tablespoonfuls of salt, six chopped peppers, four cupfuls of vinegar, one cupful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, ginger and allspice. Simmer for two hours or until as thick as desired; then seal in small jars.

Chowchow.—Cut into small pieces one-fourth peck of green tomatoes, twelve large cucumbers, one quart of string beans, two large heads of cauliflower, and add, uncut, three dozen small onions and two dozen small cucumbers. Wash well, place in a preserving kettle, and sprinkle with one pint of salt. Cover with a heavy weight, and let stand over night. In the morning drain, pour over the pickle sufficient weak vinegar to cover, and boil gently for half an hour. Drain on a sieve. Having boiling in a granite or porcelain-lined kettle three quarts of cider vinegar, one pound of brown sugar, one ounce of turmeric, one-fourth of a pound of white mustard seed, one ounce each of ground mustard and celery seed, and four tablespoonfuls of white pepper. Put two quarts of the pickle into this liquid, let it boil up well, then skim it out, and put in another two quarts. Repeat this process until all has been cooked. Pack tightly in glass jars, and fill them up with the boiling vinegar; seal carefully. This receipt will make twelve quarts.

Piccililli.—Chop together one peck of green tomatoes, six green peppers and four onions. Stew over them one cupful of salt, and let stand until morning. Then drain thoroughly, place in a preserving kettle with vinegar to cover, add one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one cupful of grated horse radish, and one cupful of brown sugar. Simmer until tender, and seal in glass jars.

Reading is like one of those little irritating streams that trickle down through the gardens of the west. It keeps all the flower beds of the brain fresh and beautiful.

NED'S PEACH STONE

"This is a splendid peach," said Ned: "just as sweet and juicy! I'm going to plant the seed. Come out into the orchard with me."

"Oh, what's the good?" said Will.

"Papa says that if a peach grows well it will begin to bear—just begin, you know—only a very little at first in about four years."

"Oh!" said Will again (this time in great scorn), "four years! Why, think how long a year is, think how long 'tis since last Thanksgiving, and four years to wait!"

"But the time goes by anyway. What's the what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better plant your seed."

"I shan't bother to; come on."

He waited impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig; and finally, after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach stone.

"See me shy this at Rover."

Rover gave a little yell as the stone hit him; and that was Will's last thought of the kernel in which was wrapped up so much of beauty and sweetness, ready to be brought out with a little care.

Later in the day Ned spied it, and picked it up. He carried it to where he planted the other, then looked about with a thoughtfulness unusual in so small a boy, born of wise heed to what "papa says."

"I don't believe there will be quite room enough there when it's a tree. Those apple-trees 'll shade it too much. I guess it had better go over 'in that corner."

Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot, where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight.

"What is it?" asked Will.

"My peach-tree," said Ned: "I've been watching out for some blossoms this year, and here they are."

"And will the peaches be all your own?"

"Why of course: I planted the seed. Don't you remember? You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away."

THE SIZE OF EGGS

The compliments about the size of eggs could be made a thing of the past, and a complete revolution worked in this much-to-be-desired direction in two or three years, says "Feathered Life," if poultry-keeper would only set resolutely to work to stamp out the small eggs—that is, of course, other than pullets' eggs. The minimum commercial standard is a 2oz. egg, and to aim at something even better is desirable. The only way to achieve something better is to keep a sharp eye on the eggs set, and to taboo every egg that is under the standard, and every undersized eggs as a breeder. The laying of small eggs is not altogether the matter of breed, it is largely a matter of strain and the selection exercised by the breeder.

Asked for Browning's Works.—One of the best bookselling stories I know (says a writer) is that of a lady who asked for a volume of Robert Browning's works. "I haven't got it, madam," replied the bookseller: "I make it a rule never to stock any head or tail of Mr. Browning; can you?" Scarcely knowing whether to be amused or annoyed, but prepared to take another volume, the lady said, "Have you Præd, then?" "Yes, madam, quoth the bookseller, I've prayed, and that don't help me."

Among the many curious sights in China, none present stranger aspect to our American eyes than the bread-peddlers and their methods of disposing of their wares. They carry their stock in trade about with them, either in oval

AGONY AFER EATING

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure the Worst Cases of Indigestion.

"I suffered so much with indigestion that my life had become a burden," says Miss Nellie Archibald, of Sheet Harbor, N.S. "Every time I took even the lightest meal it caused me hours of agony. The trouble caused a choking sensation in the region of my heart, which seriously alarmed me. My inability to properly digest my food, left me so weak and run down that I could not perform even the lightest housework, and I would tire out going up a few steps slowly. I sought medical aid, and tried several medicines, but without getting the least benefit. My sister, who lived at a considerable distance, and who had been an invalid, wrote us about this time that she had been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this decided me to give them a fair trial, principally as a last resort. In the course of a few weeks there was a notable change to my condition, and I began to relish my meals. From that on I began to gain new strength, and by the time I had used seven boxes, all signs of the trouble had vanished and I was once more enjoying good health, and I have not since had any return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, because they make the rich red blood, and when the bad blood is turned into good blood by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the trouble disappears. That is why these pills cure anaemia, dizziness, heart palpitation, general debility, kidney trouble, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and nervous troubles, such as neuralgia, paralysis and St. Vitus dance. That is why they bring ease and comfort at all stages of womanhood and girlhood, and cure their secret ailments when the blood supply becomes weak, scanty or irregular. But you must get the genuine pills. Substitutes and imitations which some dealers offer never cure anything. When you buy the pills, see that the true name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SPARKLES

Proud Mother—Professor, what do you think of my daughter's voice?

Eminent musician (apparently with great enthusiasm)—Madam, if dot voice was mine I could not sell id for von million tollars!—The Chicago Tribune.

'Cold,' said the Christian Scientist, buttoning his warm fur-lined coat, 'is merely the absence of heat.'

'Thankee,' said the shivering beggar, 'but it ain't the kind of absence that makes the heart grow fonder.'—The Washington Star.

Teacher—"Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?"

Billy—"Yes, ma'am When your afraid yourself, then that's caution. But when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice.—Ram's Horn."

Husband—I am surprised, Emily, that you should have such a bad taste as to wear the hair of another woman on your head.

Wife—And I am surprised that you should wear the wool of another sheep on your back.—Tit-Bits.

Casey—Did ye hear about poor Flannery?

Cassidy—Sorra the word.

Casey—Shure, the big stame hammer in the foundry dropped down on his chest an' killed him.

Cassidy—Well, O'm not surprised, for he always had a wake chest.—Philadelphia Press.