## Through Storm and Sunshine

hovering round them. She had been words by the poet Dibdin, quaint looking at the gorgeous flowers, and still held one in her hands. There was no fairer spot in England than this sunlit garden, where the heiress of Lancewood stood with thoughtful face and dreamy eyes. Look where she would, nothing but beauty met her eyes, marvels of color, wonders of sunshine and shade. It was a garden rather old-fashioned than otherwise, full of heavy, rich roses, orange and scarlet nasturtiums, big rair clusters of hydrangea; there were blossems of purple and white carmine-hued carn- he thought to himself. "One never dream, and a painter lose himself in for that, I should imagine," the divine beauty of flower and tree. Then he went up to the fountain was a fountain of rare and quaint de- shone in the waters. sign; tame white doves fluttered round, and birds of bright plumage said, with a low bow. sang in the trees. The June sun Araby.

beauty of the garden-a tail, stately be pleased, I think." girl, with a Titian face, dark, glowand perfect features, the eyes of a "Have they sent Browning's last rare purple hue, such as one sees in poem?" the heart of a passion flower, darkening with every passing thought, bright as the stars in the sky, fringed with long lashes-mystical, dreamy eyes, full of passion and power-eyes in the liquid depths of which it was easy to lose both heart and senses; like a pomegranate bud, sensitive, sweet, yet with some proud, scornful curves-a girl that Titian would have painted, holding with white hand crimson flower to her lips. A mass of dark hair, soft and shining, was Miss Neslie.' drawn back from the beautiful face, and lay in luxurian profusion over the white neck and shoulders. the bloom of her girlish beautyl she looked brilliant as a passion-flower

Suddenly one of the tame white from her dream.

What do girls fair and young dream vague possibilities of life?

No such pretty thoughts occupied of her life. stopped to rest by the old sun-dial, morning, above all others!" and there her dark eyes wandered She opened the envelope with imover one of the fairest scenes in Eng- patient fingers, wondering why the clear river gleaming in the sun; she page: Sir Arthur seldom writes more saw rich clover-meadows, golden corn- than four lines." fields, acre after acre of undulating, park, where grand old trees of the be tired of standing." She saw Lancewood Abbey, the home she sat down. of her race, the grand, massive build- "Why do you not go for my book?" of wood and forest, of field and meadow-even the far-famed old Abbeythe proud air of one who had always | darkened her whole life. been obeyed. There was a grandeur | "My Dearest Vivien-Writing, fiance-for it was a noble face, and perhaps even anger you. a noble soul looked out of it.

of it. If I live long enough, my good deeds shall be my monument. I will leave a name that will live in the hearts of the people around me. This is my kingdom, and I shall be its

It was not vanity that shone in her face as she said the words-it was something higher and nobler-pride that rightly trained might have made her what she wished to be, a noble woman-pride of race and of lineage, pride in a spotless name and high descent, pride in the grand old home that was second to none in the land.

-use it royally. She had often stood please myself, and I have done so. If there by the old sun-dial, looking this wife were to die, it would be no round on the vast domain, thinking one's affair should I marry a third. what she would do when it became Tell Mrs. Spenser to have the rooms hers. She had been brought up as herress of Lancewood. No other fate, prepared for Lady Neslie. Tell all the no other lot in life, no other possibility | household of the change, and see that | had ever occurred to her except this. my wife is received with due honor he was quite accustomed to have the She had filled her mind with grand and respect. and noble thoughts, all for the good of honses. Her heart warmed as she reproaches. thought of it all, as she pictured the white heads of the old and the fair faces of the young; and all were to be treatment of Lady Neelie. made happy by her. They were noble of the sunlight and amid the fragrance hope to find all things well. of flowers.

from them. She dropped the spray of turned back and read it again. The lie bome." gladiolus, and turned to the fountain. young secretary watched her intent-The gold fish almost seemed to know ly. He saw the color fede from her her as she touched the water softly. face, the light die from her eyes; he

as though in search of some one. At given his life to save her from pain. length he saw the glimmer of a white | Suddenly, with an angry gesture, she reply.

· trion Nossic was standing in the dress amongst the trees, and he stood full glow of the sunshine, near a clus- still, silently watching her. She was ter or gladioli, that formed a picture singing just then in a low, sweet voice, in themselves, all crimson and gold, and he listened to the words with a bees buried in the bells, butterilies peculiar smile on his face. They were

and sweet-"I once had gold and silver-I thought them without end; I once had gold and silver-

I thought I had a friend, My wealth is lost, my friend is false, My love is stolen from ,me; And here I lie in misery Beneath the willow-tree.'

He recognized the song as one called "The Mad Lover," and again a ignificant smile stole over his face. "It is a strange for her to sing,"

ations, and illies with white, pure hears her singing love ditties, as belis-a garden wherein a poet might other girls do. She is far too imperial

An old-fashioned sun-dial stood near where the gold fish darted amongst the bright gladioli; not far from it the emerald-green weeds and the sun "Good-morning, Miss Neshe,"

The words of the song ceased abshone, and over all floated a breath ruptly as Vivien Neslie turned quick- father, has a wife-some one in my of perfume sweet as the odors of ly round to see from whom the greet- mother's place. I-I cannot believe it,

would say she was rightly placed near startled me. Have the books come? he has a wife. He has been all the the crimson and golden gladioli. See "Yes," he replied. "I came to tell world to me-as I have been to him: was in perfect harmony with the you. They are well selected; you will

"The last were all tiresome-nothing ing, splendid in its exquisite coloring of any value in them," she continued.

"Yes; we have several poetical works

"If it is not troubling you too much will you bring Browning out here to me? I should like to read in the sun-

shine; it is very pleasent." She spoke to him with a kind of straight, imperial brows; a mouth half-distant, half-reserved familiarity, that showed plainly enough that the did not consider him on an equality with herself. He seemed to feel and understand it, and his face flushed slightly as he replied-

> "It is always a pleasure to obey you "Then pray let me have Browning

at once. I have but an hour's leisure; I must not lose it in talking. Again his face flushed. He waited until he could speak calmly, and, then

producing a letter, he said-"The post-bag was delayed this doves fluttering round, lighted on morning; I have only just opened it.

this is for you." She fancied there was something of in the sunshine and flowers? Of strange in his manner-something of the lover who is to come-of the love hesitation and uncertainty. Then that is to crown them-of the sweet, she took from his hands the letter ter, Mr. Dorman! As though beauti- spell and lose the frog. As long as which was to change the whole course ful women ever cared for anything ex- the light is kept full upon him he re-

the heiress of Lancewood. She had "It is from Sir Arthur," she said,

land. She saw the dark masses of young secretary lingered there, looktrees in Hyde woods; she saw purple ing at her with such strange eyes. hills rising in the far distance, crown- "What a long letter!" she said, to marry-above all, to marry a full not to allow the pole or any pored with rich foliage; she saw the deep, laughingly. "This extends to over a French girl?"

"Let me find you a seat," he pro- one less proud would have understood, hooks are extended until they are on fertile land; she saw a picturesque posed, "while you read it. You will "Sir Arthur may have fallem in love, the side of the frog opposite the boat

growth of generations formed a Still with the same strange expresshade for the antlered deer; and to sion on his face, he brought one of the left lay the sunny Southern sea. the little garden-chairs to her, and

ing that was like "a poem in stone;" she asked, with laughing impatience. able silence; it was broken by the and the thought that brightened the "There may be a message for me in young secretary, who said: dreamy eyes was-"One day all this that letter, Miss Neslie," he replied. will be mine." All this-the wealth "Permit me to remain while you read a disagreeable matter before you. but as we were discussing in a general way

She sat down where the faint, all would one day be hers, for she was odor of the lilies floated round her, the only child of Sir Arthur Neslie, where the cooing of the white doves and heiress of Lancewood. She had reached her, and read the words that

about her such as comes only from you know, always fatigues me; I dea ways holding high authority, a frank test it. But I have something to tell independence, a certain kind of de- you which will astonish you greatly-

"It will be foolish of you, Vivien, "All this will be mine," thought the to be angry, for I have perfect and young girl-"and I will make good use undisputed right to please myself; no one has any right to take umbrage or offense at what, I do.

> "I feel a certain degree of of reluctance in making my announcementwhy, I cannot tell. You would wish me to be happy, and I have sought happiness after my own fashion. Vivien, I have married again. My wife is a beautiful young French girl -her name was Valerie d'Este; she is very piquant, attractive, graceful. You will be sure to admire her. We were married in Paris, and intend return- sion of intense pain that her proud ing home next Tuesday.

"Now, Viven, remember that, being angry and vexed about it is simply Ail to be her own-and she would a waste of time; I had a right to in the western wing set in order and

"One word to yourself, Vivien. What love treated with silent indifference. others, when she would be queen of is done is done. If you are wise, inthis her fair domain. It should be a stead of battling with the tide of after a pause, "all that Sir Arthur repattern and model for all others-no events, you will swim with it. From quires to be done." one should be poor or sorrowful. She you, my daughter, I shall expect love, would be a lady bountiful, going kindness, affection, attention, and con- phal arches erected all along the drive. amongst her people with open hands sideration for my wife. If you show They are to be surmounted by the and open heart, relieving all distress. all this, well and, good; if you refuse word, 'Welcome.' He wishes also that There should be churches where none it, you will see the result. Meet me every servant belonging to the househad been built before-schools, alms- with a smile, Vivien; lett me hear no hold should be in the great hall to were heavily the other way, the exist-

"My fondly-loved daughter, adieu.

The pretty tame doves aroused her | She read the letter slowly, and then Presently down a broad path shaded saw her lips grow white, as they had by acacia-trees came a young, hand- never been before; he watched her some man, looking about him eagerly, curiously, keenly, for he would have

rose from her seat, a crimson flush spreading over her face; she flung the letter on the ground at hen feet. "I will not believe it !" she cried. "It is a forgery! My father never wrote

love were so great that they made him | shall not."

"Read it !" she commanded. "Read it, Gerald Dorman, and tell me if I am mad or sane!" He took up the letter.

"Do you really wish me to read this, Miss Neslie?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, slowly. "I cannot believe it. My eyes, my senses must have deceived me; the words I have seen cannot possibly be written

there. Read it, and tell me if the news be true." He read the letter. She stood wat he ing him with a bewildered, dazed look, with, white parted lip | and darkened eyes. Then he laid it down on the sun-

dial, and turning to her, said-"It is quite true, Miss Neslie. knew it when I brought this letter

"You knew it!" she cried. "How? "Sir Arthur wrote to tell me. I received his letter this morning, and I felt sure that yours contained the same intelligence. It was for that reason I ventured to disobey you and he remain here instead of looking for the

"Then it is true," she moaned; "my ing came. A smile came over her Mr. Dorman. Why, only ten minutes motives, though not as heavy; a cane since I was thinking of all I would "Good-morning, Mr. Dorman; you persuade him to do-and now I find will be mine no more."

> as that. You are, and always will be manage the boat and catch the frogs, heiress of Lancewood. The Abbey too. will always be your home, unless-" Then he stopped and hesitated.

"Unless my father should have a son to succeed him, in which case said, slowly. "Half an hour since, Mr. sun shone in the sky."

"You must not look on the very the young secretary. "Sir Arthur says that Lady Neslie is young and beautiful." of supreme contempt.

She interrupted him with a gesture "One must be as weak as a man,"

harmony."

She interrupted him again. cept themselves." "Being young," he pursued. "she

been through the Hyde woods and quickly-"a letter from my father! will be timid, and will not venture to round by the river; returning, she How cruel of the post to delay this take any leading part in the management of the household." She laughed bitterly. "Did you ever see a timid French-

woman, Mr. Dorman? I never did. What can have possessed my father ly with the pole and hooks, being care-

tary, with a meaning look that any shadow, to frighten the frog. The

the notion of my own father's falling in love is too absurd." There was an interval of uncomfort-

evergreens erected in the drive. I am

to consult you about them.' "You may spare me the insult, sir. If I erected an arch at all, it would be one of yew and cypress.

the pictures in the blue room shall be go over the history of our town for placed in the apartment in the west- 20 years as to the families we know

"That was my mother's room!"

cried the girl, with flashing eyes. "It shall not be touched!" "Dear Miss Neslie," pleaded the secretary, "do believe me; opposition

comply with Sir Arthur's wiches." "I do not need your counsel, Mr. Dorman, and please do not call 'dear' Miss Neslie. I am not so desolate yet as to require that." He drew back with such an expres-

heart was touched. She held out her clusive, but just look at the authenhand to him.

not speak so unkindly to you - you the statement that in England, to have not displeased me. But I am so 586,644 widowers there are 1,410,684 wihurt, so grieved, so wounded, I do not dows, an excess of 821,040. The Uniknow what to say.'

forever," he replied.

passionate utterances of his great "Tell me," Mr. Dorman," she said,

"Sir Arthur wishes to have trium-

She turned her proud face to him. "Do you know, sir, that that is the very welcome my mother received when she came, a bride, to Lancewood

Abbey twenty years ago "

"And do you think the same welcome given to her will be given to this French girl-this girl of nineteem ! I tell you 'No!' I would rather cut off my hands than use even one finger in such sacrilege. Let those He made no reply; his pity and his who will erect triumphal arches - !

The young secretary looked terribly perplexed.

"I can understand your feelings," he | When in misty southern ways She turned again with her queenly

gesture of impatient scorn. To be Continued.

FROG HUNTING.

Carried on at Night Only By Stlent Men in Boats.

France is called the country of "frog eaters." but it is very likely that more frogs' legs are to-day eaten in the United States than in any other country in the world. Those who have ever tasted the delicious flesh of a frog's thigh always want more.

Frog hunting is ; always done at night, and the darker the night the better. Nothing can be done at catching frogs when the moon is out. The hunter's outfit consists of a small, flat-bottomed boat, a light, somewhat like that used as a headlight on locofishing pole about 10 feet in length, to done. one end of which is securely fastened a hook having three prongs extending from a single shink, and a box with a the home that have been mine so long small sliding cover over the top, in which to put the frogs. The hunters "Nav. Miss Neslie," said the calm, always go in pairs, as one man cannot

With a dark night and still water the hunters fasten their headlight on the bow of their boat, one of them takes his place back of the light with Lancewood would never be mine," she the fish pole in his hand, while his companion, who is to act as punter of Dorman, I thought myself as certain- the boat, takes the set pole, with which ly heiress of Lancewood as that 'the to push the craf. along, and stations himself in the stern. The man in the bow keeps a sharp lookout within the darkest side, Miss Neslie," counseled radius of the stream of light, while the man in the stern shoves the boat forward slowly, steadily, and noiseles ly, occasionally turning the bow from one point of the compass to an-

A frog is soon sighted. He sits, for instance, on a log, facing the boat, at she said, "to care much for youth and a distance of 50 or 60 feet. His blinking eyes are fastened upon the blindher shoulder, and Vivien Neslie awake Sir Arthur has written to me-and tiful, she is almost sure to be kind moved cautiously toward him, care beof heart. Minds and faces are in ing taken to prevent it from swerving from its course, for the removal

mains without moving. The boat and men are behind the light and he sees nothing but a sun of intense brilliancy | ing engaged in growing the flowers.

Having reached a point within five or six feet of the frog the man in the bow of the boat signals to his companion with his hand, and the boat is held tion of his arm to come in front of and directly over the frog's back. A

THE HUSBANDS GO FIRST

This is a remark I made to my wife at the dinner table a few days ago, other glass slab coated in the same Sir Arthur says he wishes arches of the possibilities and probabilities of the absorbs the perfume in from twelve to future. If the reader be a married twenty-four hours. When saturated man I need not give her rejoinder. It it is packed in tins for shipment to the was the good old chestnut: "No, it only seems so; the men do not stay He bowed, being quite at a loss for widowers long enough to be counted." to eighty layers of petals upon the But," I urged, give it a careful test; same fat. Those flowers very strong ern wing known as 'my lady's bou- personally. You count, not the widowers, but the instances in which the wife or the essential oil of the flower. No died first, and for each case I'll give

you five where the reverse occurred." Pencils and paper came into quick the stripping are simply shot down a requisition. My list ran rapidly up to is all in vain. Let me counsel you to 53, while I almost pitied the good woman opposite, who chewed the end of and is lost. her pencil and upbraided her memory, as she was compelled to stop at a begtic statistics upon this point. "Forgive me," she said. "I need Westminster Review is authority in versal Review gives for every 100 wi-"If speaking harshly to me could dowers 194 widows. In some cases the lessen your pain, I would submit to it growth of these companionless women is even greater matter for surprise. She did not seem to hear him-and For instance, the census for England and Wales for 1881 gives 52,091 widows at the age of 24! These strange disproportions seem largely due to the fact that men marry later in life than

formerly, while the marriageable age of women remains unchanged. Men often urge as one argument for nor insuring their lives the "even chance" that they will outlive their wives. The above shows this chance to be so uneven as to be scarce worth considering. But if the probabilities bid Lady Neslie welcome home. He ence of children would in most cases "I had a right to please myself. Your | wishes the rooms in the western wing over-balance it. Think this over and whole future will depend on your to be prepared, all the pictures of the be honest. Look at this subject Blue Room to be placed in the bou- squarely. Your wife will not urge you to display as marvels to their friends," doir, dinner to be ready at eight in- to insure probably she will half disap- warns Barnetta Brown, writing of woman in every community might get night. dreams-not out of place in the glow | We shall be with you on Tuesday, and | stead of seven-he invites me to dine | prove it-but if you really love her. | -and, lastly, I am to say to you that your duty compels you to put every will be spared in welcoming Lady Nes- Not one man in five hundred is so Journal. "But mothers must considhe hopes neither expense nor trouble possible shield betwirt her and want. situated as to be justified in carrying or that from the first moment of life no life insurance, provided be is in- the child is destined toward growth,

> future welfare." "I can imagine it," was the cautious member—subjects grow trite because by the cry of 'heredity.' Much of what lef their importance-Fidelity Journal. is called heredity is really imitation there isn't a hitch in it.

THE WINTER ROBIN.

Now is that sad time of year When no flower or leaf is here; Oriole and jay have flown, And of all sweet birds, alone The robin stays.

So give thanks at Christmas-tide Hopes of springtime yet abide! See, in spite of darksome days, Wind and rain and bitter chill, Snow and sleet-hung branches, st The robin stavs!

MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

So much has been written concerning the servant-girl question that seems almost as if the housewife ought to know by this time what expect of her maid, and what her maid expects of her.

A certain man who seems to know as much about the subject as the average woman has issued a proclamation that tells how to have and to keep ideal servants. His recipe follows: Run your household on business principles, servants should have regular hours of service daily. Complete freedom after work is

one maid-of-all-work. One afternoon and evening out each

Clean, wholesome bedroom; substan- | very slight.' Social privileges within reasonable discretion. If you have a young

good-looking, capable servant, she probably wants a busband some day. Do not drive her into the street to get

Avoid interference with her religious and private life. Do not permit familarity from the baker's, grocer's and butcher's boys.

Insist on respectful treatment to your servant, and set them the ex- wrecked, and their minds were incap-

Do not let slipshod, careless work go Edward Bok in the January Ladies' a prince. At twenty, she might favor unnoticed. A good mistress is always Home Journal. "And these sixteen

always appreciates conscientious ef-

FLOWERS AS PERFUMR

"Pardon me," he continued, gently; ing light, which seems to possess for provinces of the south of France, are "I was about to say that, being beau- him a strange fascination. The boat is nearly a hundred distilleries of perfumes, for the making of which hun- of our children is at once the most upon whom she looks with favor does dreds of acres of roses, violets and faulty, the most unintelligent and the not come up to her ideal, she endows of the full glare of the light from his other sweet-scented flowers are cul- most cruel." "How little you know of the mat- eyes for an instant would break the tivated. Fifty of these are located in the town of Crasse. The distilleries give employment to large numbers of boys and girls, the adults be-

then most fragrant. There are three processes, the "cucillage," or gatherage," the distilling the petals to pro-"Perhaps," said the young secre- teb ray of light and thus produce a duce the essential oil or perfume. The are so expert they can earn from "Love!" she repeated, scornfully, sharp, quick, downward pull is then fifty to seventy-five cents, occasion-

calyx injures the scent. In the distilleries the petals are put on a glass slab coated with pure fat, leaves, which should be moistened and being laid on half an inch deep. An- the temperature at 60 to 65 degrees. You gently wiggle your bait, and hold manner is laid over them. The fat manufacturers, where the odor is

washed out with alcohol. Some delicate perfumes require fifty in perfume do not require so many replenishments. It requires about sixteen thousand pounds of rose petals to produce one pound of attar of roses, wonder the precious oil is more valuable than gold.

In some factories the petals after trap into cauldrons of boiling fat. This is a wasteful process, as much should be no pulling, tearing, or dragof the fragrance escapes into the air

It has been said that "Provence is the garden of France and Grasse the stitches should be cut with a sharp garden of Provence." It seems quite knife. Very few persons can rip though I did not to her, is hardly con- centuries it was the battleground as garment with scissors without doing well as the garden. It has been sack- it great harm; indeed, many find it ed by Spaniards; it was laid waste by impossible to cut stitches with any-Francis I. on the approach of Charles thing without making holes that renhe reached it. It was again devastat- der the goods absolutely worthless for with the other fellow; but if she care ed in Maria Theresa's strife with the one who originally wore it. When a grain about you-and you don't want Frederick the Great. Almost every it is done the edges are so ragged that vence. Sometimes the invaders could a much smaller pattern must be used. in love, he has "a right to say his be appeased by a ransom; once ten In preparing goods for the dyer, or soul's his own." And all you experithousand bottles of perfume were de- to be made over, every stitch should enced people, who have had love at manded in addition to a heavy money be taken out. It seems scarcely neces- fairs, know what a jolly thing the indemnity. Nevertheless, Grasse has sary to say that facings, braid and making up of a lovers' quarrel is. thriven and the people grew rich through the pretty industry which ministers to the luxurious habits of the wealthy. It is not often, though, that Grasse has had such a customer as Madame Pompadour, who spent five million francs on perfumes in a single

CHILDREN ARE NOT PLAYTHINGS. "Mothers must remember that their babies are not given them for frequently has not time to rip proptheir own pleasure or amusement, nor ures," in the January Ladies' Home a limited income, by preparing garsurable. Not one in five hundred, dy- development, progression. A dallying ing uninsured, can honestly say to his with this bit of wisdom in the begin-wife: "I have done my best for your ning makes rare occasions for much that is disagreeable later. And let no tion, remarked the man who used to ing no superiors. These are the Bi I know this all sounds trite, but re- mother make the error of being baffled own horses.

of what is to be seen and felt in the environment; and the most objectionable human heredity can be overcome. The inheritance of the divine spark which is ever ready to fly upward must never be forgotten."

PAY FOR A SPOT.

Two mothers of large families wer discussing domestic matters one day and the younger of the two spoke wi a sigh of the way in which her tab e cloths were spotted through the dailly mishaps of her two boys

"Perhaps you'd like to know how have helped my boys to be careful at the table," said the older woman; "it is the plan on which my mother brought me up, and I ve never tound to think of it. And not infrequently

a better, "The rule in our family," she proceeded, when urged by her friend to explain her method, "is this: Anyone who makes a spot on the tablecloth must cover it with a piece of money, and the piece must be large enough to hide the stain entire y no rims are allowed! The children have to provide the coins out of their own porket money. This rule applies to their father and me as well as to them. The sum goes to buy new table linen.

"The first year I tried the plan we had money enough for three hand ome ablecloths, but since then there has been less and less. This is the four h year, and although non of my boyhas yet reached his 15th birthday, and final. A girl likes to think you are they are by no means unusually deft in their management of knives, forks Do not be too pretentious with only and spoons, they have learned to serve them elves and others so well that I favor. am inclined to think their contributions to the 'tablecloth fund' will be

DESTROYING THE CHILDREN

"Do American men and women realize that in five cities of our country alone there were during the last school term over sixteen thousand children between the ages of eight and fourteen taken out of public schools because their nervous systems were able of going on any further in the Avoid personal supervision while off infernal cramming system which ex- high valuation upon themselves. ists to-day in our schools?" inquires sixteen, a girl would hardly consider critical, firm and exacting, but she thousand helpless little wrecks," he continues, "are simply the children we count, would fill the bill. At thirty, know about. Conservative medical men she would not scruple to give herself who have given their lives to the study to a millionaire. At forty she would of children place the number whose marry a missionary "from love of the health is shattered by overstudy at cause" and at fifty, she would jump In Provence, one of the districts or more than fifty thousand each year, at the chance of comforting a widow-It is putting the truth mildly to state er with five children and a maiden that, of all American institutions, that aunt in his family. which deals with the public education A girl's ideal is high. If the man

INDOOR LILAC CULTURE.

lilacs at unseasonable times, and the a life solace and support, eyes and a florists have made this an important All the blossoms must be gathered branch of their business, and reaped while the dew is on them, as they are the dollars accordingly. A correspondent has found the indoor culture a very simple proceeding which will nose repay any one who wants winter still. Then he reaches out cautious- ing; "triage," or stripping the petals blooming lilacs to adorn the house and from calyx and stem; and "enfleur- make it a bower of beauty. She says: "The Persian varieties are beautiful and have been grown in Europe in pots with a single stem like a standard girls who strip the petals get four rose with a crown of any desired size, cents for two pounds; some of them drooping with its wealth of floral beauty. It is a charming decoration for the window, corner of a room or conservatory. Take up a plant "Pray, pardon me, Mr. Dorman, but given the pole, and Mr. Frog is caught. ally a dollar. The green of stem and with a ball of earth around it and with as little loss of roots as possible; plant in a tub of suitable size in rich earth. Keep the earth covered by Under such conditions a fine harvest your breath, and if he does not bi of lilacs may be gathered at any time you come again to-morrow. And during the winter months. A lot of keep on coming until you know st stocky shrubs must be taken up before other fellow has caught him. Car the ground freezes solid and heeled in you have as much patience with to some shed or cool cellar, so that girl you love? they may keep dormant until wanted."

HOW TO RIP A DRESS.

Most people have an idea that it is easy enough to rip a garment pieces. Any child can do this. a matter that requires scarcely any care or attention. Dresses are usually pulled to pieces, snipped at with

scissors, or cut with knives. To rip up a garment properly there ging apart. If one cannot take the end of the thread and pull it out, the to walk over. Don't spend all your hooks and eyes must be removed, but this is imperative, in view of the condition in which garmnts come to the has no interest in any other man, a dressmaker and the dyer. Many her twice, at least, before you consi dresses, capes and jackets are perfect- er her decision final; and if she ly wearable after heing carefully rip- last says "Yes," hurry up the w ped, brushed, sponged and pressed. It is a wonder that some one does not set up an establishment for ripping clothes and putting them in order for the dressmaker. The owner of them erly, or is too careless and undestands too little the way to do it, had she all the time in the world. Some "Mothers' Mistakes and Fathers' Fail- a tolerable living, or at least add to

A DISADVANTAGE.

Many a man is so faint-hearted, or so intensely matter-of-fact, that he will take a girl's "No" as final, and go away forever-discouraged and sad, and propose to some other girl for whom he does not care, just because he has to do something to relieve his lacerated feelings.

Now, the man who has had experience with wemen will not do that. He will try again, after the first shock of that dreadful little two-letter word has subsided, and she has had tin his perseverance is rewarded by "Yes." Not one woman in forty, or man,

either, knows her own mind at the beginning of a love affair. There are so many factors operating for and against a certain course, which, after it is once taken, must be irrevocable. If you can make the girl you love hesitate, you have won a long score in your favor. And if you are a young man, and

are in love with a girl, and you are sure that there is no other man in the way, don't take that first "No" as persevering, especially if that perseverance is exercised in winning her A man who has common sense willed not make himself obnoxious to a wo-

man by asking her to reconsider her previous "No," particularly if she be entirely heart-free. We know of a very happy couple, now married ten years, but not married until the masculine party to the

transaction had "asked" her five times and been told "No" four times before the final "Yes." Girls are curious creatures. When they are quite young, they set a very

a duke. At twenty-five, a lord, or

him with imaginary virtues- and graces. She places a good deal o stress on fine eyes, and handsome nos and a mustache. By and by, when There has always been a demand for she is older, she will realize that, for mustache are not quite sufficient. Later, she looks to a man's strength and stability of character; and still later, she considers his bank account quite

as much as she does the shape of his Young men are too autocratic. They fling themselves at the heads of the girls they fancy and practically say,

"Take me, or leave me, just as you please. There are others." Wait a little, dear young friends The world was not made in a day, and surely its manufacture was a bigger

job than the courting of any pretty Minnie or Mollie. Have a little patience. If you go fishing for pickerel, you do not expect the fish you covet to jump out of the pond at your hook when he sees you coming. You wait for his pleasure

There are girls, we regret to say who make it a point not to say "Yes the first time they are asked. looks too much like jumping at the first chance, they will tell you; and i there is anything a woman generally to wants to avoid it is anything like "be ing too forward" in a matrimonial

race. It is feminine to retreat-mas-And there is some sense in it; for men generally like to do the courting before marriage, and leave it to woment to do it afterward. Well, "turk about is fair play," says the old adage. If you are a young man, don't throw yourself down at a girl's feet for her income "treating" her to ice cream and confectionery. A girl of that kind is not worth asking twice. Better take the first "No" as final. A girl respects a man who has mind of his own. She may get vexed when she fails to carry her point, and have a fit of the sulks, and go of

convinced that, even though a man is mit us to say-if you love a girl

COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

-KATE THORN

ding day, and be happy.

Charley, dear, said young Mrs. Ton kins, please don't try to deceive me I haven't tried to deceive you. told you that I had four cocktails has

Charley, dear, I know that a fe chicken feathers would not make yo act like that.

It is a somewhat curious fact th in the Church of England there two brothers who, as extempo The automobile is a wonderful inven- preachers, enjoy the reputation of ha