IT SATISFIES MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
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LIPTON'S TEA
Sustains and Cheers.

FOR HIS LITTLE GAL'S SAKE

I had been on the sick list for a fortnight, and so had missed interviewing H 2164 on reception. The "institutional" smell, a compound of corduroy, oatmeal, and humanity had knocked me over, writes a prison chaplain in London Answers.

But I had read the case in the papers, and looked forward with some little interest to seeing the gentleman who had been nobbled and put by for seven years.

I entered his cell, and he greeted me with a grin and outstretched hand. I shook it, although as a rule I reserved a grip of the hand for some poor chap whose tears were nearer than smiles.

He jerked his thumb towards the cell door.

"All clear, padre?"

"Yes," I said.

He came nearer.

On the Straight.

"Want to earn twenty quid?" he asked huskily.

I smiled. When I broke the rules I did it for nothing!

"You're a straight pilot, they tell me, and it's like this. The missus was laid up when they nabbed me, and she'll be wanting a bit of help. There's a matter of a hundred quid under a board in the floor, and—well, I want her to know!"

"Yours?" I asked significantly.

He grabbed a Bible from his shelf, and swore a mighty oath it was.

"Made it fair and square, padre. Savings afore I went crooked."

Perhaps I looked dubious. It was only natural, for H 2164 was a swell cracksman, and his jobs averaged a couple of thousands apiece.

"There's an old savings book with it, padre," he went on eagerly, "with a few bob still in. Look at it, and you'll see it took me nigh on three years to save that. It's all down there."

"Wife been ill?" I asked.

"Yes, padre; else I might have got it through to her. I ain't seen her"—and there was a catch in his voice—"not since they come and took me. Police went all through the house, but they never found it."

I thought for a minute. It was risky—very. I didn't want the twenty pounds. But I knew the poverty, the awful fight against starvation, the degradation, that came to convicts' wives when they were left absolutely penniless.

Foregiveness Earned.

"She never knew I worn't running straight, padre," he added, with a little touch of strange pride.

I still hesitated. It was hopelessly wrong, in one sense, yet in another——

He came closer, and put his hand on my sleeve. His eyes blinked, then filled with tears—a man's tears are compelling—as he whispered with agony:

"There's a little 'un, padre—the first—a little gal!"

His shoulders heaved, and for a minute he could not speak.

"A little gal—and I ain't seen her yet!"

I took a deep breath.

"I'll do it," I said.

. . . . . .

On a Saturday afternoon I cycled out for some miles to the junction, and then took the train.

The nurse took me to the parish clergyman, and I entered the room at once. She left us alone. The convict's wife was ill, desperately ill, but making a brave fight for the 'little gal's" sake.

Then I gave my messages, and be sure they lost nothing in the telling.

The hopeless look left her eyes, and a flush stole over the white face.

"Tell Bill I forgive him, and—I'll wait for him; and say baby's just like him; and—and God bless you, sir!"

I suppose I shouldn't have done it; but it was for the "little gal's" sake—and the mother's—and the man's.

So I may be forgiven.

Flattery Defined.

Tommy—"Pop, what is flattery?"

Tommy's Pop — "Flattery, my son, is having someone else tell us the nice things we have always thought about ourselves."

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For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd)

When every hope of tracing Gay failed signally, Mr. Lennox adopted the last measure that was left him—took the evening train for Passaic, and proceeded at once to the home of Evelyn St. Claire.

The heiress sat in the library—her blonde head bent on her jeweled hands. Not once, but a thousand times since her thrilling interview with Percy had she regretted the astounding revelation that had slipped from her tongue in the heat of the moment.

She had been a fool to reveal the fact that the lost love whom he had so bitterly mourned was still alive.

She uttered a desperate, mirthless laugh.

"It was a glorious revenge, but it does not satisfy me," she muttered; "I will—"

The rest of the sentence was never uttered, a peal of the bell interrupted her reverie, and the next moment a servant entered bearing the card of Russel Lennox.

Evelyn St. Claire frowned.

"Tell this person I will not see him," she exclaimed angrily.

"You must see him, my dear young lady," said a determined voice close behind the servant, and, pushing the astonished man aside, he strode into the room, bowing low to Miss St. Claire as he spoke.

She sprung to her feet fairly convulsed with anger and amazement, staring at the bold intruder.

"How dared you force your way here?" she demanded furiously.

"John," she exclaimed, calling sharply to the servant, who stood staring helplessly at the stranger, "show this person out, at once—lose no time. If he refuses to go quietly—throw him out."

And she emphasized the last three words with a stamp of her dainty foot on the velvet hearth-rug.

Quick as thought the detective thrust the servant from the threshold, closed the door, and quietly turned the key in the lock.

And in that instant Evelyn St. Claire recognized him as the very obliging gentleman who had secured the paper, that was missing from the file, for her in the New York newspaper office.

"There is no occasion for hysterical alarm, Miss St. Claire," he said sternly, at that moment displaying his official badge. "I have no wish to harm you. I am here in the cause of justice, you must tell me what you have done with Little Gay, the adopted daughter of Mr. Remington, and where she is to be found now, living or dead. You are my prisoner, Miss St. Claire, until this mystery is cleared up—you must speak."

A harsh, discordant laugh fell from Evelyn St. Claire's crimson lips.

"It is strange," thought the detective grimly, "that one so beautiful should be so utterly heartless, so cruel."

She faced the man defiantly, a mocking smile still curving her red lips.

"At whose instigation is this arrest made?" she inquired with superb indifference.

His answer changed her into a fiend incarnate.

"At the instigation of one who loves the girl better than life itself—Mr. Percy Granville, of Redstone Hall."

A blood-curdling laugh interrupted him; Evelyn St. Claire sprung to her feet with a face fairly livid with passion.

"Go back and tell him this for me," she blazed out furiously, "I do know the fate of Little Gay, but no power on the face of earth can force me to reveal it! It will be a hard matter for you to prove that she did not fly from his arms willingly enough."

"You shall be compelled to reveal all!" declared the detective, angrily.

"Never!" she retorted. "You may lock me up in solitary confinement while my life lasts, you may torture me on the rack, you may kill me, but I will never disclose the fate that has overtaken Gaynell Esterbrook, come what may!"

"Tell me one thing, that I may spare those who love the girl as much suffering as possible; is she living or dead?"

"You shall never know," replied Evelyn St. Claire. "I will carry that secret with me into my grave."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The detective looked into the beautiful face gravely.

"I will give you a week to think the matter over, detaining you in safe custody in the interim; at the end of that time if you still refuse to reveal to us where we can find Little Gay, living or dead, you will be called upon to answer for a crime you would not like to hear me name."

Evelyn St. Claire fell back in her cushioned arm-chair with a low cry on her lips; but her fright, however, was only momentary. She faced him with defiant, shining eyes.

"I repeat, once for all, that I will carry the secret of Little Gay's fate down to the grave with me without revealing it. Percy Granville shall never clasp her to his heart—my rival shall never triumph over me," she said vehemently.

The detective looked at his watch meditatively—it wanted a quarter to nine.

"We are in time for the through express back to the city," he said. "You must come with me, Miss St. Claire."

"Where do you propose taking me?" she asked, with a gasp, shrinking back from him, her face paling to a dead white.

"I shall keep you a close prisoner at the Remington mansion for one week in order to bring you to your senses. After that must depend entirely upon yourself."

Bravely defiant to the last, she uttered no word of comment when he rung for her wraps to be brought her.

He led her to the carriage in waiting, and in silence they made the memorable journey.

Mr. Lennox kept a close watch on the haughty beauty's every movement as they entered the railway car.

He believed she would make a sudden dash for liberty, and he meant to frustrate any such attempt.

In this he was quite mistaken. She allowed herself to be conducted to the Remington mansion without the slightest remonstrance.

The banker's wife met them in the corridor. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping. The greeting between the ladies was constrained and embarrassing.

Mrs. Remington followed her into the apartment that had been set apart for her use, begging her, with all a woman's eloquence, to tell them the fate of Little Gay.

"Your prayers and pleadings are all in vain," Evelyn declared. "You shall never learn the truth from me."

"Have you no heart?" sobbed the banker's wife, bitterly: "Think of the lives you have wrecked. Poor Little Gay was so sweet and innocent—think how shamefully you have betrayed her girlish friendship; she never harmed you, yet you have spoiled her life."

A mocking laugh fell from Evelyn St. Claire's lips.

"Spoiled her life, have I?" she repeated in shameless triumph. "I am well pleased to acknowledge it. She stole my lover from me—but for her he would have been mine. I hate her. She should not have crossed my path if she would have escaped a rival's terrible vengeance."

For hours Mrs. Remington pleaded with her, but she might as well have prayed to a heart of marble, neither tears nor entreaties softened or moved her.

This was the message that she was obliged to take down to the drawing-room to her husband, and to Percy, who was pacing up and down the room like one demented.

Evelyn St. Claire acknowledged that she, and she alone, could unravel the dark mystery that shrouded the fate of Little Gay—she could tell them whether she was living or dead; but they might imprison her for life, torture her on the rack, but they should never force her secret from her lips. She would go down to her grave with the terrible secret locked securely in her breast.

Percy's intense grief was terrible to see, and in reckless desperation he resolved to see Evelyn and plead with her himself. He must do it for Gay's dear sake.

Evelyn St. Claire's heart gave a strange half-startled throb as she heard his quick step on the corridor without, and recognized it. A moment later the door opened to admit Mrs. Remington, quickly followed by Percy.

He crossed the room to where Evelyn sat, standing pale and haggard before her.

Evelyn was struck with the great change in him; he looked as though years had passed over him.

"Evelyn," he cried hoarsely, his handsome white face working with pitiful emotion, "I have sent my friends to plead with you to reveal to us Little Gay's fate, and you have cruelly repulsed them one and all; now I have come to you myself. Would it be of any use to kneel to you, to implore you to be merciful?"

"It would not be of the slightest use," she answered steadily. "You must be mad to think I would restore my rival to your arms. I would rather see you lying dead at my feet than know you were happy with her."

"You are a heartless girl!" he cried angrily. "I shall denounce you and force you to tell. I am desperate—picturing the horrors my darling may be suffering at this very moment while you refuse to disclose her whereabouts."

"Denounce me—force me to tell! You denounce me!" repeated Evelyn St. Claire, her blue eyes flashing like stars. "You expose me before the world—you for whose sake I have steeped my very soul in sin! I would have committed any crime, Percy Granville, to win your love!"

He started back as though she had stabbed him, holding up his hands with a gesture of abhorrence, but she went on recklessly:

"I loved you in spite of your coldness, your indifference. I cried out to Heaven for but one gift from the gods, and that was your love; and when I found that you loved that pretty doll-faced creature and not me, it made a fiend incarnate of me. My love for you has been my curse."

"But, surely, what you are pleased to call love, Evelyn, would never drive you to the commission of crime," he replied in great distress. "Oh, Evelyn, repent and try to atone for what you have done. You led Little Gay away from here on that eventful day; you also know what has befallen her since; and again I beseech you to repent and confess where she is, for I cannot believe you have murdered her; you could not have been so inhuman."

"I am not one of the repenting kind," she retorted. "If it were to be done over again, and I had the hope of winning your love, Percy, I would do all that I have done; you cannot call that repentance, and that is the end of it. No power can tempt me to restore to your arms the rival who has won your love from me. I do not care what is done with me. I do not care whether I spend my life in a palace or a prison. Tell the whole world that I spirited away your love, if you will; you can take what action against me you please. I shall still have the satisfaction of knowing you are not giving my hated rival the love and caresses which should have been mine."

Percy Granville buried his face in his hands with a bitter groan.

He saw plainly that Evelyn had the best of the situation, and meant to keep it, come what might.

Mrs. Remington laid her white hand on his bowed head, pitying tears falling on the fair clustering curls that were pushed back from his forehead.

"Come away, Mr. Granville," she said gently. "It is useless to plead longer; rest assured Heaven will restore you to your lost love without her aid."

Evelyn uttered a mocking laugh; still the words struck home to her heart like a prophecy.

"Why should I have cause for alarm?" she told herself, in the next breath. "He can never trace her. I defy all the powers of heaven and earth to restore his lost love to him!"

She wondered what they intended to do with her at the expiration of the stipulated week.

Suddenly an idea occurred to her.

"Where was Fanny, the girl who had been Gay's maid—whom she had bound by such a strong oath of silence that eventful night?

If they would but send this girl to her, she could induce her to aid her to escape.

Her hopes were soon dashed in this quarter, however, for she found that the maid had left suddenly, soon after Gay's mysterious disappearance.

The week that followed was not one soon to be forgotten.

Evelyn St. Claire remained steadfast to her purpose.

Her one answer to their passionate pleadings was that they should never know the fate that had befallen Gay, and that she would carry the secret down to the grave with her.

At length the detective presented himself for her final decision.

She gave a scornful, defiant laugh, clutching her jeweled hands nervously in the folds of the dainty violet silk she wore.

"My answer is just what it has been from the first. I shall never restore Gay to the man whose love should have been mine!"

"Then you must come with me, Miss St. Claire," he said grimly. "There has been more leniency shown you than you deserve."

Again she allowed him to conduct her to a carriage which stood in waiting, but there was that in her eyes which should have warned him that he had a desperate woman to deal with.

She had not believed they would carry out their threat of openly denouncing her because she refused to speak.

Now the full horror of prison walls loomed up before her mental vision in all its terrors.

As the coach whirled on through the gathering darkness of the night, she tried to coax, to bribe the man to set her free.

It was quite useless.

"You shall have your freedom the moment after you divulge to me what you have done with that poor young girl—never until then!" he answered sternly.

Evelyn relapsed into silence.

If he would not aid her to escape, she would make the daring attempt herself.

Ah, if she could open the carriage door softly, gently, upon the side on which she sat without attracting the detective's attention—then with one swift motion leap from the vehicle to freedom!

She glanced at him furtively—he was gazing out of the opposite window in deep thought.

"Now is my time," thought Evelyn, still watching him narrowly, the light in her determined, steel-blue eyes deepening.

Amid the rumbling of the rapidly-revolving wheels the detective did not hear the handle of the coach-door turn ever so lightly and cautiously.

He must have been thinking deeply that he did not feel the cool breeze as it wafted across his face.

Ever so cautiously, the desperate, guilty girl, little by little, gathered her garments closer about her, planted her foot firmly on the carriage step; then—there was a swift, sudden movement, a lightning-like leap, and in a flash the detective realized what had happened—his beautiful captive—the only person who could unfold the dark mystery which shrouded Little Gay's fate—had slipped from his grasp.

He, the great detective, had been cleverly foiled by this desperate, daring young girl.

He was furious with anger and chagrin.

The terrible jerk had frightened the mettlesome horses and they doubled their pace, breaking into a mad gallop.

"Stop those horses, will you!"—he cried hoarsely—"stop those horses, or I will shoot them down in the harness."

The frightened driver did his best; but to add to his terror, the reins broke under the terrible tension, the horses seized the bits in their mouths, and tore down the road, drawing the coach after them with lightning-like rapidity.

Following Evelyn's example, the detective leaped from the vehicle, swiftly dashing back over the ground—and as he neared the place from which Evelyn took that terrible leap, a thrilling event happened.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

We will leave Mr. Lennox, the detective, hastily retracing his steps in search of the girl who had given him the slip so cleverly, and return to Little Gay whom, our readers will remember, we left in such thrilling circumstances on the night of the storm.

As the lightning flashed through the room the medical students fell back petrified with horror and dismay. The electric current had shattered to atoms the marble receptacle upon which Gay's form had been placed, and from the debris Gay slowly struggled up to a sitting posture, gazing around her with a bewildered, piteous air.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed plaintively, "I——"

Then a shriek of mortal terror rent the air.

"Oh, I remember, I remember," she cried out sharply, "he would not release me from that horrible place, and I made up my mind to die."

Up flew the little white hands to her breast, into which she had plunged the slender silver dagger, as though she expected to find it there still.

"I tried to end my life, I fell at his feet with the darkness of death closing in around me. What place is this? Who brought me here?"

The professor had comprehended the situation in a single instant; the girl had fallen into a trance, and had been brought to them under the supposition that she was dead.

He sprung forward with a low cry, lifted Gay to her feet, and before she had time to glance around the ghastly room into which she had been brought, had hurried her to another apartment.

Gay clung to him in terror, begging him piteously to tell her where she was, and why she was brought there; but before he could answer her, exhausted nature had asserted itself and she fell back in his arms in a deep swoon, that resembled death closely enough.

"Here's a pretty affair!" exclaimed the professor, nervously; "what in the world is to be done with her? Not a line—nothing about her gives a clew as to her identity!"

Of course it was clearly out of the question to send her to a hospital under the circumstances—the only way out of the affair was to take her to his own home.

And this plan he executed without delay.

He explained the embarrassing situation to his wife, who received the lovely stranger with open arms.

"What a pity we do not know who she is," she exclaimed, gazing admiringly on the waxen face, framed in soft, curling locks. "It's a shame we cannot let her people know she is alive and well—of course they are mourning her as dead, poor pretty child."

"After a few hours' rest she will come to, and be able to give us their address, and they can be sent for," predicted the professor; but in this he was wrong.

(To be continued.)

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VOUNTEER FIREMEN.

Keewatin Indians Pledged to Help Protect Forests.

Volunteer firemen have on innumerable occasions done yeoman service in protecting life and property endangered by fire in the towns and villages, and even the cities, of the settled part of Canada. In the re-awakening of the public to the danger and loss caused by forest fires volunteer firemen have again been brought into service.

The volunteers in this case are Indians living in the district between Lake Winnipeg and the Hudson Bay, in the area traversed by the Nelson River through, or near, which the Hudson Bay Railway will run.

In the summer of 1911 Mr. J. T. Blackford, chief fire-ranger of the Northern Manitoba fire-ranging district, spoke to the Indians of several bands and induced them to promise to help to prevent fires. In some cases he got them to sign the following pledge:—

"We Indians appreciate the work the Government is doing to prevent forest fires in our district. We pledge ourselves to do all we can to help. We promise to put out our own camp-fires every time before leaving camp. We accept the badges given by the Government as a pledge."

The badges referred to are small maple leaves of metal which can be pinned on the clothing, and the account given by Mr. Blackford of the way in which the Indians received them is interesting. He writes:—"One and all were very much pleased with the badges given them. They pinned them in all sorts of places on their clothing, where each one's fancy thought the most conspicuous place. One man would not take his badge until he had first washed himself and changed his shirt, and then the badge was used as a collar-button or brooch. Hats and shirts were the favorite spots for adornment, but not a few, after carefully polishing them, would fold them in cloth to keep them for some special occasion. A great percentage of them feel that they are thus, after receiving the badge from the Government, constituted minor chiefs and guardians of the forest."

NO EVIDENCE.

"Oh, George, they tell me you go to prize fights, but I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"Because you never bring home any prizes."

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HOME

How to Broil.

Broiling means to burn or sear, and is applied to the hottest form of cooking known, in which the food is brought into direct contact with the fire, burning being avoided by frequent turning. This quick cooking in the air, which circulates freely about it, gives a delicious flavor unlike that obtained by any other method.

Only those parts of meat which are tender as well as juicy are suitable for rapid cooking. They are found in the loin and round of beef and the loin and ribs of lamb and mutton. Young poultry, fish, small game and birds may be broiled whole because thin in comparison with the size, but meat should be cut in slices not over about an inch and a half in thickness, that the interior may be cooked before the outside has become dry and burned.

In broiling the fire should be the first consideration; it should be almost bright red, and should be near the top of the fire box. A bed of hard wood coals, charcoal or coke is better than coal, as there is less flame, therefore less danger of smoking the meat; a shovelful of either of the latter may be added to a coal fire with the desired result.

Broiled meat may be smoked from two causes—the coal flame condensing on the cooler surface of the meat will deposit a film of coal tar, while the fat flame will cover the meat with a thin layer of burned fat.

In turning or lifting the meat if a fork is stuck into it the juices will flow out and be wasted; if necessary to use the fork it should be stuck in the fat. When sufficiently cooked the meat will be slightly puffy in the centre, and if pressed with the blade of a knife it will feel firm but not hard. When cut it should be pink and juicy; if purple it is still raw; if dry and brown it is over-cooked. In winter, or when the meat has been taken from the ice immediately before cooking, a little longer time must be allowed in which to attain the proper temperature.

Broiled Steak.—Trim off any excess of fat and wipe with a damp cloth. Rub the broiler with a bit of fat. Arrange the thickest part of the steak toward the back of the broiler. At first hold close to the coals. Turn every 10 seconds until both sides are well seared, then turn each half minute. A steak one inch thick will broil in from four to six minutes if liked rare; a little longer if preferred well done. When half done season both sides with salt and pepper. Let a spoonful of butter melt on the hot platter. Hold the steak for a half minute over paper to let sooty fat drip off. Lay on the platter and turn once that both sides may be buttered.

Broiled Chicken.—Singe, split down the back, clean and wipe with a damp cloth. Rub inside and out with a little butter, then sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange on a greased wire broiler. Cook with flesh side toward the fire at first. When seared hold a little farther away from the fire. Turn occasionally on the skin side, but be careful, as it readily scorches. A chicken weighing two pounds and a half will take from 15 to 20 minutes; if not well done it will be tough. Transfer to a hot butter and rub again with butter.

Good Recipes.

Chocolate Pie.—One and one-half cups sugar, four tablespoonfuls flour, one tablespoonful grated chocolate, flavor with lemon. Mix well together, then put on stove and thicken with two cups boiling water. Boil for a few minutes. Be sure to keep stirring while boiling. Bake crust and then add chocolate filling. A nice frosting may be made with the whites of two eggs if desired.

Mayonnaise Dressing.—One cup of vinegar, two scant teaspoonfuls mustard, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls butter, four tablespoonfuls water, yolks of four eggs well beaten. Stir all together with egg-beater, then put on the stove and cook a few minutes, stirring until thick. When ready to use, thin with sour or sweet cream and pour over salad.

Apple and Nut Salad.—Pare and slice five or six medium-sized apples. Add about one-half pound English walnuts, and a stalk of celery chopped together. Mix with apples and pour over salad dressing given above.

Caramel Filling.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, a small piece of butter, boil till thick, and stir till cool.

Mock Lemon Pie.—One tablespoonful of cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of lemon extract, two-thirds cup of sugar, yolk of one egg, two-thirds cup of boiling water, butter size of a walnut, boil till thick and frost with the whites of the eggs. This makes one pie.

Home Hints.

Flower vases stained with flower water can be perfectly cleaned with tea leaves moistened with vinegar.

It is said cockroaches will disappear if their happy hunting grounds are flooded with a strong solution of alum in boiling water.

To remove match marks from paint, rub first with a slice of lemon, then with whiting and wash with soap and water.

Blankets, after being washed and dried thoroughly, should be well beaten with a carpet beater.

Wood alcohol will take vaseline stains from wash goods. Soak them a few minutes in the alcohol.

If you have a jabot which is troublesome to iron, baste the plaits before it is washed, then iron and remove the threads. Use fine thread.

After thoroughly washing white potatoes, boil them and put through the "ricer" without peeling. The skins will remain on the ricer, the potato coming through white and mealy.

Place some pieces of glue in a granite cup. Keep this cup in a convenient place in a cupboard or pantry. When you find any article needs a little glue, get your glue cup, add a little hot water and it is ready for use.

When sealing fruit butters or preserves, place a circle of thin cloth on top and sprinkle this with grown cinnamon. The spice prevents mold from accumulating on the fruit.

If you rinse a plate with cold water before breaking the eggs on it, add to them a pinch of salt and then stand where there is a current of air, you will have no difficulty in beating them to a froth.

Hands that are constantly moist need a tonic and should be bathed frequently in salt water or rubbed with a lemon. Some people find relief by dusting the gloves inside with powdered alum before putting on.

Rubber gloves worn for dish-washing and housework should be thoroughly washed before being taken off the hands. In this way they are kept free from impurities and wear longer.

When you want to sew buttons on your boys waistcoats, trousers, coats or underwear follow these directions and you will never have to resew those buttons:—Place your button, take a hairpin (a strong one) and lay across the button, then sew over hairpin. When you have put as much thread through the eyes as they will hold withdraw the hairpin; push the needle through near the button, pull the button up, and wrap the thread several times round between the button and goods; fasten on underside, and your button will stay on until the garment is worn out.

THE PULSE OF A SKYSCRAPER

Constant Slight Vibrations in Every Direction.

By day or night a modern city is never wholly at rest. A hundred disturbing factors are constantly setting up curious vibrations which travel in every direction. The tracing out of these vibrations and their accurate measurements is a new problem among builders, which has a peculiar interest for the laymen as well. This problem of feeling the pulse of buildings is not limited to great cities, but often arises in comparatively small towns throughout the country, says the Christian Herald. Let a train rush past the foundations of a high building, or even a low one, or a powerful windstorm beat against its walls, and the entire structure may vibrate like a giant tuning fork. Incidentally, the problem is so well understood that accidents from excessive vibration are practically unheard of. The cradle may rock, but it never falls.

The measurement of the pulse-like vibrations is made much the same as that of an earthquake, and almost as accurately. The marvellously delicate instruments which are depended upon for these records trace curious pulsing lines, which show at a glance just how wide an arc the building swings through, and how regular is the recurrence of the movement. These readings are accepted in court as absolutely conclusive, and it is not uncommon for damage suits involving immense sums of money to be decided by these delicate tracings.

Public opinion is all wrong, or nearly so, as to the amplitude of the vibrations of buildings both large and small. Everyone has felt such vibrations, but one's sensations are apt to be very misleading. It is a surprise to many that the most violent vibrations are not felt in the extremely high buildings, as is commonly supposed, but in the comparatively low office buildings, and, as a rule, those of solid construction. A vibration of three-sixteenths of an inch is extremely violent, for a movement of one-hundredth of an inch is readily noticeable. As the records show, there is a peculiar method of rhythm in these movements, the building swaying back and forth through a given arc with the regularity of a pendulum.

CLEVER NEW BURGLAR TRAP.

Placed in Front of Counter, Automatically Imprisons Thief.

An ingenious device is the invention of Mr. William Norreys, of Yattendon Road, Horley, England. It consists of a false floor, which may be constructed in front of the counter or whatever other part of the shop or office a thief might be expected to stand upon. This floor, which covers a pit, is supported by projecting pins, which can be withdrawn into their sockets by means of a lever worked by a brass rail on the shopman's side of the counter and running along the whole length of it. The floor being set free to fall, the thief upon it sinks quickly into the pit, alighting upon spring or pneumatic shock-absorbers, that he may not be injured. His weight works another lever, which causes a sliding door to close over the mouth of th epit. The device can be set at night for burglars or safe-breakers, the retaining pins being so adjusted that the false floor will fall under the added weights of a burglar.

Porcelain Heels for Shoes.

Porcelain heels for silk and satin evening shoes are among the eccentricities of fashion which are expected before long. They will be made of Sevres ware. Another novel and none too lovely French fashion is the wearing of strings of pearls somewhat after the manner of the guardsman's chin-strap. The necklace passes under the chin of the wearer from ear to ear. It is sometimes fastened around the ear, but more frequently secured to the hair by a jeweled pin on either side.

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