

A Good Dinner That Was Got Up for Twenty Cents.

"There now!" exclaimed young Mrs. Dean, as she came back into her sitting-room after paying an expressman at the door, "I am caught this time. It cost me \$1 to pay expressage on Will's books and I have only 20 cents left."

"That is better than 20 cents short," said her friend Lotty, who had come to spend the day with her.

"Oh, but you don't understand, my dear!" Mrs. Dean went on with a little dismayed laugh. "That dollar means dinner. I was going to get such a sumptuous big porterhouse steak. Will told me to. And we always pay cash; that's one of our rules. So now there's nothing for dinner!"

"Never mind the porterhouse," said Lotty, very calmly.

"But I don't want to boil corn-beef to-day, and that's all the meat I have in the house. If Will's office wasn't so far away I'd go right down there and get some money!"

"Ella Dean!" exclaimed Lotty, with sudden interest: "I recognize an opportunity? Do let me go into your kitchen with you and help you get dinner? It will seem like old times, when you and I used to make molasses candy and fry doughnuts at Aunt Ruth's house."

"But what shall we cook?" asked Mrs. Dean, dubiously.

"That's the very point! You know my cousin Jean. She has joined a cooking class and I went to visit it last week. They cooked four or five different things in that one lesson, and the meat dish was so good and appetizing I have been wanting to try it ever since, but I can't, you know, because we are boarding."

"But remember the 20 cents!" urged Mrs. Dean.

"That's just what I do remember. The kind of meat we want isn't more than 8 cents or 10 cents a pound. You run out and get it, dear—all you can get for 20 cents. Tell the man to give you mutton from the best part of the neck, and have him cut it up in pieces two or three inches long."

So Mrs. Dean sallied out with her 20 cents, says the *Youth's Companion*, and got two and one-half pounds of mutton with the money.

Lotty placed this meat in a saucepan on the stove to brown, and quickly peeled and chopped an onion to add to it. A savory odor soon began to fill the kitchen.

"Oh! isn't that going to be good?" exclaimed Mrs. Dean, delightedly.

Meanwhile Lotty cut up a turnip and a carrot into dice-shaped pieces and put them to boil in a little pan by themselves for a while.

"Those cooking teachers are so nice," she said, as she did this. "Do you see how much smaller I cut the carrot than I did the turnip? The pieces are not more than half the size. The teacher said that carrots take longer than turnips to cook tender, but by cutting the dice smaller it brings them out even."

She presently added the vegetables, now partly done, to the mutton, which, when browned, had been put with boiling water to simmer in a kettle, and seasoned the whole with a little salt and pepper.

"There," she said, "now it has only to cook till the meat is tender, and my work is all done."

"It's going to be an easy dinner," said Mrs. Dean. "I have potatoes to boil, and tomatoes to cook. My dessert is already prepared, the table is set, and you have made my heart light with your wonderful mutton stew."

"Maybe it's just a stew," said Lotty, demurely, "but in the cooking class they call it 'Haricot mutton.'"

When Will Dean came home he found two bright faces awaiting him, and also an excellent dinner. They laughed together over the story of the 20 cents, and all agreed that they were glad the expressman took a dollar.

Lotty afterwards wrote out the recipe in full for her friend as it was given to the class:

"Haricot Mutton—Fry two pounds mutton (from the best part of the neck) in drippings, having first cut the mutton into pieces two or three inches long and rather thick. Add one onion, chopped fine, and brown it with the meat. Put it in a stew-pan when brown, and add as much boiling water as you wish for gravy. Let it simmer while you prepare one turnip and one carrot. Cut them in small pieces, and parboil in boiling water ten minutes. Then add to the mutton, and let all simmer half an hour or until tender. Season to taste. Put the meat in the center of the platter, surround it with the vegetables, and pour the gravy over."

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must inevitably apply in the same handwriting in which the original answer was sent, so that the leader and application may be compared before the prize is sent out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight: Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$15; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, \$1.00; Silver Watches, \$1.00; Other Dress Goods, \$50; Cake Baskets, \$20; Rings, Silver Boxes, Spoons, Brooches, and other small articles, \$1.00; Sewing Machines, \$1.00; and for the Prize of \$1.00, the same as for the other prizes.

Female Detectives.

The woman detective is a living, moving reality in England, though she has not as yet gone into fiction as a stock character. A few weeks ago one of the leading "private inquiry" officers advertised for a lady to undertake some detective work, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, and received no less than seventy answers. Of course a majority of these volunteers came from that class of restless women who would undertake a trip around the world, the management of a temperance crusade, or accept the nomination for the mayoralty with equal alacrity, but the employment of women detectives in the private inquiry office is made a special feature. "Diplomacy," says the late superintendent at Scotland Yard, where three women detectives are regularly employed in the convict department, "always recognizes a woman's skill, and detective work is only another branch of diplomatic service."

It is, however, a curious fact that women are rarely employed in divorce or breach-of-promise cases, though for inquiries concerned with intricate domestic relations they are almost always selected. A Nottingham firm who had reason to believe that their novelties in design were shown to a rival house employed a woman from London, who came down and worked at the looms until she discovered the culprit. A manufactory in London employs a woman detective constantly for no other purpose than to be on friendly terms with all the officials through whose hands money has to pass, in order to report on the style of living and class of society which they affect; and in yet another instance the inventors of a patent article, fearing that their patent was being infringed upon, secured the clever services of a woman to detect the offender.

Among this peculiar class of bread winners is a Russian princess, whose services are in constant requisition when it is thought that bogus companies are being formed or swindling is being carried on over commercial transactions. A lady who took a high degree at Cambridge is on the staff of one firm in London, and her reason for adopting a calling not usually associated with university honors is an anxiety to see more of human nature than can be acquired from books. Many people fancy that the work done by women detectives is of the dirtiest and basest kind, but it does not necessarily follow.

The women who are employed in Scotland Yard were appointed to visit women criminals who, during their ticket-of-leave period, were formerly under the sometimes unjust supervising inspection of police officers, which was deemed detrimental to the women. The women detectives wear no distinctive uniform, and make their calls without attracting any disagreeable attention to the women prisoners who are endeavoring to live better lives. The mere watching and shadowing people is a branch of the art despised by all the fair followers of M. Lecoq. They like finesse and the more complicated transactions, and if a will be in dispute, if there be suspicions of misappropriated money, or a shop-keeping firm be desirous of knowing how its employes spend their earnings, or an anonymous letter is to be traced to its origin, the woman detective delights in the mystery, the secrecy and diplomacy of the discovery.

The Preferred Veil for Women.

The veil has always been an important adjunct to the toilette of a woman, and just now, when lovely women stoop to folly and look upon the rouge when it is red, the strip of illusion becomes more than ever a necessity. A veil is a coquetry to a pretty girl, a charity to an ugly one. All the fashion writers to the contrary, the veils with big spots on are not fashionable. In the first place, they are not becoming, for the huge black spots make you look utterly without a complexion, and because of their closeness to the eyes give them a wandering look which is anything but pleasant. One's eyes should show plainly through a veil, the duty of which may be to tone down the complexion, but she is never to do anything but intensify the brightness of the eyes. The preferred veil is a strip of plain, very fine tulle, either in black, brown, dark scarlet, or a shade that is between a gray and a green. If you want a becoming black veil, however, do not take a plain one, as it will make you look older and bring out every wrinkle, but choose instead one with tiny dots that are far apart. Wear your veil below your nose and not in such a way that it is supposed to hold a bang in place. And do keep the edges trimmed, for when they are ragged or frayed they can make you look horribly untidy.

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page book entitled "Hints on Art Needle Work," just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, also stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information valuable and instructive for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Publishing, Print. & Co., 251 Madison Avenue, New York.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint, and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River St., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Ladies as Servants.

It is so often said that the plan of engaging ladies as domestic servants does not succeed, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that it is satisfactory to hear at least of one case where the plan has been tried most satisfactorily by a lady who has a domestic establishment both in London and in the country.

The eternal servant question cropping up in a recent conversation with this lady (writes a lady representative), I asked her how the plan of employing educated women of the upper classes as servants had answered. "It has been entirely successful," was the reply "and my servants are now always ladies. I have one, a housemaid, a charming girl, who is the daughter of a medical man, and all of whose male relatives are professional men, and who does her work as thoroughly and as well as any ordinary servant could be expected to do it."

"Then you do not find that after the glamor of novelty is worn off a lady servant begins to find it rather unpleasant to do menial work?" "Not in the least. If they are real ladies (and it is, of course, only in cases where they are that it can succeed), they will know that menial work does not lower them. Of course, I try to avoid giving them so-called 'dirty' work as much as possible. For instance, blacking grates is very unpleasant work, and very ungrateful work, too, for the result is never lasting and never particularly effective. I, therefore, have only grates decorated with tiles as much as possible, and with the smallest part of ironwork requiring blacking. Again, in order to avoid scrubbing, I have the floors covered with a material which only requires wiping. A great many arrangements can be made in this way to make housework less hard and unpleasant, and if we, the mistresses, would only spend a little more thought on these matters I am sure there would be fewer complaints from and about servants."

"At the same time," the lady went on, "I always insist on my servants fulfilling every duty they have undertaken to perform. If they engage to black my boots they have to do it, and do it regularly and well. But this does not prevent me from having them in my drawing-room after dinner and playing a game of whist or any other game with them. Their lives are, even under the most favorable circumstances, rather monotonous, and when we can put a little color and brightness into them I think it is our duty to do it."

"Then, do they take their meals with you, too?" "No; as a rule I find that they prefer to take their meals together separately, and as they have to cook and serve the meals this is a more convenient arrangement. But otherwise I treat them as equals, and I have not found that they abuse this treatment."

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My Customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

"What we need," said the leader of the church choir quartette, "is a change of bass."

Pope & Bitlan, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, write: "We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the customer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Elix. Oil. We can refer you to members that have used it for Diphtheria with entire satisfaction and success."