"She must be in a low state of health indeed, to shed tears like that for nothing at all," I said to myself, going out to my fearful presentiment, exclaimed-

But the explanation did not satisfy me. my memory all day, while a conviction ready to rivet, tube, valves-all." grew that they had not been shed for nothing at all.

Hebe was quite herself again at dinnertime. She was bright and cheerful all the I'm sure of that." evening. It was I who had to exert myself to appear at my ease.

ridiculous after shaking hands in the morn- it." ing to part at night as if we had fallen out

hand.

"Good-night, Gregory," she replied looking straight into my face, and disregarding she uttered that word "blacksmith"—the hair in the sun. my offered hand.

myself, when she was gone. "I must think clear, dark eyes, in the dark curve of her it out like a mechanical problem, or there'll bent brows. I smiled partly with amuse- in your face," I continued, catching the strength is needed, and punching out cerbe no going to sleep to night."

I sat down with my elbows on the table, and my face in my hands, glaring at the pattern on the lamp-just as my habit was when some plan of communicated motion was in question.

"When I offered my hand this morning, thought I, "and said I hoped she felt better or something of that kind, she gave me hers, and clasped mine tight. Her soft fingers quite clung to my hand. I can almost feel that clasp now; and she looked as if she could hug me. Then she was as pleased as pleased as a child about the pictures; said they reminded her of the morning when I brought her the flowers: that was a happy day for her. Suddenly, in the midst of her pleasure, she asks why I had brought her the books, and when I let out the truth she begins to cry. What next? I as good as offered to let her go to her children and she refused, saying that her place was here while there was any hope of finding her husband. After that she goes on in the old way, just as if nothing had happened, until now, when she declines to accept my hand, and says, 'Good-night, Gregory,' with the air of a princess. Oh, she saw my hand clearly enough. It was not without a purpose that she refused it. There was a heap of meaning in that wonderful face of hers! She put a stress upon 'Gregory.' These are the facts; now what do they signify?"

The ideas simmered awhile in my mind, and settling down left the extract clear enough.

"Good Lord!" I gasped; "she knows that I am her husband!'

I might have found this out a month before if I had given myself the trouble to think about it.

With this key I found an explanation of all that had puzzled me Litherto.

"She knows I am her husband," I conprepared to acknowledge me when I attain from my arm. to that standard which shall entitle me to such a wife. Well, that's pretty good, too, find myself about to be playful. considering what sort of a wife she's been to me. However, I am content to let bygones be bygones; though its pretty cool of | would forget all about you as the mason her to take it as right. If she wants to did." wipe out old scores and start afresh, I'm willing. It's the best thing we can do perhaps, to ignore the past. It's the present to the angle of her ear, where a silky little we have to make the best of. It's clear that she expects me to have a certain shook her head. amount of affection for her. She is not content with a neutral condition in which there is neither love nor hate. She hopes to revive in my heart a feeling of disinterested love; that explains her submission, her patience, her untiring efforts to make my life better and happier. When I brought her those flowers, she thought my heart was touched; when I showed her that I had no heart to touch, her courage failed, but her hope was not quite dead. It revived this morning when I gave her my hand. It languished again when she learnt that I was concerned for myself and not for her. That's it; when I love her she will acknowledge me as her husband. Until then I am to be nothing but Gregory. She is ready to throw herself into the arms of the one; she refuses her hand to the other. And yet she stoops without hesitation to do the work of a domestic servant. That's something like

I could not see any advantage to be gained | mind. by that. It would simply precipitate the "I'll think about it," said I, rising. catastrophe I wished to avoid. All I "Perhaps I'll get a lathe." wanted was that we should jog along amicevitable, and settle down, satisfied with a any stuff and nonsense of love. That seemed to me reasonable and right. Many mind, and a whole train of ideas, which when Hebe took a second piece of toast. couples after being married eleven years occupied my thoughts until Howler, barkand very few after such a term bother being put on the table. themselves or their husbands with sentimental rubbish. A man with the best disposition in the world can't give what he has not got; and examining my feelings I found none that could be called love, or anything like it.

I settled in the end that it would be best | ment were worthy of a princess. to let things take their course, and say nothing to disturb my wife; but, on the hand together." satisfied with her lot.

side the shed I had fitted up as a workshop, of the pot that was boiling over. doing nothing. Her exclamation of surprise at this unusual spectacle fell in cadence of anxiety as I raised my glocmy face.

· judgment even in those matters which were she drew a chair beside me, and asked what least within her grasp-like mechanics. it was I held so carefully in my hand. She was so clear sighted; so tolerant; so quick to perceive hopeful possibilities. I gave the bench a flick with my apron and made room for her.

"What has bappened?" she asked, lowly, sitting down beside me.

"Nothing. I can't get on, that's all." wooking into the workshop for an ex- I see now, It is beautiful."

planation, she fixed her eyes on the forge,

"Won't the anv:l work?" "That's all right."

She paused a moment, and then, with a "O, I forgot the rivets!"

"No, you didn't. They'r there. You I could not dismiss the subject from my put 'em down on the list all right. I've got thoughts. Those three tears kept fresh in everything. There's the copper cut out all "The water can't help coming up when

you turn out the lamp, can it?" "Oh, no. The thing is bound to act.

"Then why can't you get on?"

"I don't know. I've been growing slug-When the hour came to separate for the gish for the past fortnight—losing interest is the tiny ringlet at the naps of your with the shield cut to let in the looking the well trained amphibians formed in four night, I expected she would give me her in the thing; and just now, when I had my neck." hand after my advance in the morning; apron on, my sleeves tucked up, and all but she took the candle I had lit for her in ready to begin, a feeling of disgust for the her right hand, holding a book in her left. whole thing came over me that I hadn't "Well, one of us must," thought I; "it's | the strength to overcome. I can't explain

> "I can," she explained, with a flash of else. triumph in her eyes, and a smile mantling blacksmith; not for you!"

scorn in her delicate nostrils, on her curved "There's some meaning in this," I said to lip, its bloom beaded with moisture -in her from the same point of view. whole expression of her countenance relax- file. ed from severity to tender pride, another | She drew back with a little cry of delight thrilled in my veins; it may have been tion. nothing but gratified vanity.

a carpenter, and blacksmith—anything if | found a more eager listener. you can do nothing better; but look," she that a clever printer could perhaps do bet- out glorious.

"That is very good reasoning," said I. trespassing through the wet heather.

"Why shouldn't we?" she interrupted. regret. 'To save us so much inconvenience is worth a certain sum, and if a blacksmith will carry out your idea for that sum it is worth while giving it to a blacksmith to do. And surely we can afford it. There is all that money in my box we have got for the butter; and if that's not enough, there are my rings."

The shillings in that box were dear to her. In her mind, I believe, it represented subsistence for the future. Yet she was willing to give it all up for this pur- saidpose. I must have had a soul of adamant not to be touched by such self-sacrifice and de-

"That's true," said I. I'll give it to a blacksmith, I think. But I must do some-

"If there were no better occupation, do you think I should have suggested abantinued, following up my discovery," and is doning this?" she asked taking her hand

"No-unless-" I stopped, surprised to

"Unless what?" "Unless you thought that the blacksmith

folded on her knees, and I saw the color rise

curl strayed from her waved hair. She

"Well, what shall I do ?" I asked, after fering. He yawned as I passed, having not

nuickly, and spoke with animation. "That knowledge that it would please Hebe. is more than a common blacksmith can do. | Under these exceptional influences I put You have a head."

in working out some fine design-some work | twice as long as usual over her toilette,

trying to find. The old love of beauty had and seeing Howler lying on the rug been awakened in me through watching her. in the glow of the fire, his jaw on the It was that had made the hard lines of ground, his tail beating the floor, and the mechanics distasteful to me, and excited an | whites of his eyes showing as he looked toindefinite yearning which the compass and wards her, conscious that it was quite How would it be, I wondered if I threw | the rule failed to satisfy. Her suggestion | against ordinary rules for him to be there, off all disguise, and told her that I was not turned my thoughts at once to wood carv- and fearful of the consequences, she turned Gregory, but Kit Wyndham, her husband? ing, conveying the idea that was in her own to me and said-

rational state of companionship, without action of the shears in trimming the edge of ed to take his life. a sheet. That conveyed a new scheme to my

asked Hebe, as I entered. the first time I thought so.'

and mien as she acknowledged the compli- it fit so well without assistance. "I think I see my way to using head and anxiously.

contrary, to do all that I could to make her "Oh, I'm so glad. Tell me about it." lows the beautiful line from your neck per-She set down the loaf, and came eagerly to fectly."

One morning Hebe found me, seated out- my side as I seated myself, taking no notice I rose and took it off the fire, saying we would talk about it over dinner. But she tray the little curls that had moved me to would have it that the dinner would be admiration.

I was glad to see her; her very presence better for waiting till I had satisfied her was helpful. I had come to respect her curiosity, and then when I sat down again "They're copper shavings," said

"Look at them; aren't they beautiful?" "I daresay they are more beautiful to an artist's eye than they are to mine."

If you saw this long one mounted on a stem with a vine leaf beside it-" "That thread being the tendril. (h, yes,

whorl springing the reverse way with a con- to the idea I had conceived; and from first ventional flower bud projecting between-" to last Hebe never stirred a hand's breadth, "Yes, yes," she said eagerly; "I under- though I told her there was no necessity stand now. It never occurred to me what for maintaining a pose. She had a book beit was in a scroll that pleased me. Perhaps fore her which she pretended to be reading it was the conventional flower bud."

"Why should a flower bud please beyond everything else in nature.' "Does it ?"

"As a matter of fact I should say, no. But you see nothing but flowers and foliage | ments, she askedused in ornament-if you except an occasional bird's claw or beast's leg. I believe of models should be the human form."

Hebe, looking at me in something like awe, asked in her low, sweet voice-"What made you think of that?"

"It is beautiful any way you look at it," "So, as I said good-night, I held out my brightly in her face. "It's work for a I said, holding one of the shavings up in the the red copper," I cried. "I shall work light; "the surface is tarnished and dark, them together, and see what an admirable Oh, it was fine-the scorn in her voice as but the cut edge is bright, just like your effect is produced by cutting through the

ment, but more with admiration of that curve of her eyelash, the undulating line of tain parts in relief." face, which had never before seemed so her nose, the turn of her lips, the bold beautiful. Then as her brows rose, and the sweep of her chin as I glanced at her pro- tea?" she asked.

Then I laid out my design, which was begin. "A blacksmith is as respectable as a car- nothing more romantic or extraordinary penter or a mason," said I; "and you didn't | than to work up slips of metal into orna- to-night," she said with a sigh. find me too good to build the room over mental candelabra, flower holders, and the like; but had I been telling a wondrous laying a length of tube on the anvil and "It's good to do all that-to be a mason, fairy story to a child, I should not have | dinging away with my hammer.

said, laying her hands on my bare arm, I which it seemed she caught a glimpse of an excuse for leaving me. The sound of the think, involuntarily, "you wouldn't have a heaven; and though other rifts had closed hammer on the anvil must have been as hategreat man like Tennyson cease to form up, leaving nothing but a leaden, dreary ful to her ear as it was pleasant to mine. grand conceptions and put them into noble outlook, her hope revived with steadfast | She had reason to look with a jealous eye on and beautiful words, in order that he might | confidence in a future where every cloud | mechanics as a distraction dangerous to her make his poems up into books doing work | should be swept away, and her sun shine own influence. Nevertheless she came back

we forgot our dinner until it was spoilt; the dresser and arranged it so that I could But if we could get that water up without and then even she who had prepared it go on cutting out my "punches and things" could not find it in her heart to murmur a in the evening.

> CHAPTER XLII. THE SIMPLE FAITH OF WOMAN.

We were both prodigiously excited over

as impatient as I to make a beginning. I remember that the wind sprang up after dinner, bringing gusts of rain; the tors the living room, with its perfect neatness, were hidden in clouds, and it felt raw and

chilly outside. When I went in for the tered workshop, the rank odor of lead and third time to see if tea was ready, Hebe copper sickened me. It was a relief to go "We'll have to light the lamp for tea be-

"We'll have it to-day," said I; "it won'

matter how long the evenings are now." As soon as she had gone to her room to dress for the evening, I closed the shutters to shut out the gloomy sky. The rain relted viciously against the window, but the sound of it was drowned by the singing of the kettle on the stove. The light from the fire fell on the tea things and white cloth, and spread a glow over the room that aroused a feeling of satisfaction and comfort within me, which put my boasted state of passive content to shame. It looked so genial that I refrained from lighting She smiled and bent forward, her hands the lamp, that Hebe might share my pleasure. Going out for some fuel to stack under the stove for the evening, I caught sight of Howler standing at the end of his chain and shivering. He had been asleep "I don't fear that," she said. "You in his kennel all day, and seemed to have have never let me fetch the wood and water | come out for the express purpose of breaking the monotony with a little positive suf-

watching her sidelong in silent wonder a enough spirit left to growl. I unfastened the chain from his collar, not from any feel-"Invent! invent!" She raised her head | ing of pity or love for him, but with the on my Sunday clothes, after I had washed, "And hands as well-and they object to almost instinctively. Hebe also seemed to feel that this was an occasion for special "Then why shouldn't you employ them attention to her appearance, for she was

of art in which hand and head would work and came down in the new dress she had made for herself. She was delighted She struck the note I had in vain been with the cosy aspect of our room,

> "Oh, that is kind !" We determined to have tea in the fire-

light, and while the tea was drawing I made But going presently into the workshop to some toast. Howler turned over on his ably together, with the hope that in time put away the abandoned sheets of metal, back while I bent over him with the fork my wife would reconcile herself to the in- my eye was caught by a shining thread of in my hand, as if he had made up his mind else. copper, curled in a delicate spiral by the to die there without a growl if I were mind-

"That's better than quinine," I said "Do you know I only took two or three would be glad to be no worse off than that, ing a rhapsody, intimated that dinner was doses just at first," she said, "and I shall not need the rest? Oh!" she added, with "Have you been thinking about it ?" an outbreak of gratitude, "it's coming back

to me-my life and strength." "Yes. You were quite right. It isn't | When the lamp was lit I was struck by the prettiness and elegance of my wife's She had a loaf in her hands, but her look dress. It was a wonder how she had made

> "How is it in the back?" she asked, "There's not a crease anywhere. It fol-

She laughed, and bent down to turn up the lamp; then I noticed that, though her hair was freshly dressed, she had left as-

"What shall you begin with? she asked when I brought out my drawing board. "A mirror frame," said I. "A beautiful face ought to be seen in a handsome set-I. ting, and this shall be for you."

One would think I had been studying to come. compliments, but indeed every word came to me naturally, just as rhythmical words suggest themselves when the thought is poetical.

I drew first of all a rude outline, and then making Hebe sit opposite, I worked in I

Or if this whorl had another smaller the details, and elaborated them according at her ease; but not one page was turned. She was full of wonder and admiration when she saw the plan finished.

"That will be very beautiful," she said and then, after looking at it for some mo

"But where am I?"

"Why, everywhere! There's not a line new forms and finer combinations are to be that isn't a faithful copy of some curve in got by studying new models, and the model your figure and face-some fold in your

Then I pointed out to her one after another the particular turns I had used, to her still greater astonishment. I fancy she "Why, that little curl over your temple- had a notion that the design was to be an see, here it is in this thread; and that one effigy of herself in the position of Britannia,

Her cheek flushed and her eyes twinkled | The next morning I began to work ou -she was as prettily confused as a young my design in metal; new ideas came with girl listening for the first time to a lover's every step forward. Hebe found me hamwhisper. It was the awakening enthusiasm | mering out the lead pipe I had procured for of an artist that stirred me, and nothing the water engine when she came into the

"Look how well the gray lead goes with oxidised surface, You can see how rich the She drew her head near mine to see it combination will be, and how one will lighten the other. And that's not all-we

"Will you be able to do all that before

I laughed at her. "Why," said 1, "it will take me weeks;

sentiment for which I cannot find a name and waited in silence for further explana- there are punches to make, and dies, and drills, and a tool for rivetting before I can

"Then you won't want me to sit to you "Not for a good fortnight," I replied,

She was disappointed. I could see that Here for her was an opening through by the constraint in her manner as she made to me soon after, with not a sign of ill will And so I talked on and she listened, and in her face, to tell me that she had cleared

The metal-working fever lasted just as long as there were technical difficulties to be overcome; when there were no further calls upon my inventive ingenuity, I tired of it. The look of Hebe this new scheme. I believe Hebe was just disgusted me with the state of my own hands, grimed with metal, and set off with a thumbstall and a finger rag. Going from and a sweet smell of new bread, to the lit- at hand. out into the open air and have a look at the clouds. They are always beautiful, and if of the cumulus kind, you can invariably find a likeness to the face in your mind. found Hebe's. For one moment it was exactly like her. It only needed a piece of sunset flush to be perfect in color as well as form. When it lost shape, an inclination to

> I had some intention of asking if I had left my callipers on the dresser when I face shamed me from the mean excuse.

"You haven't hammered your finger again?" she asked, with sudden anxiety. "No; I've only come in to sit down in the necessity of the case may be. the clean," I said, and then I confessed my disinclination to work. She could not quite oz.; fluoric acid, one-fourth ounce. Put the conceal her triumph, though she did her best filings in the acid, and apply the solution to subdue the smile on her face and still the to the parts to be soldered, after thoroughly twinkling of her pretty eye.

to hide my mortification. "But you can go on !" she exclaimed, sels. "and the strange thing would be if you could stand still. And it is standing still to labor at anything that ceases to please you,

for you may be sure that then it ceases to be a work of invention and worthy of you." This reasoning pleased me hugely, and raised the high opinion I already had of my wife's judgment and understanding.

"Tell me," she continued, "have you left any difficulty unmatured?" "No. A boy might put the thing together now."

"There!" she cried. "Did not I say so? Are you to do a boy's work? Only when it pleases you to play. Set the pieces aside for the occupation of idle moments, and give yourself to drawing new designs--if you can use a pencil with that poor finger.'

"I'll have to go at it to-night," said I joyfully. I've been itching to sharpen a pencil since Sunday, but I really hadn't the water. - To four or five parts of clay,

"What did you fear-not me?" I said nothing, not knowing how to attribute the want of courage to anything

she asked, in tender reproach, quickly seiz- necessary quantity of water, mix well; use ing this first sign of humility on my side as immediately and apply heat, gradually in-

an occasion for nearer approach. I got up, feeling that this subject of faith was the one of all others to be avoided if we were to go on pleasantly. She turned water, may be prepared in the following the theme at once.

me !" she exclaimed, fervently. "I knew To the solution is added about ten per cent. that shut me out from you."

"How did you know that?" us that in the darkest hour we may be sure | and durable. the light is coming. Everything grows and moves onwards; doesn't it? Nothing stands still-unchanged; and in every change there is some good if we have but patience to wait for it. Oh, I am so sure of it that all the happiness of the past I would not take again in exchange for that that is to come."

for that assertion had she foreseen what was

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Snowballing is a jolly old sport On which many men agree; It depends on whether one's the snowballer Or the hapless snowballee.

HIGHLY TALENCED TADPOLES.

Frogs Taught By a Wealthy Invalid to Play Many Amusing Tricks. Horace Horton has reached the height of success in the way of bringing frogs under his persuasive control. He is a wealthy in-

valid, and derives great pleasure from teaching his pets. The correspondent of The Philadelphia Record visited him the other day, and witnessed his unique trog circus. Gazing down into the artificial lake he saw ocean shells scattered over the bottom and wendered what they were for. Mr. Horton gave a shrill whistle, and simultaneously from every shell hopped out a big frog and kicked itself to the surface of the water. All jumped to the smooth bank and sat staring at their master. "Attention!" shouted Mr. Horton, and every leg was drawn close to the body and the action was lines with an old giant at their head, which Mr. Horton said weighed six pounds seven ounces. He was enormous and looked as though he had dined on his weaker breth-

ren for generations. At the word of command they performed all kinds of evolutions, every leg kicking in perfect unison. Their movements were astonishing in number and variety, and one might well believe Mr. Horton's statement that it took him over 10 years to get this select company into such perfect discipline. Races were held after the drill, and then followed a jumping contest. At a given signal each frog in turn leaped into the water and disappeared.

"What you have seen my frogs do so far is very wonderful," said Mr. Horton, "but their chief accomplishment you have not seen, or heard, I should say. It is the wonder of every one, and people have come miles to witness it. Wait till dark and then I will have them perform." At last dusk came, and Mr. Horton took the reporter out to the water's edge and gave him a seat. He then brought out a miniature musician's stand and placed it near the edge of the little lake. At a signal note the frogs came to the surface of the water and jumped into the stand. They formed a circle and at the word of command began to sing a tune. Each frog had been selected because of his fine croak, and there was a perfect scale among the voices. The largest frog sang the deepest bass, and a little fellow, almost a tadpole, sang a shrill soprano.

It was wonderful. Mr. Horton said that during the warm months their voices were clearer and sweeter than at this time of the year. When the frogs began to show signs of weariness their master gave the signal to stop, and all sought their homes at the bottom of the lake. Mr. Horton tells many stories of the intelligence of his pets.

USEFUL HINTS.

The following receipts may be found useful and valuable to artizans, especially if pasted in the hat, where they can always be

To bronze iron castings.—Cleanse thoroughly, and afterwards immerse in a solution of sulphate of copper, when the casting will acquire a coat of the latter metal. They must then be washed in water.

Black varnish for iron work. - Asphaltum, one pound; lampblack, one-fourth pound; rosin, one-half pound ; spirits of turpentine, one quart; linseed oil, just sufficient to rub go back and look at the real face became ir- up the lampblack with before mixing it resistible, and I glanced at the dirty with the others. Apply with a camel's hair

Cement for steam pipe joints, etc., with faced flanges. - White lead, mixed, two went in, but the open frankness of Hebe's parts; red lead, dry, one part; grind or otherwise mix them to a consistency of thin putty; apply interposed layers with one or two thicknesses of canvas, or gauze wire, as

To solder without heat. - Brass filings, 2 cleansing the parts in contact; then dress "It's a queer thing I can't go on," said I together. Do not keep the fluoric acid in glass bottles, but in lead or earthen ves-

To tin copper and brass. -Boil six pounds cream of tartar and four gailons of water, and eight ounces of grain tin or tin shavings. After the material has boiled a sufficient time, the articles to be tinned are put therein, and the boiling continued, when the tin is precipitated in metallic form on the goods.

Gold varnish.-For preparing a gold varnish for brass objects, instruments, etc.: Gum lac, pulverized, 90 grains; copal, 30 g.; dragon's blood, 1 g.; red sandal or Sanders wood,, 1 g.; pounded glass, 1 g.; strong alcohol, 600 g. After sufficient maceration filter. The pulverized glass serves the purpose of hastening the solution by interposing between the particles of gum lac and copal.

Cement to resist red heat and boiling thoroughly dried and pulverized, add two parts of fine iron filings free from oxide; one part of peroxide manganese; one of common salt, and one-half part of borax. Mingle thoroughly, render as fine as pos-"Have I shown want of faith in you?" sible, then reduce to think paste with the

creasing almost to a white heat. Water-resisting cement. - A good cement, which completely resists the solvent action of manner: From five to ten parts of pure "Oh, I knew you would come back to gelatine are dissolved in 100 parts of water. you would not go back to an occupation of a concentrated solution of bichromate of potash and the liquid kept in the dark. When articles joined with this cement are "Because God is so good to us!" she exposed to light, the gelatine film is acted said, in a tone of trembling awe as though upon, the chromate being partly reduced, she felt the Divine presence; "so good to and the film of the cement becomes tough

Harmony in the Household-

Mrs. Brace-" Do you and your husband ever disagree? Mrs. Chace-" No, indeed! At least my husband never does.'

Four thousand nine hundred and fifteen She would scarcely have found courage new books and 1,339 new editions, a total of 6,254, were published in England last year. This is an increase of more than 500 over the production in 1891.

> Herbert-"If she loves him, why don' she marry him in spite of her father's objection ?" Stella-" Mercy! Isn't it a good deal easier to give him up than to admit she is of age?"

HOUSE

A Hard-Worki All day she hurried The same as lots of

Sor etimes at night ! "Ma, ain't you goin' An' then she'd kinde An' pause half way l An' sorter sigh, an' sa Was ready as she'd e She reckoned.

An' so the years went An' somehow she was An' when the angel s "Mis' Smith, it's time She sorter raised her A second, as a stitch "All right : I'm comir "I'm ready as I'll eve I reckon."

Home-Made T

A nice tooth soap, c tooth powder, may be r toilet articles which are well-organized woman. But the best tooth soa of the little girl "cost n

woman has been compe thing less dainty than s she could not afford to I variety. Here is a tooth soap w recommended. It is sw tasting and cleansing wi composition an ingredier sibly harm the teeth.

that those who require

must add pumice stone t

For the tooth soap get root a quarter of a por myrrh two ounces, of po three onnes, of powdere and of oil of lavander t with one pound of preci-This makes quite a lar the soap keeps well. S equal to mixing the ing druggist will toss them

without charging you ar separate ingredients wo singly. For the delicate teeth powder can be made f Castile soap, powdere ounce of cuttle-fish bon ounces of honey and a d perfume.

Try these. Interior No

An attractive dining ed shows the walls cove ed paper of a light olive b damask design, outline tracery, inclosing the s blues and greens, harm wood-bronze and oak tr is of a soft leather color it are architectural design consists of garla rosettes and knots of ri inclosed between gold f three rosettes are set

The surface of the ce divided into squares by coming from carved of Each of these panels and treated in solid m hard wood and inlaid. ed a number of handse

ing is set above a row

gold. The effect is ver

The large library ta ed oak. The low, bro chairs are of oak and some leather. In a pretty little fla space is utilized, one r

library and living room sists of a combination an easy chair and one for writing. This screen is in thr section being fitted wil Small drop shelves are way down the sides w

used to hold a lamp.

quaint pieces of bric-a In the angle formed the screen is a triangul holds an inkstand, blotter. Above this shelf on ed two large portfolio made o fstout buckra

pretty chintz. Writi stamps, postal cards, &c., are kept in these Burlap portieres are effective. A good qu for fifteen cents a yar A heavy fringe nine

several rows of drawn be dyed a rich red. Chrysanthemums, p tiums and orchids are for these portieres and a bold, conventional

ferns or grasses in the

It is said upon goo more than two of the India are in existence these is in Chicago a beauty and general u a wooden divan made carved. It is five b covered with a mattr thrown a large soft r adjustable pillow is and each is covered novel divan is susper and clears the floor a chains by which the of brass, heavy and separate link is of a d and a dome-like pend tiny musical bells w movement of the co midway of each chair more Americans do n and delightful couch could be more truly

ental room.

A Pret

A work table, whi with its maker and o tion and copying. was an oblong top handle tripod, upon These can be bought plain, gilded or whit five cents. Over th cover of cream creton A straight piece for sewed to the top pie the foundation for on pockets, of the c The fourth side had for large pieces of w A bow of yellow r ner, and to this wa