HIS HEIRESS

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME

CHAPTER LI.

All the world outside is white with snow. The branches hang low because of it; the berries of the brilliant hollies are so far covered that only a little touch of scarlet here and there can be seen.

The winds are sighing piteously. Ever and anon they dash themselves against the sashes, as though they would fain enter the cozy, firelighted room with its delicate satin trappings of rose and chocolate, and its subtle perfume that suggests a raid having been made by some one upon the winter-houses.

Being a little tired and spiritless, Lady Branksmere had refused to go to the library to-day, but had, instead, ensconced herself in her boudoir, and surrounded by periodicals, had elected to sleep and read away the afternoon. It is pretty far spent now, and, tired of her reading, Muriel has sunk back on her couch, and closed her eyes with, perhaps, a faint hope that sleep may visit her.

The room is warm, the scent of the flowers seductive. She has grown presently so drowsy that the opening of the door, though she hears it, fails to rouse her to a more open declaration of wakefulness.

Whoever it is who enters stands irresolutely upon the threshold of this, her own particular sanctum, as though uncertain as to whether he shall enter or retire, and yet evidently unwilling to go. Probably inclination conquers, because, after a moment's pause he comes on tiptoe to the fire-place, and, under the mistaken impression that its mistress is asleep, seats himself cautiously in a huge armchair.

It is a glorious armchair, soft and roomy, and caressing. Lord Branksmere has not been in it many minutes when, overcome by the influence of the fire and the seduction of the atmosphere, he falls into a sound sleep.

By the bye it is as well she hadn't waked to find him slumbering here within her own special den. She would hardly have been gracious to so decided an outsider. He smiles bitterly to himself as he thinks this, and, rising to his feet, creeps as he came on tiptoe to the door.

Being a man (poor creature!) he is of course clumsy, and his creeping this time results in the fall of a little cranky-legged chair against a spider-table crammed with china. Some of this china most unkindly comes with a crash to the floor. It isn't much of a crash, but it apparently wakes its owner.

"Who is there?" asks Muriel.

"It is I; Branksmere. I'm sorry I disturbed you, and of course I ought to apologize for my intrusion here, but finding you asleep I thought I'd wait—and—er—"

"But you didn't wait! Where are you going now?" demands she, querulously, seeing he is making for the door.

"Nowhere in particular. More for a short stroll before dinner than anything else. If you dislike being alone, however, shall I send—"

"No one! I," fractiously, "you won't stay, I would rather be alone."

She turns away her head, and buries it rebelliously in the cushions.

Branksmere flushes crimson.

"Me! Do you want me to stay?" he asks.

Branksmere, drawing a low chair beside her couch, seats himself deliberately upon it.

A low sound escapes her. She lifts her head and makes a slight movement in his direction, and then sinks back again as if exhausted.

"I feel so tired—so tired," she breathes, fretfully, wearily, her eyes filling with tears as she acknowledges the fatigue that is overpowering her.

"You haven't had your sherry and quinine—that's it," declares he, springing to his feet and bringing it to her. "Now, sit up and drink it."

"No," turning away distastefully. "I hate it."

"That isn't of the least consequence," coldly, "you must take it. So come. No, don't do that! You must, you know."

He holds down the impatient hand she has raised.

"Must I?" repeats she, with a little feeble exhibition of determination. "Well, let us see."

"To please me, then," says Branksmere roused to genius by his anxiety. He could have sunk into the ground when the words have passed his lips, but he has not time for false shame, before the remarkable results of his speech display themselves.

Muriel, when she has stared at him for a long minute, drops her eyes, and, taking the medicine from his hand, swallows it without another word.

"It is abominable," she says then, pushing him and the glass away from her and sinking back upon her couch.

"It will be, I hope, only a passing disagreeability. You will soon be able to give it up."

"It is the best thing that could happen for both you and me."

"What is?" sharply.

"My death! I can't tell you," her voice sinking to an exultant whisper, "how very, very much weaker I am."

Branksmere, who has not recovered his color, regards her keenly.

"You are wrong in one particular," he says slowly. "In spite of all this has come and gone, I should not consider it the best thing for me."

"That shows your folly," with a frown.

"Probably. Yet I would not wish myself wiser in that matter. And why should things be always between us as they are today. Consider, Life is short, shall we waste it? If, in the future, you could come to regard me as—"

"No, no?" with a burst of passionate vehemence, shrinking from him, though he has not attempted to touch her, "put that out of your head at once and forever. What! Do you imagine you could be sincere in such a wish?"

She sits up on her couch, and lifting one hand presses back the loosened hair from her white brow. She looks pale and haggard, and the great hollows beneath her eyes give those lovely features a depth that adds to their brilliancy.

"I am no hypocrite, as you well know," returns Branksmere, with meaning. "But with you how is it? Do you conceal nothing? You should think twice," coldly, "before you accuse me of hypocrisy."

"You mean?"—demands she, with stormy eyes.

"I wish I could tell you even half that mean."

"You forget yourself," says Muriel.

"That is true," cries he, vehemently. "I forget all. I remember only you."

"Forget me, then! Oh! Branksmere, think! Think! The shame of it—it is the shame of it that is destroying me. Let me go."

"You would have a formal separation! That is impossible," replies he, in a low tone. "Do not hope for that; I will not submit to it."

"Then you shall take the consequences," cries she wildly. "I swear I will not live here day by day, with all the hateful, the shameful past forever before me. Have you no pity, none? Can you not see what it means to me? Or are you deaf and blind to all my misery?"

"You would leave me, then?"

"Forever. Can I go?" with trembling eagerness. "When may I go?"

"This is your second effort to leave me," says Branksmere calmly.

"That is only the bare truth," returns she, icily.

He lays his hands upon her shoulders and bending her a little from him, looks into her face.

"Are you human?" he asks, huskily. "Have you no feeling? Great Heaven!" pushing her away and then as suddenly laying his hand upon her arm and drawing her back to him, as if to read her very heart. "How deadly cruel you beautiful women can be!"

"Let me go," she says, in a tone danger-ously low. He loosens his grasp at once, and she steps backward feebly, laying her hand upon the chair nearest her as if to steady herself.

"Am I so abhorrent to you, that my very touch can bring such a look into your face?" demands Branksmere, with a frown.

The excitement and the agitation are telling on her terribly. She is trembling from head to foot.

"I go," she says faintly, pointing to the door.

"No, I shall not go," returns he with a settled determination. As though to strengthen his resolve he seats himself. "Let us come to the root of this matter. You desire a life altogether apart from me. Why?"

"I have already explained," replies she sullenly.

With an impatient gesture Branksmere goes by her toward the door. He has reached it, when suddenly, as if compelled to it, he comes back to her, and taking her in his arms strains her to his breast with an almost convulsive clasp.

"You don't love me—I know that," he says in a stifled tone, "but swear to me before Heaven that you love no other man."

"I swear it," says Lady Branksmere, overcome by the agony in his voice.

"Not," gazing fixedly and suspiciously at her, "that devil!"

"Oh! no, no, no." She shudders violently.

Once again he presses her passive form to his heart, and then, with quivering lips and somber eyes, looks down at her.

"Pah!" he says, "You have a heart of ice! You are not worth it all!"

He strides toward the door. He has gained it—opened it—is on the threshold—when a low cry breaks from her.

"Stay, stay, Branksmere!" she calls aloud in a wild, impassioned tone.

Closing the door, he returns to her side slowly, as one amazed, and awaits in silence her explanation.

"It is nothing!" she sobs vehemently. "Oh! you should not stay because I ask you. You should go. Why should you obey any request of mine? I must be mad to call to you at all. But I could not let you go believing me all to other heartless.

"What madness possesses you to talk to me like this. Do not repulse me, I implore you," entreats he, laying his hand upon her arm. "Speak—say what was on your mind—what was on your lips just now?"

Impressed by the solemnity of his address, she struggles with herself, and at last some words fall from her.

"It time could roll backward. If this could be again the year when first I saw you; if you could be once more my lover—not my husband—" She stops dead short, as though to go further, to enter into explanation, to terminate her sentence, is beyond her.

"I am your lover now, as I was then—as I shall be always"—says Branksmere in a low but steady tone. The words have hardly passed his lips, when he has to go quickly to her assistance. The color has fled from her lips; she sways helplessly, and but that he catches her in his arms she would have fallen.

CHAPTER LII.

Lifting her he lays her gently on the fur-covered lounge, and bending over her gazes with a terrible anxiety upon her face that is now as pale as though death has already claimed her for his own.

If she has fainted, however, it is an insensibility of but short duration. Sitting down by her, Branksmere gently chafes her hand and after a little induces her to take a glass of champagne he has procured from Bridgman.

After five minutes or so have gone by in absolute silence, Muriel suddenly turns her eyes full upon him. There is in them the fretful reproach of one who is very ill or very unhappy.

"These pillows!" she says petulantly, "Oh! how they make my head ache."

"Let me settle them," softly, as though consoling a little weary child, he speaks. He raises the pillows, and is still arranging them, so that she must know comfort, when her head falls back as if exhausted. Her eyes close, and Branksmere, fearing she has again fainted, does not dare to stir, hardly indeed dares to breathe, while she lies there resting unconsciously within his arms. It reminds him of that first day after her great illness when he had in such wise supported her; but then she had been indeed unaware of his presence. Now—His heart beats quickly. Stooping to examine more minutely the lovely wasted face, he sees that she has recovered herself, and that two tears have forced themselves from under her long lashes. She is sensible, yet she has not withdrawn herself from his encircling arm!

The tears slowly, very slowly, travel down the wan lines of her face, but her eyes go up to his.

"How good you are to me!" she breathes. She lifts the hand that is round her neck, and drawing it still more tightly round her presses the fingers to her lips. A thrill runs through Branksmere. Now, at last, when despair has seemed his portion, are life, hope, joy coming to him? "But you must not say such things to me. My love, Alas! all such times are gone for me. I am an outsider, a creature with no interests, and in whom no one finds interest. There are moments," she says, with a pathetic attempt at calm that strikes him as being especially mournful, "when I feel the loneliness of it—the desire for something beyond—something irrecoverable."

"Muriel, do not turn from me. Look at me. When I used that word I meant it. Your lover. I am your lover now, even now." His face has blanched, his tone is sharp and impassioned.

"All this is folly," cries she excitedly, rising on her elbow. "You would be something more than human to forgive what has happened. It is impossible, I tell you." She draws her breath with an uncertain violence, as though deeply agitated. Her eyes meet his; suddenly she covers her face with her hands. "Oh," cries she, with a wild inconsistency, "if it might be possible, if I might dare believe—"

"Believe this, at least, Muriel, that I love you."

"You could not love—remembering."

"I suppose I could—because I do."

"What! Nay, Branksmere, why should you persuade yourself to please a dying woman. Think, dwell on all that has occurred, and tell me if you can still hold to your words."

His dark eyes, large and eager, seek hers, and meet them. What he sees there sends a swift flush into his cheek.

"Ah, my day has come, then," he cries, with vehement exultation. "I have waited, but I have won." He takes her face between his hands, and gazes intently into it. "You will love me, Muriel? Is that what your eyes say? Is that what your blush means? Is that what your lip would utter? Oh, my beloved, for once let your lips utter the real truth to me, of their own accord."

He leans over her, nearer, nearer still. Their breaths mingle, coming swiftly through their parted lips, their eyes grow to rough other, there is one wild tremulous movement, and then they are in each other's arms, heart to heart at last, with all save love forgotten!

The sound of footsteps echoing through the corridor without rouses them at last to a sense of every-day life. There is a subdued colloquy in the corridor without, and Bridgman, having taken the salver from the footman, brings it in and hands some cards to Muriel.

"Lady Primrose, Mrs. Amyot, Lady Bellair." She reads this much aloud to show Bridgman she is her usual calm, self, and then breaks down and rather mumbles over the others.

"You can't receive them; it will be too much for you," says Branksmere tenderly, when Bridgman has retired. "I'll take an excuse, if you will."

"Tired, no. I feel strong, well!" cries she, rising brightly—if a little slowly to her feet; "you have given me fresh life!"

"Very good," smiling, and in truth a faint, warm color has stolen into her cheeks, and reddened her pale lips. "Come!" she holds out her hand to him as she walks to the door.

All at once she pauses and, lifting her hands to her auburn head, looks at him anxiously.

"Shall I do? Is my hair all right?" she asks him anxiously. There is something in the confidential glance and tone that convinces him more than all that has gone before that she is indeed his own.

"Oh, darling! To think it is all true!" he says, somewhat irrelevantly, but out of the very fulness of his heart.

CHAPTER LIII.

"Here she is," cries Margery gayly, as Muriel, followed by Lord Branksmere, enters the room. "So glad!" she whispers lightly, to Mrs. Billy, who with Lady Anne has been entertaining everybody.

They all rise in a body to receive the beautiful invalid and to give her, in fact, a gentle ovation. But she looks so unlike the orthodox thing—so brilliant so fresh, so full of life, that surprise after awhile seizes hold upon them.

"Muriel, what has happened?" ask Mrs. Billy, leaning over.

"All that you, my best friend, could desire," returns Lady Branksmere softly.

"Lady Branksmere is singularly improved," says Lady Bellair. "There is something in the whole menage—brighter, fuller. How is it?"

"A general rejoicing over her recovery no doubt."

"A trifle more than that, I fancy," dryly. "One looks round and finds empty spaces surely. Madame missing. Staines obliterated. It suggests a compromise, eh?"

"Nonsense" says Halkett.

"Not at all in my opinion. Very wise, on the contrary, and very careful, but very poor; effect nowhere. I did the heroine of our little comedy the honor to believe she could have shown more pluck, when the crisis came, whatever Monsieur might do. It was scant for him you see. Ma foi! I am so decidedly passee."

"Pouf; you know nothing," whispers Mrs. Amyot lightly, who has grown very respectable since her engagement.

She pauses to pull her skirts aside, and to smile on Tommy Paulyn, who, with Angelica, is passing by, en route to the conservatory beyond.

"There is a whisper in the air that Paulyn is going to settle down with that extremely youthful cousin of his."

"What! that baby!"

"It was Mrs. Daryl who whispered it to me. She is a funny little woman, who tells a funny little story very well. Last evening, it appears, May—one of the twins—found Paulyn with Miss Angelica in a distant and rather unfrequented part of the shrubberies, in an attitude that struck the child as being full of interest. He had his arm round her. 'I think he was kissing her,' said Miss May, 'and though she was very red, she wasn't a bit angry, and that's what I couldn't understand because Tommy is such an ugly little thing?"

They all laugh.

"Well, I expect Tommy could, I declare I call it absurd! Everybody is going to be married, it seems to me. Matrimony is an epidemic and all the world down here has caught it. Two fresh victims have just gone by, who it is apparent to every one, are sickening for it. Then there are you and—nedding at Halkett—"you! Lady Anne and that insane little Primrose, and last of all I hear that Margery, that pretty little Daryl idiot, is going to throw herself away on that extremely ugly young man who has come to grief with his income, and isn't worth a sou. Sort of thing, after all, one would expect from a girl with her eyes."

"It seems a sacrifice certainly," says Mrs. Amyot.

"I dare say not. I expect he is good enough for any woman who could so sinfully fling away her chances. But what is she going to do with her big pauper? Of course his size aggravates the trouble. It must take such a lot to keep up those shoulders of his."

"He hasn't a penny worth speaking about, believe me. If she doesn't very wisely cry off, before she takes the fatal plunge, they will know what it is to be beggars. How horrid it sounds—eh!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," says a gruff voice behind them that makes Lady Bellair jump, for perhaps the first time in her imperturbable life, and turns Mrs. Amyot crimson. "That 'little Daryl idiot,' as you so politely term my niece, will never be a 'beggar' or a 'pauper' either." Sir Mutius Mumm, thrusting his head forward, glares at Lady Bellair, and nods at her furiously.

"Really, Sir Mutius, I—er—"

"She is my niece, ma'am, mine," declares Sir Mutius, in a tone rich in offended dignity.

"I'm sure I congratulate her," returns Lady Bellair, who has now quite recovered her self-possession.

"My niece, ma'am. D'ye hear that?" He pauses, as though what he has just said is astonishing himself also. "My niece of mine, ma'am need be a pauper, or a beggar, or a vagrant."

Without waiting a rejoinder to this pretty speech he hobbles away.

"To be his heiress means a good deal," says Mrs. Amyot.

"Lady Bellair, they owe you an immense debt of gratitude," laughs Halkett. "In my opinion Sir Mutius would never have left them a penny if you had not talked of Margery's being, possibly, a beggar. I believe, in spite of yourself, you have done a good action to-day."

"Well, really, I couldn't help it," returns she apologetically.

"I am so glad their happiness is assured," says Mrs. Amyot, warmly. "After all—it is a poor thought I own—but money has a good deal to do with it. What? Will nobody agree with me? Am I" with a reproachfully amused glance all round—"the only mercenary person in the room? Come to my rescue then, Lady Branksmere, I beseech you."

Thus lightly appealed to, Muriel hesitates, and involuntarily glancing at Branksmere, she sees something in the earnest gaze he has fastened on her that flyes her face a warm, sweet crimson.

"I am afraid you have chosen a bad advocate," she answers softly. "No, I do not think money has so very much to do with one's happiness."

"What then?"

"Love," says Muriel, in a tender, tremulous tone.

[THE END.]

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED.

South German Factory Workmen Do Not Favor the Canteen System.

The experiment of providing canteens in factories, at which workmen can get goods at something less than cost price, appears to have been a failure in South Germany. According to a report from the Brutish consul at Mannheim, the workmen absented themselves from the dining halls after the first sense of novelty had died away. He quotes figures to show that one factory with 1,900 hands now has only 300 diners; another, with 700 workmen, barely 70; while at a third, with 250 workmen, only 30 avail themselves of the privilege. Many contradictory reasons are given for this state of affairs. One firm writes: "The result confirms our first opinion concerning the social political legislation. We think that the workmen should be afforded opportunity to help themselves and in their own fashion. Benefits conferred or enforced upon them, although accepted, are by no means fully appreciated. The workmen regard them with indifference, whereas all self-effort in the way of improvement, as provision against illness and disability, and better and cheaper food and the like, produces more satisfaction and increases the sense of independence. In short, we think it would be better to point out to the workman how he can improve his position than with outlay of money to force benefits upon him." The consul is inclined to ascribe the failure of the scheme to the interference with the customs and sense of independence of the men. They had been in the habit of having their dinners brought by their wives, children, or friends, and the dinner hour brought them freedom and variety. The canteen system, which compelled them to sit in a body and under restraint, was a great contrast and a change not at all to their satisfaction. The superior and cheaper fare was not sufficient compensation, and they preferred the society of their family at dinner, even though the dishes were less luxurious. The supply of coffee by the factories, either gratis or at a nominal price, to workmen during work in hot weather is an innovation that has met with decided favor.

The Frog-Child.

A child was born in Birmingham, Eng., on September 20, 1890, which is to be put on exhibition in the large cities of Canada and the United States during the coming Fall and Winter. This uncanny creature not only "bears a strong resemblance" to a frog, but may properly be said to be a real human batrachian. Its skin is warty, and clammy to the touch; when it cries, as three year old babies often do, it makes a most uncanny croaking sound that can be heard all over the neighborhood in which its parents live. The creature, (it can hardly be called a child) has three fingers on each hand. Besides the points above enumerated it has many other characteristics of a true frog, even to the huge, knotty-looking lifeless eyes. When the child was born the despatches said that the parents "were almost distracted over the awful calamity that has been visited upon them and hourly pray for it to die." They seem to have changed their opinion in this respect and now consider the creature equal to a national bank. There are two other "frog-child" cases on record to my personal knowledge; one the offspring of a Piute squaw, born about 13 years ago, the other a monstrosity which first saw the light of day at Goshen, Ind. in January, 1889.

Begging to be Excused.

They were having a spelling lesson in school, and the little scholars were all arranged in front of the teacher, spelling away for dear life, trying to see how near they could get to the head.

The word "chimney" was given out to a little black-eyed girl, who had been spelling words correctly throughout the morning, but she missed this one by inadvertently leaving out the "h."

Quick as a wink, the little boy next her pounced on the word, and spelt it correctly.

"You may go up one, Johnnie," said the teacher.

"I don't want to," whined Johnnie, getting ready to cry. "My mother would whip me if I did, because I'd get all over soot."

HOUSEHOLD.

"The Least of These."

She had little of earthly beauty,
She had less of earthly love;
She climbed by a path so narrow,
Such wearisome burdens bore!
And she came with a heart a-tremble,
To the wrader at heaven's door.

And said, "There were hearts of heroes;"
She said "There were hands of might;
I had only my little children,
That called to me day and night;
I could only soothe their sorrow,
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence,
She hid her face in shame;
When out from a blaze of glory,
A form matchless came;
And sweeter than all heaven's music
Lo, some one called her name!

"Dear heart, that had self forgotten,
That never its own has sought,
Who keepeth the weak from falling,
To the King hath jewels brought.
Lo, what thou hast done for the children,
For the Lord Himself was wrought!"

A Difficult Problem.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of keeping the heads of children free from dandruff and dust. The tiny roots of the hair must not be allowed to become imbedded in a crust of foreign substance, if one wishes "the golden locks" to grow beautiful and luxuriant.

Persistent and daily brushing with a soft brush is necessary in order that the gloss of the hair may be preserved. In this way alone can be distributed the oil, which nature has so bountifully provided, and keeps stored in the tiny sacks at the roots of the hair till needed. This regular brushing will not only impart a silky appearance to the hair but will also aid greatly in keeping the scalp clean and free from dandruff. Yet, at this season of the year, when the little ones are, or ought to be, playing out of doors, digging in their tiny gardens, or fashioning wonderful things from the pile of pliable sand, that is to be dirt, which no amount of brushing can remove, will find a lodging place upon the head.

How can this best be removed? "By washing the head with the beaten yolk of an egg to which has been added a little warm water, then rinsing with clear, tepid water," methinks I hear some of you exclaim. Yes, I admit that the egg is excellent, but this necessitates a laborious process from which the wee ones invariably shrink. A much simpler method is to use a fine nail brush warm, soft, water and tar soap, especially if the hair be short. Tie a towel around the little one's neck, place him in a high chair if you have one. Dampen the brush, rub a little of the soap upon it, then apply gently and softly to the head. Thoroughly cleanse one portion before dampening another. Go over the whole carefully in this way, after which rinse thoroughly with clear water, using the brush as before. Dry on a soft towel, then apply a little of cosmoline and bay rum, rubbing it well into the roots of the hair. The hair not having been saturated with water will be dry in a few moments and can be arranged as desired.

If it is long enough it can be brushed to assume that fluffy appearance so much sought after at present. Children will not cry when undergoing this method of shampooing, but will rather laugh saying "tis gay sport!" More easier than any other method, a baby's head can be cleaned in this way. Do not resort to the practice of scratching with a fine comb as this but augments the evil one wishes to avoid; dandruff accumulates the more rapidly if so removed.—Ella Bartlett Simmons, in the Housekeeper.

Be Moderate!

The above would be a golden maxim for workers in every line, but especially so for the average housewife. Whether it be from the varied and perplexing nature of her duties, or the heed of their prompt performance, certainly it would seem that she is liable to overwork. The usual routine of housework is of itself absorbing. The measure of duties seems too, only full but running over, and it from any cause the work becomes complicated, or there is any deviation from the usual course, it must of necessity bear heavily upon the endurance of the housewife.

Washing, ironing, and baking days, with their attendant tasks of preparing meals, and all the other details of everyday living, require not only skillful and busy hands, but a clear head to plan, manage and direct these various operations and by degrees to bring order out of chaos. It should be the aim of the housewife to consult and favor her own strength first of all, and endeavor so to arrange her work as to accomplish it with the most ease. There are many labor-saving devices and each woman knows of simple methods of relieving tired muscles, and sparing feet and hands.

But just here, paradoxical as it may seem, comes in a difficulty made by the ambitious housekeeper herself. Not content with doing heroic work in one direction she cheerfully attacks, with almost fanatical zeal, the stronghold of dirt in another, and endeavors to confinese into the waking hours of one day, an amount of work which ought to be distributed over three.

The washing has perhaps been done with unusual ease, and stimulated by success other tasks are essayed instead of taking needed rest. The hot suds suggests various scrubbings, the cleaning perhaps extending to the windows, which must be brightly polished. After the dinner work the clothes come with such tempting freshness from the lines that ironing is begun, and in order to utilize the extra heat, baking is done. It is a marvel if the latter part of the evening is not devoted to sewing carpet rags.

While this work has been carried on with a great deal of enthusiasm it is noticeable that on the following day there is not so much desire to excel. Even the usual and necessary work drags heavily, and languor, headache and debility make life miserable to the weary woman who now works mechanically and without interest. What has been gained by this immoderate crowding of tasks? True the heavier portion of the week's work has been done, but at what a cost! Weary and worn, with unstrung nerves, she falls into that apathetic attitude wherein self pity predominates. A vague sense of being misused by destiny (the recreation upon the spirit of the body's fatigue) cases despondency and irritation. The peace of home is in peril as a result.

Any prudent woman will pride herself on that reasonable economy which not only forbids waste, but anticipates waste. It is, however, in regard to the material and easily purchased resources that she is thoughtful and considerate while in the vital matter of health and strength she is strangely prodigal and careless.

A systematic planning of work, so regulated as to admit of needful rest between the heaviest tasks, is of great assistance. It is a woman's duty to care for herself and those nearest to her, and to subordinate the labors of housekeeping rather than to make them first.

An intelligent worker should turn to her advantage every favoring circumstance, and avail herself of every possible method of simplifying her work, and doing it with more ease.

The position has much to do with comfort, and a seat should be taken whenever possible. A change of position is a positive relief in a lengthy task such as sewing is apt to be, and to move the machine where an outside view can be had, makes a pleasant variety that infuses new vigor into the worker. The monotony of work is the chief cause of discontent, for now as of old "willing hands make light work," and the easy seat, the change of position, the cheerful outlook upon the waving branches and nodding flowers tend to dissipate any feelings of despondency that may creep in when burdens seem heavy to be borne.

It is a sad truth that insane asylums are more frequently recruited from among the farmers' wives than from any other class. But the monotony of labor might be lightened it tasks were reasonably distributed as to time and space, and the plea of exhausted nature regarded.

The few hours of early morning in warm weather are more especially refreshing than any other. Many preparations might be made for the day, and some valuable time thus gained for that great which goes far to recruit the exhausted energies of mind and body. It does not need a long, expensive journey to give one rest and new life and ideas. It can be managed by any sunny-tempered worker who brings intelligent thought to her duties, and by wise management keeps herself happy, well and strong.—[Ohio Farmer.

Housekeepers Should Remember.

Katherine B. Johnson gives some household hints that are very seasonable.

That there are few servants so thorough that they should not inspect the refrigerators daily to see that no liquids are spilled or food allowed to spoil and contaminate the rest.

That dish water, which is always impregnated with more or less vegetable matter, should never be thrown on the surface of the ground at the back door.

That all tubs and basins in bath rooms and kitchen sinks and drains should be flushed with hot water on every weekly washing day.

That sulphate of iron (copperas) and chloride of lime, two of the best disinfectants, are but ten cents a pound, and a plentiful use of either in sinks and open drains during the summer and autumn may prevent that dreaded disease typhoid fever.

That no hamper or other receptacle of soiled clothing, no matter how handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment.

For The Nursery.

Did you ever hear tell of a nursery card? It is an Englishwoman's idea, and it is a capital one. It should be in every house where there are children. Listen to this: It is a card about three feet long by two wide, printed like a wall map, intended to hang in the nursery, of course. At the top of the card is a blank space in which is to be written the name and address of the nearest doctor or the one you would wish to have called in case of accident. Then follows a list of accidents most common with children and the remedies to be applied—bruises and sprains, bites, broken limbs, burns, fits, convulsions, fainting, nose-blooding, scalds stings, falls, poisons, substances in the eye, ears, nose, swallowing coins, buttons, etc. Accompanying this card, which is headed "What to Do and How to Do It," is a small box containing the remedies, some court plaster, absorbent cotton and lint.

The idea speaks for itself. Servants are apt to be ignorant and easily panic-stricken, and when the mother is at home she is likely to be so frightened that her wits desert her and she is helpless. Then the nursery card comes into play and its usefulness is proved.

For a Picnic.

Several menus for picnic lunches are given which have been recommended and may prove suggestive. Number one advises for six people the following liberal supply: A two quart pot of baked beans, one dozen raised rolls buttered, a pressed chicken, one dozen cucumber pickles, one dozen cookies, a plain cake, a piece of cheese, a dozen lemons and such fruit as is in season. Number two provides for the same number of people, loaf of bread and one-half pound of butter, eighteen cookies, eighteen doughnuts, one chocolate layer cake, one cup of jelly, one cup of cabbage pickle, one pot of baked beans, a half dozen pickles, a boiled tongue, a green apple pie, a dozen hard boiled eggs, a dozen bananas and one half dozen lemons with sugar. Number three would allow in proper amounts, ham sandwiches, brown bread, pressed beef, pickles, saratoga potatoes, cottage cheese, salmon or chicken salad, spice cake, cookies, lemon pies, grape jelly, fruit, coffee and lemonade.

The following are good rules for plain dishes to be taken in the picnic basket.

Pressed Beef.—Boil four pounds of beef until very tender; when cool chop fine adding pepper and salt to taste, two well beaten eggs and a little of the liquid in in which the meat was boiled. Stir the beef well and then pack it in an earthen pot or pan pressing it solidly and then set it in the oven for a short time. Serve in thin slices.

Drop Cakes.—One half cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one quart of flour, salt and ginger to season. Beat the mixture well and drop on tins in spoonfuls and bake in a quick oven.

Afloud Plain Cake.—One cup of sour cream, one cup of powdered sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of raisins, one level teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. After mixing the other ingredients, add last the flavoring and the raisins rolled in flour. Beat hard until creamy, then pour into the pan and bake without delay.

Old-fashione I Buns.—Three cups of milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of yeast. Make a stiff batter at night and let it rise until morning, then add one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of currants that have been washed and dried, and sufficient flour to roll out. A little cinnamon may be added if liked. Cut in rounds like biscuit and let them rise until very light before baking.

Raised Cake.—Four cups of flour, one cup of butter, one-half pint of new milk, one-half cup of yeast or half yeast cake dissolve in half a cup of water, a little salt. Mix all together then add the whites of two eggs well beaten, two cups of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of raisins one-half a nutmeg. Pour the mixture into the pans and let it stand until light then bake in a slow oven. This quantity will make two loaves.

Pressed Corned Beef.—Boil corn beef until tender then chop it coarsely mixing the fat and lean evenly. Stir in enough dry mustard to flavor it and put it into an oblong baking pan that flares a little at the top. Put another pan of the same size on the meat and inside of the pan set two flatirons as a weight; let it stand over night. The next day it will turn out a good loaf from which slices may be cut.

INCREASED GAMBLING.

France Abandoning Thrift for the Hazards of Speculation.

The French as a nation were very free from the gambling passion before the war, but since then a great change has taken place. Horse racing has undergone a great extension, but by no means in the same proportions that betting on horses has increased. It is the book maker, not the jockey, who has done the mischief. Formerly the French never bet on horses except at the race course: they went to enjoy the spectacle. Now most of the betting goes on in cafes and wine shops, and the measures taken by the government of late years to reduce the evil arising from this state of things are well known, says the St. James Gazette.

But where the betting is concerned there is always a way of outflanking the law and the number of persons belonging to the petite bourgeoisie and the working class who spend all the time they can steal from their regular employment, at the house of the sporting cafetier and mastroquet increases rather than diminishes. The cafetier himself, although his business is to keep out of danger and to make as much as he can from the others who are drawn into it, is sometimes entangled in the same meshes with his customers, or allows the shrewdest of them to victimize him. This was the case with the man Caupe, who kept a small cafe and wine shop in the Rue de la Glaciere, whose excessive faith in tuyaux—modern French for "tips"—brought him to the brink of ruin. Like a Monte Carlo gambler, broken down in bank and credit, he saw no solution but death; and, having brought his wife to the same way of thinking, he shot her, his two children and then himself. It is this horrible affair that has made the betting nuisance in Paris again a subject of public discussion. The government has been asked to take measures still more draconian in order to put it down; but experience has proved that when people have fallen into bad habits they are not to be brought back to the straight path of austere virtue by legislation. The truth is that the same class of people who formerly were content to toil year after year, denying themselves all luxuries and putting by every spare franc in order to secure for themselves a little independence, now find either that the struggle is too severe and hopeless or that their resolution is not equal to so prolonged an effort. All are casting about to find short cuts to fortune, and the conclusion to which most of them come is that there is no short cut to this much-desired goal except gambling, either of the frank and open kind or disguised by phraseology that gives it a more respectable color.

ATTACKED BY SAVAGES.

The Crew of a Vessel Decoyed and Murdered.

A San Francisco special says:—Advices by an Australian steamer state that a report has reached Sydney that a Queensland so-called "labor" vessel, while engaged in recruiting off the coast of Malayta, Solomon Islands, was attacked and seized by the natives. The white crew were killed and the vessel first looted and set on fire and burned to the water's edge. The first intimation of the affair was brought to Noumea by the "labor" vessel Lady Stansyn. The plan adopted by the Chief at Malayta was to decoy the vessel to a certain place on the coast on the promise of supplying a number of recruits. This was done after he had ostensibly shown his good faith by putting on board a number of natives. On the arrival of the vessel at the place named she was surrounded by armed canoes, and her crew quickly overcome by the combined forces of natives afloat and those already taken aboard.

HAD HIS HEART SEWED UP.

The Thrilling Experience of a Colored Man.

A Puncture in This Vital Organ Was Found—Doctors Dressed It and Closed the Cut—The Patient is Quickly Growing Better—A Delicate and Almost Unique Surgical Operation.

A Chicago special says:—A surgical case of unusual interest to the profession was recently received at Provident Hospital. The patient, a strong young colored man, had got mixed up in a street brawl, and was stabbed in the left breast by an assailant who wielded a sailor's knife. When brought to the hospital the injured man was very weak from shock, internal hemorrhage, and loss of blood, and by the attendants he was thought to be dying.

On examination it was found that the wound in the left breast was a diagonal cut about four inches long, beneath the fifth and sixth ribs. There was also every indication that the cut was very deep, and it puzzled the surgeons not a little to see the man still alive when it appeared probable that the knife had reached his heart. Everything possible to secure rest for the patient was done and preparations were made for an operation early on the following morning.

The heart being involved in the injury, the patient was not etherized, but anesthesia was produced by the use of chloroform. Then he was taken from the wheel-bed and placed on the operating table.

The operation did not last very long, but it was most delicate as well as dangerous. The wound was carefully opened and the walls were held apart while the surgeon dexterously removed parts of two ribs. Then deeper explorations were made, but with the utmost care, until at last the unconscious man's heart was laid bare. It was found that the pericardium had been cut with the murderous knife, and that the point of the weapon had actually punctured the heart itself. The wound was, in fact, of such character that few surgeons would have hesitated to pronounce it fatal.

But in this case the patient's condition seemed to be in his favor; neither his temperature nor his pulse was extremely high. With dexterous hands the surgeon exposed every part of the wound while he proceeded with the greatest delicacy and caution to dress the injury and close the cut in the pericardium. Vessels that had been severed were secured with artery clamps and tied with ligatures of catgut. A call for sutures was then made, and after every precaution had been taken the wound itself was partially closed at the outer surface. A small rubber tube was left in the wound for a few days, which served to drain off into the outer dressings all fluid exudations.

Since the operation the healing process has been going on admirably, and the patient gives every indication of recovery.

A GLIMPSE OF SIAM.

The Land of the White Elephant Not Being Bulldozed by France.

Siam, the land of tinsel and white elephants—poor little Siam, with France knocking at one gate and progress at the other—is a fit subject for national peresis. This curious country, all glitter and tinsel and horrible odors, is a veritable curio among nations. Though caricatured in comic opera and alluded to in commercial reports a la sort of second edition of China, Siam is in reality a sure-enough empire, with every element of independent existence but money and an aggressive ruler.

It is a toy community. Bangkok, its capital an metropolis, is a city of 800,000 people. Part of it floats, so many thousands of its houses are built on boats anchored in the River Menam.

To the eye of the tourist Bangkok, which is Siam condensed, presents a picture of filth, indolence and priests. There are more priests to the square inch in Bangkok than in any other city in the world. In fact, the priesthood is a sort of compulsory service, just as soldiering is in Germany. To married men it offers certain advantages that are even more alluring than Dakota's divorce laws. As there is a strict ordinance against the marriage of priests a benedict—through the instantaneous working of an automatic legislation—ceases to be married the moment he takes his orders as a disciple of Buddha. It is done with neatness and dispatch. And as the priesthood is not a perpetual bond, a disciple can renounce his calling, resign, as it were, at the end of a year or so, and resume his acquaintance with his spouse whenever he pleases, without any more ceremony than attended his first transformation.

Then, two, this double-acted religious system is attractive to those chronically tired in body as well as in soul. A priest is exempt from the advance of importunities of the debt collector. He has no financial standing whatever. But he has a heavy lien on the finances of the rest of the world, for he is a beggar of the finest stripe. He is no haphazard alms seeker, but a systematic leech upon the religious charity of the people. The city is divided into districts and proportioned off to the priests, each of whom has a regular beat. Rice, money, jewels—all drop into his dish. He is never filled yet there are some priests in Bangkok who could advance money to the Government and yet be opulent.

Next to the priests Bangkok is interesting for its temples. Some of them show a lavish prodigality that seems to warrant the description of Haggard. Gold has at some time or other flowed through that illsmelling hole like sand. Jewels and precious stones have been plentiful since the first white elephant was captured centuries ago. The King's temples, inside the palace walls, are marvels of glittering gorgeousness. Of course, His Majesty might easily pay the French demands of 600,000 francs by sacrificing an idol or two, but by doing this he would forfeit his prestige in Siam as surely as he did the individual who sold a white elephant to a circus man some years ago.

The King is a progressive man, and has instituted many reforms, among them being a sort of natural lesson in zoology. When he ascended the throne he taught his subjects that they were bipeds, and not quadrupeds, and he immediately rescinded the anc