



JENNY

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Dene was standing near the railway carriage door, chatting gaily to the three gentlemen who were with her, when at the further end of the station she saw the quartermaster coming toward them with his daughter.

"Go and meet her, Gerald," she said to her husband, and waited impatiently until they should come up.

The weather was wild and stormy, and Jane had wrapped her gray alpaca dust-cloak closely round her, and drawn the hood over her head, her lovely face looking the loveliest with battling against the wind, her eyes, brightened by excitement, shone like two stars; and Mrs. Dene, glancing furtively from one man to the other, saw how fair they thought her.

She stepped forward and kissed her, not so much in demonstration of her affection for Mrs. Dene was not one to display her feelings—as to show she considered her a friend on an equal footing with herself.

Then followed the introductions, and Jane's eyes rested upon Major Larron with something like awe, caused partly by the knowledge that he was bearing now an honorary title, and would one day be a peer of the realm—on which naturally she from circumstances laid an exaggerated stress—and partly from a romantic admiration of his dark Byronic countenance, which might have been good-looking had it not been so grim and gloomy. She only withdrew her gaze to meet Valentine Graeme's laughing blue eyes, and to put her small gray-gloved fingers into his outstretched hand.

"You have met before," observed Captain Dene, who had made them formally known to each other.

"We are old friends," said the young man, with easy boyish cordiality. "That is to say, we are already sufficiently intimate to have had a quarrel, and I am afraid to tell Mrs. Dene on what subject."

"Was I concerned?" asked the lady, smiling.

"It was only a question of color," answered Jane. "I told Mr. Graeme I thought your drawing-room so pretty, and he said—out of pure kindness, you know," she assured her listeners gravely—"that he liked our blue-and-white striped chintzes better."

"Better than mine of mignonette-green?" finished Mrs. Dene, in pretended wrath.

"It is my ignorance, perhaps," he pleaded, humbly. "Every one is not born esthetic."

"For which the saints be praised!" exclaimed the Hon. Barry Larron. Then meeting her glance of hurt surprise, he added quickly, with an air of elaborate gallantry, "I mean no reflection on the mignonette-green curtains, than which there is nothing I admire more. If every one possessed the exquisite taste of Mrs. Dene, there would be no need of a prettification becoming a vulgar fashion."

"We had better get into the carriage," said Captain Dene, curtly.

It annoyed him always to see Major Larron in converse with his wife, for he could never for a moment forget the insult she had suffered at his hands, and he wondered suspiciously why she had asked him to join their party. Was it only on Jane Knox's account? He had never been admitted to friendly intercourse since their marriage. He had dined once with them when he was one of twenty guests, and he had called twice—the usual exigencies of society, no more.

But Mrs. Dene noticed nothing, and jumped lightly into the carriage in obedience to her husband's suggestion, as Jane turned to meet her father, who was coming toward them after seeing to her luggage.

"How do you do, Mrs. Dene? It is very kind of you to be troubled with my daughter," he said, with an awkward attempt at ease. Then addressing Jane: "Here is your ticket; take care of yourself, my girl."

"I will take care of her, Mr. Knox," said Mrs. Dene, graciously.

"We will take care of her," supplemented Val Graeme, with a smile.

"Good-by, Jenny."

"Good-by, father."

And with a hand pressure only they parted, the quartermaster not being certain whether a warmer farewell was compatible with good manners, and unwilling to compromise his daughter—she, too, a little ashamed and self-conscious. But as the train left the station she yielded to the impulse that moved her, and leaning out of the window, kissed her hand to him—once, twice, thrice.

CHAPTER IX.

Colonel Prinsep had never felt so dull as during the week succeeding his promise to Mrs. Dene.

In a moment of impatience he resolved to take ten days' leave to get out of the place for a while, and it was only what might have been expected that he should bend his steps toward Cavnpore, which was just now the center of attraction, and to which station several of his officers had already gone.

The train arrived about seven o'clock, and he drove at once to the hotel where he intended to put up. As he alighted from the gharry who came hastily from the station, on closer inspection, turned out to be the Hon. Barry Larron.

"Why, Colonel, I did not know you intended coming here!" he ejaculated, in some surprise.

"Nor did I. It was an impulse moved me."

"And a very good impulse, too, sir," said his adjutant, Valentine Graeme, coming up to them with his long, swinging strides. "We are having an awfully good time here."

The Colonel shook his head.

"I'll lend you mine, sir. I dare say some one will put me up," said the adjutant.

"You had better come in with me, I suppose," observed Major Larron, somewhat ungraciously, not caring to have his privacy disturbed, yet unwilling to appear as inhospitable as he felt.

"Thanks, I shall be very glad if Dene has not a spare tent. I fancy I heard him say he had," answered Valentine, as unwilling to avail himself of the invitation as his senior officer had been to render it. "You know," he explained to the Colonel, "we are camping with the Denes."

"Is Mrs. Dene here?"

"Oh, yes! I wonder you had not heard. Allpore is so desperately fond of gossip. She and—"

He was about to mention Jane's name, when Major Larron, whose ill-humor had increased by the adjutant's evident reluctance to share his tent, pulled out his watch.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Colonel Prinsep entered the mess-room of the—th Foot.

He had dined rather late, having lingered over his letter-writing longer than he had intended, and then had stayed some time smoking and thinking—not of Jane. The provocation removed, she haunted his thoughts no more, and therefore he was the more surprised when the first familiar face that met his view was that of the quartermaster's daughter.

And yet, often as he had pictured it to himself, it scarcely seemed familiar now. The face that had drooped and flushed beneath his gaze that afternoon when he saw it last, full of shy warmth and child-like worship, was radiant now, and bright with saucy triumph. If he had thought her sweet and pretty then in her blue cotton gown, how doubly fair he admitted her to be now, in her soft draperies of gauzy white; with straw-colored ribbons fluttering here and there, and a knot of pale tea-roses at her breast. Then there had been something of pity and condescension in the admiration with which he regarded her; now they met as equals.

At that moment she caught sight of him. A glad light leaped into her eyes, but she did not flush or falter in her speech, as she would have done a week before. She knew her power now, and felt a natural womanly pleasure that he should see her thus, the center of an admiring group, the acknowledged beauty of the ball.

"You have become quite a woman of the world since I saw you last," he said, his voice unconsciously falling into that caressing undertone that so many women have found dangerously sweet.

"What a long time it seems!" sighed Jane.

Then putting his arm about her waist, he drew her in among the dancers. Caring little for dancing for dancing's sake, the Colonel was a man who did most things well, while Jane, always light and graceful in her movements, had profited by practice. They did not stop till the last Teutonic strain had died away.

CHAPTER X.

"I suppose you can see what is going on, sir?" said the Adjutant to his Colonel on the following evening, as both were dressing for dinner in the tent, which they were sharing still.

"I don't know that I can, until you tell me what it is."

"Why, this infatuation of Major Larron's for Miss Knox. Every one is talking about it. You know what a sulky brute he generally is; but he seems transformed when he is in her presence. I would not have believed he could have made himself so agreeable as he has done these last few days—to her."

"I suppose it would be a good match," said the Colonel, slowly.

"If I had a sister," exclaimed Val Graeme, hotly, as, stooping to the looking-glass, he struggled with his white tie. "I'd sooner see her in her grave than married to Major Larron!"

"Gently, gently, Graeme," rebuked the Colonel. "You can have no grounds for such sweeping condemnation."

"I suppose I really have not; but then, sir, you don't know him as we do. He is so cold, so satirical. I can imagine him killing his wife by inches—not with blows, but with chilly words and neglect. He is gloomy, too!"

"If he is all your fancy has painted him, there is not much chance of his suit prospering. I should say."

"But that's just it, Colonel. He is quite different when with her. How can she guess that he has only donned these pleasant qualities for the time being?"

"You are making him out a perfect monster."

"So he is," answered the impulsive Adjutant. "Remember how he behaved to Mrs. Dene! Is not that enough to make us all dislike him?"

How often an incident or a word spoken by another unawares seems to come in answer to your own thoughts! It was so now, and the Colonel's sallow face flushed at the coincidence as he bowed over the girl's outstretched hand, later in the evening.

She was looking very fair that night, in a simple, high black gown, with deep white lace falling round her throat, and a bunch of white roses in her belt.

Stephen Prinsep, gazing down upon her sunny, ruffled hair, grew confused at his own thoughts, and for a moment distracted. When he recovered himself, and was about to speak, the opportunity was gone; Major Larron had already challenged her attention, and was talking earnestly in a low voice.

Nothing that Jane could do should make him relinquish his purpose—only her marriage with another should make him lose hope; and he had no rival yet. That she cared nothing for Valentine Graeme he was certain, nor was he sure that the Adjutant was serious in his attentions. He was notoriously a flirt, not from intention, but because nature had made him fickle as well as impressionable.

Meanwhile, the dinner having ended, Jane, unconscious of the interest she had excited, followed Mrs. Dene out into the

open. It was a balmy evening with no moon, though the sky was bright with stars. Coming out of the shamiana, where it had been brilliantly lighted up, it seemed darker than it really was.

"Let us have a camp-fire," suggested Mrs. Dene to her husband, who had followed.

"You will find it very hot and stifling," "It will be more cheerful," she persisted.

He shrugged his shoulders, but gave the order, and a few moments later a bright log-fire was burning.

But the result proved Captain Dene to be right. The warm wind that was blowing became unbearable now that it was charged with the heat of the huge fire and volumes of blinding smoke as well as dust.

The deputy commissioner and Colonel Grey, with Captain Dene, walked away from it at once, but Mrs. Dene, for consistency's sake, tried to put up with it a little longer, and the rest were eager to support her.

"Ladies are very seldom wrong," began Major Larron, hesitatingly.

"But one of them has spoiled her prestige," laughed Mrs. Dene. "Never mind, the exception proves the rule."

"You ought not to stand there, the heat is unbearable," went on Hon. Barry, going over to Jane's side.

Colonel Prinsep was standing near her, and, without meaning it, she looked up questioningly into his face.

"Yes, it is too hot; let us go into the cool," he said, answering the implied inquiry by moving a few steps further off.

She accompanied him, and presently at his suggestion both turned and went together out of sight.

Val Graeme, who had also meant to join her, looked taken aback for a moment, but recovered himself directly, thinking he knew the reason of the Colonel's interference. It was most probably on account of what he had himself said while dressing in the tent. Reassured, he walked over to where the other men were seated smoking.

But Major Larron became white with rage. He made a movement to follow them, then changed his mind, and coming to a sense of what was expected from him, turned back and stood by Mrs. Dene's side.

"I am unfortunate," he observed, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"It was not her fault," she answered, gently.

"No, I dare say not; but Mrs. Dene, do you think that I have any chance?"

He leaned toward her, his dark-brown eyes scanning her face anxiously to see if he could read his fate, but she shook her head gravely.

"I am the last person you should ask. Even if I knew her feelings, could I betray her trust?"

"I forgot. You are right. Only, if ever it should be in your power, may I count upon your help?"

Had he been pleading for her own love instead of merely for the aid of her influence with another woman, he could not have been more earnest.

They could see no one; but all that had passed between them had been of vivid clearness to the rest. The scene, framed in the flickering fire-light, seemed burned into Gerald Dene's brain as he gazed, unconscious of everything save that the barrier which past events had erected between his wife and the man to whom she was once engaged to be married seemed to be broken down at last.

(To be continued.)

The Drunkard's Dog.

The New York Times reports that Policeman Logan, of that city, saw a man lying intoxicated on the pavement, and went toward him, meaning to wake him. As he drew near, however, he saw a brindle bulldog beside the sleeper, and as the policeman leaned forward to shake the man, the dog growled and showed his teeth. Logan stepped back for fear of being bitten. The drunkard's name was Collins.

"Hey, there!" said Logan. Collins woke up.

"Tell your dog to let me arrest you."

Collins struggled to his feet, and said to the dog: "Come on, Bully, we're rested."

The dog "heeled" obediently, and the policeman took them to the Thirtieth Street Station-house. There was no reason why the pup should be locked up, but it was plain that he intended to stick to his drunken master as long as he could, and he was allowed to occupy the cell in which Collins spent the night.

The dog accompanied Collins when Logan took him down to Jefferson Market Police Court, and was close to him when Justice Hogan asked:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Talk to him, Bully," whispered Collins to the pup; and the pup jumped up on the bridge, where the justice could see him, sat up, held up his fore paws, and whined.

Everybody in court was watching him.

"Are we sorry?" Collins asked him.

The pup whined loudly and more forlornly than before. He looked as if he would cry in another minute.

"Well, young man," said the justice, "I'll let you go this time on account of your dog. I don't think you deserve such faithfulness as he has shown. If I were a dog and had a drunken master, I would leave him. But I guess dogs are more faithful than men."

"Thank the judge, Bully," said Collins.

The dog stood up on his hind legs, gave one short, joyous yelp, and bounded out of the court-room beside his master.

Very Hard to Please.

"Why don't I like America?" said an Englishman who was drinking a cocktail in a New York hotel. "Why, for many reasons. I haven't found anything here that I like. Take your athletic spirit, for instance. It's bogus. What is your representative sport? Baseball, is it not? Well, that simply represents the work of hired men. It isn't really sport. Besides, I can't understand your newspaper accounts of it. They are very mysterious. Waiter, another cocktail. Your climate is bad, and your politicians are jingoes. I have been disappointed all around and in everything save one, and that is your cocktails. I drank six last night before going to bed. I have suffered from your climate to-day."

OUR RURAL READERS.

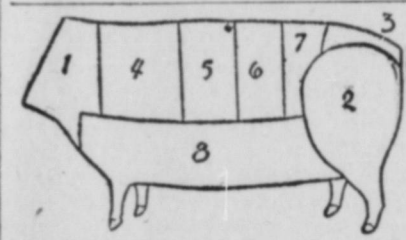
SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Proper Mode of Cutting Up the Carcass and Curing Hams and Bacon—How to Construct a Safe Farm Bridge—Fruit and Vegetable House.

Curing Hams and Bacon.

The hog is cut as shown in the diagram, the shoulder No. 1. The ham (No. 2) is cut through the bone a short distance from hip to joint, and this piece of bone is left in the meat. The small piece (No. 3) is kept for boiling and is salted; so is No. 7. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are roasting pieces, eaten fresh, or the ribs are taken out, and the whole, including No. 8, may be cured for bacon. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 may be salted for frying wet out of the pickle; then No. 8 makes the best breakfast bacon. Split the head down the face and save for salting and smoking. Boil the rest of the head with the ears and feet and trimmings of the hams and make head cheese.

The next process is the salting. Use an oblong box of suitable size or a pork barrel. The hams and bacon require a tray or box. Rub the hams and bacon with the following mixture well before putting it in pickle: Half a pound of salt per pulverized very fine divided equally—half for two hams and half for two sides. The salt per is to be well rubbed into the meat on the flesh sides. The meat is then laid on a bench, skin down, for 12 hours. Take 7 pounds of salt and 1½ pounds brown sugar, well mixed and heated, and rub white hot upon the two sides of the meat. The



HOW TO CUT UP THE CARCASS.

meat is then put in the tray, and the brine begins to form. Rub and baste the meat every other day, putting the bottom pieces on top, for four weeks, when the meat is hung up to dry, and then smoked.

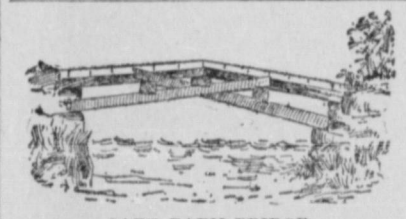
For the hams use 4 pounds of salt, 1½ pounds of sugar, and treat in the same way. The hams should be in the pickle five weeks. This curing is important. The meat is not smoked until quite dry and the salt crystallized upon the surface. Use for smoking damp wheat straw, corn-cobs or small brush. Smoke a little every day until completely dry and produce no heat in smoking. Some smoke for two or three months, but when perfectly dry less time is sufficient. Procure from your druggist a pint of pyroligneous acid, the acid from an oak tree, and paint your meat with this acid, and hang your meat in a cool place.

Securing the Winter's Wood Supply.

An adequate supply of fuel for winter use should be secured early, says the Agriculturist. This applies more particularly to those who have wood land, or are able to obtain it near at hand. It should be cut the proper length to fit the stove, and split to the desired fineness, and if possible put under shelter at once, or at least several loads of it, so that the housekeeper will experience no difficulty in obtaining a supply of dry wood at any moment. To make the case still more business-like, the hard and soft wood should be kept in separate piles, not neglecting wood suitable for kindling. Even the hardest oak or hickory is made available by splitting up fine and being thoroughly dried.

Constructing a Farm Bridge.

Haphazard construction of farm bridges is a risky matter, the safety of valuable animals being often thus put in jeopardy. The accompanying illustration shows an easily constructed and very secure bridge where a single log cannot be used as a stringer.



SAFE FARM BRIDGE.

Rails can be added along either side for greater security to the top.

Suit the Crop to the Soil.

There are farms where one could not succeed in growing early potatoes, but could do fairly well with late ones. The soil is not rich enough or warm and quick enough to furnish plant food in time for a large crop of early potatoes. Such men better grow late potatoes. Others may do better with early ones, all things considered. We must study the environment. It is foolish to condemn someone else's practice in any such line because it differs from ours. Both may be right.

What Cows Will Do.

A successful dairy means pocketbook is never empty, says the Connecticut Farmer; it means more swine and heaps of better fertilizer, means better crops of corn, oats, barley and peas, and less money expended for commercial fertilizer and Western feed; means better pastures by furnishing an incentive to make them so; means wiser and better farmers, for dairying calls for the best there is in a man, morally and intellectually.

Outlying Fields.

Upon many farms there are fields distant from half a mile to a mile or more from the stock buildings. Such fields

are great consumers of time unless judgment is used in selecting crops and time of labor. It is unwise to grow crops on distant fields, which require frequent trips in taking care of them. Often the most satisfactory disposal is to seed down the piece and keep it in permanent mowing, hauling manure for top dressing in fall and winter, when teams and men can best be spared for the purpose.

Profitable Farming.

High farming is the attempt to raise the largest product possible upon the whole farm. Good farming is to raise the produce at the best possible profit, everything considered. In some cases the two amount to the same thing. In other cases, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, where manure and hired help are hard to get, and the market is limited, it may be more practical to farm fewer acres and farm them better, rather than to try to force the whole farm to the utmost. That is, if the farmer now grows, say, \$3,000 worth of produce from his 300-acre farm, let him take only his best land and cattle and try to produce the same amount. Instead of 1,000 bushels of potatoes on ten acres, let him fertilize higher and grow 1,000 bushels on five acres. Instead of thirty cows, giving 200 pounds of butter each year, keep twenty 300-pounders. In place of three poor to ordinary hired men, pay a little more and get the best workers to be found. Apply this idea right through. Such plans are in the direction of concentration, and concentration is the essence of good farming.

Green Food for Hens.

Everybody who keeps hens for profit ought to plant cabbage and turnips for winter food this month. Nothing helps more in keeping up laying in cold weather than plenty of green food. Hens like turnips boiled and mashed like potatoes, with meal, and, if potatoes are scarce or high-priced, you've got the turnips as a substitute.

Get one of the boys to run the mower over an acre or so of clover, cutting the aftermath when it is a few inches high. Raked up and dried, it is very nice for the hens in winter, mixed with the soft food or wet with boiling water and fed that way.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Apples as Brain Food.

A New York physician says: "The apple is an excellent brain food, because it contains more phosphoric acid in easily digestible shape than any other vegetable known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthful sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculous growths, while it obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known for diseases of the throat." If all this be true, and its persistent reiteration certainly argues large faith, the knowledge cannot be too widely disseminated.

A Bank Fruit and Vegetable House.

Where rough rocks or cobble stones are abundant, a fruit and vegetable house may be very advantageously built into a bank, as shown in the illus-



FRUIT AND VEGETABLE HOUSE.

tration. The front wall of the house is carried to the right and left a little way, to serve as a retaining wall for the earth of the bank. The back and sides are laid up in stone to the top of the ground. The rest of the building is wood. A wide door permits a team to be driven, or rather backed, into the building to unload or to load. When laying up the wall at the sides and rear it will be well to lay a line of drain tile outside the stones, to lead away any water that may soak down from the hill above. Half lime and half cement, with sharp sand, makes a good mortar for such stone work.—American Agriculturist.

The Location of the Farm.

The man who knows how to produce good milk, and who will locate near a large city, has as good a chance as anyone to make money. He can get first prices by selling the milk direct to those who want it fresh and are willing to pay for it. In addition, his farm will pretty surely increase in value as the city grows.

Good Feed for Cows.

For milkmen who feed brewers' grain a good ration for an average milch cow is six pounds of hay, ten pounds of corn fodder, six pounds of dried brewers' grain, and six pounds corn and cob meal. Give the above in two feeds, and vary somewhat according to circumstances.

Feed for Pigs.

Give the young pigs a fair start in life by feeding the sow upon milk-producing rations. There is nothing much better than skim milk mixed with shorts. Mangolds are excellent, having a cooling effect upon the system and stimulating the milk glands. After weaning, give the pigs a trough of their own.

Light Stables.

Keep your stock in clean, well-lighted stables, and keep them clean. The man who does not curvy his horses at night ought to be obliged to sleep with his working clothes on.

Care for the Tools.

When putting away tools for the winter, see that care is taken that they do not rust. Care is cheaper than new tools.



Oysters in Dainty Fashion.

Oysters cooked a la poulette is one of the most delicious ways they may be served. To prepare them put a solid quart of oysters on the stove to boil in their own liquor. As soon as they begin to boil, skim carefully and turn into a strainer and when they have been well drained set them aside. Put half a pint of the oyster liquor into a saucepan and when it begins to boil stir into it one heaping teaspoonful of flour, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Boil gently five minutes longer. Put a pint of cream into a double boiler, and when it begins to boil add the thickened oyster liquor. Season with salt, pepper, a slight grating of nutmeg and a grain of cayenne. Have at hand the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and add to them half a cupful of cold cream. Now add to the cooking mixture the oysters, a tablespoonful of butter and finally the egg mixture. Cook for three minutes, stirring all the time. Then remove from the fire immediately and serve with a border of puff paste cakes. If you choose, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice just as the oysters are taken from the fire.

Pudding in Rhyme.

The following receipt, taken from an old book written in 1850, was found excellent:

Into one pint of purest drink
Let one teacup of clean rice sink,
And boil till all the water's gone—
No matter where. Stir with a spoon,
And deftly add of milk one quart;
Boil till it thickens as it ought;
Stirring it with the aforesaid spoon
Till it is smooth and white and done.
Then add three egg yolks beaten light,
One lemon's rind all grated right,
And of white sugar well refined
Eight spoons, by stirring thus combined.
Now pour the mixture in a dish
Of any size that you may wish,
And let it stand, while with a fork
You beat the whites as light as cork—
The whites of the three eggs, I mean;
And when they're beaten stiff and clean
Add eight spoonfuls of sugar light,
And put the frosting, nice and white,
Upon your pudding like a cover—
Be sure you spread it nicely over.
In a cool oven let it brown—
We think the pudding will go down.

How to Care for Wood Floors.

A housekeeper who is noted for her neatness says that a wood floor in the house is as much care as a baby. This is no doubt true, and yet a little attention systematically given the floor each day is productive of marvelously good results. A flannel bag made to slip over the bristles of a broom makes an excellent and convenient polisher. The wood floor should be swept each morning with this flannel-covered broom, and twice a week it should be carefully oiled. If the floor is of hard wood use linseed oil, while if it is stained or painted the inexpensive crude oil will answer just as well. It should be rubbed upon the floor with cheese cloth rather than flannel to avoid the lint scattering over the floor. To deep-stained or varnished floor light-wipe frequently with a solution of milk and water.

Stuffed Peaches.

Mrs. Rorer's receipt for stuffed peaches calls for six or eight peaches peeled, halved and the stones taken out. Chop fine six English walnuts and six almonds. Fill the crevices from which the stones were taken with chopped nuts. Stand the peaches in a saucepan, so that they will not fall apart; if there is the slightest danger spike them through with a wooden toothpick. Sprinkle four tablespoonfuls of sugar over the peaches; cover the saucepan and let them stand where they will steam for ten minutes. Lift them carefully and serve cold with cream.

Hygienic Cream Sauce.

One-half pint of milk, one-half pint of cream, yolk of one egg, one tablespoon of buckwheat dissolved in a little milk, large pinch of salt. Bring milk and cream to a boil in thick, well-lined saucepan; add to it buckwheat dissolved in milk, stirring rapidly to prevent lumping; allow it to boil five minutes, remove from the fire, beat in the yolk of egg diluted with a tablespoon of milk. This is better and far more healthful (especially for children) than so much butter and syrup. Syrup minus butter is well enough, but the use of butter with hot cakes cannot be recommended.

Chocolate Custard Pie.

Lovers of chocolate in any and every form can make this addition to a common custard pie. Beat one egg to a stiff froth, then add pulverized sugar and grated chocolate with one-half teaspoon extract of vanilla; spread this on top of the pie and let it harden for a moment in the oven. Or you may prepare it in still another way. Put the chocolate in a basin on the back of the stove and let it melt (do not put any water with it); when melted beat one egg and some sugar with it; in the latter case it will be a regular chocolate brown color and in the other a sort of gray.

In Cuba the cucujo, the famous firefly of the tropics, the one that affords the most brilliant light of any land animal, is confined in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Thirty-eight of them yield one candle power. Sometimes they attach one of the