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With downcast eyes and bowed head he stands, thinking sadly how much too old he is for new cares and fresh faces. Reginald had been all the world to him: the new man is as nothing. Counting friendships as of little worth unless years have gone to prove their depth and sincerity, he feels no leaning toward the present possessor,—knows him too short a time to like or dislike, to praise or blame.

Now, as his eyes wander down the long table, to where he can see the empty chair of him who rests with such unearthly tranquility in the silent chamber above, the thought of how soon a comparative stranger will fill it causes him a bitter pang. And, as he so muses, the door opens, and they all come in,—Sartoris first, with Clarissa, pale, and quiet; the brothers—so like, yet so unlike—following.

Old Simon, rousing himself, watches with jealous eye to see the place so long occupied by Reginald usurped by another. But he watches in vain. Sartoris, without so much as a glance in its direction, takes the chair at the lower end of the table; and the others, following his lead, seat themselves at the sides without comment of any kind; whereupon Gale draws a long breath, and vows fidelity to his new lord upon the spot.

It is a dismal meal, dull and dispiriting. The ghastly Egyptian mummy seems present in full force, if not in the letter at least in the spirit. Sartoris, having taken a glass of sherry, trifles with the meat upon his plate, at literally eats nothing. No one appears possessed with a desire to speak, and indeed there is little to be said. When luncheon is nearly over, a small dark object, hitherto unseen, creeps out from some forgotten corner, and stretches itself forlornly; it is poor Reginald's favorite dog, that ever since his death has lain crouching out of sight, but now, driven by the pain of hunger, comes creeping forward, whining piteously.

He goes up to the accustomed chair, but, finding it for the first time empty and deaf to his complainings, turns disconsolately away, and passes from seat to seat, without accepting food at any of their hands, until he comes to Clarissa. She, stooping, raises him to her knee (her lashes wet with tears), and feeds him tenderly with the dainty scraps upon her plate.

The whole scene, though simple, is suggestive of loss and loneliness. Sartoris, leaving the table with some haste, goes to the window to hide his emotion. Dorian follows him. Whereupon Horace, rising too, crosses to where Clarissa sits, and bending over her, says something in a low tone.

The moments fly. A clock upon the mantelpiece chimes half-past four. Some bird, in the exuberance of its mad joy, scurries wildly past the windows. Sartoris, with a sigh, turns from the light, and, seeing Miss Peyton and Horace still deep in conversation, frowns slightly.

"Horace, will you tell Durkin I want to see him at once in the library," he says, very quietly, yet with some latent irritability.

"In one moment," replies Horace, unmoved, going back to the low-toned dialogue he has been carrying on with Clarissa.

"I am afraid I must lay myself open to the charge of rudeness," says Sartoris, still very quietly, but with a peculiar smile. "But it is important, and I must see Durkin at once. My dear Horace, oblige me in this matter."

"Shall I not see Clarissa to her carriage first?" says Horace, raising his dark eyes for one moment to his uncle's face.

"Dorian will see to that," says the old man, slowly, but so decisively that Horace, bidding the girl a silent but warm farewell, with a bad grace departs.

"How late it grows," says Miss Peyton, glancing at the clock; and, drawing from a side pocket her own watch, she examines it attentively, as though to assure herself the huge timepiece on the mantel-shelf has not told a deliberate lie. "I must go home! Papa will wonder where I have been all this long time. Good-by, Mr. Branscombe" (she is still, naturally, forgetful of the new title). "I hope," very sweetly, "you will come to see us as soon as ever you can."

"Thank you, yes. I shall come very soon, says Sartiris; and then she bids him good-by, and Dorian follows her from the room into the great dark hall outside.

"How changed he is!" she says, turning suddenly to him, and indicating by a little backward motion of her head toward the room she had just left, the person of whom she speaks. "How altered!—Arthur, I mean. Not now, not by this grief; it isn't that: his manner, to me especially, has been altogether different for a fortnight past. Ever since that last dance at Arndale—you remember it—he has not been quite the same to me."

"Let me see; that, I think, was the evening you and Horace drove home along together, with that rather uncertain brown mare, was it not?" says Dorian, with no apparent meaning in his tone. "My dear child, I dare say you are mistaken about Arthur. Your imagination is leading you astray."

"No, it is not. I am the least imaginative person alive," says Miss Peyton, with an emphatic shake of her pretty head. "I can't bear that sort of people myself; you are always seeing something that isn't there, and are generally very tiresome all around. I'm rather vexed about Arthur, do you know?"

"Don't mind him," says Branscombe, easily. "He'll come all right in time. He is a peculiar fellow in many ways, and when he sets his heart on any hobby, rides it to the death."

"Has he a hobby now?"

"Yes. He has just formed, and is now trying to work out, a gigantic scheme, and cuts up a little rough every now and then because all the world won't see it in the light that he does."

"Poor man!" says Clarissa, sympathetically. "No wonder he seems strange at times: it is so depressing to be baffled. Why don't you help him, Dorian?"

"It would take two to help him," says Mr. Branscombe, looking faintly amused.

"Could I be of any use?"—eagerly.

"I would do anything I could for him."

"No, would you?" says Branscombe, his amusement growing more perceptible. "I'm sure that's very good of you. I dare say, if Arthur could hear you say that, he would go out of his mind with joy. 'Anything' is such a comprehensive word. You're sure you won't go back on it?"

"Quite sure,"—with some surprise.

"My dear Clarissa, is it possible you have not yet seen through Arthur's latest and greatest design?"

"If you intend to tell me anything, do so; beating about the bush always fatigues me to death," says Miss Peyton, in a tone of dignified rebuke.

"What does Arthur want?"

"A little thing,—a mere trifle. He simply wants you to marry me."

"Really, Dorian," says Clarissa, coloring slowly, but warmly, "I think you might find some other subject to jest on."

"I never made a joke in my life; I hope I never shall," returns Branscombe, reproachfully. "What have I done, that you should accuse me of such a crime? I have only spoken the plain, unvarnished truth. To see you my wife is the dream of Arthur's life, his sole ambition. And just now, you know, you said you were quite prepared to do anything for him. You can't, with any sense of honor, back out of your given word."

"I never heard anything so absurd, so foolish, so nonsensical!" says Miss Peyton, resentfully.

"Nonsensical! My dear Clarissa! pray consider my—"

"It is more! it is right down stupid of him," says Clarissa, who plainly declines to consider any one's feelings.

"You needn't pile up my agony any higher," interposes Branscombe, meekly. "To my everlasting regret I acknowledge myself utterly unworthy of you. But why tell me in such round terms? I assure you I feel excessively hurt and offended. Am I to understand, then, that you have refused me?"

"You shall understand something worse, if you say another word," says Clarissa, holding up before him a little clenched hand in a would-be threatening manner. And then they both laugh in a subdued fashion; and she moves on toward the open half-door, he following.

"Well, I forgive you," he says, as she steps into her low phaeton, and he arranges the rug carefully around her. "Though you don't deserve it. (What ridiculous hands to guide such refractory ponies!) Sure you are quite comfortable? Well, good-by; and look here,"—teasingly,—"I should think it over if I were you. You may not get so excellent a chance again; and Arthur will never forgive you."

"Your uncle, though charming, and a very dear, is also a goose," says Miss Peyton, somewhat irreverently. "Marry you, indeed! Why, I should quite as soon dream of marrying my brother!"

"Well, as I can't be your husband, it would be rather nice to be your brother," says Mr. Branscombe, cheerfully. "Your words give me hope that you regard me in that light. I shall always think of you for the future as my sister, and so I am sure"—with an eloquent and rather mischievous pause—"will Horace!"

Miss Peyton blushes again,—much more vividly this time,—and, gathering up the reins hastily, says "good-by" for the second time, without turning her flushed face to his, and drives rapidly up the avenue.

Branscombe stands on the steps watching her until she is quite lost to sight behind the rhododendrons, and then strokes his mustache thoughtfully.

"That has quite arranged itself, I should fancy," he says, slowly. "Well, I hope he will be very good to her, dear little thing!"

CHAPTER II.

"Her form was fresher than the morn-rose
When the due wets its leaves."
—Thomson.

Pullingham-on-the-Moors is a small, untidy, picturesque village, situated on the side of a hill. It boasts a railway station, a police-barracks, a solitary hotel, and two or three well-sized shops. It is old-fashioned, stationary, and, as a rule, hopelessly harmless, though now and then dissentions, based principally upon religious grounds, will arise.

These can scarcely be avoided, as one half of the parish trips lightly after Mr. Redmond, the vicar (who has a subdued passion for wax candles, and a craving for floral decorations), and looks with scorn upon the other half, as, with solemn step and slow, it descends the high hill that leads, each Sabbath, to the 'Methody' Chapel beneath.

It never grows older, this village, and never younger; is seldom cast down or elated, surprised or demonstrative about anything. In a quaint, sleepy fashion, it has its dissipations, and acknowledges its festive seasons,—such as Christmas-tide, when all the shops burst into a general bloom of colored cards, and February, when valentines adorn every pane. It has also its fair days, when fat cattle and lean sugar-sticks seem to be everywhere.

A marriage is reckoned an event, and causes some gossip: a birth does not,—possibly because of the fact that it is a weekly occurrence. Indeed, the babies in Pullingham are a "joy forever." They have their season all the year round, and never by any chance "go out;" though I have heard people foolishly likken them to flowers. They grow and thrive and blossom all over the place, which no doubt is greatly to the credit of the inhabitants. Occasionally, too, some one is good enough to cause a little pleasurable excitement by dying, but very seldom, as the place is fatally healthy, and people live here until they become a social nuisance and almost wish themselves dead. There is, I believe, some legend belonging to the country, about an old woman who had to be shot, so aggressively old did she become; but this is obscure.

About two miles from the town one comes to Sartoris, the residence of Dorian Branscombe, which runs in a line with the lands of Scrope Royal, the property of Sir James Scrope.

Sir James is a tall, rather old-young man of thirty-two, with a calm, expressive face, kindly eyes, and a somewhat lanky figure. He has a heart of gold, a fine estate, and—a step-sister.

Miss Deborah Scrope is not as nice as she might be. She has a face as hard as her manners, and, though considerably over forty, is neither fat nor fair. She has a perfect talent for making herself obnoxious to all unhappy enough to come within her reach, a temper like "Kate the Curst," and a nose like the Duke of Wellington.

Somewhere to the left, on a hill as high and pompous as itself, stands the castle, where three months out of the twelve the Duke and Duchess of Spendleton, and some of their family, put in an appearance. It is a place of some importance, and, as it is well known, the Duke and Duchess are not at home to everybody.

Below, to the left, on a hill as high and pompous as itself, stands the castle, where three months out of the twelve the Duke and Duchess of Spendleton, and some of their family, put in an appearance. It is a place of some importance, and, as it is well known, the Duke and Duchess are not at home to everybody.

Below, to the right, on a little green, now steel-blue, beneath the rays of the setting sun. And beyond it is Gowran, where Clarissa lives with her father, George Peyton.

Clarissa is all that is charming. She is tall, slight, svelte: indeed, earth has not anything to show more fair. She is tender, too, and true, and very earnest,—perhaps a degree too earnest, too intense, for every day life. Her eyes, "twin star of beauty," are deep and gray; her hair is dark; her mouth, though somewhat large, is perfect; and her smile is indescribable, so sweet it is—so soft and lingering.

Her mother died when she was nine years old, and from that time until she was twelve she spent most of her life with the Branscombe boys,—riding, fishing, sometimes even shooting, with them. The effect of such training began to make itself felt. She was not degenerating into a tom-boy of the first water (indeed, one of the purest gems of its kind), when James Scrope, who was even then a serious young man, came to the rescue, and induced her father to send her from Gowran to a school at Brussels.

"Virtue is its own reward," they tell us: let us hope Scrope felt rewarded! Whether he did or not, I know he felt considerably frightened when Clarissa (having discovered who had been the instigator of this "plot" to drive her from her beloved Gowran) came down to Scrope Hall, and, dashing into his presence like a small whirlwind, abused for his well-meant interference in good round terms, and, having refused even to say good-by to him, had slammed the door in his face, and, starting from home next morning, had seen no more of him for six long years.

At seventeen, her aunt, Hon. Mrs. Greville, had brought her back from Brussels to her own house in town, where she kept her for twelve months, and where she once more renewed acquaintance with her old friends Dorian and Horace Branscombe. Mrs. Greville took her to all the most desirable balls of her season, to concerts and "small and earlies," to high-art entertainments of the most "too, too," and, having given her free scope to and, having given her free scope to break the hearts of half the men in the town, had sent her at last to her father, hopelessly in love with a detrimental.

The detrimental was Horace Branscombe. Mrs. Greville was intensely annoyed and disgusted. After all her care, all her trouble, to have this happen! She had married her own girls with the greatest eclat, had not made one false move with regard to any of them, and now to see Clarissa (who with her beauty and fortune, might have married any one) throw herself away upon a penniless barrister seemed to her to savor of positive crime.

Horace, certainly, so far, had not proposed in form, but Mrs. Greville was not to be hoodwinked. He meant it. He was not always at her niece's side for nothing; and, sooner or later, Clarissa, with all her money, would go over to him. When she thought of this shocking waste of money, she groaned aloud; and then she washed her hands of the whole affair; and sent Clarissa back to Gowran, where her father received her with open arms, and made much of her.

CHAPTER III.

"O Helen, fair beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for ever mair,
Until the day I die!"

Across the lawn the shadows move slowly, and with a vague grace that adds to their charm. The birds are drowsy from the heat, and sitting half hidden in the green branches, chant their songs in somewhat lazy fashion. All nature succumbed to the fierce power of Phoebus Apollo.

"The morn is merry June, I trow;
The rose is budding fain."

Each flower in the sunlit garden is holding up its head, and breathing fragrant sighs as the hours slip by, unheeded, yet full of a vague delight.

Miss Peyton, in her white gown, and with some soft rich roses lying on her lap, is leaning back on a low chair in the deep embrasure of the window, making a poor attempt at working.

Her father, with a pencil in his hand, and some huge volumes spread out before him, is making a few desultory notes. Into the library—the coziest, if not the handsomest, room at Gowran—the hot sun is rushing, dancing lightly over statuettes and pictures, and lingering with pardonable delay upon Clarissa's bowed head.

"Who is this coming up the avenue?" she says, presently, in slow, sleepy tones, that suit the day. "It is—no, it isn't—and yet it is—it must be James Scrope!"

"I dare say. He was to have returned yesterday. He would come here as soon as possible, of course." Rising, he joins her at the window, and watches the coming visitor as he walks his horse leisurely down the drive.

"What a dear little modest speech!" says Miss Peyton, maliciously. "Now, if I had been the author of it, I know some one who would have called me vain! But I will generously let that pass. How brown Jim has grown! Has he not?"

"Has he? I car, scarcely see so far. What clear eyes you must have, child, and what a faithful memory to recollect him without hesitation, after all these years!"

"I never forget," said Clarissa, simply, which is quite the truth. "And he has altered hardly anything. He was always so old, you know, he really couldn't grow much older. What is his age now, papa? Ninety?"

"Something over thirty, I fancy," says papa, uncertainly.

"Oh, nonsense!" says Miss Peyton. "Surely you romance, or else you are an invaluable friend. When I grow brown and withered I hope you will prove equally good to me. I shall expect you to say all sorts of impossible things, and not blush when saying them. Ah!—here is Sir James," as the door opens, and Scrope—healthy and bronzed from foreign travel—enters staid and calm as ever.

"Why, you have forgotten me," she says, presently, in a low tone of wounded reproach. "While I—I knew you at once."

"I have not forgotten," says Scrope, taking her hand and holding it, as though unconsciously. "I was only surprised, puzzled. You are so changed. All seems so different. A little child when last I saw you, and now a lady grown."

"Oh, yes, I am quite grown up," says Miss Peyton, demurely. "I can't do any more of that sort of thing, to oblige anybody,—even though papa—who adores a Juno, and thinks all women should be divinely tall—has often asked me to try. But," maliciously, "are you not going to ask me how I have progressed (isn't that the right word) with my studies? You ought, you know, as it was you who sent me to school."

"If" says Sir James, rather taken aback at this unexpected onslaught.

"Yes, you," repeats she, with a little nod. "Papa would never have had the cruelty even to think of such a thing. I am glad you have still sufficient grace left to blush for your evil conduct. Do you remember," with a gay laugh, "what a terrible scolding I gave you before leaving home?"

"I shall remember it to my dying day," says Sir James. "I was never so thoroughly frightened before or since. Then and there I registered a vow never again to interfere with any one's daughter."

"I hope you will keep that vow," says Miss Peyton, with innocent malice, and a smile only half suppressed, that torments him in memory for many a day. And then George Peyton asks some questions, and presently Sir James is telling him certain facts about the Holy Land, and Asia generally, that rather upset his preconceived ideas.

"Yet I still believe it must be the most interesting spot on earth," he says, still clinging to old thoughts and settled convictions.

"Well, it's novel, you know, and the fashion, and that," says Sir James, rather vaguely. "In fact, you are rather popular nowadays if you haven't done the East; but it's fatiguing, there isn't a doubt. The people aren't as nice as they might be, and honesty is not considered the best policy out there, and dirt is the prevailing color, and there's a horrid lot of sand."

When he had shaken hands with, and been warmly welcomed by Mr. Peyton, he turns with some diffidence toward the girl in the clinging white gown, who is smiling at him from the window, with warm red lips, half parted, and some faint amusement in her friendly eyes.

"What a dismal ending!" says Clarissa, in a tone suggestive of disappointment. "But how lovely it looks in pictures!—I don't mean the sand, exactly, but the East."

"Most things do. There is an old grandaunt of mine, hung in the gallery at Scrope——"

"How shocking!" interrupted Miss Peyton, with an affected start. "And in the house, too! How unpleasant! Did she do it herself, or who hanged her?"

"Her picture, you know," says Scrope, with a laugh. "To hear that she had made away with herself would be too good to be true. She looks absolutely lovely in this picture I speak of, almost too fine for this work-a-day world; yet my father always told me she was ugly as a nightmare. Never believe in paint."

"Talking of Scrope," says Clarissa, "do you know, though I have been home now for some months, I have never been through it since I was a child? I have rather a passion for revisiting old haunts, and I want to see it again. That round room in the tower used to be my special joy. Will you show it to me?—some day?—any day?"

"What day will you come?" asks Scrope, thinking it unnecessary to express the gladness it will be to him to point out the beauties of his home to this new-old friend,—this friend so full of fresh and perfect beauty, yet so replete with all the old graces and witcheries of the child he so fondly loved.

"I am just the least little bit in the world afraid of Miss Scrope," says Clarissa, with an irrepressible smile. "So I shall prefer to come some time when you are in. On Thursday, if that will suit you. Or Friday; or, if not then, why, Saturday."

"Make it Thursday. That day comes first," said Scrope.

"Now, that is a very pretty speech," declares Miss Peyton, vast encouragement in her tone. "Eastern air, in spite of its drawbacks, has developed your intellect, Jim. Hasn't it?"

The old familiar appellation, and the saucy smile that has always in it something of tenderness, smites some half-forgotten chord of Scrope's heart. He makes no reply, but gazes with an earnestness that almost amounts to scrutiny at Clarissa, as she stands in the open window leaning against a background of ivy, through which pale rosebuds are struggling into view. Within her slender fingers the knitting-needles slowly, glinting and glistening in the sun's hot rays, until they seem to resemble tiny flashes as they cross and recross each other. Her eyes are downcast, the smile still lingers on her lips, her whole attitude, and her pretty graceful figure, clad in its white gown, is——

"Like a picture rich and rare."

"On Thursday, then, I shall see you," he says, not because he has tired of looking at her, but because she has raised her eyes and is evidently wondering at his silence. "Good-by."

"Good-by," says Clarissa, genially. Then she lays down the neglected knitting (that, indeed, is more a pretense than a reality), and comes out into the middle of the room. "For the sake of old days I shall see you to the hall door," she says, brightly. "No, papa, do not ring. I myself shall do the honors to Jim."

(To be Continued.)

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BUSY DAY.

He Can Turn Off a Great Amount of Work Between Breakfast and Bed Time.

The German Emperor is without doubt, one of the busiest men in Europe, and it can be no sinecure to hold any appointment in his immediate entourage. State affairs, to which he has to give his close personal attention, are almost of hourly occurrence, and it is known that he never neglects any duty of this sort. As a matter of fact he gives personal attention to all matters, even in some cases those of minute detail, wherein he considers the welfare of the country over which he rules is concerned. In addition to this he is always moving about from one place to another, so that the number of miles he must travel during the year if computed would doubtless be found to exceed the total covered by the most rapid American globe-trotter. How he manages it all is a source of speculative wonder, not only of the majority of his subjects, but to the people of other nations, who read with astonishment of his ubiquity.

The system adopted by the Emperor to enable him to keep abreast of the work he has to do is clearly shown of the army manoeuvres. There is certainly no fussy hurry exhibited, but still there never is a minute lost through want of forethought on the part of those responsible for the arrangements. Every hour of the day from early morning till late in the evening has its duties, and to enable the Emperor to fulfill his engagements calls forth some

ABLE GENERALSHIP

and skilful organization. Take the programme of one day as an example. He is sleeping at some place a few miles from the scene of the manoeuvres. Early in the morning he has important interviews with his secretaries and the chief of his staff. At 7 o'clock he is in uniform and starting for the manoeuvres. After his arrival, about 9 o'clock, at the scene of operations, he remains in the saddle, riding about, watching the fighting until close upon 1 o'clock. Then on the "cease firing" sounding, he has the commanding officers assemble, and there is the usual "critique," at which it is clear that he has given the very closest attention to the tactics of the two forces. This duty fulfilled, he is away as fast as four horses can take him back to the railway, and then on by his train to a really to swe perhaps 30 miles off, where he lunches with the chief officials, and afterwards honors them with some good advice. After an hour or two devoted to the work that has been following him about all day, he again enters his train and is whirled off to the schloss where he intends sleeping. There he is kept busy till the dinner hour, which he may entertain over 100 guests. It is a late hour when the last of them, the favoured few, are allowed to leave.

On one occasion I met two of the attaches who had been with the Emperor the whole of the day when the time had been occupied as described, and they looked wrecks of humanity, but when I saw the Emperor an hour or so later—it was then 8 o'clock—he looked as fresh and smiling as usual. Germany's young kaiser must possess

EXTRAORDINARY POWERS

of endurance and capacity for quickly recuperating from fatigue, or otherwise it would not be possible for him to get through the work he undertakes. Certainly everything is done to assist him that can be done, and his time is economized to the utmost extent possible. At the station his special train, consisting of five large carriages, is kept ready to start at any minute; horses are at every village, so that he can be supplied with a remount in case of accident, and several covered carts follow him about. They are made somewhat after the pattern of those we are accustomed to see conveying her Majesty's mail through the streets, only they are dark chocolate-coloured instead of red, and bear the "spatchcocked" eagle of Germany blazoned on their sides in place of the V. R., monogram. One of these vehicles contains papers, letters and despatches to which his attention has to be given some time during the day; another one has within its recesses the articles necessary to supply a luncheon to several people at a few minutes' notice. There is also somewhere about in the neighbourhood the Emperor's schlaf-wagon (sleeping carriage) in which, if the necessity arises or the humour seizes him, he can pass the night amid the bivouac of his troops. In addition he has a small carriage of the victoria pattern, drawn by four gray horses, which keeps in touch with him during the day. After the manoeuvres are over he dismounts, and, entering the carriage, is off as fast as the four little thoroughbreds can gallop.—London Graphic.

A Queen for a Landlady.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that Queen Lil, of the Sandwich Islands, is a property-owner and a taxpayer in Winnipeg. When her agent, Mr. Davis, was through here a year or so ago he made some purchases in his sovereign's name. He also erected the fine brick store on the corner of Market and Princess street, now occupied by Mr. C. H. Wilson as a furniture store. It is not everybody who enjoys the honor of being a Queen for a landlady.—Winnipeg Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD.

Poor Housewives.

Naturally it is only a practical, well-informed housekeeper who can train raw recruits, whatever their nationality; and here is a good place to say that no woman rich or poor, in town or country, is fit to fill a housekeeper's position in her own house till she understands the business in detail. Half at least of the woes of domestic life and the trials of poor service spring from the incompetency of the house mistress, writes Mary C. Hungerford.

From what silly theory did the idea ever come that it is sweetly fascinating in a young wife to profess complacently, "Oh, dear, no, I know nothing in the world about cooking or housekeeping?" Cherry lips and dimples blind one to the smallness of the mind that glories in ignorance; but as a merchant or a manufacturer acquires technical knowledge before he enters business,—for he will hardly ask his clerks to teach him details,—so a woman should be trained for her profession, or else the lovely, helpless butterfly will develop into an unsuccessful old wife, bullied by hirelings and undervalued by the husband who thought her ignorance so bewitching before it affected his comfort and well being.

Piecing Carpet.

Piecing or sewing a cross-wise seam in an ingrain carpet may be done very neatly in this way: Overcast the edges, place the right sides together, allowing one piece to extend from the other about one finger. Unless your measure is scant, have the stripe or pattern of the carpet to match as nearly as possible. Sew a firm seam across, then spread out and baste the allowed ends smoothly down. Turn under the edges and carefully sew down with an under-stitch. Slightly dampen, place a thick fold of paper over the seam and press with a hot iron. For Brussels carpet, trim the edges, make a lap of a few inches, secure this by a through and through seam, then carefully buttonhole stitch each end down with fine worsted yarn that matches color of carpet as nearly as possible.

A Dainty Bedspread.

A pretty bedspread is made of deep cream-colored or tan linen, with deeply hemmed edges and finished with a handsome crochet lace, made from whipcord twist the same shade as the linen. It can be laundered over and over. It should not be lined. Another odd and dainty spread is made of common unbleached sheeting, worked all around the edge with fern fronds in delicate green silk. Big square pillows accompany this spread, and th se have covers made from the same material as that employed in the spread.

Ventilating a Room.

Window boards give a simple way to cool or ventilate a room where there is no system of doing it, or when, as is often the case, the system does not work. These boards should be as long as the window sash and about six inches wide. Adjust them to the window still along the bottom of the lower sash and close to it. When the window is raised level with the top of the board, air will pass in, rise to the ceiling, spread along it, and gradually settle down without much drought. This method is imperfect but better than opening doors or windows.

A Furniture Polish.

A Japanese furniture polish said to be exceptionally valuable for its purpose is prepared by mixing well together one pint linseed oil, one pint strong cold tea, the whites of two eggs, and two ounces spirits of salt. When thoroughly combined pour into a bottle, which must be shaken each time before the polish is used. Make a pad of soft linen, pour on a few drops of liquid, rub well over the article to be polished, and finish the process with an old silk handkerchief or dry chamois skin. The Japanese use their fine paper both as polisher and first applier.

Good and Easy.

Prune Pudding.—One of the puddings that might be called "perfectly lovely" is this same one made of prunes. To make it, stew prunes until tender, remove the stones and then chop the fruit. Beat the whites of three eggs with half a cup of sugar, until it will stand alone, then beat the eggs lightly into a cup and a half of the chopped prunes. Bake in a shallow pan. With the yolks of the eggs, make a boiled custard to serve with the pudding. When ready to serve, cut the pudding in squares, put in saucers and pour the custard around it. May be used warm, but is better when very cold.

Lemon Custard.—Rub a tablespoonful of butter with three fourths of a cup of sugar, then beat into this the yolks of three eggs. Moisten two tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little water, and then add the corn starch and two cups of water to the part already prepared. Add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, beat up well and cook like boiled custard. When taken from the fire, stir in lightly the well beaten whites of three eggs. Cool in cups and serve with sweetened cream, or without dressing of any kind.

Cherry Tapioca.—Cover one cup of tapioca with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning add a pint of water put over the fire and let it simmer slowly until perfectly clear. Take from the fire and add a pound and a half of sour cherries and a cup of sugar or more if liked very sweet. Serve when very cold, with cream and sugar. If you can afford to use good cream, turn the tapioca from the moulds into saucers and pile whipped cream around it. If liked, a dozen oranges sliced may take the place of the cherries, or a quart of berries, stewed peaches, or in fact almost any fruit may be used for a change.

Whipped Cream.—In whipping cream the secret of success is to have cream and dish as cold as possible. If the froth is skimmed off as is sometimes recommended it is apt to fall after a time. It is better to beat steadily until the whole mass is the proper consistency. It may be sweetened by adding a little sugar at a time and the flavoring can be dropped in when it is nearly solid. Very thin cream cannot be whipped. If it is too thick it must be diluted with a little milk or it will turn to butter in the process.

Orange Cream.—Into a cup put the juice of an orange, half its peel, and a table spoonful of lemon juice, filling with cold water. Let it stand for an hour; then strain and put on to boil. Add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, wet in cold water, stir till thick; then cook over hot water for ten minutes longer. Next stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, to which two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar have been added, cook for another minute, add a teaspoonful of butter, and cool.

Or It Wouldn't Float.

Tommie—Papa, what does it mean when it says: Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return after many days?

Father—It means, my son, that your mother never made it.

The Rev. Lucius R. Paige, LL. D., of Cambridge, Mass., thinks that he is the oldest living Free Mason in the United States. He is 94 years of age.

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