

eggs should ever boil, otherwise you will have a curdle instead of a cream.

Make dish cloths of glass toweling or thin, coarse muslin. Always wash your dish towels out in water containing a very small amount of baking soda, and hang in the sun, or dry with heat. Do not allow any cloth used about dishes or cooking vessels to lie about in a wad, wet with dish water.

Rub out your family or kitchen wash basin every day with a cloth, or paper, slightly wet with coal oil. Whatever else you neglect, do not neglect your towels, or kitchen cloths. Keep them perfectly clean and sweet with soap, water and sunshine. It saves doctor bills.

Do not despise the "small things" which conduce to sanitation. A box of powdered borax is a good thing to have in the house. The sink and drains should be well and often sprinkled with a solution of copperas or carbolic acid, and a good disinfectant should be frequently employed in hot weather.

All beds and bedding are the better for a frequent airing out doors. Shake or beat the mattress well and spread the bed clothing out so that every part may have the fresh air. There is nothing more desirable than a clean, sweet smelling bed.

Do not shut the sunshine out of your homes. It is your best friend. At all times should there be pure air in the bed rooms; let in the sunshine by day, and the pure air by night. A person accustomed to sleeping in a room with open windows cannot endure a close, shut atmosphere at night. Get all the fresh, pure air possible.

"Sun" everything you can, as the sun is our greatest disinfectant.

Beautiful Robes.


Once, in the long ago, when I was but a little, wondering child, I looked down into a tiny coffin, in which lay the still body of a little dead playmate. The parents were poor in purse, and there was no costly shrouding of the little form. It lay dressed in the little, light-colored calico dress in which we had so often seen him, with a few white flowers scattered about his face.

I remember I looked with a feeling of pain at the garment, and when I turned away from the coffin, it was with a feeling of gladness that he was so young—he was not old enough to feel ashamed of his clothes when the glittering angels came to carry him home to God.

I had heard of "beautiful robes," of the "garments of salvation," and of the robes that were to be "washed whiter than snow," and I had a vague idea that the angels were always clad in some spotless, glittering, diaphanous stuffs that were brighter than the sunshine; and one day I had heard a poor mother telling her friend, between sobs, that she had bought the finest goods she could get for her child's shroud, so that when the little body rose at God's call, it should not

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feel poorly clad among the angels it associated with.

That was such a long while ago! Since then I have looked down into many a coffin; I have laid away loved ones of my own, and still others as dear have fallen upon life's battlefield, far from home, and other hands have laid their bodies away in the awed stillness of death. The poor perishing forms were more often than not clothed in the ordinary garments of every-day fashion, but rarely were they white.

And I have not regretted it. I have learned that the "beautiful robes" in which the angels walk are not such as are fashioned by human hands; are not made of cloths of earthly texture, and that the poor trappings that wrap our dead are left, with the perished form, in the tomb when the angels come to roll away the stone.

I have learned, too, that, day by day, we are weaving the garments that shall not wax old, in the life beyond the coffin lid. Hour by hour, thread by thread, we are storing the "fine linen," and stitch by stitch we are setting the pearls upon the pattern. Thought by thought, act by act, the cloth is being woven, the pattern unfolded, and it is only when we, too, are laid away to rest that our robes—white or spotted—shall be fashioned and finished for the "washing" that shall make them whiter than the snow.

A loving touch here, a word of tenderness there, a look of kindly sympathy, a sacrifice of self for another; a little shifting of the burden, a little lightening of the load, a little sunshine let into a shadowed life, a cloud of sorrow comforted away, a cruel thorn gathered out of the tangled pathway, a few rose leaves scattered over the bare rocks of affliction; a cheering away of petty trials, a patient pointing out of the higher pathway, a gentle smoothing away of the

wrinkles of care, a strengthening of the feeble knees, a morsel of bread for the lips that famish, a cup of water for the parched tongue, a little kindness done, and a comforting word or helpful act—these are some of the threads, some of the pearls that we may gather in this life, and of these are woven the tissue that make for our freed souls the garments, whiter than snow "that shall shine, even among the glorious band in the gardens of God." We shall no more remember the pain of the gathering, the toil of the years left behind us. In the glory of God's smile, we shall "stand before the king," and we shall not be ashamed.

Some Delicious Hot Weather Desserts.

Spanish Cream.—Beat the yolks of three eggs and six tablespoonfuls of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, stirring it in well; dissolve a half a box of gelatin in a pint of hot milk. Stir in the eggs slowly and leave on the stove until it begins to thicken; remove, and stir in lightly the well-beaten whites and a half spoonful of vanilla. Pour into molds and set on ice. Serve with sugar and cream.

Fruit Cream.—Prepare any berries; rub through a sieve, add a cupful of powdered sugar, a pint of whipped cream and an ounce of gelatin dissolved in a little hot water (it will dissolve in cold milk or water, but takes longer time). Pour the fruit cream into oiled moulds.

Snow Pyramid.—Beat to a stiff foam the whites of four eggs; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a half teacup of guava or white currant jelly and whip all together again. Just before serving, pour rich cream into the required number of saucers and drop a spoonful of the beaten egg in the shape of a pyramid in each saucer.

Peaches a la Creme.—Select ripe peaches of uniform size and not over-ripe; peel, quarter; beat the yolks of three eggs, add a cupful of granulated sugar and two cupfuls of rich

milk, pouring into a pudding dish. Drop the peaches into this carefully, set the dish into a pan half full of boiling water in the oven. When the custard is nearly firm, add beaten whites, sweetened with a little sugar, and brown slightly.

Fresh apricots and peaches served together with sugar and cream are delicious.

Fruit Charlotte.—Place alternate layers of sponge cake and berries in a fruit dish, sprinkling sugar over the berries. Pour over the whole a nice custard. Frost the top.

Fruit Tapioca.—Soak half a cupful of tapioca or sago in cold water for three hours. Cook in the same water until transparent, sweeten and stir in a cupful of berries, or other soft fruit. Serve cold with cream. If preferred, the fruit may be omitted, and the plain tapioca served with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

For ice cream desserts, a simple and inexpensive way is to mix the ingredients of a rich custard, and flavor with vanilla, chocolate, banana, strawberry, or whatever else one may like in flavoring or fruit. Freeze and serve.

Water ices are simple and inexpensive. The foundation for all is a syrup made of four pounds of sugar to a quart of water; to this fruit juice is added, and sometimes the beaten whites of eggs.

Any and all desserts should be served as daintily as possible, and in as pretty and delicate dishes as one can afford.

Serve iced teas, iced chocolate, sherbets, and, in fact, all iced drinks in pretty glass or china ware, and do try to have the tea table as daintily pretty as you can make it. Do not have any warm coloring in anything. "Keep cool."

—H. W. McV.

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