We Variety of Dress Details That Are Seen in the Senson's Castanes.

Drop ornaments of cotton ornament merine of the new shirt waists of heavy

westing. The monotone contume idea is so malversal that always glove and often

here match the costsme. The leading milliners are as usual enopying from old pictures, but are beinging their models up to modern pequirements.

For the throat, to wear with demi-Smilet frocks at the theaters, are wispeof talls threaded through frames of mold and jewels, matched by filets For the hair.

The sharp-pointed turbans called torpede hats are generally becoming So long faces, which are simply extinguished under picture hats and broad brims. These torpede hats are mffective when made of shirred and mutited velvet or similar fabrics, and they require, as a rule, little trim-

pen ing. A dress fer indoor wear is of champagne satin cloth, the skirt flounced with three frills of taffetas in a Blightly darker shade, while the deep frills which fall from the shoulders sever the top part of the sleeves and the gauging round the yoke of silk broderie angiaine, picked out with gold thread and lace medallions, are also of silk.

Rosettes and paste buttons give a quaint effect to many of the season's new frocks. A gray frock with narfrow ruffles of white lace on the skirt and a fichu of white lace on the bod-See has a picturesque ceinture of folded rose-colored panne with resettes of face down the front, as if to fasten it. and a sparkling paste ornament in the menter of each resette.

The back view of coats and pelerines is a very important one, for herein lies one of the chief changes In fashion. Nearly all are tight-fitting, but a few sack backs are seen, such as in a short loose coat of mole eloth, with appliques of brown sel wet and a large broad-shaped collar ending in a tassel behind and formling revers in front.

As for fabrics, there is no doubt that zibeline and the rough mixtures are far and away the best materials for street suits. The variety shows in these materials is almost endless Zibelines come in so many colors and combinations that they furnish material for severe tailor suits, for idressy wraps and for elaborate costumes. Then the novelty zibelines are peen in spotted and "sub" effects, estripes, irregular figures and pepper and salt patterns.

The black bow for the bair bids fair to supplant capreys and signettes this winter. It requires rather skill-Val manipulation to twist it just in its most elegant form and a discerning make precisely where it will enhance the beauty of fits wearer. But when it is a success it is a complete one. A smart addision to a black bow worn-after the manner of the women of Alsace is a huge jeweled dagger pierced through shoth the bow and the confure. Some women wear a couple of crossed dagmers, which heighten the conventionality of the bow's appearance, when it is worn in the center of the coif-Thre, where, indeed, it usually looks best, standing high.

-AMUSING SICK CHILDREN.

Suggestions Which May Be Helpful to Weary Mothers and

\* Those who have had the care of a sick child through long, weary weeks of a -slow recovery will understand why most mothers are glad of suggestions which may help to pass the hours pleasantly and profitably, and yet not tax the filttle invalid beyond his strength, says Woman's Home Companion.

In many of the current magazines are "well-printed reproductions of works of art. These may be utilized by an order child in making pretty ornaments for withe walls of the nursery. A long strip of heavy paper with all sorts and kinds of manimals is not only interesting, but inextructive; or a yard of cats or dogs alone will make a surprising display. A mararound each picture adds much to the effectiveness. Cartridge-paper may the bought by the yard, and is especially pretty in red or green to use for a background.

Whatever is given a child for amusemoent should require as little montal estrain as possible, and the materials schould be of light weight. If the child mecomes tired of one occupation, try comething different, and under no conedition let him realize that you are tryling to amuse him for the purpose of Meeping him quiet: for if he finds out That the joy is not yours as well as his, mouch of his pleasure will be lost.

Quick Blaculta. To one quart of sifted pastry flour medd five level teaspoons of baking mowder and one level teaspoon of sait sand sift again. Rab in two level tableseparate of butter and make with one cup milk, shape into biscuts and put fingo a buttered pan. Bake about 20 mainutes. Make the biscuits very mmath.-Detroit Free Press

A scheme. Mrs. Subbubs. For goodness' sake! Why do you want to call on the Borseems to-night?

Mr Subbubs Because if we don't They're certain to come over here. It mill be more pleasant to go home when we're tired of them than to ask them to go home -Philadelphia Press.

Minced Kidneys. Mince three small lambs' kidneys, matter removing fat and fibrous portions, and fry in butter. Do not let them get mariveled mp. but done just to a turn,-Boston Glube.

BY F. B. HANDELL.

"I could get along with him. I'm

quite sure," cried Mindle Roberts "Nobody could get along with him!" chorussed the three other Miss Roberts in unison. Uncle Henry was the personage of

whom they spoke a crapbed. Ill-teespered, little old man who lived in a superb old country seat in Suffolk. He had money to leave, but his

nieces and nephews believed that it would be a deal easier to go to Klondike and dig fortunes out, nugget by nugget, than to stay at home and cara them by making themselves acceptable to the old gentleman.

Emma, Madge and Rhoda had each tried it without success and were telling their experiences when Minnie, the youngest, tallest, and prettiest of the

four girls, spoke up: "I could get along with him, I'm quite sure," she said.

It was sunset-a red, flaming sunset -when she came up the terraced flight of steps that led to the house. Uncle Henry stood on the steps. "So you are Minnie?" said he, sur-

waying her with little twinkling eyes, like glass beads: 'Yes, I'm Minnie," said the bright-

cheeked girl, giving him a kiss "You are late," said Uncle Henry. "I am late," said Minnie. "I thought the old carriage never would get here. The horses fairly crept and the roads

were horrid." "It's a dreadfully warm day," growled Uncle Henry.

"I'm almost baked," sighed Minnie. "The whole summer has been rather warm," said the old gentleman. Uncle Henry gave her the keys that

night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters. "I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he. "The servants are miserable-"

"No more than one might expect," Interrupted Minnie, with a deprecatory motion of her hand. "Servants are mere frauds nowadays!" "And nothing goes right about the

"Nothing ever does," said Minnie. At breakfast next morning Uncle Henry began to scold as usual.

"Fish again!" said he. "This makes four mornings this week we've had

"I detest fish!" said Minnie, pushing away her plate.

"And the bread stale again!" growled Uncle Henry, breaking one open. "Please give me the plate; Uncle Henry," said Minnie, and she rang the table bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, a stout, good-humored woman, made her appearance.

"Betty," said Miss Roberts, "be so good as to throw this bread out of the window."

"But what am I to eat for my breakfast?" hewailed Uncle Henry

"Biscuits, of course," said Minule. "Anything is better than imperiling one's digestion with such stuff as this! And, Betty, if you send up any more fish in a month you may consider yourself discharged-do you hear?" "But, my dear, I am rather fond of

fish." put in the old gentleman. "One can't est fish the whole time," said Minnie imperiously. "Here, Betty -this coffee isn't fit to drink, and the toast is burnt, and you must have put the cooking butter on the table by mistake! "Let these errors be rectified at

once." "My dear," said Uncle Henry, "Betty is a very old servant, and--" "I don't care if she is the age of Methuselah." said Minnie, "nobody can be expected to put up with such wretched cooking as this!"

"My dear," said Uncle Henry, "Betty is generally very excellent if-" "Dear uncle," interrupted Minnie, "pray permit me to be the judge of these matters."

Old John, the gardener, was not exempt from his share of the general turmoil. Miss Roberts chanced to hear her uncle reproaching the old man for some fancied reglect in the flowerbeds, the pride of his horticultural heart, and she promptly came to his aid.

"Gardening indeed! Do you call this gardening?" she said. "Uncle Henry, I'm assonished that you keep such a man about the place!"

And the torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of poor old John was enough, as that individual observed, "to make one's flesh creep."

"My niece is a young lady of spirit and energy, apologized the old genileman, when Minnie had gone back to the house

"Verra like you, sir, verra like you!" said old John.

"Like me!" said Uncle Henry slowly. And he stood full five minutes, quite speechless and motionless. At the end of five minutes he spoke to other words, and only two: Like-me!

"There's no knowin' the master, he's that changed," said Bettie in the mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a

"Well, isn't that what the young lady told us," said Jane, when she came down into the kitchen the first morning after the fire was lighted, and told us she was goin' to try an experiment? We wasn't to mind a word she said, 'cause it was all by contraries. 'He don't know what his temper has got to he, sail she, and I'm going to show him! And, bless her sweet heart, her plan has worked like a charm."

But Uncle Heary took all the credit to himself. He never knew that Minnie had taught him a lesson. And Minnie was his heiress and darling after all-for he will always believe that it was he "who formed her character."-Short Stories.

Debta Fell Due.

"I understand," said our friend Rellly to an old acquaintance whom he happened to meet the last time he was in the city, "that you have a great memory for dates," relates Lon-

'Oh, yee," said the man, quite flattered by the remark, for dates were a hobby with him, "I know the dates of many important events."

"Perhaps you could tell me when Alexander the Great was born?" said Rellly, with a half-quizzical smile. "Certainly. He was born in the

year 356 B. C., and died 323." "And when did King Arthur of England die?" "A. D. 532."

"Quite wonderful!" exclaimed Reilly. "And will you oblige me by giving the year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris?"

"1672. You may give in that I'm pat on dates. Do you know that the painters Vandyke and Velasquez were born in the same year, 1599? Yes, and Cromwell too was born that year, one year before Charles I., whose head he cut off."

"What a head for dates you have!" extlaimed Reilly "And John Milton, Corneille and Rembrandt were all three born in

"When was Waterloo fought?" "June 18, 1815. I tell you, old fellow, when you stick me on dates, you will have to get up early in the morn-188

"It certainly looks that way," said Reilly, "but there is one date that i am a good deal puzzled about, perhaps you can clear it up."

"What is it about?" 11.美景点下學出 "It is about two years ago, when I was in town the last time, you borrowed £2 from me, and promised to send it to me in a letter. I don't remember the exact date when I was to get it, but I think you said 'Next week. Now, can you tell me what date next week will be?"

The man of dates turned red as a boiled lobster, mumbled some words about his poor memory of recent affairs, and, giving Reilly another promise to liquidate, he slunk away.

## THE KITCHEN STOREROOM.

Should Be Fitted I p with Shelves for the Various Kinds of Canned Goods.

If the larder is light and airy jam will keep very well. If jam will not keep in any special larder there is something wrong and other foods will go bad in that place also. Jam is a fair test of a larder. If it moids the place is too damp for ordinary foods, none of which will keep long in it. If jam dries up and turns candied, then the place is too warm and will, probably, have a southern aspect, says American Queen.

The jam shelf should be the highest. Here should be found all the year's preserves, the jeilles fruit pastes, marmalades, that will have been made, each in due sesson.

There should be a shelf for pickles and sauces where the duly labeled jars can stand and be found in their right places. There will be a shelf for home-made strups, vinegars, and so forth. Another shelf will store the sugar, currents, raisins and similar groceries, each kind set apart in properly labeled jars. The large glass jars, such as confectioners use for their sweets, are excellent keepers of sugar, candled peels, fruits and similar articles. They are lidded and practically air-tight.

A shelf should be devoted to the storage of small tins containing ginger, mustard, spices, cocoas, coffee, tea and the like. Things always at hand, always in the right place—such a system of lardering saves a good deal of time in a-

The larder dishes and basins should be of strong white delft and should be kept entirely for storing food upon. The larder plates will save much wear on the table services. These strong white articles can go into the oven with impunity when food needs warming, but no china one can.

The flour bin occupies one corner of the larder. The bread pan, large, porous and convenient, also has its allotted

place. When there are stone slabs, proper meat safes and gauze covers should be kept on these, especially in summer. Ice is a larder necessity in warm weather. No hot food should ever be placed on the larder shelves, but on the floor. Foods of strong flavor will contaminate all other foods near them. Butter will absorb the odors of fish or cheese or

Good Cold Slaw. Shave the cabbage fine, throwing into ice water as fast as shredded. Allow It to stand about two hours to crisp, then season to taste with salt, pepper and a wee bit of mustard. For a dressing beat the yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and best again. Add a half tesspoonful of thick sour cream, two iablespoonfuls of sugar and haif a cupful of vinegar. Beat them three or four minutes, pour on the cabbage and mix.-N. Y. Herald.

French Mustard. Rub together through a sieve three tablespoonfuls of mustard and one of granulated sugar, beat an egg slightly and work into the mustarchand sugar until smooth; then work in slowly half a pint of vinegar, tarragon gives a finer flavor than common cider vinegar. Stirand cook over hot water. Remove from the fire and when cool beat in a tablespoonful of olive oft. - Washington Star.

Chaffing Dish Dishes. Anything that is boiled, stewed, fried, steamed or sauted may be cooked in a chafing dish.

The Man's Hobby Was Dates, Ex-

Nellie Nash had two lovers. One, Ernest Crauford, was a boarder at the only hotel in the little village and was from the city. He had come early in the month of January, and although he had previously intended to return in February, he was still in Eastlake, for the reason that he had been attracted by Miss Nash's beauty and the wealth of the prosperous Mr Nash. But of course this reason was known only to himself.

The other lover, George Lyle, was only a clerk in a dry goods store in-Eastlake. He had been Nellie's favorits before the perfumed fop, Mr. Crauford, had come to the village; but now Nellie seemed to prefer the company of Mr. Crauford, or else he gave her no chance to be alone, or in the company of any one else.

Mrs. Nash, Nellie's mother, had a great aversion to the fashionable city exquisite, and did not hesitate to show him her dislike; and Mr. Crauford had

a very decided aversion to Mrs. Nash. "Nellie," said Mrs. Nash, one day. "I wish you would tell Mr. Crauford to go back to the city. It is plain to see that he does not care for you, but for your father's money. If you do not tell him to go, I shall, the next time I see his pencil-like cane coming in the door.'

"Oh, mother," laughed Nell, "you are so cruel! I am sure that Ernest is as nice as he can be. He is much more couteous and thoughtful than any other gentleman of my acquaintance." 'Mr. Lyle is a true gentleman." said

the mother; "and in my eyes there is a great difference between him and Mr Crauford. You seem to have dropped his acquaintance entirely." "Oh, no. I have not indeed, mother

When I hought my new cashmere dress yesterday, I had quite a chat with him. But to-morrow is the first day of April and I am going to ascertain if what you said about Mr. Crauford is true" Mrs. Nash looked up from her sewing

in surprise. Nellie laughed gleefully and disappeared. In a few moments she returned, bringing with her pen. ink and paper. Then she sat down at the table and commenced to write "What are you doing, Nelile?"

queried Mrs. Nash.

"You shall see presently," said Nel-In a few moments the letter was completed, and Nellis tossed it Intoher mother's lap. Mrs. Nash read it through, and then gave it to herdaughter.

"I am afraid that is not quite proper," she said, doubtfully. "Yes it is," says Nellie, placing the letter in an envelope.

Mrs. Nash repressed a smile. "I see Kittle Warren passing by." said Nellie, "and I will ask her to take this to the office for me. Kittie," she called, "please mail this letter for me, and if you come up Saturday afternoon I will teach you that new crochet pat-

The little girl promised, and Neille went back to the house "What do you think he will do,

mother" she asked of Mrs. Nash "He will return to the city." said Mrs Nash Nellie smiled "I don't think so, mother," she re-

But we will now make ourselves acquainted with the letter, which Mr. Crawford received on All-foul's day while at his late breakfast. When the coffee was brought in by the servant,

he gave Mr. Crauford the letter. Mr. Crauford glanced at the address. "From Nellie," he said complacently "By Jove! I had better propose pretty soon, or some other lucky dog will be wedding Mr. Nash's riches "

He leisurely opened the envelope. and, taking a sip of the fragrant coffee. began to peruse the note. In a little while a frown settled on his manly brow, and he pulled the ends of his mustach vigorously. Of course he did not remember it was the first of April. The letter read as follows:

"Solthern, March 31, 18-

"Mr. Crawford, "Dear Sir: We are wealthy no more. A sudden change has taken place in our circumstances and I thought it best to inform you, although I well know that nothing could change you toward me. Mother is looking forward anxlously for a reply to this letter, and you can imagine poor father's feelings.

NELLIE. Mr. Crauford did imagine Mr. Nash's

"So the old lady will be anxiously awaiting for a reply to the letter, will she?" he soliloguized. "Then she will walt in vain, for the next train which leaves Eastlake carries me and my earthly possessions to the city."

And Mr. Crauford spoke truly. He disappeared from Eastlake that day, and Nellie never saw him again. Mrs. Nash exulted over his departure, for she well knew that her daughter was saved from a fortune hunter; and Miss Nellie Nash became Mrs. George Lyle the next month, and you may be sure she never regretted her letter .- N. Y. Weekiy.

Example of Woman's Bravery.

One day last month brave women saved the town of Millmont, Pa., from a terrible explosion. A well-shooter was oiling a wagon on which were six cans of nicroglycerin. The wheel sitpped off and fell away from bim. He held up the axle and called for help. All the men on the scene, fearing that he would drop the axle and cause an explosion, took to their beels. Several women ran to the man's assistance, and averted the accident. Such episodes raise the question whether the doctrine of equality between the sexes does not reflect discredit on women.

THE GREAT POTATO LAND.

Cornery Leads the Entire Boold in the Production of the Fa-

verlie Tuber. The annual crop of potatoes in Ger-

many is colossal, and far exceeds that of any other country in the world, states the New York World.

Last year, for example, the area undar potatoes was 8.902.465 acres, while our crop occupied 2,965;587 acres. The German acreage was thus more than three times as great as that of the United States. The yield in Germany was 1,593,621,-

074 bushels, while our production was 284,632,787 bushels. Germany, therefore, raised more than five times the quantity of potatoes that we produced. A very large part of the great northern plain of Germany is covered with potato fields. Last year Germany raised 28.27 bush-

ele of potatoes for every man, woman and child in the empire. The per capita production in our country was 3.73 bushels. These figures are approximately correct, though not exactly accurate, be-

cause they are based upon the population of both countries at the time of taking the last census; but they show the enormous difference between the percapita production in the two countries. The Germans export comparatively few potatoes, and they cannot begin to

eat what they produce. They have ways,

however, of disposing of their potatoes

that have not yet been adopted to any large extent in other countries. Almost seven-eighths of the alcohol produced in Germany is obtained from potatoes. Potato distilleries are found on many of the large farms, and Germany has stimulated the industry by removing the internal revenue tax on alcohol of inferior grades, which may be used for fuel, but not for human com-

sumption. The Germans are now utilizing far more alcohol for illumination and for driving automobiles and some other forms of machinery than any other nation. They have no great petroleum fields, and they are trying to reduce the imports of kerosene by substituting alcohol.

Their inventors and scientific men have been giving great attention to this problem for several years, and many new and successful lamps and ensines have been correduced for the consumption of alcohol as fuel Last year Germany produced 92,965,946 gailons of alcohol, and the production is increasing every year

Many factories also use potatoes in the manufacture of starch, glucose and other products. Still by far the greater part of the potatoes raised in Germany are consumed as food, about half by the people and the remainder by domestic animals.

CONCERNING FOREIGN WOMEN

Some of the Poculiar Customs of the

Denmark possesses a unique organization. It is that of an old maids insurance company. Each member pays an annual sum to insure her against poverty stricken old maidenhood. At the age of 40 she is entitled to a pension, but should she marry before that time she is compelled to gave up her claim. The money which the married women forfeit is used toward the annual endowment of the apinater n.embers of the organization. Possibly our American bachelor. girls may take a h.nr from their provident Imniah sisters, says the Prairie Farmer.

The women of Japan have an ingentous way of assisting men who are indined to enter upon the matrimonial career. Voung girls who are willing to accept a husband arrange the hair in the front in the form of a fan or butterfly and adorn it with silver or colored ornaments; widows who are desirous of securing husbands arrange the hair at the back of the head with tortoise-shell pins, and widows who are resolved to remain true to their departed fords cut the hair and wear it without ornament

Russian women have made for themselves a distinguished name in the medical profession. There are a goodly number of women doctors in our country, but it is to Russia we must turn to see them in great numbers. Several years ago Russia boasted a thousand, and the number is constantly on the increase. Nowhere is there a wider field for women than in the medical and teaching professions in Russia.

The noblest born as well as the most lowly born German girl undergoes a course in cooking. The empress is an excellent cook and her little daughter is in training to become equally skilful The little Princess Victoria Louise has a miniature kitchen fitted up for her in the palace at Potsdam. The imperial chef gives lessons to the little princess. who takes the matter very seriously and many are the dainty dishes which her royal parents must taste and pass judgment upon

Cardo Are Out.

-He-Once for all, my heart's idol, will you marry me? She (sadly)-No.

"I demand to know why " "Well, to tell you the truth, I am unworthy of you. I have noted in you so many noble traits that contrast slrongly with my many defects.

For instance, I cannot say 'no' and

stick to it-' "Oh, my darling, my darling!"-Baltimore American

Her Point of View. Towne-Borden has been quite ill. Browne-Yes, but he's getting better. I heard to-day that his appetite is getting

Who told you that? Browne-Mrs. Starvem, at whose house he boards.—Philadelphia Press.

Towns-What are you talking about?

## FEMININE FINALITY.

BY TRYMTIE DU BOIS.

He crossed the room, rested his bands against the mantel-shelf and stared down at the hearth and the firelight. Outside the wintry night was falling fast, thus disposing of a day which had some it no credit. The street lights were proving through the mist and the lamps of his own cab shone dully as it waited. He sighed, raised his head and stared at his reflection in the mirror, frowned and-

There was a swish of wide-thrown portieres, and a woman swept in upon him, a woman all smiling radiance with a hand out-stretched, eyes greatly glad, and a wake of lace tossing behind in her to he

They greated each other-he, gripping his soul with the grace of the well-bred, while she only choked slightly over the swallowing of a hear whose throbbing colored her cheeks and echoed in her finger-tips Then they sat down and he tooked at

her with a sumbre hunger in his eyes. She had not changed so very muchonly an added shadow beneath her iashes, and added droop around the mouth that always quivered easily and was quivering now. "It zeems like a long time, doesn't it?"

she said, with a smile and an unsuccessful attempt to face his gaze; "It seems longer now than en passant." "It's five years, isn't it?"

"Yes-even a few months more. But they went quickly-over there." They always do-over there," he am-

aw ared "Ah, but it's lovely-over there," she said, "people were so very good to meover there." People tried to be good to you here-"

He stopped. Oh, yes! please stop " She had paled

slightly, then went on, precipitately. that don't tak to me. I'd rather hear about yourself. Where have you been all these years?" ive been to the dogs-just as I told

But been refers to the past so linfer that you are back from the trip " He looked at her a minute fa silence, then-

i don't know whether I have just re-

turned or whether I am just setting out

CARA D. the facility he oriet imploringly. "five years is we cong and I I thought everything was all right-and you really mustn't, you know- and do let bygones be bygones. You know it never would have done-you said so yourself -everyone said so-"

He laughed, a little sadly "I see you still preserve your clear and concise way of putting things. Well, about yourself, then! What has been happening to you? Have you been entertained by angels unaware, or tempted by mr Arch-friend?"

"He can't tempt me," she said, "he hasn't any bribe that ordinary mortal men cannot outdo him in. Some of the latter did rather shake my resolve. You know, a coronet is pretty, and the life beyond a draw bridge and around a court most always produce a gertain effect on those who live outsile the walls "But. then there was always that fearful accietin in the cheet-"

The husband?" "Exactly. And I will never have another unless I am gazzed and dragged."

"Thear me, what as picture! "It isn't just a whim." whe said, suddenly earnest, of have thought and the aght about H. It is no as marrying . unless you over and afterward-the love doesn't last."

"Never?"

"Then you really believe what you are 883 R. H ?

"I really do." He rows sucionity "Are you going?" she gasped quickly.

a d place now "

"I may just as well." She stood up, too "Where, please?" "You've had Europe to yourself for five years—I think I'll take a look at the

He turned and stared at a picture. She was very still; she was thinking "It seems so long since I've seen you," she faltered at last, "and coming over I kept thinking that the years would have put us back to those days when we used to have such good times togetherthose days before—before—"

He drew a long breath "You can't blame me for not wantthe any more love in my life," she went on, the shadow beneath her lashes deepening as she spoke, "when you make me see how much trouble it causes." "It's horrible," he said, turning. "I'd better got I must not stay! I can't be

responsible-" then he held out his kaud. "Good-bye!" "Do you mean really to go away?" "He was standing before her, his hand

outstretched and a forced smale on his-"Yes, I really think I'll sail to-mor-

She lifted her hand and her slender fir gers fell into the separate intersilean of his own large grasp. She watched them covered up, and her eyes moved to his white cuff, to his dark sleeve, upward, to the slope of collar and the smooth line of chin. Her lips separated and quivered his were pressed uncommonly right. She looked at them and at the painful lines drawn about them - then she raised her eyes a little

higher, and rested them within his own. There was a pause "Oh, come with me!" he exclaimed; "we've fooled away years enough. The K sails to-morrow, and if the fist is full there is always the captain's room." She considered, hesitating

Then she laughed. "It must have been intuition," she said, fro mout the depths of his enveloping embrace, "that made me choose a frock to-day that has all its ruffles in the train -Town Topics.

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