A Matter of Vanity.

When I heard that Maud Jeffries was engaged to Jack Meadows, I took an early opportunity of congratulating them both, for they were both old friends of mine and charming people—especially Maud. She was an artist and painted very zealously in oil colors. She was in her studio when I called. So I went up to it and found her enveloped in a linen apron covered with the variegated colors of her palette. She was working at an unfinished painting, and so absorbed in it that at first she did not hear me enter. When she did, she turned quickly.

"No, it's not Meadows. I'm sorry," I said sympathetically.

"Oh, but I'm very glad to see you," she answered. "And you are just in time to help me. Do tell me what is wrong with this thing," and she pointed to the canvas.

"That is Meadows' privilege," I said, I offered her my good wishes and told her I was sure she would be happy.

She blushed prettily and said, "We are very happy now."

"But how have you satisfied your conscience?" I asked. "I understood you had vowed yourself to the service of your art."

"Oh, but I will never give up my work," she protested earnestly. "Jack knows that. He wouldn't want me to. I think it is so wrong not to use one's gifts. Don't you?"

"Certainly, and I'm glad Jack sees that. He must be very proud of you."

She hesitated. "I'm afraid he is not naturally very fond of art," she said, "but I hope he will soon learn to love it.

"He is really awfully good about it," she went on. "He is going to let me paint his portrait, and then we shall hang it in our dining room."

"That will be delightful," I said.

"Look, here are some sketches for it," said Maud, drawing out some panels and charcoal drawings. "Don't you think they are like him?"

I recognized Meadows, in spite of the varying expressions Maud had given him and said so at once. She was pleased, and just then Meadows came in

"I am just admiring the studies for the great portrait," I said genially.

"Ah, yes, they are only rough sketches. The thing itself will be quite different, won't it, darling?" he said, with, I imagined, a shade of anxiety.

"Mr. Raller thinks they are excellent likenesses, Jack," she said happily.

He looked at me sharply, but I boldly repeated my opinion.

A fortnight or so passed before I saw anything of Meadows or Maud, then I met Meadows. He looked worried, and when I asked him after Miss Jeffries he said shortly, "I believe she is quite well, thanks."

"And how is the portrait going on?"

"It's not going on at all, at present," he answered.

"How's that? Is she dissatisfied with it?"

"No, she's not," he said, emphasizing the pronoun

"Surely you are pleased?" said I.

"Look here, Raller," he said with a burst of confidence. "That wretched portrait is undermining my happiness. It's no more like me than that poster," and he pointed to a flaming placard. "I'm not a vain chap, you know, but I do bar being handed down to posterity, looking like a criminal lunatic."

"But it can't be as bad as that? Maud would never do you injustice," I said.

"Not intentionally, but she swears to the good likeness, though I can't see how she can. When I suggested it was a bit unflattering, she said she must paint what she saw, and that she could not tamper with the truth of art. I just laughed and said joking, that there was room for a little more truth, and then she was hurt and said she had no idea that men could be so vain."

"And you left it at that?"

"Yes; if you saw the thing you wouldn't be surprised

"I should like to see it," I said.

"Come along, then; Maud is out this afternoon; her sister told me so. We will go to her studio, and you can give me your unbiased opinion."

So we went together and climbed up to Maud's painting room. The portrait, still wet, was on the easel. Meadows pointed to it in eloquant silence. I was silent too. It was so painfully realistic that it verged on caricature.

"Well," said Meadows, "could you live in the same house with it if it were your portrait?"

"One might get used to it in time," I answered.

"Yet she is fond of you," I said. "Surely if you ask her to suppress it as a personal favor——"

"She would only say it was my vanity," he answered gloomily. "There is nothing to be done. She must choose between me and my portrait, unless——"

"Unless what?" I asked as he paused.

"You could persuade her. Tell her it doesn't do her justice, either of us justice. Do, there's a good fellow. She has no end of respect for you."

I could not resist his appeal and promised to do my best. "And surely that is she coming up the stairs now," said I as we heard footsteps.

"Yes. Well, speak to her now," said Meadows.

He left me alone in the studio as Maud entered.

She greeted me with a weary smile, and glanced directly at the portrait. "You have been looking at it?" she asked mechanically, taking up her palette and brushes.

"Yes," I said, and she seemed to expect me to say more.

"It's a good likeness, isn't it?" she remarked presently.

"It's too flattering," I answered, sitting down opposite it.

She looked at me, suspiciously, but my face was full of innocence. "Jack doesn't think so," she said.

"But he is so absurdly vain," said I.

"Not more than other men, I suppose," she retorted

Her back was toward me, and I could see her listlessly dabbing at the background of the portrait. "Yet you say he is not satisfied with that painting," I said. "What fault can he find?"

"Nothing definite; but he wants me to alter it."

"However painful it may be, you must keep your art pure. It is true that in the noble cause of realism you have accentuated his worst points——"

"No, I haven't," she said with some heat.

"I honor you for it. Very few girls would have had the courage to treat the portrait of a lover in so bold a way, even to the suggestion of a caricature."

"But you said I had flattered him," she cried.

"Truth is the highest flattery," I answered sententiously. "And if Meadows be not high minded enough to see it you will not regret his loss."

"His loss. What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"I saw him just now. He does not appreciate your noble self-sacrifice. He said if you had really loved him you would not have pointed out his homeliness to the world. He seemed to feel it a good deal."

"Homeliness! He is beautiful!" she cried indignantly.

"Really, my dear young lady, you can't say that with that almost speaking likeness in front of us," and I pointed to the portrait.

With a sudden movement she smudged a brushful of paint over the face of the canvas

"What are you doing? Are you mad?" I said.

"No, not now."

"But remember the fine technique."

For an instant she paused—but only for an instant. Then she took some more paint and rubbed it violently over the portrait. I saw Meadows looking round the door and beckoned him in.

"Your portrait is done for," I said.

She threw down her palette. "Jack, look at it!" she cried, with a laugh that seemed to catch in her throat.

There is now hanging in the Meadows' dining room a portrait of the master of the house. It is not at all a good painting, but Jack gazes at it with satisfaction. It is by his wife, and when her friends suggest that she has flattered her husband she smiles

Once I saw her looking at it rather sadly and I asked her if she were regretting the one she had destroyed. Perhaps it was an indiscreet question.

She shook her head. "No; sometimes I think I acted hastily, for it really was good," she said.

"But surely this one is, on the whole, better," said I.

"Jack thinks so,'" she answered, and she sighed.

EASY TO GET TO KLONDIKE.

A St. Louis Man Proposes to Travel There By Balloon.

Dr. Rufus G. Wells, St. Louis, is another of the many victims of the Alaska gold fever. He has begun work on a gigantic balloon in which he proposes to start for the Klondike region next spring. His balloon will consist of a cigar-shaped bag filled with gas, sustaining a basket and propeller. The gas will be sufficient to sustain the weight of fifty men and their necessary baggage. Dr. Wells is offering round trip tickets on the airship for $300.

Dr. Wells claims to be the greatest aeronaut of the age. He tells marvellous stories of his exploits—how he once crossed the Appenines from Rome in seven hours, and another time crossed the Indian Ocean. He says that he can go around the world in thirty days, and consequently such a little matter as a trip to Klondike is hardly worth talking about.

Dr James Charles, of Richmond, Ind., is another medical man who has devoted much attention to aerial navigation. As a result of his thinking he has applied for a patent on an airship which is designed to fly like a bird, without the use of gas or other buoyant matter. He has constructed a tin model of a machine something like Langley's flying machine, but fitted with various propelling wheels which can be turned so that they will exert either a lifting force or a horizontal power that will move the machine forward. Dr. Charles is organizing a stock company to build his machines and contemplates a trip through the air to Alaska in the spring.

FREE FROM DISEASE

THE DOCTOR SAYS SO.

MR. FISHER SWEARS SO.

KOOTENAY DID IT.

Mr. Jacob Fisher, who is employed by the Niagara Falls Paper Co., of Niagara Falls, N. Y., suffered for a long time from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. He took Kootenay Cure, and now is perfectly free from disease. He has been examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland, who declares him in "a perfect state of health, and free from any disease." Mr. Fisher himself made a sworn declaration as follows: "I am the same person examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland. For over a year I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. I commenced taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and now I am free from all blood disorder, Rheumatism, Scrofula and skin diseases, and my cure was effected solely by the use of the above named remedy."

Chart Book mailed free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

FATTENING HOGS ON NEW CORN.

This work must be cautiously done, that is to say it must be begun in a prudential way, in order to get the best results from feeding the corn. Any sudden change in the diet is harmful because it is apt to produce more or less of derangement in the digestive organs, and the danger is all the greater when the food fed is only approaching ripeness, or is but newly ripe. There should be a leading up process to the feeding of green corn, and that process may in outline be as follows: Where the crops on a pork-producing farm have been well ordered, there will first be corn grown; second, there will be other corn to follow the sweet corn, and third, there will be other vegetable food, as squashes or pumpkins or mangels, to vary the diet. During the feeding of those products the pigs should be running on pasture for a time at least, and the period of such feeding may be called the preparatory fattening period. The feeding of the sweet corn may begin as soon as the ears are fit to cook. The corn is cut stalk and all and thus fed to the pigs, and they will eat much of the stalk while they consume the cob and corn. As soon as the sweet corn is exhausted, or if not exhausted, has become ripe, the dent corn of the common varieties will be ready. At the first it may be thrown to the pigs cob and stalk, and for a time they will consume much of the stalk. When they begin to reject the stalk give them snapped ears and allow them to feed on these until they show indications of soreness in the mouth. One evidence of such soreness is found in the dropping of an ear from the mouth after it has been grasped and picking up another ear. The soreness is caused by the hardening of the corn.

While the pigs are being thus fed a squash or a pumpkin or a mangel a day given to them will furnish a wholesome addition. But if none of these can be fed then some ground food as shorts or ground oats will be help-It will secure more growth than would corn alone, and it will also put the pigs in a better condition for the final finishing. The benefit of a mixed diet are all too little studied everywhere, and more especially in corn growing countries. The feeding of the snapped corn may be prolonged by making corn only a part of the diet. the other part may vary according to circumstances. It may be best given as meal, and it should be soaked twelve hours before being fed. It may consist of rye or barley or oats, but better still of a combination of oats and at least one of the other varieties named. Some oil cake in it will improve it by giving tone to the digestion. As less of corn will be required, the soreness of mouth referred to will be less liable to occur. Hence such feeding may be continued until the pigs are practically ready for market. But after the crop has become ripe many feeders prefer feeding the corn in some other way, as by grinding it cob and all and feeding it thus. And yet others get fair results by throwing the corn to the pigs in the ear, husked or unhusked, while they run on pasture. But in mu judgment there will be greater profit by feeding the corn in conjunction with other foods, and somewhat after the manner outlined above. Of course it means more work, but what of that when it is work that is paid for in the increased returns. While we should study carefully the saving of labor, there comes a point beyond which saving it would be loss.

POULTRY IN SUMMER.

A healthy growing chicken is always ravenously hungry when it wakes up in the morning. Hence an early meal is just what the nature of the chickens demands, though the meal should not be so full as to prevent their desire for a foraging expedition immediately after. "Feed little and often" can not be too often reinterated. N oplan is so wasteful and hurtful as to throw down heaps of food once or twice a day. The food should be scattered so that they can not gulp down whole mouthfuls at once. In this way they are made to suffer from over-filled crops and or relief they drin ktoo much water and the lief they drink too much water and the inactivity which follows is often the cause of many disorders. If fed a little at a time they are more apt to take the exercise so essential to their health and thrift. The necessity of providing pure fresh water for poultry, young and old is so obvious that a simple reminder is all that is here necessary. If milk is available it will be found highly beneficial if it is substituted for the water for morning and evening drink, though in our opinion it is better to give water during the hot hours of midday.

During the hot midsummer days poultry of all kinds are inclined to seek the shade whenever the sun shines. This is an evidence that shade in hot weather is as necessary as sunlight is in cold weather. If they have the run of the orchard, trees and vines will furnish shade in plenty but poultry yards are often seen not so favorably situated. By all means provide shade for the fowls and chicks and if no other means is at hand put up board sheds. It has been demonstrated over and over again that plum trees are the most profitable shade for poultry. The insect pests which so often ruin the plum crop are eagerly devoured by the fowls, resulting in much benefit to the fowls and fruit alike. In a similar way, to some extent, poultry are beneficial to fruit trees of all kinds.

FOR THE AILING HORSE.

Often with dumb animals, as with the human race, a little change of scene and diet will work wonders in the way of reviving failing energy and waning strength. A little run at pasture is often better treatment for a sick horse than to dose him with strong medicines. James I. Baird, in Agricultural Epitomist thus expresses his views as to what to do for the ailing horse:

Horses very often get out of healthy condition ,while yet no clearly pronounced symptoms of any specific disease are evident; they seem weary and languid with weakened or imperfect indigestion, and often other symptoms indicating ill health. Then it is that one is at a loss what best to do —what best to administer to give relief or tone up the system; or often in such cases, strong medicines are like- to do more harm than good. The horse, more likely, needs a sedative—something soothing and refreshing, in a word; and we find that the simplest remedy, and one most sure of giving relief, is a warm wheat-bran mash. This, while it satisfies craving of the appetite for food, comfortably distends the stomach, soothing and stimulating it to healthy action. And where the ailment arises, as intimated, from exhaustion, or otherwise enfeebled system, this food should be continued for a while, and soon the horse will show evident improvement; he can quietly rest, and the repose will invigorate his enfeebled system and restore his wanton vigor and health.

Sometimes horses show slight symptoms of fever; sometimes the contrary, a lack of warmth, and often shivering apparently with cold; either of which is very likely caused by imperfect food or deranged digestion; for these cases there is, perhaps, nothing better than to feed them for a few days on the bran mash. The steaming effect of the warm mash soothes the irritated and mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, causing sweating, which eliminates the morbid, fever-generating matter; and, in the other case, it warms up the blood, and energizes the languid condition of the system.

We have known a case or two of horses that were affected with not only debility and loss of appetite, but with soreness or stiffness in their limbs or joints, that were cured by feeding them on partially moistened wheat bran, and occasionally some oat-meal gruel.

A change of diet is good, indeed necessary, especially for the horse too much restricted to uniform, perhaps, solid, stimulating diet; here the bran mash serves as an excellent substitute for the accustomed diet; it refreshes and promotes activity of the digestive organs.

And for a medium in which to give medicines to a sick horse, there is nothing in which he will take it more readily than in bran mash, either warm or cold. The mash also renders the bowels more susceptible of the action of the medicine given in it; and really less medicine is required, and less risk of painful spasms is incurred by its operations. When a horse is convalescing from sickness of any kind and a food being required to strengthen and build up his appetite, oat-meal is equal to, if not better than bran, it being extremely nutritious. This should be given in the form of gruel; and in this form it is more easily acted upon by the digestive organs.

HINTS ON EMBROIDERY.

Many people who are very skilful with their fingers in the matter of actual execution of various stitches in embroidery often find themselves very much handicapped by not possessing what is artistically termed "an eye for color." Yet, says an exchange, within their power is the making of many very beautiful articles,—cushion covers, sachets, work bags, table covers, etc., etc.

Art cretonne is obtainable in many places. Not in all. Please bear in mind what often goes by that name is not artistic at all. But if you go or send to well known houses, or use your own judgment in selecting what strikes you as pretty, then you will be safe. You can get some very exquisite designs and lovely colorings in this serviceable and inexpensive material.

We will suppose that the piece to be worked shows a great variety of design. These are irises, apple blossoms and wild roses. All the flowers are in shades of dull pinks and reds, the high lights being a pale straw color, and the leaves are in various shades of sage greens, veined now and then with red, the tips going off into straw color, the ground being sage green. The coloring is excellent, consequently there need be no difficulty felt in following it. Take the piece of cretonne to a shop where you can get washing filoselle silks and match the colors there. Choose a time when daylight is good. As for the embroidery, this is best done with about four threads of the filoselle silk, and the best needle to use is a crewel needle. If you like to do it you can cover the entire flower, although it is simpler and prettier for leaves to be worked all round in stitches which are purposely irregular in depth, as they slant into the leaf or petal, but which are quite even at the edge and lie closely side by side. The border of one petal or leaf may be worked in one shade or color or else in several. Just follow the actual shading of the cretonne.

For example, a leaf is worked up from the stalk in dark green, then comes straw color, and the other side finishes off with a lighter green.

Some of the leaves are veined in dark red, others in green.

The stem is done in wide stem stitch.

Work slantwise, and be sure your edges are even, for uneven stitches projecting in any show bad work and carelessness. This work is extremely simple, and, given the right colors and good cretonne, any one can work it, but it is not at all pretty unless carefully done.

When finished, damp and iron. If you have used delicate green and other colors, which sometimes resent a hot iron, wring out a handkerchief in water and lay it on the back of the work and iron it.

BRITAIN IN EGYPT.

The British Occupation of Egypt Judged by a Native.

The Cairo correspondent of the London Times writes as follows:—Hussein, son of the well-known Moussa el Akad, who was exiled for deeds committed as an active partisan of the Arabi Pasha revolt, has written a remarkable letter to the Makattam, on Arabic journal, in reply to attacks upon the English occupation made by another Arabic journal, the Ahram. The following is a translation:

"Desiring to show the enormous difference existing between the past and the present, I ask you to publish the following lines. Before the occupation the State collected taxes of all sorts, amounting to 4 1-2 Egyptian pounds 92s. 4d., per feddan, or acre, whilst at present it demands only 1 1-2 pounds 30s. 9d., per feddan. The Mamours could insult, flog, imprison the Omdehs with impunity. To-day corporal punishment is abolished, and not even the simple labourer in the fields can be arbitrarily molested by the highest Government official. Formerly, the official world, from the chief of the State down to the lowest employe of the Administration despoiled the fellaheen of all that they possessed; but in these days, thanks to the occupation, the inviolability of property is assured and the Khedive himself cannot take a feddan of land unless he buys it with the owner's consent and pays for it in full. The Administration and palace officials as also their friends, monopolized the Nile water to irrigate abundantly their own lands, without any regard for the plantations of the unfortunate fellaheen, which for most of the time were dried up.

Actually the poorest fellah enjoys the

SAME RIGHT OF WATER

a s does the highest State dignitary. Then the lives of private persons were at the mercy of the administrative authority which put them to death or exiled them without any form of law. Now no one is above the law. Public offices were given to the highest bidders, but to-day are allotted to the most capable. False accusations were the order of the day, and, following upon any mere scuffle, the notables of the village invariably paid ransoms to the Mudirs in order not to be gratuitously accused of disturbing public order. Merchants and manufacturers paid a professional tax, which is now abolished. The Finance Ministry was the private chest of the Khedive, who seized for himself and favourites the public funds and lands. At present the Ministry is worked independently of the caprices of the Chief of the Star. The Khedive, public functionaries and their friends compelled the fellaheen to work en corvee on their lands, forcing them to dig canals, to construct embankments and roads for the benefit of large properties, to the prejudice of small holdings, which thus suffered from a deficinecy of hands As to the administrative forced labour it existed all the year round. To-day it is enforced only in cases of public danger. The growth of cotton, which was limited has doubled under the aegis of justice and equality before the law." Hussein el Akad concludes with the following remarks: "Such are the benefits of the British occupation, and I do not understand how the pretended patriots who run counter to the existing regime can deny their existnece seeing that they shine as the sun of noonday. The pretended patriots would do better by keeping silence and leaving the occupiers of the country to complete their humanitarian work."

BORING GLASS.

It sometimes occurs t. the amateur house director and furnisher that she would be able to add very much to the beauty of a piece of work upon which she might be engaged if she could employ a little glass for decoration.

Fancy brackets and bookstands that can be so successfully manufactured at home would look still better finished if panels of looking glass, or transparent glass, could be called into requisition; but such panels require to be screwed on, and glass drilled by a professional will add to the expense.

It should be good news to such a one to find that glass can easily be drilled with an ordinary drill, without breaking, if the spot where the drill is to work be moistened with a few drops of a mixture composed of twenty-five parts of oxalic acid in twelve parts of turpentine.

The bottle containing this must be kept tightly corked, for if any of the strength is allowed to evaporate the solution might fail to be fully successful.

MARRIED A NEW WOMAN.

Mrs. Strongmind—And for what are you incarcerated here, my poor man?

The Prisoner—I married a new woman.

Mrs. Strongmind, astonished—Impossible! You couldn't be put in jail for that.

The Prisoner—But I was! I married a new woman, and the old woman I had put me in here for bigamy.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA