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PLUM BUTTER AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

Plum Butter: Wash the plums, place them with a little water in a preserving kettle and cook until soft. Rub through a colander or a coarse wire sieve in order to remove skins and pits. Large freestone plums can be dipped into boiling water for a few seconds until their skins crack, then dipped into cold water, so that the skins can be readily slipped off. The flesh is then split open, and the pits are removed. If the plums are very juicy, the pulp put through the colander will be quite thin and should be boiled down to thicken somewhat before the sugar is added. For each cupful of pulp, whether put through the colander or not, use from one-half to three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and cook slowly with frequent stirring, until the butter is as thick as desired. If a tart butter is desired, less sugar should be used. Cinnamon, allspice and cloves should be added to suit the taste when the cooking is finished.

Dutch Apple Cake is made with two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of shortening. Use a mixture of one-quarter cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of cinnamon for top of cake. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt and sugar together. Add milk to well-beaten egg and stir in slowly. Add melted shortening. Mix well. Pour mixture into a shallow pan and on the top place slices of pared apples. Sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Moonshine, a delectable dessert, is made with one pint of milk, yolks of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, brought to boiling point in a double boiler. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, and while beating add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Pare and slice ripe peaches, place in a bowl and add the two mixtures, stirring lightly, until they are mixed.

Peach Cobbler: Fill a baking dish with whole pared peaches; add two cupfuls of water, cover and cook until tender; drain off the juice and allow to cool. Beat until light, four eggs and a cupful of sugar. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, the juice from the peaches and a pint of new milk. Sift together twice a level cupful of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir the flour and the other ingredients together, pour over the peaches and bake about thirty minutes until a golden brown. Serve with cream.

Sweet Apple Conserve requires four quarts of sweet apples, pared and finely chopped (measure after chopping), two cupfuls of raisins, two cupfuls of sugar, juice and pulp of two oranges and one lemon, grated rind of one



"Don't get tired—drink Boril"

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was day by day, sometimes post by post, that Alice put off writing to her mother. In the morning she would tell herself that she'd write before evening, and at night she made the same promise as regarded the next morning. Twice she began a letter, but it was impossible to finish it. Ardeyne knew nothing of the unhappy conflict she suffered. He did not guess that she was fighting this particular battle; that all the forces of her better nature were ranged against such a cruel foe as distrust amounting almost to hatred of her own mother.

Why hadn't Mumsey told her? Why had Mumsey not merely permitted, but actually encouraged and hurried on her marriage to Philip? If only she had told Philip. But most deadly of all the weapons leveled at Alice's natural feelings was the fact that Jean had flatly lied when questioned about Hugo and Alice's suspicion that he might be something nearer in relationship than an uncle. It had not been a simple evasion of the truth, but a downright lie—as Alice saw it. The days slipped by, and finally Alice sent her telegram. Even that had been difficult. But she must write soon. Only what was she to say? The sort of letter she felt impelled to write would be a terrible thing.

Meanwhile Ardeyne kept her busy with every distraction he could devise. They took trips on the lake and went for mountain climbs. Companionship was to be the keynote of their life together—and, after all, what better basis for marriage than that? He told himself that it sufficed, that in time he would be perfectly satisfied and just as happy as any man could be. Everything was in getting used to an idea.

An immense pity for Alice, backed up by his anxiety for what effect the shock of Christopher Smarke's news might have on her, helped him in his resolution. He was not only Alice's companion and friend, he was her physician as well. Without knowing it, he watched her with lover-like and professional solicitude. As far as he could tell, her mind was unusually well-balanced, even for a girl of normal heritage. Never had he come across a young woman with as much common sense and less tendency towards hysteria than Alice.

This curious honing of their senses moved to its close. It had been Ardeyne's intention to return to London and arrange for a prolonged, perhaps indefinite, holiday, but now he began to realize that his own time-table and tickets. Would you care to come?" Alice hesitated, then she shook her head. "I must write a letter to Mumsey," she said.

After Ardeyne had gone out she set herself resolutely to the task. She thought very hard before beginning—think of her many doubts and misgivings. For instance, suppose that before the letter reaches its destination either Mumsey or she herself should have met with a fatal accident? I wish you had told me, you're a dead hand, and there can be no greater remorse than that following upon a blow levelled at one who is beyond the power of retaliation towards her mother had suffered a violent change. There was no denying that grim fact. It was useless for her to attempt hypocrisy.

So once again she began the long-delayed letter, and this time managed to finish it, although it could never have been written with any sense of satisfaction. Even the beginning was different from what it would normally have been:

Dear Mother.—You must have wondered and worried a great deal at not hearing from me, but I found it so difficult to write. Mr. Christopher Smarke came to Lucerne at once after hearing from you, and told me about my father. I wish you had told me yourself. It would have made a difference. However, there is no use in worrying about that now.

It is very beautiful here, and I am very happy. Yesterday we climbed the Rigi, and I was not a bit tired. I hope Bordighera isn't getting too hot for you. To-morrow we leave for London.

Philip is kindness itself, and if he were here at the moment I know he would ask me to send you all affectionate messages.

My love to father, Mr. Gaunt, and yourself.

A measure of little letter at its best; but it might so easily have been worse. It would be a long time before Alice could get over the shock of discovering that her mother had—as she saw it—done her an immense wrong.

Yet for all of that she felt guilty as she dropped the stamped and addressed envelope into the mail chute. Mumsey would be hurt and distressed. It was appalling how people contrived to hurt each other, but with the best will in the world it was not always to be avoided.

If we were upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with immortal principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity. —Daniel Webster.

much to me. It is you who are giving me everything. Oh, can't you understand?" His emotion communicated itself to her and they clung together, rocked in the stupendous power of their mutual love.

"Aren't you happy?" Ardeyne pleaded. "Could you be happy if we were separated?"

"She whispered 'No'—an answer to both his questions. "Promise you won't leave me? I want your solemn promise all over again—and this time it must be binding. Promise."

With his face close pressed to hers and his arms around her, she could do nothing else than he asked her. "Yes—I promise," she said huskily.

"It's hard for me to understand. I love you so much—I'd rather die than be this awful burden on you."

"But you're not a burden." "I don't see how it can be otherwise. Still—I want to be with you. I'm going to be horribly jealous. I can feel it coming on. Those two pretty American girls who got into conversation with us yesterday on the Rigi—I was perfectly miserable about Mrs. Egan, even before we married; even before I knew—what I do, now."

Ardeyne laughed, and the tension was suddenly relieved. "I'm so glad," he said. "I have the same confession to make. There was a bulging-eyed German in the hotel the other night, who—well, I hope you didn't notice the brute. For two pins I'd've punched his square head."

And Alice laughed, too. "I did notice him, and he wasn't a brute, Philip. He was a most inoffensive creature. I think he stared because he admired us."

"Well, I'm glad to think he admired us. . . . However, let's return to where we began, now that the air's a bit cleared. What about starting for home to-morrow? I feel I ought to be getting back. Townsend—he's my partner—has his hands pretty full where he is, and I've promised to lecture at two of the summer clinics. Also, there's a rather celebrated American alienist in London just now, and I'd like to catch him before he moves on."

"Of course, Philip. I'm ready to leave just as soon as you like," Alice replied.

"Very well, then, I'll run around to Cooke's and see about time-tables and tickets. Would you care to come?"

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POSSESSION.

Month after month, with slow monotony, I did the stupid tasks of every day. With scorn and pity that the world should be

Full of unending duties, dull and gray. While all my heart was wild for wondering, I dusted, scoured and swept with listless hands;

Was this, I thought, the best that life could bring To youth's commands?

But now I sing all day, as to and fro From tiny parlor to the kitchen bright, With sparkling suds and crisp new broom I go

A shining path behind me. What delight To pour the scarlet jelly into molds! I love to make the slender glasses shine Because this little house with all its holds

Is yours and mine! —Katherine Park Lewis.

Quite Unsuspected Discipline. An Irish attorney who was very lame was moved during the time of trouble in Ireland to take part in military preparations. Learning that among the various volunteer corps being raised was one of lawyers, he decided to join it.

"My dear friend," he remarked to John Philpot Curran, the Irish wit, "these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to join the lawyers corps and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said Curran. "Tut! Tut! Renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?" "For this reason," was the reply: "the moment you were ordered to march you would halt!"



Good Fishing. She—"And you say the fishing is excellent here?" Resort Proprietor—"More young ladies have hooked husbands at this hotel than at any other on the coast."

GARNISH THE SALADS. A garnish makes the appearance of the salad much more attractive. Too much garnish spoils the effect. . . . With vegetables, meat or fish use beets, finely chopped; cabbage, shredded, or heart leaves used in place of lettuce; carrots, chopped fine for border; eggs, slices, grated yolk, chopped, etc.; parsley; radishes.

With all salads use carrot tops; celery; celery tops; must be crisp in place of lettuce; cucumbers; lemons; lettuce; olives; pickles; nuts.

Potato, vegetable and meat salads are generally improved in flavor if mixed with dressing and allowed to stand some time before serving. They should be kept as cold as possible, to avoid becoming soaked or soggy.

Shackleton's boat, 22 feet long, in which he made the famous voyage of 750 miles with five men to South Georgia in quest of aid for his expedition, has been presented to the explorer's old school, Dulwich College.

The South American oven bird builds its nest of mud which is closed, save for a narrow tunnel which leads into the grass built chamber. Surely the nest of a bird is a most wonderful piece of workmanship.

One "Two Lacking." When Marie was shown that she was first taken to church, Susan (sic) became restless and determined to stand up on the cushioned pew. To prevent this mother drew Marie to her closely. Then the little girl began to sob audibly.

"Why, Marie," demanded her mother in a whisper, "can't you be quiet like a good little girl?" "I can't see it," replied Marie, "and I want to get up so I can."

"What is it you want to see?" "Why, mother," explained the child, "I can hear the organ grind, and I can see the man coming for the pennies, but I can't see the monkey."

Motor Driven Liner. The number of funnels on an ocean liner has been a popular gauge of the grandeur of the vessel. But the Oorang recently launched on the Clyde, has no funnels. The vessel is fairly called the first motor-driven passenger liner. She has a displacement of twenty-three thousand tons and a speed of eighteen knots. Four sets of six-cylinder Diesel engines deliver thirteen thousand horsepower, which is applied to four screws. The Oorang will ply between Vancouver and Australia, a route long enough to make economizing fuel and fuel space of considerable importance.

Roman Treasure. On Lake Nemi, a few miles from Rome, the Emperor Tiberius had a pleasure barge, or floating palace, of a size that surpassed any other vessel of ancient times. Magnificent itself, it contained treasures of art from every corner of the Roman Empire and is believed still to contain most of them where it lies buried in the mud at the bottom of the lake. The Italian government now purposes to raise the barge or to get at it by draining the lake. It believes that there is a good chance of recovering objects of art that would make even the treasures of the tomb of Tutankhamun appear insignificant.

Big Peat Output. The annual peat production of the Netherlands exceeds one million tons.

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Popular Jokes of Grandma's Day. A bride of a year was bemoaning the fact that her husband was beginning to spend many of his evenings attending lodge meetings.

"Yes," said her aunt, "I know just how you feel. Your uncle was the same way until I broke him of the lodge habit. You see, it was like this. One morning your Uncle John, who had been to the lodge, tried to speak in very quietly at 2 a.m., and hearing him I called in a very sleepy voice, 'Is that you, Charlie? And the very next day he resigned.'"

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

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