LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Do you remember Thursday fortnight, Mulcahy?" she asked now, in a somber tone. On Thursday fortnight the thimble had last been put in requisition.

"That was the day Miss Norah broke your chany cup," said Mrs. Mulcahy, who, however, understood her perfectly.

"I was not alluding to that cup: I was reminding you of a cup that should not cheer, and does inebriate. You know well to what I allude, Mulcahy. You should learn to resist that cup."

"I niver was much of a hand at larnin' anything," said Mrs. Mulcahy, doggedly; "an' I'm ould now, any way, to begin. As to the cup ye spake of, I niver take anything out of a cup, save it might be me tay, and shure ye wouldn't thry to deprive a poor ould woman of that. Ochone! I remember well in yer father's time, whin—"

"Never mind about that," interrupted Miss MacGillicuddy, hastily. Mrs. Mulcahy noticed the haste, and her small eyes twinkled. She was a large, stout, comfortable woman, and always wore a huge mob cap, as white as snow, with no less than four lace borders in it. She nodded this cap now sapiently. "Keep to the point," said Miss MacGillicuddy, sternly. "Your habits of intemperance are growing on you, and I would have you check them before it is too late."

"Faix, there's one thing," returned Mulcahy, briskly—"that the dinner will be too late, unless ye mane it for tomorrow, if ye keep me here idling much longer.'

"Do you call such earnest pleading idling?" cried her mistress, vehemently. "Do you mean to tell me you have no desire to save yourself—to draw back from the brink—to join yourself to the royal regiment of volunteers who glory in the blue ribbon and cold water?"

"Divil a bit!" said Mrs. Mulcahy again, even more strongly than before. She seemed, indeed, quite struck with the noble simplicity of this remark,and smacked her lips over it.

"Am I to understand by that immoral sentence that you refuse to join us?" demanded Miss MacGillicuddy, drawing nearer. Her voice rose high and shrill, her throat quivered. She had mounted her hobby, and was prepared to ride it fast and far. She reared her crest and glowered upon the offending cook, who stood firm, and bore the shock of battle bravely.

"I expect that's what it comes to, ma'am," said she.

"Which proves to me," exclaimed her mistress, with increasing wrath, "what I have for a long time suspected, that you are a woman with very unfortunate tendencies."

Mrs. Mulcahy swallowed this speech and digested it slowly. Then she spoke.

"There isn't a tindincy in wan o' my blood," said she, with a touch of injured pride, "barring ye're hinting at me uncle's son be the first marriage, who had a tendency to a running sore on the left leg, save the mark!"

"You are either hopelessly ignorant or you willfully pretend to be so," returned Miss MacGillicuddy, big with explanation; but Mulcahy, who was thoroughly offended, would not listen to her.

"Ignorance is bliss, ma'am, as the Bible has it, but I'm wide awake as to what you mane. You've come here to insult a poor lone widdy, who has sarved you an' yours faithful for forty years,an' I tell ye plainly, Miss MacGillicuddy, that buck won't come of it. What ails ye at all, miss, to be pullin' an' dhraggin' wid them mane-spirited cratures who would desthroy half the thrade in the country?"

"Publicans and sinners," said Miss MacGillicuddy in a solemn voice; "they are bracketed. Down with them! is the cry I would hear echoing through the land."

"'Twould echo a long time before ye got rid of the sinners, at all events," said Mrs. Mulcahy. "They'll last our time, I'm thinking, ma'am."

"Let us keep to the point," exclaimed her mistress, who delighted in this phrase because she was always wandering from it. "Can you say honestly that you see anything to object to in this temperance movement?"

"No—no," confessed the other, cautiously. "'Tis chape."

"What do you mean, Mulcahy?"

"'Tis chape, I said. Divil a doubt of that! Yer friends won't cost ye much anyhow. Tay in the morning, an' tay in the afthernoon, an' tay before ye go to bed, an' ne'er a dhrop of wine to warm the heart. Bad cess to such movings, say I. Array! in the ould man's time, what a difference there was! Poor ould masther, he'd be the last to—"

Again Miss MacGillicuddy broke in, hurriedly.

"To the point," said she.

"Which I think it was tindincies," said Mulcahy, ominously. "You're accusing me of them; but if it comes to a raal tindincy, there was yer own father, Miss ma'am (may the heavens be his bed!), who had—"

"Be silent, Mulcahy," cried Miss MacGillicuddy, growing crimson. "Consider,woman, ere you go too far! What is it that you would dare insinuate of my sainted father?"

"Insinuations is far from me," declared Mulcahy, who was still truculent. "The blessid truth for me, says I. You're accusin' me of a love o' the dhrop, an' what I say is, that your own father (glory be! for in spite of his tongue he was as fine an ould gintleman as ye could wish to see, wid a nose like a radish!)—what I says is, that if tindincies and dhrink is to be stuck down my throat, that he hisself had the finest tindincy I ever saw for—"

"For what?" shrieked Miss MacGillicuddy, losing her presence of mind.

"For the sthrong wather, faix," roared back Mrs. Mulcahy, undismayed. "An' more power to him. There was no maneness in this house when he kept it."

A merciful fate at this moment caused one of the junior members of the household to slip off the inverted tub in the scullery on which he was standing tiptoe, with a view to looking through a crack in the wood-work at the scene taking place in the kitchen. His heart was warm with a sacred joy as he listened to the promising skirmish within. He had been backing Mrs. Mulcahy so vigorously in spirit, that his body got infected with the enthusiasm, and he kicked out.

It was a disastrous kick. It landed him in an earthenware crock full of buttermilk, and the splash, the crash, the loud shriek that would not be suppressed, all produced a sensation that reduced the belligerents in the kitchen to silence.

For a moment only. Then simultaneously they cried "Scat" at the top of their lungs, and went for the scullery door. The little MacGillicuddy—Jimmy was his name—thought, as he still floundered in the buttermilk, that his last hour was come; but as vengeance sure and swift was descending upon him, a loud knock at the hall-door reverberated through the house.

Miss MacGillicuddy came to a standstill, and so did cook.

"Who's that?" said Miss MacGillicuddy, addressing no one in particular, yet evidently desirous of an answer.

"Who would it be but Misther Barry?" replied cook.

There is scorn in her accent. On one point, at least, she and her mistress were at one. They both objected to Garrett Barry as a husband for Constantia, though he was a young man of fair means and good family, though in one sense of no family, as he hadn't a soul belonging to him alive, at least no one nearer than a cousin. This, however, should have been accounted to him as an advantage. Cook objected to him because she did not consider him sufficiently eligible for Constantia, whom she had nursed, and who was to her as the apple of her eye. Miss MacGillicuddy regarded him with disfavor from a higher standing-point. She looked upon matrimony generally as an indelicacy.

The young man's visits of late were of such frequency as to suggest the idea that he found a difficulty in living through twenty-four hours without seeing the younger Miss MacGillicuddy. He had grown wondrous deferential toward the elder, and had endeavored to win over Mulcahy (who was an old acquaintance of his) by arguments such as seldom fail with the domestic class. But Mulcahy, in spite of the thimbles, was not to be bought.

His knock was loud and bouyant, something like himself. It aggravated cook and her mistress to the last degree, but it saved the shivering Jimmy, standing in the scullery, dripping buttermilk as hard as he could. Miss MacGillicuddy put on an air of fell determination. She pulled her cap over her left ear (which was always a bad sign,) adjusted her spectacles on her Roman nose, and made tracks for the drawing-room. She sailed upstairs, eager for the fray, and bent on stopping the irrepressible Barry in the hall; but fate, and Minnie, the parlor-maid, were too much for her.

Mr. Barry—as she entered the drawing-room feeling somewhat baffled—she discovered sitting there, beaming upon Constantia—who, indeed, was beaming back at him in what her aunt called a most unmaidenly way.

Pretty girls, as a rule, are heavily weighted in this world. Men smile on them, and if they smile back again,the world calls them coquettes. Constantia would have been perfectly miserable if any one had said she flirted with Garrett Barry, or with Mr. Featherston, or what Mrs. Dundas called "her blanket man;" yet certainly she bestowed pretty looks upon them all, and was always unfeignedly glad to see them, and, perhaps, sometimes said little things to them that she did not altogether mean.

Just now she was smiling deliciously, and it was evident that the young man sitting near her was in a very paradise of contentment. Constantia was charming. She had the proverbial Irish eyes—blue-gray, rubbed in by the proverbial dirty finger. Lovely eyes they were; coy, alluring, repelling, as the owner willed. Her mouth was a firm little member, her nose saucy. She looked always as good and as true as she was. Her figure was as lissom and pliable as a willow wand; and when she stood erect, with her lips laughing, and her eyes gleaming at you from under their long lashes, I can tell you she was a thing whom many dreamed of.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Miss MacGillicuddy?" said Barry, rising to his feet and advancing toward that gaunt spinster, with an absolute effusion of manner. He was a tall, large-boned, sunny-tempered young man, with a mouth that was always making an effort to get at his ears; this probably came of much laughter. He delighted to laugh, and was altogether happy if he could only get you to laugh with him, or even at him—it was all one if you would only laugh. Life, to him, was joke—the world a merry spectacle. He was born in Limerick, where his people had lived for many generations, and where they were much thought of; but an uncle's will, leaving him a considerable property in the County Cork, had brought him to that county. For the past six years he had been living in England, and considered himself specially English in many ways. He really believed he had quite an English accent, of this one thing; but this was an egregious mistake; a Limerick man never reforms, so far as accent goes—and indeed Barry had one that, to use an expression of his own, "you could hang your hat on." Even here in Cork, they couldn't help wondering at it at times.

"I am suffering from no malady, I thank you," replied Miss MacGillicuddy, regarding him with a stony stare, "my health is perfect. There is no necessity for you to make such polite inquiries."

If she had hoped to disconcert Mr. Barry she was altogether mistaken.

"That's capital," said he, cheerfully; "nothing like health. I'm just like you, as strong as a horse."

"I'm not a horse," returned Miss MacGillicuddy; "nor yet as strong as one. Your similes are not only wide of the mark, but—"

"Quite so," interrupted he, wisely. "You are looking uncommonly well, though, let me tell you; any amount better than when I last saw you."

"Which was exactly twenty-four hours ago. Is it your honest opinion, Mr. Barry, that people change much in that short space of time?"

"Hours—is it really only hours? Faith, I thought it was years," said he. He accompanied this speech with a glance at Constantia full of ardent affection.

She smiled (in spite of the trepidation she was feeling) through force of habit probably, and perhaps because she liked the glances, and Miss MacGillicuddy saw her.

"To some people," she said, sternly, "lies are acceptable; to one possessed of rugged virtue they are not!" She paused. Evidently, Constantia represented the "some people," she the "rugged virtue."

"She's rugged enough, in all conscience," said Mr. Barry to himself. "But as for the virtue—there's no fear she will ever be led into temptation."

However, his smile was suavity itself as he turned it upon her.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" said he.

"Is it?" returned Miss MacGillicuddy, with an uncompromising glance.

Constantia, who was now very nervous, burst out laughing.

"One can see that for one's self," she said. She grew frightened when she heard her own laugh ring out—not so much of her aunt as because of her; one never knew, indeed, what she was going to say next. She was beginning to hope that the earth would open and swallow her up quickly, when again the door was thrown open and "Mr. Featherston" was announced.

CHAPTER IV.

He came in, in the slow, dignified manner that belonged to him. His face was cadaverous; his inches many. He was rather Italian in type, and his eyes were black and plaintive. He was delicately reserved in his demeanor, and there was a suspicion of hauteur in the way he wore his eyeglass. Old Lady Varley, now dead, used to say he "carried himself so well;" and certainly his figure was good, and he was never in a hurry. He had a very kindly opinion of his own merits, which is an excellent thing if one wants to get on in the world. Not that Mr. Featherston wanted to get on. He was only thirty-two, and the richest man in the county.

Miss MacGillicuddy received him with as near an approach to civility as she knew. He shook hands with everybody in the silent way that belonged to him, and that somehow helped him to the consideration with which he was always treated; and then looked cautiously round him, as if to know where he should sit. This slow glance made everybody feel, somehow, how poorly furnished the drawing-room was, and how squalid it must appear to him after his own luxurious home. Finally he seated himself next to Constantia. This quite hemmed her in. Barry was on her left, he on her right, Miss MacGillicuddy, losin her presence of mind, gave her the feeling, somehow, that there was no escape.

She was very glad,however,that Featherston had come in. His entrance,for one thing, had broken up the rude speech that she felt was on her aunt's lips, and for another—She blushed softly as she found Mr. Featherston's glass bearing down upon her.

"So glad," he said, looking at Constantia but speaking to her aunt, "that your—our mission, rather, is going on so prosperously."

Miss MacGillicuddy drew herself up. She grew self-important, and was evidently pleased. Constantia looked indifferent because she knew to what Featherston was referring; but Barry, who knew nothing, stared. All at once it dawned upon him that the Blue Ribbon movement was in question, and that Featherston was making hay while the sun shone, by pretending an interest in it to Miss MacGillicuddy. He had adopted the new temperance fad as a means toward getting into her good graces, and from hers to Constantia's. This discovery filled the heart of the Limerick man with rage. Not toward Featherston—he was too honest-hearted for that—but toward himself, in that the simple device had not first suggested itself to him.

"Why the jeuce didn't I think of it?" he demanded of himself, with fine contempt.

"Yes, it prospers," said Miss MacGillicuddy, in the deep voice that had struck terror into so many hearts. She looked pompous, and gave herself the airs of a high priestess. "Yesterday I made several converts. Three new names by my endeavors were enrolled upon our list."

"Three! Your energy is indeed marvelous," said Mr. Featherston. "It surpasses that of most." He pulled his mustache meditatively, and shifted his glass from one eye to the other. "And these new people?" he asked.

"Mrs. Duffy, of Tan-Yard Lane, was the first whom I convinced."

"Duffy—Duffy?" questioned Featherston, putting his fore-finger to his brow with an appearance of deep thought.

"You know her," explained Constantia, softly. "She is the old widow who lives near the church, and who subsists principally on the three shillings a week allowed her from the charity fund."

This sorrowful bit of information was, I regret to say, beer and skittles to Mr. Barry. He was glad to his heart's core that the first recruit had proved so poor a one—to a widow, subsisting on charity, the temptation to drink must be small. It would, therefore, be impossible to Featherston to make much out of it. He laughed aloud in the exuberance of his joy, forgetful of the impression he was making on Miss MacGillicuddy.

(To be Continued.)

Brain Puzzlers.

What is that which increases the more you take from it? A hole.

Why is a gatepost like a potato? Because they are both put into the ground to propogate.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

What is it that we often see made, but never see after it is made? A noise.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to his children? Parents.

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

What is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker? One puts his sail up and the other puts his ale down.

What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters and protects the weakest and wickedest as well as the wisest and best of mankind? A hat.

What is that which is often brought to the table, always cut, and never eaten? A pack of cards.

What are the most associable things in the world? Milestones, for you never see two of them together.

BREAD OF THE NATIONS.

MATERIALS WHICH FURNISH MAN THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Wheaten Bread is Comparatively Little Used—Rye, Rice, Indian Corn, the Pine Tree, Bananas, and Plantain Provide Humanity With Its Most Important Food—In Spite of the Bible Statement the Icelander Asks for Bread and Gets a Stone.

It is a curious and interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. In England wheaten bread is within the reach of all, and takes its place so readily as man's natural food that rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, only the inhabitants of a small portion of the earth's surface enjoys such a food. It is only, too, during the last century that wheaten bread has become altogether general in England; for Eden, in his "State of the Poor," written in 1797, says, referring to Cumberland: "It is only a rich family that used a peck of wheat in the course of the year, and that was used at Christmas." If visitors came at other seasons they were regaled on thick oatcake. But about this time English laborers in the Midlands and in the south began to refuse to eat common bread—made of wheat, rye, barley, in equal proportions—saying "they had lost their rye teeth," and they demanded wheaten loaves instead. A century earlier than this barley and rye bread were always eaten. Charles I. speaks of the "poor sort of people whose usual bread was barley."

But although, at the present day, wheat is used across the mid-temperate zone, in more northerly districts, and in some parts of Germany, rye replaces it. Rye bread is less nutritious than wheaten, and has a more distinctive flavor. The well-known German "Pumpernickel" is rye bread. Although at first its dark color and sour, curious taste render it unpalatable to English folk, yet, if compelled to eat it for a short time, they acquire a distinct liking for it. In the remoter parts of Sweden the poorer people only make and bake their rye cakes twice a year, and store them away, so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Farther north still, barley and oats become the chief bread-corn.

BREAD FROM THE PINE TREE.

But it is in the bleak barrenness of the far North that the ingenuity of man steps in to provide himself with bread. In dreary Lapland men would starve did they trust altogether to grain, so they eke out their scanty store of oats with the inner bark of pine and the two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes, cooked in a pan over the fire, and thus form very good bread. In more dreary Kamschatka the pine of birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded, and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native breadfoot. Bread and butter to a young Kamschatkan is represented by dough of pine bark spread with seal fat—not a very appetizing combination, to English notions. And not only the bark of the pine is thus utilized for food. The dwellers in certain parts of Siberia cut off the young and tender shoots and grind them down to form their flour. One imagines that the bread therefrom must have an unpleasantly resinous flavor.

In Iceland even the hardy pine is wanting; but the Icelander's declare "that a bountiful providence sends him bread out of the very stones." He scrapes a lichen—the Iceland moss—off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves him both for bread and puddings, and also as a thickening for his broth. Thus, truly, has stern experience taught him to live where most would starve. In the sterile parts of Russia, in Pennsylvania, in China and other Eastern countries buckwheat—the seed of the brank—is pressed into man's service. Usually considered only a food for the lower animals, it still makes a fairly palatable bread, although its dark, somewhat violet tinge creates a prejudice against it. As we pass from the mid-temperate zone southwards we find bread materials appearing. In parts of Italy and Spain chestnuts are cooked; ground into meal, and used both for making bread and thickening soup. Millet is a grain of much service in the south of Europe; while certain varieties known as "durra" and "sorghum" furnish a very white flour, making capital bread, to the natives of India, China, Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor. Millet has a further interest for us because it is credited with being the earliest grain used in the art of bread making, an art so ancient that its origin is lost in obscurity. The most primitive bread was simply a tough paste made by mixing flour, water, and milk, such paste serving as bread even at the present day in the caravans traversing the deserts of Northern Africa.

RICE AND INDIAN CORN.

Rice is another grain whose serviceableness in this respect has been recognized from a very early date. Solomon's well-known saying: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days" is generally believed to refer to rice on account of the method followed in its cultivation. And the metaphor becomes clear when we reflect that rice is sown in Egypt while the water of the Nile is lying on the land; and in China it is even cultivated on bamboo rafts covered with earth and fixed in the middle of a river or lake. Rice bread is still the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese, the inhabitants of many parts of India, and also in Mexico and some other parts of the New World. Before we turn our attention away from the grains which serve as the basis for bread some reference must be made to the maize or Indian corn. The native place of this most useful plant is somewhat of a mystery. The Americans claim it to be indigenous with them; but nowhere has it been found growing wild in the new continent, although the earliest explorers found it in cultivation among the aborigines. Neither was maize apparently known to the ancient Romans and Greeks; nor do we find in the records left by the first travelers in the East any mention or description of a corn at all resembling maize. It is now, however, very widely cultivated, not only in America, but also in Asia, Africa, and the south of Europe—France particularly. In Mexico the preparation of maize bread is very primitive. The husks are removed by hand; the corn is then soaked in hot water and lime for a night. The following day it is placed on a stone and ground with a roller. The Mexican women then make it up into flat loaves, known as tortillas.

But although grain of various kinds—that is, the fruit of different species of grasses—supplies by far the larger part of the world with bread, yet, just as in the regions of extreme cold substitutes have perforce been found for it, so, too, in the tropics other bread-stuffs claim our attention. Thus, in the Molucca Islands in the Indian Archipelago, the starchy pith of the sago palm—or "liberty tree," as the natives call it—furnishes a white floury meal. This is made up into flat oblong loaves, which are baked in curious little ovens, each oven being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves. Bread is also

MADE FROM ROOTS

in certain countries of the world. Thus, Stanley in his African travels found the principal food of the natives below the Paya Falls to be derived from the tubers of the manioc or cassava plant—the plant to which we owe our tapioca. The South American natives likewise use it. Curiously enough, the manioc tubers are a fatal poison when eaten in the raw state, but a good and nutritious food if steeped in water previous to using. The right way to prepare this bread is to soak the white, soft roots several days, thus washing out the poison, pick the fibres out, dry, grind into flour, and make into small round loaves. These have a sweet, insipid taste to Europeans. From the pith and roots we now pass on to succulent fruits serving as bread. First in this category is the banana. This plant grows with great luxuriance in the tropics, and its cultivation is one of the simplest kind. It is also stated that, so far as actual productiveness as food is concerned, the banana surpasses all other plants; and given a certain area of bananas and a similar sized area of wheat, a far larger number of persons can be supported on the former than on the latter. The unripe food is dried in the sun and reduced to flour, and the sweet bread therefrom is excellent and very nutritious.

The plantain, a near relative of the banana, though with a richer and more luscious fruit, also serves a large portion of mankind for bread; in fact, the banana and plantain are the chief food of millions in the tropics. The plantain fruit is not, however, usually reduced to meal, but, instead, ripe fruit is roasted or boiled, and then eaten as we eat a loaf of wheaten bread. It is said that three dozen plantains are equivalent to the amount of bread required by one man during a week. Thus, in such luxuriant regions, a "struggle for bread" is unknown to these favored people; and yet, perhaps the gain is not all on their side, for, probably, it is to this very struggle that we owe our greater civilization. But by far the most remarkable fruit, from the "bread" point of view, is that which bears the very name of bread-fruit. It is indigenous to the South Sea islands, and the chief support of their inhabitants; in fact, not only does it furnish them with bread, but also with clothes made from the fibers of the bark, timber, fuel—parts of the flowers—and its milky juice serves as a cement. The tree is of medium size, with a beautiful green foliage and spreading branches. It belongs to the same botanical order as the fig, and it is also closely allied to the nettle. The so-called fruit—really a spurious form—is pale green, large, and round; it has an outer rind, an inner core, and a beautiful white pulp—the edible part. This fruit is cut in pieces, roasted, and eaten, soon after it is gathered. If kept it becomes tough and unpleasant. When eaten at its best it is said to much resemble new bread, though rather tart. One traveler has described its flavor to be like "a crumb of wheaten bread mixed with Jerusalem artichoke."

ROYALTY'S SIMPLE LIFE

Economical and Uneventful Existence at at the Castle of Bernstorff.

A Copenhagen correspondent gives the following account of court life at the Castle of Bernstorff, where thirteen royal personages are staying, although the castle is not so much larger than a gentleman's country seat. The Dowager-Empress of Russia is satisfied with two small and very simply furnished rooms, the Princess of Wales has only one room, and the Greek royal couple two. In spite of the want of room the two eldest daughters of the Danish royal family prefer living at Bernstorff, as they were educated there and spent their youth there, playing as children in the park. Court life in Bernstorff is very simple. All rise early and assemble at 8 o'clock in the Queens' apartments,where breakfast is served. Luncheon is at 1 o'clock, and afterwards walks and drives are taken, while the younger members of the royal family play tennis on the great lawn in front of the castle.

The Princess of Wales and the Dowager Empress generally walk out together, and when they are tired take the first cab they meet and drive back to Bernstorff. The gentlemen ride,and while the Prince of Wales is there large shooting parties are arranged. Five o'clock tea is served in the Queen's rooms, and dinner is at 7, when there are generally five or six courses. The evenings are spent in the Queen's apartments. The Princess of Wales and her imperial sister take their seats at the grand piano which stands in the middle of the room. It is a very valuable instrument, a gift from the late Czar to his mother-in-law. The young English Princesses sing old English songs. The gentlemen generally play cards in adjoining rooms. Queen Louise is passionately fond of music. She is a brilliant pianist, and her daughters have inherited her talent. The Princess of Wales especially is a most zealous player. At 11 the royal party retires to rest, and when the castle clock strikes midnight only the tramp of the sentry in front of the castle breaks the stillness.

A Special Brand.

He—I think there are microbes in kisses.

She—Have you tried one of mine?