



VEGETABLE LITTLE USED.
How to Prepare Salsify for the Table.

Winter gives a restricted number of vegetables, many of which are lightly esteemed because they seem coarse to palates accustomed to more delicate flavors.

Salsify, or vegetable oyster, though thought tasteless by many housekeepers who do not know how to cook it properly, is one of the most delicate and delicious of winter vegetables. It cannot be cooked as carelessly as potatoes, to be sure, but if prepared in the proper manner will be found very "tasty."

Buy the pale and sunken cheek, just visible in the downy hollow of the pillars; strip the hand lying on the stalks, and that will be the best. That salsify coldness, that waxed hue of the check told her the awful truth. She fell on her knees beside the sofa with a cry of sharp and sudden sorrow:

"Oh, mother, mother! I ought to have loved you better all my life!"

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Miss Carmichael was always at her best during those afternoons tea-drinkings. The strong tea revived her. Roderick's friendly smile and voice cheered her. They took her back to the remote past, to the kind squire's day of glory, which she remembered as the happiest time of her life; even now, when her second husband was doing all things possible to prove his sincerity and devotion. She had never been completely happy in this second marriage. There had always been a flavor of remorse mingled with her cup of joy; the very consciousness that she had done a foolish thing, and that the world—her little world within a radius of twenty miles—was secondary to her.

"Do you remember the day we came home from our honeymoon, Conrad?" she said to her husband, as he sat by her in the dusk one evening sad and silent. "There was no carriage to meet us and we had to come in a fly. It was an omen, was it not?"

"That all things were not to go well with us in our married life; that we were not to be quite happy."

"Have you not been happy, Pamela? I have tried honestly to do my duty to you."

"I know you have, Conrad. You have been all goodness. I have always said so to Violet—and to every one. But I had my cares. I felt that I was too old for you. That has preyed upon my mind."

"Was that reasonable, Pamela, when I have never felt it?"

"Perhaps not at first; and even if you had felt the disparity in our ages you would have been too generous to let me perceive the change in your feelings. You will lose the Abbey House when I am gone, Conrad."

"My love, do you think I could live in this house without you?"

"And my income, Conrad; that dies with me, does it not?"

"Yes, love."

"That is hard for you."

"I can bear that, Pamela, if I am to bear the loss of you."

"Dearest love, you have always been disinterested. How could I ever doubt you? Perhaps—indeed, I am sure—if I were to ask Violet, she would give you the fifteen hundred a year that I was to have had after she came of age."

"Pamela, I could not accept any favor from your daughter. You would deeply offend me if you were to suggest such a thing."

"This was true. Much as he valued money, he would rather have starved than take sixpence from the girl who had scorned him; the girl whose very presence gave rise to a terrible conflict in his breast—passionate love, bitter disinterestedness."

"These are the few things that I possess myself—jewels, books, furniture, special gifts of dear Edward's. Those are my own, to dispose of as I like. I might make a will leaving them to you, Conrad. They are trifles, but—"

"They will be precious souvenirs of our wedded life," murmured the captain, who was very much of Mr. Wimwick's opinion that portable property of any kind was worth having.

A will was drawn up and executed next day, in which Mrs. Carmichael left her diamonds to her daughter, her wardrobe to the faithful and long-suffering Pauline—otherwise, Mary Smith—and all the rest of her belongings to her dearly beloved husband, Conrad Carmichael. The captain was a sufficient man of business to take care that this will was properly executed.

All this time his daily intercourse with Violet was a source of exceeding bitterness. She was civil and even friendly in her manner to him—for her mother's sake. And then, in the completeness of her union with Rorie, she could afford to be generous and forgiving. A few weeks and the old home would be her own—the old servants would come back, the old pensioners might gather again around the kitchen door. All could be once more as it had been in her father's lifetime; and no trace of Conrad Carmichael's existence would be left; for, alas! it was now an acknowledged fact that Violet's mother was dying.

So Captain Carmichael had to sit quietly by and see Violet and her lover grouped by his fading wife's sofa, and school himself as he best might to endure the spectacle of their perfect happiness in each other's love, and to know that he—who had planned his future days so wisely, and provided, like the industrious ant, for the winter of his life—had broken down in his scheme of existence after all, had had no more part in this house which he had deemed his own than a traveler at an inn.

It was hard, and he sat beside his dying wife, with anger and envy gnawing his heart—anger against fate, envy of Roderick Vawdrey, who had won the prize. If evil wishes could have killed, neither Violet nor her lover would have outlived that summer. Happily the captain was too cautious a man to be guilty of an overact of rage or hatred. His rancorous feelings were decently hidden under a gentlemanly air, to which no one could object.

The fatal hour came unawares one calm September afternoon about six weeks after Violet's return from Jersey. Captain Carmichael had been reading one of Tennyson's idylls to his wife till she sank into a gentle slumber. He left her, with Pauline seated at work by one of the windows, and went to his study to write some letters. Five o'clock was the established hour for kettle-drums, but of late the invalid had been unable to bear even the mild excitement of two or three visitors at this time. Violet now attended alone to her mother's afternoon tea, kneading her side as she sipped the refreshing infusion, and coaxing her to eat a wafer-like slice of bread and butter or a few morsels of spongecake.

This afternoon when Violet went softly into the room carrying the little Japanese tray and tiny teapot, she found her mother lying just as the captain had left her an hour before.

"She's been sleeping so sweetly, miss," whispered Pauline. "I never knew her sleep so quiet since she's been ill."

That stillness which seemed so good a thing to the handmaid frightened the daughter. Violet sat her tray down hastily on the nearest table and ran to her mother's sofa. She looked at

(To be Continued.)

Former Instruments of Torture.

Instead of gymnastics or games, instruments of torture were used for modelling the figure of the young lady of 1831. An English writer of that year says that "could the modern schoolroom be preserved it would pass for a refined inquisition. There would be found stocks for the fingers (the cheiroplast) and pulleys for the neck, with weights attached." Fanny Kemble, to whom nature had been unkindly, was found wanting in deportment, and she writes that she was a "back board made of steel, covered with red morocco, which consisted of a flat piece placed on my back and strapped down to my waist with a belt and secured at the top by two spangles strapped over my shoulders. From the middle of this there rose a steel rod or spine with a steel collar, which encircled my throat, fastened behind." The machine proved a failure, and she was put under the tuition of a drill sergeant, who did for her all that was required.—"Social England."

No Expediency.

Miss Higham (on the way back)—What a tiresome call that was!

Mrs. Upmore—Wasn't it, though? She knew all her troubles with hired girls and didn't give us a chance to say a word about ours.

She's More than Half.

Man calls his wife "better half," But that's a sort of bluf'; He can't deceive himself, for she's the "whole thing" sure enough.

Philadelphia Press.

Everything the people should do by hard work, they are now trying to do by law.

Putting on a Veil.

The woman who is putting on a veil should have a mirror right before her.

She should so place the veil that the plain or net part comes over her eyes and nose. The figures may surround her features, making a sort of a border. But never should there be dots coming in front of her nose or in the middle of her eyes.

A smart veil is carefully planned to

WOMEN AND FASHION

Electric Housecleaning.

Electricity is now being used to operate carpet cleaners. A Pittsburg man recently patented the apparatus shown in the accompanying illustration, which is more serviceable than the pneumatic cleaner for small houses. It resembles the familiar carpet cleaner in appearance. A motor operates a turbine and brush, the revolution of the latter agitating the nap of the carpet and loosening the dirt. The turbine creates a suction, drawing up all dust and dirt and depositing it in a dust receiver provided for the purpose. It is claimed that carpets can be thoroughly cleaned on the floor and every corner can be cleaned. Nothing need be moved. At tachable appliances are also provided for treating walls, ceilings, cornices, chandeliers, curtains, etc. Mattresses, cushions, upholstered furniture and pillows can also be cleaned as well as cleaned by this appliance. The machine works noiselessly and quickly. Power to operate the apparatus can be obtained from the ordinary incandescent socket.

Should Women Live Cheaper?

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology said at the recent quarter centennial meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae:

"The demand for increased salary is naturally met by the assertion, 'It costs women less to live.' But does it, to really live? And, if it does, should it? Because they carry self-sacrifice to a greater extent should they? Is not this acquiescence in cheaper living the real cause why women lose efficiency? Good food, travel, amusement, social companionship—all tend to good tempering a day."

The research worker is scarce, because original thought means a mind free from the distractions of economy. The wearing and darning anxieties of making both ends meet are at the root of those physical and mental break-downs of college women, occurring now and then, which gives such joy to the 'I-told-you-so' onlookers."

"I came," Frances hastened to say, "to ask if you couldn't make Danny study at home. He is very bright, and if he would only study—"

She broke off in amazement. Danny's mother was shaking with laughter.

"Him study? Danny study? Sure, darlin', ye don't know what ye're sayin'. Danny ain't wastin' his brains wid study. He's goin' to be half the gossoon! This a wonder all the time he's been wid me."

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