Rainbow's End *A Novel*

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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SECRET OF THE HIDING PLACE OF THE VARONA TREASURE IS LOST

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth—money, jewels and title deeds—in a well on his estate. The hiding place is known only to Sebastian, a slave. Don Esteban's wife dies at the birth of twins, Esteban and Rosa. Don Esteban marries the avaricious Donna Isabel, who tries unsuccessfully to wring the secret of the hidden treasure from Sebastian. Angered at his refusal, she urges Don Esteban to sell Evangelina, Sebastian's daughter. Don Esteban refuses, but in the course of a gambling orgie, he risks Evangelina at cards and loses.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

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Don Pablo, in whom the liquor was flying, cursed impatiently: "Caramba! Have I won the treasure of your whole establishment?" he inquired. "Perhaps you value this wench at more than a thousand pesos; if so, you will say that I cheated you."

"No! She's only an ordinary girl. My wife doesn't like her, and so I determined to get rid of her. She is yours, fairly enough," Varona told him.

"Then send her to my house. I'll breed her to Salvador, my cochero. He's the strongest man I have."

Sebastian uttered a strangled cry and rose to his feet. "Master! You must not—"

"Silence!" ordered Esteban. "Go about your business. What do you mean by this, anyhow?"

But Sebastian, dazed of mind and sick of soul, went on, unheeding. "She is my girl. You promised me her freedom. I warn you—"

"Eh?" The planter swayed forward and with blazing eyes surveyed his slave. "You warn me? Of what?" he growled.

At this moment neither master nor man knew exactly what he said or did. Sebastian raised his hand on high. In reality the gesture was meant to call heaven as a witness to his years of faithful service, but, misconstruing his intent, Pablo Peza brought his riding-whip down across the old man's back, crying:

"Ho! None of that."

A shudder ran through Sebastian's frame. Whirling, he seized Don Pablo's wrist and tore the whip from his fingers. Although the Spaniard was a strong man, he uttered a cry of pain.

At this indignity to a guest Esteban flew into a fury. "Pancho!" he cried. "Ho! Pancho!" When the manager came running, Esteban explained: "This fool is dangerous. He raised his hand to me and to Don Pablo."

Sebastian's protests were drowned by the angry voices of the others.

"Tie him to yonder grating," directed Esteban, who was still in the grip of a senseless rage. "Flog him well and make haste about it."

Sebastian, who had no time in which to recover himself, made but a weak resistance when Pancho Cueto locked his wrists into a pair of clumsy, old-fashioned manacles, first passing the chain around one of the bars of the iron window grating which Esteban had indicated.

Cueto swung a heavy lash; the sound of his blows echoed through the quinta, and they summoned, among others, Donna Isabel, who watched the scene from behind her shutter with much satisfaction. The guests looked on approvingly.

Sebastian made no outcry. The whip bit deep; it drew blood and raised welts the thickness of one's thumb; nevertheless, for the first few moments the victim suffered less in body than in spirit. His brain was so benumbed, so shocked with other excitations, that he was well-nigh insensible to physical pain. That Evangelina, flesh of his flesh, had been sold, that his lifelong faithfulness had brought such reward as this, that Esteban, light of his soul, had turned against him—all this was simply astounding. Gradually he began to resent the shrieking injustice of it all, and unsuspected forces gathered inside of him. They grew until his frame was shaken by primitive savage impulses.

After a time Don Esteban cried: "That will do, Cueto! Leave him now for the flies to punish. They will remind him of his insolence."

Then the guests departed, and Esteban staggered into the house and went to bed.

All that morning Sebastian stood with his hands chained high over his head. The sun grew hotter and ever hotter upon his lacerated back; the blood dried and clotted there; a cloud of flies gathered, swarming over the raw gashes left by Cueto's whip.

Since Don Esteban's nerves, or perhaps it was his conscience, did not permit him to sleep, he arose about noontime and dressed himself. He was still drunk, and the mad rage of the early morning still possessed him; therefore, when he mounted his horse he pretended not to see the figure chained to the window grating. Sebastian's affection for his master was doglike and he had taken his punishment as a dog takes his, more in surprise than in anger, but at this proof of callous indifference a fire kindled in the old fellow's breast, hotter by far than the fever from his fly-blown sores. He was thirsty, too, but that was the least of his sufferings.

Some time during the afternoon the negro heard himself addressed through the window against the bars of which he leaned. The speaker was Donna Isabel.

"Do you suffer, Sebastian?" she began in a tone of gentleness and pity.

"Yes, mistress." The speaker's tongue was thick and swollen.

"Can I help you?"

The negro raised his head; he shook his body to rid himself of the insects which were devouring him.

"Give me a drink of water," he said, hoarsely.

"Surely, a great gourdful, all cool and dripping from the well. But first I want you to tell me something."

"A drink, for the love of heaven," panted the old man, and Donna Isabel saw how cracked and dry were his thick lips, how near the torture had come to prostrating him.

"I'll do more," she promised, and her voice was like honey. "I'll tell Pancho Cueto to unlock you, even if I risk Esteban's anger by so doing. Will you be my friend? Will you tell me something?"

"What can I tell you?"

"Oh, you know very well! I've asked it often enough, but you have lied, just as my husband has lied to me. He is a miser; he has no heart; he cares for nobody, as you can see. You must hate him now, even as I hate him. Tell me—is there really a treasure, or—?" The woman gasped; she choked; she could scarcely force the question for fear of disappointment. "Tell me there is, Sebastian. I've heard so many lies that I begin to doubt."

The old man nodded. "Oh, yes, there is a treasure," said he.

"Oh! You have seen it?" Isabel was trembling as if with an ague. "What is it like? How much is there? Good Sebastian, I'll give you water; I'll have you set free if you tell me."

"How much? I don't know. But there is much—pieces of Spanish gold, silver coins in casks and in little boxes—the boxes are bound with iron and have hasps and staples; bars of precious metal and little paper packages of gems, all tied up and hidden in leather bags."

"Yes! Go on."

"There are ornaments, too. God knows they must have come from heaven, they are so beautiful; and pearls from the Caribbean as large as plums."

"Are you speaking the truth?"

"Did I not make the hiding-place all alone? Senora, everything is there just as I tell you—and more. The grants of title from the crown for this quinta and the sugar plantations, they are there, too. Don Esteban used to fear the government officials, so he hid his papers securely. Without them the lands belong to no one. You understand?"

"Of course! Yes, yes! But the jewels— Where are they hidden?"

"You would never guess!" Sebastian's voice gathered strength. "Ten thousand men in ten thousand years

"Tell Me—Is There Really a Treasure, or—?"

would never find the place, and nobody knows the secret but Don Esteban and me."

"I believe you. I knew all the time it was here. Well? Where is it?"

Sebastian hesitated and said, piteously, "I am dying—"

Isabel could scarcely contain herself. "I'll give you water, but first tell me where—where! God in heaven! Can't you see that I, too, am perishing?"

"I must have a drink."

"Tell me first."

Sebastian lifted his head and, meeting the speaker's eyes, laughed hoarsely.

At the sound of his unnatural merriment Isabel recoiled as if stung. She stared at the slave's face in amazement and then in fury. She stammered, incoherently, "You—you have been—lying!"

"Oh no! The treasure is there, the greatest treasure in all Cuba, but you shall never know where it is. I'll see to that. It was you who sold my girl; it was you who brought me to this; it was your hand that whipped me. Well, I'll tell Don Esteban how you tried to bribe his secret from me! What do you think he'll do then? Eh? You'll feel the lash on your white back—"

"You fool!" Donna Isabel looked murder. "I'll punish you for this; I'll make you speak if I have to rub your wounds with salt."

But Sebastian closed his eyes wearily. "You can't make me suffer more than I have suffered," he said. "And now—I curse you. May that treasure be the death of you. May you live in torture like mine the rest of your days; may your beauty turn to ugliness such that men will spit at you; may you never know peace again until you die in poverty and want—"

But Donna Isabel, being superstitious, fled with her fingers in her ears; nor did she undertake to make good her barbarous threat, realizing opportunely that it would only serve to betray her desperate intentions and put her husband further on his guard.

As the sun was sinking beyond the farther rim of the Yumuri and the valley was beginning to fill with shadows Esteban Varona rode up the hill. His temper was more evil than ever, if that were possible, for he had drunk again in an effort to drown the memory of his earlier actions. With him were Pablo Peza, and Mario de Castano, Col. Mendoza y Linares, old Pedro Miron, the advocate, and others of less consequence, whom Esteban had gathered from the Spanish club. The host dismounted and lurched across the courtyard to Sebastian.

"So, my fine fellow," he began. "Have you had enough of rebellion by this time?"

Sebastian's face was working as he turned upon his master to say: "I would be lying if I told you that I am sorry for what I did. It is you who have done wrong. Your soul is black with this crime. Where is my girl?"

"The devil! To hear you talk one would think you were a free man." The planter's eyes were bleared and he brandished his riding-whip threateningly. "I do as I please with my slaves. I tolerate no insolence. Your girl? Well, she's in the house of Salvador, Don Pablo's cochero, where she belongs."

Sebastian had hung sick and limp against the grating, but at these words he suddenly roused. He strained at his manacles and the bars groaned under his weight. His eyes began to roll, his lips drew back over his blue gums. Noting his expression of ferocity, Esteban cut at his naked back with the riding-whip, crying:

"Ho! Not subdued yet, eh? You need another flogging."

"Curse you and all that is yours," roared the maddened slave. "May you know the misery you have put upon me. May you rot for a million years in hell. May your children's bodies grow filthy with disease; may they starve; may they—"

Sebastian was yelling, though his voice was hoarse with pain. The lash drew blood with every blow. Meanwhile, he wrenched and tugged at his bonds with the fury of a maniac.

"Pablo! Your machete, quick!" panted the slaveowner. "I'll make an end of this black fiend, once for all."

Esteban Varona's guests had looked on at the scene with the same mild interest they would display at the whipping of a balky horse; and, now that the animal threatened to become dangerous, it was in their view quite the proper thing to put it out of the way. Don Pablo Peza stepped toward his mare to draw the machete from its scabbard. But he did not hand it to his friend. He heard a shout, and turned in time to see a wonderful and a terrible thing.

Sebastian had braced his naked feet against the wall; he had bowed his back and bent his massive shoulders—a back and a pair of shoulders that looked as bony and muscular as those of an ox—and he was heaving with every ounce of strength in his enormous body. As Pablo stared he saw the heavy grating come away from its anchorage in the solid masonry, as a shrub is uprooted from soft ground. The rods bent and twisted; there was a clank and rattle and clash of metal upon the flags; and then—Sebastian turned upon his tormentor, a free man, save only for the wide iron bracelets and their connecting chain. He was quite insane. His face was frightful to behold; it was apelike in its animal rage, and he towered above his master like some fabled creature out of the African jungle of his forefathers.

Sebastian's fists alone would have been formidable weapons, but they were armored and weighted with the old-fashioned, hand-wrought irons which Pancho Cueto had locked upon them. Wrapping the chain in his fingers, the slave leaped at Esteban and struck, once. The sound of the blow was sickening, for the whole bony structure of Esteban Varona's head gave way.

There was a horrified cry from the other white men. Don Pablo Peza ran forward, shouting. He swung his machete, but Sebastian met him before the blow could descend, and they went down together upon the hard stones. Again Sebastian smote, with his massive hands wrapped in the chain and his wrists encased in steel, and this time it was as if Don Pablo's head had been caught between a hammer and an anvil. The negro's strength, exceptional at all times, was multiplied tenfold; he had run amuck. When he arose the machete was in his grasp and Don Pablo's brains were on his knuckles.

It all happened in far less time than it takes to tell. The onlookers had not yet recovered from their first consternation; in fact they were still fumbling and tugging at whatever weapons they carried, when Sebastian came toward them, brandishing the blade on high. Pedro Miron, the advocate, was the third to fall. He tried to scramble out of [illegible]'s path, but, being an old man, his limbs were too stiff to serve him and he went down shrieking.

By now the horses had caught the scent of hot blood and were plunging furiously, the clatter of their hoofs mingling with the blasphemies of the riders, while Sebastian's bestial roaring made the commotion even more hideous.

Esteban's guests fought as much for their lives as for vengeance upon the slayer, for Sebastian was like a gorilla; he seemed intent upon killing them all. He vented his fury upon whatever came within his reach; he struck at men and animals alike, and the shrieks of wounded horses added to the din.

It was a frightful combat. It seemed incredible that one man could work such dreadful havoc in so short a time. Varona and two of his friends were dead; two more were badly wounded, and a Peruvian stallion lay kicking on the flagging when Col. Mendoza y Linares finally managed to get a bullet home in the black man's brain.

Those who came running to learn the cause of the hubbub turned away sick and pallid, for the paved yard was a shambles. Pancho Cueto called upon the slaves to help him, but they slunk back to their quarters, dumb with terror and dismay.

All that night people from the town below came and went and the quinta resounded to sobs and lamentations, but of all the relatives of the dead and wounded, Donna Isabel took her bereavement hardest. Strange to say, she could not be comforted. Now, when it was too late, she realized that she had overreached herself, having caused the death of the only two who knew the secret of the treasure. She remembered, also, Sebastian's statement that even the deeds of patent for the land were hidden with the rest, where ten thousand men in ten thousand years could never find them.

CHAPTER III.

"The O'Reilly."

Age and easy living had caused Don Mario de Castano, the sugar merchant, to take on weight. He had, in truth, become so fat that he waddled like a penguin when he walked; and when he rode, the springs of his French victoria gave up in despair.

In disposition Don Mario was practical and unromantic; he boasted that he had never had an illusion, never an interest outside of his business. And yet, on the day this story opens, this prosaic personage, in spite of his bulging waistband and his taut neckband, in spite of his short breath and his prickly heat, was in a very whirl of pleasurable excitement. Don Mario, in fact, suffered the greatest of all illusions: he was in love, and he believed himself beloved. The object of his adoration was little Rosa Varona, the daughter of his one-time friend Esteban. To be sure, he had met Rosa only twice since her return from her Yankee school, but twice had been enough; with prompt decision he had resolved to do her the honor of making her his wife.

Notwithstanding the rivulets of perspiration that were coursing down every fold of his flesh, and regardless of the fact that the body of his victoria was tipped at a drunken angle, as if struggling to escape the burdens of his great weight, Don Mario felt a jauntiness of body and of spirit almost like that of youth. He saw himself as a splendid prince riding toward the humble home of some obscure maiden whom he had graciously chosen to be his mate.

His arrival threw Donna Isabel into a flutter; the woman could scarcely contain her curiosity when she came to meet him, for he was not the sort of man to inconvenience himself by mere social visits. Their first formal greetings over, Don Mario surveyed the bare living room and remarked, lugubriously:

"I see many changes here."

"No doubt," the widow agreed. "Times have been hard since poor Esteban's death."

"What a terrible calamity that was! I shudder when I think of it," said he.

"A shocking affair, truly! and one shall never get out of my mind."

"Shocking, yes. But what do you think of a rich man, like Esteban, who would leave his family destitute? Who would die without revealing the place where he had stored his treasure?"

Donna Isabel, it was plain, felt her wrongs keenly; she spoke with as much spirit as if her husband had permitted himself to be killed purely out of spite toward her.

"As if it were not enough to lose that treasure," the widow continued, stormily, "the government must free all our slaves. Tse! Tse! And now that there is no longer a profit in sugar, my plantations—"

"No profit in sugar? What are you saying?" queried the caller. "If your crops do not pay, then Pancho Cueto is cheating you. Get rid of him. But I didn't come here to talk about Esteban's hidden treasure, nor his plantations, nor Pancho Cueto. I came here to talk about your step-daughter, Rosa."

"So?" Donna Isabel looked up quickly.

"She interests me. She is more beautiful than the stars." Don Mario rolled his eyes toward the high ceiling, which, like the sky, was tinted a vivid cerulean blue.

"She is now eighteen," the fat suitor went on, ecstatically, "and so altogether charming— But why waste time in pretty speeches? I have decided to marry her."

"Rosa has a will of her own," guardedly ventured the stepmother.

Don Mario broke out, testily: "Naturally; so have we all. Now let us speak plainly. You know me. I am a

The Slave Leaped at Esteban, and Struck, Once.

person of importance. I am rich enough to afford what I want, and I pay well. You understand? Well, then, you are Rosa's guardian and you can bend her to your desires."

"If that were only so!" exclaimed the woman. "She and Esteban—what children! What tempers—just like their father's! They were to be their father's heirs, you know, and they blame me for his death, for our poverty, and for all the other misfortunes that have overtaken us. We live like cats and dogs."

Don Mario had been drumming his fat fingers impatiently upon the arm of his chair. Now he exclaimed:

"Your pardon, senora, but I am just now very little interested in your domestic relations. What you say about Rosa only makes me more eager, for I loathe a sleepy woman. Now tell me, is she— Has she any—affairs of the heart?"

"N-no, unless perhaps a flirtation with that young American, Juan O'Reilly." Donna Isabel gave the name its Spanish pronunciation of "O'Rail-ye."

"Juan O'Reilly? O'Reilly? Oh, yes! But what has he to offer a woman? He is little more than a clerk."

"That is what I tell her. Oh, it hasn't gone far as yet."

> The fat—but rich—sugar merchant, or the dashing—but penniless—young American—Rosa must make her choice between the two. The next installment tells which she chose.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EASY TO WRITE WITH TOES

Assertion Made That "Accomplishment" Can Be Acquired in a Comparatively Short Time.

When next you go to the zoo, watch the monkeys use their hands, suggests the Popular Science Monthly. Notice how they seize things with their fists. They do not use their finger-ends as we do. While the higher monkeys, such as gorillas and chimpanzees, may be taught to use their fingers, they never learn to use them as easily as do human beings.

The monkey is primarily a tree-dweller. It lives in forests and swings from tree to tree, using its hands as hooks with which it grasps the branches. The thumb is not brought into play. Some South American monkeys have lost the thumb through disuse; all that is left of it is indicated by a little lump under the skin.

In the higher monkeys the wrist is built like yours. It has the same number of bones. But the monkey has never used his wrist, and so it has lost the flexibility. The monkey can use his fist to better advantage than his hands.

Man, on the other hand, has used his feet so long simply for the purpose of walking, that he would experience considerable difficulty in using them as he uses his hands. Yet, it is amazing how quickly a man can learn to use his toes as he does his fingers. If you don't believe this, just try to write with your toes. At first the letters will be very large and awkward. But with a very little practice you will find that you can write with your foot more easily than with your left hand, if you are naturally right-handed. It is an attractive exercise with which to while away an hour. We know you will try the experiment.

As to Remarkable Longevity.

We have all read of Thomas Parr, who lived to be one hundred and fifty-two. Likewise of the countess of Desmond, one hundred and forty-five; Margaret Patten, one hundred and thirty-seven; Thomas Damme, one hundred and sixty-four; John Rovin, one hundred and seventy-two; and Peter Torton, who reached the age of one hundred and eighty-five. But these cases of extraordinary longevity lack proof.

In the days when those persons lived no accurate chronological records were kept, and dates of occurrences were usually fixed by associating them in memory with other events believed to have happened about the same time. A man's identity was liable to be confused with that of a grandfather of the same name.

Nowadays nobody lives to any such ages. Why imagine that the extreme limits of longevity have shrunk within the last two or three centuries?

Japanese "Fish Sausage."

The "kamoboko" or "fish sausage" of the Japanese is described by a consular report as made by chopping the white meat of any fish, passing through a colander, and making into a paste, with a flavoring of sugar, salt, and rice-brewed alcoholic beverage called "Mirin." The paste is made into loaves, steamed on boards an hour and a half to three hours, and at once packed in cans.

The KITCHEN CABINET

> The year's at the spring
> And day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven
> The hillside's dew pearled,
> The lark's on the wing,
> The snail's on the thorn,
> God's in his heaven,—
> All's right with the world.
> —Robt. Browning.

CONSERVE WHEAT.

The following recipes will be found useful in saving wheat flour, to be used at all meals that are not wheatless.

Combination Bread.—Take one cupful of oatmeal, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sirup, two cupfuls of boiling water, a tablespoonful of fat, two cakes of yeast dissolved in a half-cupful of luke-warm water; one cupful each of rye, corn flour and entire wheat flour with one three-fourths cupfuls of white flour. Pour the boiling water over the oats, rye and corn flour, then when cool add the other ingredients. Knead well, let rise, mold into loaves, then when double in bulk bake in a moderate oven. This bread saves 60 per cent wheat.

Oatmeal Bread.—Scald two cupfuls of oatmeal with two cupfuls of boiling water; add a tablespoonful each of fat and salt, four tablespoonfuls of corn sirup and a cake of yeast dissolved in a half-cupful of warm water; mix and add five cupfuls of wheat flour; knead well, let rise until double its bulk and make into loaves; when light bake in a moderate oven. This makes two loaves.

Rye is very scarce and is not now on the substitute list; it may be used as usual with flour if one has a supply, but cannot be purchased as a substitute any longer.

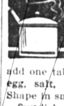
Oatmeal Betty.—Take two cupfuls of cooked oatmeal, four apples cut fine, a half cupful of raisins, a half cupful of sugar, a fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; mix and bake one-half hour. Serve hot or cold. Any dried, fresh fruits or ground peanuts may be used in place of the apples.

Cornmeal Bread.—Take two and a half cupfuls of skim milk, a tablespoonful of sugar or sirup, two teaspoonfuls of fat, two of salt, one and a third cupfuls of cornmeal, four and two-thirds cupfuls of flour, a cake of yeast dissolved in a half-cupful of warm water. Add the flour gradually after all the other ingredients are well blended and knead well. Let rise, knead again and mold into loaves. When double in bulk, bake in a moderate oven for at least an hour. This makes two loaves. In most homes these days you never see the ordinary wheat bread; everybody enjoys the substitutes so well.

> I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
> If wintery birds are dreaming of a mate,
> If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
> And crocus fires are kindling one by one?
> —C. Rossetti.

SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

For the meatless days and meatless meals we like variety and at the same time to keep within the limits of the family purse.



Walnut Sausage.—Mix half a cupful of boiled rice, half a cupful of stale bread crumbs and a cupful of ground walnut meats; add one tablespoonful of olive oil, one egg, salt, pepper and sage to taste. Shape in small cakes and cook slightly.

Swedish Fish Soup.—Make a stock by cooking the heads, tail, fins and bones of any white fish in cold water to cover; add a slice each of onion, carrot, a bay leaf and a few peppercorns. Cook slowly for one hour, then strain and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour and butter cooked together using one quart of the stock, with salt and pepper to taste; add a pint of milk just before serving.

Chicken and Chestnut Salad.—Mix half a cupful of diced chicken with half a cupful each of celery cut fine and chestnuts cooked and cut in slices. Add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green peppers, salt, paprika, and a dash of red pepper. Marinate with French dressing and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Nut and Cheese Roast.—Cook two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion in one tablespoonful of grated cheese; a cupful of nutmeats and a cupful of soft bread crumbs moistened with a little water from the pan in which the onion was browned; season with salt, pepper and the juice of half a lemon. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake until brown.

Chicken Pie.—Cook a four-pound chicken until tender, after disjointing it; put into a deep baking dish, with a small whole onion finely chopped; thicken five cupfuls of the chicken broth with three tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter cooked together. Cover with a rich crust, leaving plenty of vent for the steam to escape while cooking. A short time before the pie is served pour into it a half-cupful or more of sweet cream, or lacking that, beat an egg into a half-cupful of milk to add richness to the gravy.

> Who has not wanted, does not guess
> What plenty is—who has not groped
> In depths of doubt and hopelessness,
> Has never truly hoped.
> —Riley.

WHOLESOME BREADS CONTAINING NO WHEAT.

Rice and various breakfast cereals may be used in griddle cakes and gems, thus taking the place of flour and making a most appetizing and nutritious bread.

Oat Crackers.—Take two cupfuls of rolled oats, a fourth of a cupful each of molasses and milk, 1½ tablespoonfuls of fat, a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of salt; mix well and roll out in a sheet, then cut in squares. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven. This makes three dozen crackers.

Cornmeal mush cooked a long time then molded can be sliced and fried for breakfast. The addition of chopped nuts, cheese or finely minced meat of various kinds may be used in the mush.

Baked Oatmeal and Nuts.—Take two cupfuls of cooked oatmeal, a cupful of crushed peanuts, a half cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and 2½ teaspoonfuls of salt; mix together and bake in a greased pan for 15 minutes. This serves five people.

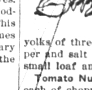
Cornmeal Patties.—Scald a pint of cornmeal with a cupful of boiling water, rub in a tablespoonful each of vegetable oil or a teaspoonful of fat and salt, two beaten eggs and a half cupful of skimmed milk. Drop from a spoon on greased tins. Bake until brown, serve hot. Nice with gravy to take the place of Yorkshire pudding.

Corn flour used as any other flour with egg and milk, makes fine griddle cakes.

> If you were busy being kind
> Before you knew it you would find
> You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
> That some one was unkind to you.
> —Rebecca Foresman.

GOOD MEAT SUBSTITUTES.

The following are well-tried recipes gathered from many sources, which will be found worth while:



Pecan Loaf.—Three cupfuls of boiled rice, one cupful each of cracker crumbs and chopped pecans, one-half cupful of skim milk, the yolks of three eggs, grated onion, pepper and salt for seasoning. Mold in a small loaf and bake.

Tomato Nut Loaf.—Take one cupful each of chopped nut meat, cooked rice and tomato pulp, one egg, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, a half teaspoonful of pepper and a teaspoonful of chopped onion. Mix the ingredients, adding celery salt, or sage if desired. Shape into a loaf and bake 30 minutes.

Gnocchi.—Into one-fourth cupful of vegetable fat stir one-fourth cupful each of cornmeal and cornstarch, add a half teaspoonful of salt, and gradually two cupfuls of scalded milk, stir constantly. Cook for three minutes, then cool slightly and add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and one-fourth of a cupful of grated cheese. Then add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Put into a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with one-half cupful of grated cheese over the top. Bake carefully in a hot oven for 30 minutes.

Fish Loaf.—Take one cupful each of salmon, bread crumbs and hot milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper and two eggs. Rub the fish fine with a potato masher, add the milk to the crumbs and melted fat, and seasonings, then combine with the fish. Add the well-beaten eggs, put in a greased baking dish and bake or steam. Serve with a white sauce with the salmon liquor added to it if liked. Tomato sauce is also good served with this loaf. Peas in a sauce poured around the loaf are an addition which will add to the food value of the dish.

Nellie Maxwell

Placing Oysters in Salt Lake.

Plans have been made to begin the propagation of oysters in Bear River bay, Salt lake, Utah, this spring. Experiments and scientific study of conditions have indicated, to the satisfaction of the state fish and game commissioner, that the enterprise is a thoroughly feasible one. Analysis has shown that the percentage of salt in the water is practically the same as in ocean oyster beds.

She Sat Apart.

We were talking across the aisle. Presently the girl who sat alone leaned over and said: "You and the lady take this seat. I'm not together."—Chicago Tribune.

Tipped Off.

Mrs. Gnaggs—"If I had known what a fool you were I never should have married you." Mr. Gnaggs — "You might have guessed it when I proposed to you."—Judge.

Good Reason to Be Quiet.

One day the children were romping noisily about the room, while Mildred sat all alone, unusually and unaccountably quiet. Said grandma, "You are a lot of naughty, naughty children, every single one of you, excepting Mildred. I must say," smiling approvingly at her, "Mildred is sitting there very nicely and quietly." "Well," unexpectedly roared Mildred, "I guess they'd sit here very nicely and quietly, too, if they had a great big nail in their shoe like I has!"

Bluffing.

A uniformed Y. M. C. A. secretary, returning to a National army camp late one night, discovered that he had forgotten his pass. Upon nearing the guard, he determined to run a bluff, if possible. As the guard commanded him to halt, he marched straight up to the sentinel and asked in a threatening tone: "Since when has a private the right to question an officer? Come to present arms immediately." Without a word the guard saluted and the secretary strode into the camp.