

not peel the stalks. The pink juice is lost in this way.

Rhubarb jelly is delicious and nice to serve as one serves cranberry jelly. To make it, cut up plant stalks without peeling them. Steam until very soft, and drain through a sieve, or, what I like better, turn into a juice bag and drain over night, the same as grape and other fruit jellies.

Measure the juice, and to every pint of juice allow a pound of granulated sugar. Boil juice until no scum rises, skimming it carefully. While juice is boiling, have sugar in oven heating. When juice is perfectly clear, add the hot sugar and boil steadily until it forms a jelly, when a little is dropped into cold water. It should boil about twenty minutes, though I would try it at the end of a quarter of an hour. It is necessary not only with rhubarb, but with every sort of jelly, to boil steadily. If allowed to stop it will not jell as well—and sometimes refuse to "set" at all.

A relishing adjunct to a luncheon is rhubarb jam. Proportions are a pound of granulated sugar and a rind of half a lemon to every pound of rhubarb. Wipe the stalks perfectly dry, peel and cut them into very small pieces. Mince the lemon rind very small, add it and the sugar to the rhubarb, put all into the preserving kettle and cook until rhubarb is soft. Skim carefully and stir constantly to keep from burning.

When thoroughly done, pour into earthen marmalade jars or into jelly glasses, and when cool cover with paper dipped in the beaten white of an egg, then tie another paper closely over it and set in a dry, cool place. Another conserve of rhubarb and oranges is nice.

And who has eaten rhubarb charlotte?

Peel the rhubarb stalks and cut into small pieces. Butter a baking dish and line it with thin slices of bread and butter. Put a deep layer of rhubarb and sugar, then another layer of bread and butter, another of rhubarb and sugar, and another of bread and butter; sprinkle this last layer very lightly with

sugar, cover with a plate and set in a moderate oven to cook. It will take about an hour and a half; at the end of an hour take off the plate and let the top brown; serve warm, but not hot, and make a custard sauce for it.

And then there is always rhubarb roly-poly and the regulation old-fashioned rhubarb pie. If one has never served this with sweet cream, do so. It is delicious.—*Chris. Work.*



AFTER THE STORM.

It came about in this way. There was music in the Square that evening, and Aunt Bess had taken Mary down to the street. Very merry the little girl felt, as she danced along to the lively air, knowing she had on a pretty pink dress just finished by auntie.

The afternoon shower had cleared away. Bright golden clouds stretched across the blue sky. The pavement had dried, but here and there were puddles in uneven places.

On the way home Aunt Bess caught Mary just as she seemed about to trip into the water. It was done in kindness, but Mary straightened herself, tossed her head, and said, "I think you are awful mean."

"Why, Mary," remonstrated Aunt Bess.

"I don't like having my arm pinched black and blue," snapped Mary.

And Aunt Bess, who had merely wished to save her little girl from an accident, replied:

"I was trying to keep you from wet feet and a splashed dress."

"I don't want to be treated like a baby," crossly answered Mary.

Aunt Bess kept quiet.

"I'm not going to stay here. I'm just going to write and ask papa if I mayn't go home."

Still no reply, but Mary continued to fret and fume as she went up the street, twisting her pleasant face into an ugly frown.

At last the house was reached, and Mary, going into the sitting room, flung herself on the lounge and hugged her bad temper. Once Aunt Bess bent over her, hoping her little girl had come to a better mind, but Mary turned her back indignantly and buried her face in the pillow.

After a while Aunt Madge lighted the lamp, and Aunt Bess and she took up their reading. The old clock ticked solemnly. It seemed to say: "Bad girl! Bad girl!" Then it grew persuasive: "Be good! Be good!"

A sigh came from the sofa. There was a relaxing of the muscles. The angry frown had gone, but the blue eyes looked troubled.

The aunties read on. The clock ticked coaxingly: "Right away! Right away!"

Mary could stand it no longer. Swiftly she sprang to Aunt Bess. Two little arms went around her neck. Two red lips sought hers.

"I'm sorry," whispered Mary. "I was just horrid."

Aunt Bess held her little girl very close. Then followed a quiet talk. There was some one else whose forgiveness Mary must seek.

As Mary knelt by her bed that night and told God how sorry she was, she asked him to take away the sin, to help her keep back the angry words, to make her strong to control her temper. Then there was another sweet kiss from Aunt Bess as she tucked in her little girl.—*Es.*

CAUSED MEN TO SHED TEARS.

As a rule, railroad men are about as cool as the average, says the *Los Angeles Times*, and it takes something out of the ordinary run to bring tears to their eyes, but a whole crew on one of the Southern Pacific's local trains shed tears early the other morning, and a little black dog without a friend in the world caused it.

The local had just passed a little station called Nahant, when the engineer saw a man lying full at length on the track only a few hundred yards in front of his engine.

The usual danger signal was given, but the man did not move, and the train was brought to a standstill, a few feet from him.

A glance at the body from close range showed the engineer that the poor fellow was stone dead. In a few minutes the conductor, engineer and trainmen, were standing around the body.

Up to this time they had not observed the presence of a little black dog, but as soon as they approached his master he made a dash for the nearest man, and for a few seconds fought with all his puny strength to keep the men away.

They were there for the purpose of examining the body, however, to see what could be done, and the little dog was rudely kicked one side. He did not howl with pain as a dog generally does when kicked. He simply gathered himself up and quietly made his way between the men's legs until he reached his dead master's head, when he placed his little face by the side of his master's, and after looking at the intruders a few seconds began to whine, and big tears were noticed running down his nose.

"I have often heard," said one of the witnesses, "that dogs have been known to shed tears, but I never believed it until then, and I have lots more respect for the dog family than I ever before had. When I looked around at my companions there was not a dry eye."

"The old man, who was probably a section hand, was removed from the track with more care than is usually displayed in such cases. His blankets were carefully spread, and his remains were handled as gently as a mother would have done, and all on account of the tears in that little dog's eyes. As soon as the dog discovered that our roughness had disappeared he became friendly, and seemed to appreciate what we were doing for his master, but we could not induce him to leave his dead friend, and when the train pulled out he was still sitting at the old man's head." — *Our Dumb Animals.*



CURE FOR RUSTY NAIL WOUNDS. — The *Scientific American* says that one of the very best remedies that can be applied to a wound made by a rusty nail, and which is almost infallible in its cure, is to take a quantity of peach leaves and beat them to a pulp and then apply them to the wound, and in a very short time an improvement will be noted in the wound. Several persons have tried this remedy when all others failed to give relief, and it was beneficial in its results.



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Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or Bronchial tubes are cured by the balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

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