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TEA

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LOVE AND A TITLE

How it happens that she is alone with him here, Jeanne could not explain.

The new moon has drawn her to the terrace, and she has drawn Clarence.

"Rather hot, inside," he says. "Shall I get you a shawl, Lady Ferndale?"

Jeanne shakes her head.

"I never catch cold," she says.

"No, I remember," he says; "you are used to the open air. Does your brother sail the Nancy Bell now? How lonely he must be."

Jeanne's eyes grew tender. If Clarence had ransacked the wide world for a more engaging subject, he would not have found one.

"He is not at home," she says, with a little sigh. "He is at Baden."

"Baden, is he?" says Clarence. "I've a brother there. I wonder whether he knows him? I'll write to him and ask him to look your brother up; he might be of some use, as Hal is fresh to the place."

Jeanne looks around gratefully.

"Thank you, very much," she says; then, as if asking to herself: "Dear old Hal, it seems so long since I saw him—so long!"

"You haven't been home, then?" Clarence ventures, timidly.

"No," says Jeanne, quietly, thinking of the reason.

She has not been home because she dares not face Aunt Jean's keen, loving eyes; because she is afraid that those eyes will read through her mask, and discover the secret of her unhappiness. No, she has not been home, she says, and sighs unconsciously as she adds, musingly:

"I wonder how Regis looks! How long it seems since I saw the sea!"

"Look!" says Clarence, with eagerness, and he points to a line of light which has suddenly become defined in the distance.

"What is that?" asks Jeanne.

"The sea!" he says, as pleased as if it belonged to him.

Jeanne's face flushed.

"Really?" she asks, breathless with delight. "I did not know we were so near."

"Quite near," he says. "I'm almost glad you didn't, or I should have lost the pleasure of showing you. And I may show you, may I not?"

Jeanne does not hear the question, and he goes on:

"I—I generally run down before breakfast. There's a near way through the woods; you couldn't find it alone. May I show you?"

Jeanne rouses, and is about to say "Yes" with alacrity, as she would have done in the old days, but suddenly remembers that she is no longer Jeanne Bertram, but the Marchioness of Ferndale.

"Thanks," she says. "I need not trouble you. I dare say some of them will be going."

Clarence's face falls.

"Ah, yes," he says, trying to speak cheerfully. "I thought you would like to see it to-morrow morning, as soon as possible."

But Jeanne does not hear him; all her eyes are for the line of shimmering, silver light.

Suddenly a sound makes her start. It is Vane's voice.

She starts, she does more—she turns pale, as she recognizes the song.

"Let us go back," she says, in a very low voice.

As they enter the drawing-room, there is a profound silence, and every eye is turned on them. Vane standing, almost lounging against the piano, hears the rustle of the dress, and looks, too, just as Clarence goes down on one knee to pick up the flower which she has dropped.

Jeanne stands upright as an arrow, with a faint flush of color on her face, and a sudden light in her eyes. But they are not called there by the fact that all eyes are turned on her and Clarence, but by the sight of Lady Lucelle looking up with half-closed eyes at Vane, as she plays for him the accompaniment to the song, which was the first she had heard him sing. He has not sung since her marriage, and yet he sings for Lady Lucelle, and chooses this song.

A sudden pang shoots through Jeanne's young heart. It is scarcely jealously—rather wounded love.

With a sudden, swift smile, that sends the blood to Clarence's face, she says:

"May I change my mind? I would like to go down to the beach to-morrow if you will show me the way."

Clarence inclines his head, scarcely trusting himself to speak.

"At what time?" he asks under his moustache. "Is nine too early?"

"Nine!" says Jeanne, and she moves away as Lady Lucelle, the song being ended, amid a loud buzz of eager admiration, comes up to her.

"Is not the Marquis good-natured, Lady Ferndale? So soon after dinner. Do you know the song? It is a great favorite of mine—very great favorite! We heard it when we were in Naples—did we not, Lord Ferndale?"

Jeanne, hiding the quiver of her sensitive lips behind her fan, smiles serenely, but the words have struck home to her innermost soul.

The song which he had sung to her in the old house. How often had he sung it with this blue-eyed, golden-haired woman, and why did she flaunt it in his wife's eyes?

She is still asking the question when Vane comes up and leans over her chair.

"Will you play, Jeanne?" he asks, in the low, constrained voice in which he has always addressed her. "The countess has sent me to ask you."

"Pray excuse me!" says Jeanne; and, with a slight incline of his handsome head, as if he had received a blow, he takes her refusal to the countess.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the right a rising line of mountain—green, purple and crimson in the rays of the setting sun; on the left the fringe of pines, which stand as outposts of the deep, dark, shadowy wood. Above, a blue sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds; below, an undulating valley, broken by rocky little ravines, through which runs a noisy, silvery stream. Altogether, as sweet and romantic a bit of scenery as painter ever tried to depict or poet to describe—and failed. So quiet is this secluded spot that one might fancy oneself in one of the valleys of Herefordshire; but this is not England—it is Germany; the fringe of firs in the beginning of the Black Forest, and the tinkle of the vesper bell comes from the village of Forbach, which lies hidden by the valley's curve.

It is September—in fact it is the week of the marquis' and marchioness' visit to Charlie Nugent's, and it is as hot here in Germany—hotter than in England.

A sublime stillness reigned over the valley, broken only by the laughter of the stream as it throws itself playfully against the stones in its path, by the occasional call of a bird to its mate among the pines, by the vesper bell tinkling melodiously among the hills, and by the hum of the innumerable bees. All this sounds like noise; but it is by sounds like these that nature symbolizes silence.

Suddenly, and yet slowly, a human figure emerges from the shadow of the forest, and comes into the red sunlight.

Now, as a matter of stern fact, the human figure, as it appears in modern civilized life, does not improve scenery. Even the pyramids can be made to look small and vulgar, if a score of modern tourists are seen scrambling up their mathematically correct sides.

But though this human biped in the valley of Forbach wears a suit of cheviot knickerbockers, and smokes a short brier, he does not spoil the scene so much as he might. For one thing, he is young and good-looking; for another, he is tall and straight, and for the rest, he possesses the grace of strength and health, and is altogether, perhaps, as pleasant a sight to look upon as the stream, the trees, or the mountains themselves.

With his hands in his pocket, his pipe in his mouth, and a cased fishing-rod under his arm, he saunters along, watching the stream and puffing away, as indolently happy as the big kingfisher, which, perched on a rock, with its head on one side, eyes him curiously.

Presently he finishes his pipe, knocks the ashes out upon his hand, and noiselessly and slowly proceeds to put his rod together. Five minutes after he is whipping the stream, and, as he turns his face, one may recognize an old friend; it is Hal. That boys should grow is one of nature's by-laws; and either owing to the fact that the Bertrams are a tall race, or the other fact that Hal is particularly strong and healthy, Hal has grown exceedingly tall, and looks in the sunset almost a man. It is only when one hears him laugh—which he couldn't do now with all these trout about for the world!—that the fact of his extreme youthfulness becomes patent. Looking at him, one is reminded of two things—that few countries can turn out a better sample of a young man than the English, and that this particular sample is a remarkably good one.

With that peculiar patience which belongs to the fly-fisherman, and to him alone, Hal whips the stream, casting the dainty bait in shallows and depths, and wiping the perspiration from his tanned face with his disengaged hand, never once taking his eyes from the clear water as it rushes merrily by him.

Every now and then, late as the season is, a trout leaps into the air, looking like a piece of quicksilver, and presently Hal has one lying snugly in the basket at his side.

"Hem!" he says, taking a peep at it; "not so bad for Germany. Let's have another throw."

So but steadily he works his way. Two, three, four restless pieces of wet silver kick and flounder beside the first; and Hal, growing excited, strides from boulder to boulder, oblivious of time or place, whip-whipping every spot, likely or unlikely.

So rapt and oblivious is he of all but his work that he makes his way around the curve into a spot where the boulders grow less frequent, and the water deeper. He is about to turn and retrace his steps, when he gets a rise, and is fighting skilfully with his fish, walking along as he does so, when his foot catches in some light, diaphanous object. With an impatient exclamation, he stumbles upright, and takes his eyes from the water to cast them upon a sight which is so unexpected that he not only forgets his fish, but very nearly his manners also.

For close at his feet—indeed, they are standing upon her light dress—sits a young girl, so motionless as to appear part and parcel of the bright grass and wild flowers, and seems so like a wild flower herself that it is little wonder Hal has stumbled over her unwittingly.

Hal is about to speak, when she holds up her hand, puts it to her lips, then points to the stream with a quick, impulsive gesture, which is at once so compulsive and imploring that Hal turns to his fish, and, perhaps, not unmindful that he is being watched, plays his victim with all the skill he knows, and lands him, literally at her feet.

With a muttered apology he secures the jumping, kicking prey, and puts him into the basket; then raises his hat, blushing like—like a boy.

"I'm—I'm very sorry," he says. "I hope I haven't hurt you; very clumsy and awfully stupid, but I was looking at the fish."

He stops short for lack of words, and stares at her in his old way.

Hal is not a lady's man, and the effect of beauty upon him is to make him as speechless as an oyster, and apparently as stupid.

And the face that looks up to him is beautiful enough to strike an older tongue dumb, and bring about a fit of shyness to a more mature nature than Hal's.

"I'm afraid," he says, looking down at her dress, "that I've torn your frock. If it hadn't been for this confounded trout I should have seen you—and——"

She looks up, striking him silent again.

"It does not matter—no, not in the slightest," she says, in very good English, but with an accent that serves to intensify the music. "I am very glad you have caught your fish."

"And I am very sorry I ever hooked him," says Hal, "if I've spoiled your dress."

She laughs, and just touches her torn skirt, with a good natured contempt.

"It matters not—not in the slightest," she repeats. "How he did jump! Have you got any more of them?"

Hal goes down on his knees and opens his basket.

"Five," he says.

And she bends forward and peeps in curiously, extending a finger and touching one of the trout, with a little, musical laugh.

"What pretty fellows," she says; "and you caught them all? I watched you coming around the valley, and wondered what you were doing. Is that little fly what you caught them with?"

"Yes," says Hal, and he places the fly in her hand, his shyness vanishing slowly under the charm of her frankness.

"What a little thing to catch so large a fish!"

Hal laughs.

"Here are some more!" he says, and opens his flybook.

As she takes it in her hand, Hal notices for the first time in his life how white and small it is. And she, if the truth must be told, wonders as much at the brownness of his; from his hand to his face is no great distance—indeed, it is very near her own as they both bend over the flybook—and she looks up, wondering again at the deep tan which extends from ear to ear, forehead to chin.

Quite unconscious of her gaze, Hal turns over the leaves of his book—dearer to him, alas! than any volume ever printed—and points out the various flies.

"Ah!" she says "is is interesting, this fishing. Will you not go and catch some more?"

This seems so remarkably like "You may go now," that Hal jumps to his feet and catches up his basket with a boyish flush.

"Yes," he says, "I'll go now."

"But not far, please," she says, with a naivete which is irresistible. "I should like to see you catch another."

"All right!" says Hal, immensely relieved, and, adjusting his line, he goes a little distance and begins again.

The girl holds her hands around her knees, and watches him under her broad, tilted hat, watches him with the pleased interest of a child, and yet with a certain gravity which does not properly pertain to her years. Hal goes on step by step, and is almost on the way of forgetting his companion, when suddenly he hears a cry of pain, and feels his line caught—both at the same moment.

He turns quickly, and sees the girl standing a few yards behind him, holding her hand to her arm, in which the hook has caught.

"Oh!" says Hal, with dismay. "Why, I had no idea you were so near."

"I came up to see you catch a fish," she says, with a little smile, "and see! I am caught myself."

And she laughs, as she tries to free the line.

"Stop! wait!" cries Hal, in alarm. "Don't pull at it—you'll fix it firmer. By George!"

And, with a troubled face, he drops the rod and takes hold of her arm.

"Is it fixed so tight?" she says, quietly. "Can I pull it out?"

And she gives the line a little jerk, and utters a low exclamation of pain.

"Stop!—stop!" says Hal, holding her hand. "You mustn't pull it!"

"It's gone right through the sleeve of my dress and into my arm," she says, with a naive smile. "Now I can understand. I'm a very big fish you've caught, am I not?"

And she laughs.

But Hal utterly refuses to be merry; he knows how much easier it is to get a trout-hook, small as it is, into the fleshy part of the arm, than it is to get it out; and he looks grave as a judge. Taking out his penknife, he cuts the line, then hesitates—he doesn't like to pull up the sleeve.

Guessing at what he wants, she pulls it up for him, and reveals a round, white arm, in which lies the small hook, which has already drawn a drop of red blood.

Blushing, Hal takes the arm—how soft and warm and smooth it feels in his brown paw—and feels the treacherous bit of steel.

"I'm—I'm afraid it hurts you," he says, himself terribly afraid to touch it.

"No, not much," she says, smiling. "What a wicked little thing it is! Why don't you pull it out?"

Hal shakes his head.

"I can't get a hook out by pulling it—at least I never did. It would hurt you awfully. Confound the beastly thing."

"But I can't go home with a hook in my arm—like a fish," she says, laughing. "You will have to pull it out, or put me in your basket."

Hal's face turns flame-like. Put her in his basket. Ah, if he only could.

"Is there any way of getting it out?" she asks, naively.

"Only by cutting," says Hal, reluctantly.

She gave a little shudder.

"I can't bear a knife," she says. "Will it make much of a cut?"

"No," says Hal, slowly, "only just there where the barb is. Not much," but while he says it he feels as if he would rather cut his own leg off than touch that white arm with his knife.

"Well, then, you must do it," she says, in her soft, musical English. "Wait while I shut my eyes."

Hal takes up his penknife, and, mentally confounding his trembling hand, makes the necessary incision. It is merely a pin's scratch, but as he performs the operation and sees the little jet of blood follow his knife, he feels as if he had run the blade into his heart, and actually turns pale—that is, as pale as his sunbrowned face will allow him.

"Is it done?" she inquires, plainly showing that the operation has not caused her much pain. "May I open my eyes?"

"Yes; look!" says Hal, and he holds out the fatal hook.

She slowly opens her eyes, and languidly looks first at the hook, and then at her arm.

"What a little thing to cause so much fuss; isn't that the right word?"

Hal nods, and is about to viciously pitch the hook into the stream, but, suddenly changing his mind, puts it into his pocket.

"Does it hurt?" he asks, anxiously.

"No, not much," she says. "It isn't poisoned, is it?"

"No," says Hal, starting up at such an unsportsman-like idea. "Poisoned! No! If it doesn't hurt you now, it won't afterward."

"That is well," she says, pulling down her sleeve, but still rubbing her arm. "Then I needn't say anything about it. The senora would make so much—fuss—and compel me to go about like a cripple if I did," and she laughs. "Well, are you going to catch any more fish?"

"No," says Hal, with rather a rueful laugh; "I've caught quite enough today. I'm very sorry."

"It was all my fault," she says, most affably. "I ought not to have got behind you. I shall know better another time. Besides, it might have been worse. It might have caught in my eye, you know!"

Hal shudders palpably.

"Don't mention such a thing!" he says, staring at her large dark eyes. "I shan't touch a rod for years without thinking of this beastly hook. I hope it won't—won't fester."

(To be continued.)

AGONY AFTER EATING

Dr. Williams Pink Pills Cure the Worst Cases of Indigestion.

"I suffered so much with indigestion that my life had become a burden," says Miss Nellie Archibald, of Sheet Harbor, N. S. "Every time I took even the lightest meal it caused me hours of agony. The trouble caused a choking sensation in the region of my heart, which seriously alarmed me. My inability to properly digest my food left me so weak and run down that I could not perform even the lightest housework, and I would tire out going up a few steps slowly. I sought medical aid, and tried several medicines, but without getting the least benefit. My sister, who lived at a considerable distance, and who had been an invalid, wrote to me stating that she had been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this decided me to give them a fair trial, practically as a last resort. In the course of a few weeks there was a notable change in my condition, and I began to relish my meals. From that time on I began to gain new strength, and by the time I had used seven boxes, all signs of the trouble had vanished and I was once more enjoying good health, and I have not since had any return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, because they make the rich, red blood that brings tone and strength to the stomach. Nearly all the common ailments are due to bad blood, and when the bad blood is turned into good blood by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the trouble disappears. That is why these pills cure anaemia, dizziness, heart palpitation, general debility, kidney trouble, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and nervous troubles, such as neuralgia, paralysis, and St. Vitus' dance. That is why they bring ease and comfort at all stages of womanhood and girlhood, and cure their secret ailments when the blood supply becomes weak, scanty or irregular. But you must get the genuine pills. Substitutes and imitations which some dealers offer never cure anything. When you buy the pills, see that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CONDENSED TRUTHS.

Spoil your wife, spoil your life.

How happy would we be who should combine the advantage of wealth with the compensations of poverty!

A generation seldom makes its own events; it continues and completes the past and prepares the future.

We inherit respect, attain respect, command respect; we seldom earn it.

"Do not make us think; make us talk;" is the general demand of the time.

Courage is the quality the world admires most, for it is the one of which it has the most need and has the least of.

There is the stupidity of intelligence; it is stupendous!

Hatred dies out in time; contempt, never.

The appearance of principle is more profitable than the practice.

Youth is the fortune which the Fates give to all; it is often so encumbered, however, that there is little enjoyment to be had from it.

Strengthen as you may the artificial inequalities, when danger is present the real inequalities will rise to the surface.

We are put by others under an obligation; it generally obliges them to detest you.

We are anxious to make a fortune chiefly to render ourselves less dependent on Fortune.

The troubles of the poor are seldom so intolerable as are the annoyances of the rich.

How delightful would woman be were she all we expect; and how loathsome were she all we describe her to be!—The London Truth.

Pantheon for Brussels.

In permanent commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Belgian independence King Leopold intends to beautify Brussels by erecting a pantheon in honor of illustrious Belgians. It is to be set up close to the "Porte de Namur" and will be surrounded by an open square decorated with statues, etc. The clearing of the assigned area will almost entirely involve the pulling down of the famous little Moliere theatre. In their main features the plans, which are the work of the French architect Bouvard, are modeled on the Parthenon, Athens. The estimated cost of the new building is 40,000,000 francs.

Social Life of Cuba's Capital.

Its Picturesque Functions and Amenities.

(New York Herald.)

Much has been written about the picturesqueness of Cuba's capital, its climate, its attractions as a winter resort, but little has been said about its social life, and that is rather an important feature in a city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Tourists who come to Havana for a few days, unless they bring letters of introduction, see nothing of the social life of the city, and many complain that the women here are neither beautiful nor well dressed. But that is from lack of opportunity for seeing at close range the members of Havana's best society. In New York would a foreigner be apt to meet the best people while climbing the Statue of Liberty or in a hasty visit to the City Hall, the Stock)Exchange or various amusement halls which strangers in town are wont to frequent? Then neither can the sightseer in Havana expect to run across the carefully guarded Cuban beauties in his pilgrimage through the old and interesting parts of the city.

But if he comes with a letter of introduction to some prominent family he will be entertained in so charming a manner that he will have no cause for complaint about pretty women in a shorter space of time than he could see elsewhere. Cuba has been a republic for only three years; the yoke of Spain, always a galling one, was especially severe on women, but it is surprising to see how quickly the Cubans have responded to American influence and how much the educated Cuban woman copies her American sister. Under Spanish rule women of position never went out alone, married women as little as single women; they were always accompanied by some member of the family or an old servant. To-day many women pay visits and shop alone, and in a few years it will be a common sight to see Cuban women on the streets unaccompanied by the proverbial duenna. Girls go out in pairs, and as families are large and family affection strong, friendships between sisters are more frequent than with us. Cuban women have fewer amusements than we have in large cities. There are no matinees to which they can go alone, no art exhibitions, no fairs, few concerts, no card parties, and no women's clubs.

The most common mode of entertaining is the afternoon or evening day at home. These occur every week, twice a month or once a month. In the latter case, the evening reception usually means a dance, for the Cuban is very fond of dancing and seizes with avidity upon each opportunity to indulge in the favorite pastime. The large salar, with their marble floors, ceilings from fifteen to twenty feet in height, with full length windows opening upon little balconies or wide verandas, make excellent ballrooms, and if it is understood that there will be no dancing at a certain house, the hosts will not lack for guests.

Dinners are confined almost entirely to the diplomatic set, and dinner dances are unknown. Cards hold sway only at the men's clubs or in the American colony, and no description of the social life in Cuba of the present day would be complete without a mention of the American colony. Its principal headquarters is in the Vedado, the pretty modern suburb by the sea, where the houses are mostly detached and set in quaint tropical gardens. It is easily reached by trolley from Havana. There is a fine carriage road skirting the sea from the Malecon to the Calzada, with the exception of a few blocks still uncompleted. In the Vedado the American influence is very strong. Here you see women and girls alone visiting at the weekly progressive euchres, bridge parties or at the tennis club. This club is quite an institution, its membership including all the young men of social prominence, who generously offer the freedom of the club to their women friends on Mondays and Fridays. This winter the club went in for football, and the games were tremendously popular.

The presence of so many foreign Ministers gives a diplomatic flavor to society, which is very pleasant. Our Minister, Mr. Herbert G. Squiers, who came to Cuba from China, where he was First Secretary of the Legation at Pekin, has his residence at Marianao. The Legation is at Prado, 13, altos, or the upper floor of a two storied house on the Prado, where all the business is transacted. Mr. Squiers' house was formerly the summer home of a rich Cuban family. It is one story in height, with a patio i nthe centre and a magnificent garden at the rear. The sala extends across the front of the house and opens on a wide piazza. It is beautifully furnished, and contains many objects of art picked up in foreign countries. Back of the sala is Mr. Squiers' library. The long corridor leading to the dining room has its tables and chairs, its pedestals, bric-a-brac and vases of flowers. The dining room opens on the garden, and is a very stately apartment. The Minister and his wife, assisted by three attractive daughters, entertain charmingly. They have a weekly reception day, and usually give a couple of dances during the season, invitations to which are eagerly sought after. Opposite the house is the tennis court, and on Saturday afternoons friends of the family come out for a game of tennis or croquet and a cup of tea.

Havana is at its apogee during the carnival season, which not only includes the three days before Ash Wednesday, but the four following Sundays. There are balls, processions, the afternoon paseo along the Prado, when the coaches pass in triple line up and down each side of the broad boulevard, some of the occupants in costume, some in mask and domino and others in rich afternoon dress, all receiving and throwing showers of confetti and rolls of serpentina.

The regular afternoon paseo is well worth seeing. Cuban women have lately adopted the custom of paying calls in the afternoon, and usually they take a turn around the Prado before going home to dinner, consequently one often sees pretty women, beautifully attired, in handsome private equipages, driving along the Malecon between 5 and 7 o'clock.

The Cuban day, socially, is short; the evening long. Coffee is served when you awake in the morning; breakfast is from eleven to twelve; dinner from seven to eight. In the interval between breakfast and dinner, the women take their siestas, dress for their afternoon drive, and visits or do a little shopping on Obispo street. As the dinner hour is late, no one calls in the evening before half-past nine, and on an evening at home guests frequently come at ten. No one ever sees the rising of the curtain at the theatre. The first act is played to an empty house, but during the following intermission, the boxes begin to fill up, and the second act sees nearly all of the audience in its seats.

Cubans are very fond of music. On retreta nights at the Malecon it is almost impossible to find a vacant chair after half-past eight. Society, however, does not mingle with the crowd seated around the band stand. It drives around and around the circle at the foot of the Prado while the selections are being played and takes a turn up as far as the Parque Central during the ten minutes intermission.

The opera season is always looked forward to and is well patronized. It usually lasts from four to six weeks, beginning either in December or January, and other engagements are suspended on subscription nights at the opera. The women appear in gorgeous costumes, adorned with superb jewels, and the glittering effect of the horseshoe with its three tiers of boxes, all occupied by dark-eyed creoles, is a never to be forgotten sight.

Friday night is noche de moda, or the fashionable evening, at the Albisu Theatre, the home of the modern Spanish comic opera, and one often sees members of the smart set at these functions.

Besides the theatres, private balls and receptions, there are the various clubs to be considered as factors in the social life. The Havana Yacht Club, at Marianao, usually gives a dance in February, and its affairs are always very select. During the summer it gives a series of afternoon dances or matinees, and, as Marianao is a favorite summer resort, and the trip out from Havana takes less than an hour, these Sunday afternoon dances are very popular.

The German Club entertains on the German feast days, and gives its principal balls on Christmas Eve and on the Emperor's birthday—January 27. The club has a large list of associate members, which contains the names of most of the young Cuban men of prominence.

The Ateneo y Circulo de la Habana is the representative Cuban club, and goes in for lectures as well as entertainments. These lectures, given by such men as Enrique Jose Varona, Antonio Sanchez de Bustamente, Dr. Gonzales de Lanusa and Lincoln de Zayas, are well attended, but until the Ateneo gives its famous carnival balls.

The waltz and two-step are the most popular dances to-day in Havana, varied by the national danzon, which appeals to foreigners as being odd, bizarre, with the weirdest kind of musical accompaniment. To see the danzon in all its natural abandon one must go to the public masked balls at the big theatres. There it takes on all the color of an Oriental dance, with its barbaric accompaniment of drum and guiro.

The Cuban is proverbially courteous. He places his home and all it contains at your disposal.

How and Why China Boycotts America.

Since the Boxer uprising nothing has happened to stir up the people of China so much as the present agitation against the United States. This is commercial demonstration made in view of the renewal of the treaty between these two countries regarding the entrance and residence of Chinese subjects in the United States. The present movement is one to boycott all American trade, all schools conducted by Americans, and all American employers in all the ports of China. It ranges from Singapore on the south to Tien-Tsin on the north, and from Shanghai on the east coast to Ichang in the west, a thousand miles up the Shanghai River. It is most virulent at Canton and Shanghai. The powerful Chinese merchant guilds are pushing the matter, and as they have branches in every port city of China they wield considerable power. Even the old Dowager, who probably had never spent a thought before on the difficulties of a Canton coolie entering the Golden Gate, has been led to express her sympathy with her "ill-treated children."

The student class who are much concerned in the treaty, have taken up the movement eagerly and as a result one mission school in Shanghai had to close its doors, and several other larger institutions were depleted of a large number of students because of this boycott. Meetings are held to agitate or subject and placards are distributed or posted in conspicuous places.—The Foo correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.

Shaping Silk Hat Brims.

The nail of his right forefinger was long, yellow, horny and the fingertip had so thickened and hardened that it seemed to be covered with pale leather.

He was a silk hat maker, and it was from curling hat brims that his finger had changed so strangely. Describing the process of a silk hat's manufacture, he said:

"The belief that cardboard forms a silk hat's foundation is an error. The hat is first built up of various thicknesses of linen—layers of linen soaked in shellac that, by means of wooden moulds and hot irons weighing twenty pounds apiece are welded one on the other till a perfect shape, brim and all complete, is obtained.

"The silk is next put on. This silk costs from $10 to $15 a yard. It looks like plush in the piece. The hatmaker cuts it on the bias and moulds it round the stiff linen foundation. The strips must be very accurately cut, and great care is needed in their ironing and cementing so as to give a perfect diagonal joint. Look at your silk hat's seam the next time you wear it. The joint's perfection will perhaps amaze you.

"The brim, up to this point, is flat. Now its curling commences. That is where my queer forefinger comes in. The shaping of a hat brim is purely a matter of hand and eye and taste. The brim, while being shaped, is heated highly so as to give it pliability.

"And, of course, working on this hot material, patting and prodding it, the forefinger thickens and the nail gets horny.

"Nevertheless, hat curling is pleasant, artistic work. Hat curlers have reputations, the same as artists. Their work is distinctive. An expert can tell it at a glance."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Increased Demand for Colored Glass.

"Since the fad of having electric light shades made of colored glass has appeared the manufacture of colored glass has taken a big jump," said C. N. Caspar. "Many of these shades are expensive, and the price asked for them seems entirely out of proportion to their decorative effect. Yet they are handsome, too, and make an excellent substitute for the imposing and elaborate lamps in use before the advent of electricity as the popular light.

"Great quantities of colored glass are made at Ottawa, Ill., and this is sold to the mills, that turn it into every conceivable shape and form, from the shades I was speaking of to the most artistic decorative windows you see in the big churches. Colored glass is not blown like the ordinary window pane and bottles, but is rolled out into huge sheets. It is are gotten into the same piece, and the pieces are put together by a lead cement.

"That is the way the different colors are gotten into the same piece, and the putting of the small pieces together is where the artist is needed. The finest materials sometimes produce a cheap article because the person who puts the bits together had no artistic instinct."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Difficult to Say.

(Judy.)

Passenger (train just emerging from tunnel)—What a peculiarly sour expression that young lady in the far corner has?

Friend—Yes; she is evidently mad because the young man with her—sed her coming through the tunnel, or maybe she is mad because he didn't.

If you doubt the worth of "palaver" just try it and see how people warm up to it.

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