

THE STORY TELLER

DOBSON'S MILKMAID

By EARNEST M'CAFFEY

(Copyright, 1911, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

FRANK DOBSON was stopping on the Flambeau river at French Pierre's. He was there for the bass fishing, and had been having good sport. The small-mouths were biting freely and he had taken the canoe and a guide down the river that morning early to reach some water where the guide promised some big fellows. At a bend in the stream the guide paddled in closer to shore and pointed to a strip of smooth water below a stretch of swift-flowing riffles. "We'll get some of 'em right there," he said, pointing to the place. A big rock jutting out of the water was reached and the guide held the boat up to a rift in the rock while Dobson hooked on a minnow and cast out into the still water. A "strike" followed almost immediately, the bass running far out and down stream and then, darting swiftly back, left the water and showed above the surface, bright in the morning light. The angler kept a taut line on the fish, however, and met all of his rushes with the steady skill that spoke of long practice at the art. Fish after fish was brought to the landing net until the canoe held nine good-sized bass.



"I WOULD GIVE A DOLLAR FOR A DRINK OF MILK RIGHT NOW."

Then Dobson cried quits and the canoe was turned in to the shore and in a few minutes the two men were stretched on the bank enjoying their pipes. The guide, who had been up nearly all night before at a dance, announced his intention of taking a nap before they cooked dinner, and Dobson, taking a light 22-caliber rifle which they had brought along, sauntered down the river, promising to be back in an hour or so. He turned another bend in the river and left the guide stretched out and already sleeping, so complete was his exhaustion from the festivities of the previous night.

After walking for a mile or so down stream Dobson came to where a lodge had been built a little ways back from shore. It was a picturesque log affair and he was much interested in its cozy appearance until aroused from his conjectures by another picture even more pleasing, almost at his elbow. A sleek Jersey cow munching something from a wooden bucket was the first thing he noticed; and then the prettiest girl he had ever seen, milking the cow, was the next and most important part of the picture. Dobson lifted his fore-and-aft cap profoundly. "I beg your pardon," he said, melodiously, "is this Jackson's cottage?" The girl scanned him critically as she said, "this is Meredith's place." "Oh, yes, Meredith's," replied Dobson amiably. "I knew it belonged to someone and Jackson was the first name that came into my head." The young lady smiled at his impudence and was about to turn to her milking when Dobson said, humbly: "I certainly don't wish to appear importunate, but how on earth did this Jersey cow happen to be introduced into this landscape? Why this elaborate cottage and such a milkmaid? Why it's like a comic opera scene and I would give a dollar for a drink of milk right now."

The young lady looked at him again very sharply and then said: "I see by the scar on your right cheek that you are Frank Dobson."

Dobson's hand instinctively went up to his face. It was an old scar and a deep one. He had fallen from a tree when he was a boy and the mark had staid with him.

He bowed and said: "You are acquainted with some of my friends, that is my name."

"Yes," replied the distracting milkmaid, calmly, "she said I might meet a man up here with a scar on his cheek who would not be backward in conversation."

Dobson felt the rebuke. "I acknowledge the description," he said, "but the trees and the river are singularly reticent," and as the milkmaid smiled again he said: "I am a rustic lad myself, will you not let me finish the milking?"

How he thanked his lucky stars that he could milk a cow. It wasn't a very polite accomplishment, but he was glad that he was an expert at it. The milking was soon finished, as he applied himself exclusively to it without attempting to carry on any conversation while it lasted.

At the end of his task the girl remarked: "You may as well bring it up to the house. There is a dipper there and you can have a dipperful for your labor." Dobson dutifully picked up the bucket and the stool and followed on to the lodge. Arriving there he was ushered in and the milkmaid disappeared. In a few minutes she returned and brought with her two persons. One was a man who grabbed Dobson by the hand with a "Hello, Frank, old man, didn't expect to see me here, did you?" It was his friend Meredith Bond. His wife, who had been a chum of Dobson's sister, was the "she" of whom the milkmaid had spoken a few minutes before. The milkmaid herself was Miss Mildred Wyatt, quite the most fetching dream of femininity that the young man had ever seen.

Bond immediately insisted on Dobson's changing his quarters from French Pierre's to the lodge, and Dobson tramped back to the canoe and fixed it up with the guide. He astonished that party with a most liberal tip and brought the bass back to the lodge. The guide went back for his traps and in another day he was safely housed at Meredith's.

But the fishing languished. Bond, who was a keen fisherman, complained to his wife that Frank was neglecting the sport. His wife, aware of the attraction, simply smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Dobson and the milkmaid took long walks together and at night she sat at the piano and played to his singing. He had a very rich baritone voice and it was pleasant there in the twilight to listen to their music. At times he took her on the river and taught her to "cast" for bass, and amused her by naming the birds and trees for her and teaching her some of the wonderful lore of nature. It was getting to be a very serious matter. Mrs. Bond took Mildred to task about it one morning.

"Look here, Mildred," said her friend, "this must not go on any longer. The man is desperately in love with you. It was always said that Frank Dobson would never fall in love, but I know what he means, and it isn't fair to let him go on in this way. I really am sorry for him. He doesn't know that you are engaged and every day only makes matters worse." The milkmaid smiled encouragingly. "If it is as bad as that I will tell him some day about my engagement," was her reply. "Besides, he may only be amusing himself with a backwoods idyl."

"You ought not to say that, Mildred," was Mrs. Bond's answer. "He is a good fellow, and Bob's friend as well as mine."

The next day the sun shone down gloriously on the glittering Flambeau. A kingfisher scalloped along the river with his harsh, challenging cry, and overhead, far up, an eagle sailed. The splash of a leaping fish here and there scattered a spray of silver beads on the surface of the water, and a few faint clouds swung low on the far off horizon.

Dobson and the milkmaid were seated on the bank of the stream and engaged in earnest conversation. He had told her that she was the one woman in the world and she had informed him that she was already the wife-to-be of another man. The deep scar on his right cheek turned white.

"Well, in that case," he said, "of course the other fellow isn't here to make his talk, and I haven't got a word to say." "But, why don't you reproach me for not telling you of this before?" the girl said. "Reproach you," was the man's reply. "Why, I wouldn't have missed the privilege of loving you for 20 years out of my life."

She put her hand tenderly on his scarred face. "I love you," she stammered. "I—I am going to break my engagement. He is old enough to be my father. It was an idea of loyalty to my father. I am going to be loyal to you; to myself."

And that is how it came to be heralded abroad that Dobson, the gay, the dandy, the handsome, the cultured and fastidious, had married a milkmaid.

SORROW AND SUSPICION.

Grief of the Mourner and the Disfranchising Views of People Regarding It.

"Thank you!" said the shabby little woman, tremulously, as she received back her old bonnet with a knot of black ribbon replacing its antique red flower. "It's real kind of you, Miss Aylin; real kind! I suppose I'd ought to have thought of it myself, but I didn't; that's all. There wasn't any room in my mind for clothes, somehow. Sister Ellen and I never cared much for outward marks of mourning, anyway. Ellen used to say she'd plenty of pity for folks that were bearing grief, but they weren't always the same folks that were wearing it. But I don't feel like flaunting gay colors, the Lord knows; and I don't want to show any disrespect—" she choked, and then added: "I suppose folks have been saying I'm heartless, but I just forgot. I've been missing Ellen so!"

Yet there had indeed been some reckless tongues to call heartless her piteous forgetfulness. Tongues of the same kind dropped gall in the sympathy they expressed for another bereaved woman!

"Poor thing! I'm sorry for her. But did you know she attended the sewing-circle three days after the funeral? Of course she must have been fond of her daughter—but it was certainly strange."

It was strange, as it is strange that a man mortally hurt sometimes keeps on with his task of the moment, mechanically, till he drops. Under the shock of a great wound of the spirit, the poor mother, half-stunned, had gone, unthinking and uncaring, with her round of life in its usual order, of which the weekly sewing-circle was a part.

The grief of the mourner, when it is accepted as genuine, draws genuine sympathy from all but a scant few of the worst of us. But there are many, neither best, nor worst, nor even bad, who allow themselves to suspect a grief not borne as they would bear it.

If a person observes prescribed etiquette minutely in dress and demeanor, there are those to whisper "affectation" or "exaggeration"; if one seeks, earlier than strict convention decrees, the needed relief of company or music, there are others to breathe of unseemly haste to forget; if one of that impulsive but often most loving nature which is all ups and downs and sudden transitions is seen for a moment chatting and laughing after recent affliction, some accusing voice will murmur "shallow" or "frivolous."

It is the fact that despite the rules and conventions which hedge the period of mourning, people remain as different in sorrow as we freely admit them to be in joy. No truly sweet and helpful sympathy will be soured or withdrawn because of such differences. That is a poor kind of pity whose soulmate is suspicion.

HORSE KNEW THE PATRONS.

When the Milkman Was Disabled, His Faithful Steed Attended to Business.

"The dairyman's horse learns a few things as he goes on his daily round," said a man who lives up town, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and I had occasion to observe this fact recently. It came about in a very pathetic way. For many years I have been patronizing one milkman, and for the past several years he has been driving an old frame of a horse. The animal was not very fast, but he was faithful. One day not long ago the old milkman was suddenly stricken with paralysis while making his round, or just as he had completed it. At any rate, he was in his wagon and was so violently afflicted that he could not move, could not do anything for himself.

"The horse seemed to understand the situation, so he pulled the wagon home with his master in it. I did not know about this until several days after it happened. I missed my milkman for several days, and did not understand why it was. I thought probably the old fellow was sick, or that something had happened to him. In a few days a strange milkman stopped in front of my house. He came in and asked if the old man—milk at my place. I told him that he had, and inquired what was the matter with the old fellow. Then he told me the old dairyman had been stricken with paralysis, and was in a desperate condition.

"We have a number of customers," he said, half apologetically, "having your name, and I was not certain about your place. But, you see, this old horse here has been our main reliance. He knows the route pretty well, and when he stopped in front of your house I thought you must be one of the old man's customers, too. That old horse is not very good looking, but he has a head full of sense, and the new milkman walked away with a show of much pride. Horses are close observers, and learn rapidly sometimes."

Green Peas is a Provincial.

Wash four large heads of cabbage lettuce and tie each one in a piece of netting; parboil in soup broth, then remove the centers of the lettuce and fill with fresh green peas, a little chopped green onion and tiny ball of butter rolled in flour. Tie up again to keep shape, place in a steppan and cover with two cups of clear stock. Cook slowly for half an hour. Remove from the netting, arrange each head on a round of toast; season the stock and thicken with two beaten eggs; when ready pour around the toast and serve very hot.—Washington Star.

POULTRY AND BEES

RHODE ISLAND REDS.

As Layers of Dark Brown Eggs, Winter and Summer, This Breed Has No Superior.

The Rhode Island Red is a rich, brilliant red, as deep in shade as may be gotten by keeping out the smut in undercolor, and specimen feathers on my desk from birds that have won prizes at our largest shows indicate that a very rich red may be attained with clear red under-color. Of course, such birds are rare and extremely high-priced and are no more useful than the common ones on the farm, where the rich, red surface color is about all that is ever considered.

As layers of dark brown eggs, winter and summer, the Reds are peerless. This has been proved by the testimony of every one who has ever bred them. Whether or not the change to a heavier standard of weight, which now reads 8½ pounds for cock and 6½ pounds for hens, will affect the laying qualities remains to be seen. The testimony of my customers from east to west favors the small, active type as the best layers, but my own experience does not coincide with theirs, as I find the large hens on the nest fully as often as the smaller ones.



KING CARDINAL, JR. (Typical Ideal Form of Rhode Island Red.)

ter and summer, the Reds are peerless. This has been proved by the testimony of every one who has ever bred them. Whether or not the change to a heavier standard of weight, which now reads 8½ pounds for cock and 6½ pounds for hens, will affect the laying qualities remains to be seen. The testimony of my customers from east to west favors the small, active type as the best layers, but my own experience does not coincide with theirs, as I find the large hens on the nest fully as often as the smaller ones.

For dressed fowls I want to say that the local butcher has no eye for beauty of plumage, but actually pays me two cents per pound more for the culls I kill than he pays for common kinds. I asked him why he did so. The answer was: "Plumper, more meat, less bone, nice yellow legs and skin, medium size (three to five pounds). There is the argument in dollars and cents.—Ohio Farmer.

FEEDING FOR COLOR.

It Can Be Done at Small Expense and Without Injuring the Health of the Chickens.

Assuming that the chickens which it is intended to feed for color are the product of well-colored stock birds, there is no reason why their color should not be intensified by direct feeding as canaries are fed; but this must be done more with a view to supplementing the tendency to sound color, than to altering it materially. It is not much use attempting to color feed an adult bird—the experiment must be tried upon chickens, and they must be color fed from the shell. The proper principle to follow is to supply a little color food regularly—a small quantity given in a systematic way, but not spasmodic dosing on a large scale. If the birds be accustomed to it from hatching time upwards, and then when passing through their first or chicken moult they be given a rather more liberal supply, that is all that can be done. After the moult the color, of course, will be determined, and one cannot alter the color of feathers which have already developed—one can only do that during the process of development. When the moult is finished, therefore, and the color is fixed for the time being, the color food may be almost entirely discontinued; but it should not be altogether given up, because fowls are constantly losing feathers, and if the effect of this feather food upon the system be not maintained, by constantly giving small doses of it, there is a possibility that any feathers which may be lost will be replaced by those of a different color. The effect of the color food, therefore, must not be allowed to entirely lapse from the blood. The expense of keeping up color feeding on a limited scale like this is not great, and so it is within reason to do so.—Poultry.

POULTRY PARAGRAPHS.

If your fowls are kept in pens do not forget to give them some sort of green feed every day.

Green onion tops and surplus lettuce make good feed for young chicks that are kept confined.

There is no such thing as bad luck in poultry breeding. It is plain neglect and mismanagement.

Size has nothing to do with merit. This is decided by the amount of profit from a given quantity of feed.

Don't lose sight of the fact that the highest priced fancy fowls are of those varieties that are most valuable for market purposes.

Those who have bantams or want to raise them will find their best birds for the shows of next winter among June and July hatches.

The poultry breeder who does not live up to his advertising should be driven out of the business. There are still a few of them left.

He who has not time enough to give his poultry good care is too busy to make money from keeping it and would better sell at once.—Commercial Poultry.

Buying Diseased Fowls.

Disease is often brought upon the farm by the introduction of fowls from other places. Too much care cannot be exercised in procuring additional stock. The main object should be to notice whether they are healthy. A healthy fowl always has a bright scarlet comb, and this is particularly so with laying pullets or hens. The plumage should be new, which indicates that they have been molted and will soon begin to lay; but if the plumage is smoky, with straggling feathers that pull out very easily, the fowls will have to pass through the molting period, and may not lay for three months.—Farm and Fireside.

Reign of New Queen.

Where queens begin to fall through age, or from injury, the bees will usually start the building of cells before they give out entirely. Of course, it may sometimes happen that before such cell-building begins, the old queen may die. In that event, so long as there is larvae old enough, cells will surely be raised. If they raise cells before she falls, and a young queen is hatched out, the two may be allowed to exist in the hive side by side without interference. But this is the exception. As soon as the young queen appears on the scene the old one as a rule steps down and out. Whether mortal combat takes place, resulting in a victory for the young and strong, or whether the bees themselves take matters into their hands and kill the old queen, I cannot say.—Bee Gleanings.

The comb is the best indicator of the health of a hen. As long as it is bright red the hen is all right.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE.

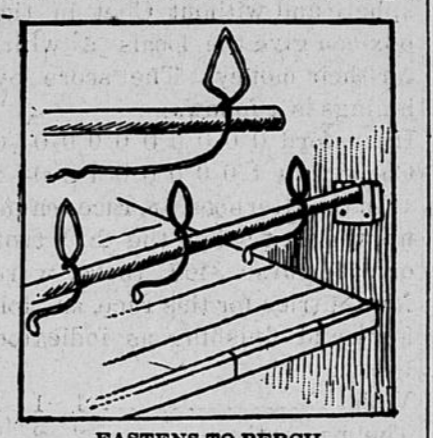
When Shielded from Cold or Sweeping Winds It is the Best Location for Poultry Houses.

All localities are not adapted for poultry, says a writer in Country Gentleman. The land should be high and of a sandy nature, so that water or damp or retentive soil, and they will naturally shielded from cold or sweeping winds. Poultry will not thrive on damp or retentive soil, and they will not remain outside unless protected from high winds. Poultry houses need not be of any particular kind. Give them quarters that are not too high, having south windows in about the proportion found in good dwellings—the floor to be of sand or other loose soil, the surface of the floor to be higher than the surrounding land; the roosts to be at least two inches wide and placed about 18 inches above the dropping boards. Doors and windows should be placed on one side only, so that there will be no draft in summer or winter. Ventilation is not necessary. Keep the dropping boards clean, and use the door or windows for ventilation, just as you do in your dwelling. Poultry houses that are lathed and plastered are easily kept clean, and are free from condensation—the same result can be had by nailing poultry wire on the inside of the studding and under the rafters, filling the space between the outside sheathing and the wire netting with dry straw. This straw filler makes a very dry and warm house. If the poultry house is large enough, you will need no other or better scratching shed, but always keep the floor littered. One foot of oat straw makes a good, clean and easily worked litter.

POULTRY HOUSE DEVICE.

Clever Little Invention, Recently Patented, Is Calculated to Prevent Crowding and Vermin.

The illustration shows a novelty which will recommend itself to the poultry keeper for two reasons. First, because it will prevent the fowls from crowding each other on the roosts; and, second, because of the provision it makes for bringing a vermin destroyer within close proximity to the fowl while roosting without the latter touching it. These devices can be brought into use in connection with the roosting poles already in position in the henhouse, and consequently there is no expense for changing the roosts. The invention is a simple



FASTENS TO PERCH.

one, consisting of a single piece of wire which is formed into a loop near one end, with the shorter end formed into a screw to aid in inserting it in the wooden roost. The longer end is not bent to its final position until after the screw is inserted into the wood, when the loose end is twisted into the location shown below the roost. It is an easy matter to attach a small rag or piece of sponge to the depending end with any liquid vermicide, and the vaporizing of this liquid will serve not only to keep the vermin from crawling over the roosts, but drive the lice from the bodies of the fowls, as the odor will permeate the feathers when the birds are on the roosts at night.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

POULTRY PARAGRAPHS.

If your fowls are kept in pens do not forget to give them some sort of green feed every day.

Green onion tops and surplus lettuce make good feed for young chicks that are kept confined.

There is no such thing as bad luck in poultry breeding. It is plain neglect and mismanagement.

Size has nothing to do with merit. This is decided by the amount of profit from a given quantity of feed.

Don't lose sight of the fact that the highest priced fancy fowls are of those varieties that are most valuable for market purposes.

Those who have bantams or want to raise them will find their best birds for the shows of next winter among June and July hatches.

The poultry breeder who does not live up to his advertising should be driven out of the business. There are still a few of them left.

He who has not time enough to give his poultry good care is too busy to make money from keeping it and would better sell at once.—Commercial Poultry.

Buying Diseased Fowls.

Disease is often brought upon the farm by the introduction of fowls from other places. Too much care cannot be exercised in procuring additional stock. The main object should be to notice whether they are healthy. A healthy fowl always has a bright scarlet comb, and this is particularly so with laying pullets or hens. The plumage should be new, which indicates that they have been molted and will soon begin to lay; but if the plumage is smoky, with straggling feathers that pull out very easily, the fowls will have to pass through the molting period, and may not lay for three months.—Farm and Fireside.

For Aged People.

Bellflower, Mo., July 6th.—Mr. G. V. Bohrer, of this place, has written an open letter to the old men and women of the country, advising them to use Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for those forms of kidney trouble so common among the aged. Mr. Bohrer says: "I suffered myself for years with my kidneys and urinary organs. I was obliged to get up as many as seven or eight times during the night. I tried many things with no success, till I saw one of Dodd's Almanacs, and read of what Dodd's Kidney Pills were doing for old people. I bought two boxes from one drug-gist, and began to use them at once. In a very short time I was well. This is over a year ago, and my trouble has not returned, so that I know my cure was a good, genuine, permanent one. I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills are a splendid medicine for old people or anyone suffering with kidney and urinary troubles, for although I am 84 years of age, they have made me well."

The more conspicuously the jewel of constancy is worn the more likely it is to be paste.—Indianapolis News.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Some things seem easy till you try to do them.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c

If a man is old, don't call him "old man."—Atchison Globe.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound. While others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 235 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$5000 Profit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

CUTICURA OINTMENT

Purest of Emollients and Greatest of Skin Cures.

The Most Wonderful Curative of All Time

For Torturing, Disfiguring Skin Humours

And Purest and Sweetest of Toilet Emollients.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humours of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases, by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humours, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing and healing the most distressing of infantile humours, and preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Cuticura Ointment possesses, at the same time, the charm of satisfying the simple wants of the toilet, in caring for the skin, scalp, hair, hands and feet, from infancy to age, far more effectively, agreeably and economically than the most expensive of toilet emollients. Its "Instant relief for skin-tortured babies," or "Sanative, antiseptic cleansing," or "One-night treatment of the hands or feet," or "Single treatment of the hair," or "Use after athletics," cycling, golf, tennis, riding, sparring, or any sport, each in connection with the use of Cuticura Soap, is sufficient evidence of this.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, 60 Cent. Form of Cuticura Ointment, 25c. per box of 60. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 60. Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle of 60. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 60. Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle of 60. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 60. Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle of 60. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 60.

SUMMER'S INTERPRETER.

Deep in the fragrant woods I heard
The summer sing to me,
And all the grove's green heart was stirred,
With haunting melody.

So near she seemed I almost thought
To see her face and press
The lyric lips whose singing brought
The hour such happiness.

With joy the branches lightly shook
Their leaves to hear her voice;
Her music echoed in the brook
And made the grass rejoice;

It thrilled the golden air around,
Its rapture moved the bees,
Whom hum is heat turned into sound,
High in their honey trees.

But not until there fell a hush
Did I the secret know—
'Twas her interpreter, the thrush,
That sang for summer so.

Across the world a liquid note
Its exquisite and clear—
All summer in the thrush's throat!
The sweetest of the year!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in "Youth's Companion."

The number of persons in the penitentiaries of Iowa per 1,000 population has doubled in 14 years.

MORE WATER FOR WEST POINT

Visiting Board Has Object Lesson and Will Recommend Larger Appropriation.

The board of visitors to West Point were at the military academy at the time of the extensive drought in May, and had an object lesson regarding the water supply of the academy. The result is that, in addition to the \$100,000 which was appropriated for increasing the water facilities, a much larger appropriation has been recommended. It is proposed to acquire a tract of drainage land, which will be utilized to supply the reservoirs of the academy.

Waiting for Late's Depart.

Church—I see a woman in Elizabeth, N. J., waited for 50 years before suing her husband for a divorce.

Gotham—Well, why shouldn't people reserve some of the good things of this life till they are old?—Yonkers Statesman.

GREEN PEAS IS A PROVINCIAL.

Wash four large heads of cabbage lettuce and tie each one in a piece of netting; parboil in soup broth, then remove the centers of the lettuce and fill with fresh green peas, a little chopped green onion and tiny ball of butter rolled in flour. Tie up again to keep shape, place in a steppan and cover with two cups of clear stock. Cook slowly for half an hour. Remove from the netting, arrange each head on a round of toast; season the stock and thicken with two beaten eggs; when ready pour around the toast and serve very hot.—Washington Star.