

NO WHEEL FOR ME.

Give me a pair of sturdy legs And fair outfit of feet, And I'll forego the bicycle, Or view the cloud-flecked sky?

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

John Gray put down the newspaper and stood up, squaring his shoulders. "It means war, mother. I'm going to-morrow."

The ninety days that were to end in peace had long passed. Battles had been lost and won. The Confederate flag waved proudly over the State House in Richmond, and its stars numbered eleven.

At the close of a long hot day, the drooping flags began to move gently in the fresh breeze that came from the bay.

Colonel Gray rode beside his men. As they entered a wide street lined with stately houses, he noted with a grim smile the closed shutters and deserted piazzas.

"All right, Aunt," said Julia slowly; "I will for George's sake and yours, but I hate them all and I hate him, worst of all, she added vehemently, under her breath.

"You're very fond of your little song, Miss Julia," he said one afternoon, as they sat in a quiet corner of the veranda, shaded from the glare of the sun by a curtain of vines.

"You are very fond of your little song, Miss Julia," he said, smiling at her. "Thank you, Mrs. Lawrence, but our business requires haste. It concerns your daughter," said the confused official, plunging headlong into his errand.

"I'll never sing anything else until I go back home," she said passionately, and the tears were in her eyes.

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"If there is nothing further, Mr. Lawrence, we will bid you good-night. We assure you that your daughter will be safely conducted to her friends," broke in the official, seizing this auspicious moment to retire from the field.

When they were gone the old man turned to his daughter. "You were too daring, my dear. You should have been more prudent."

"No, I wasn't, father," she said proudly. "I'm glad there is one woman in Baltimore who is not afraid to show her loyalty to the South. And I'm proud that it is your daughter, since you have no sons to go to the war. They are afraid of me."

"What is your want honey?" "Where am I? What has—?" "Nevah yo' mind honey, nevah yo' mind. You v.s. hu't in de battle, and Marse George he fetch yo' hyah—"

When he was able to listen, Mrs. Carr told him that Marse George was her son, Colonel Carr, of the Southern army; that once after a battle Col. Gray had found him wounded and dying and had taken care of him until he could be removed to a hospital.

"So when our battle took place, just a few miles from here," said Mrs. Carr, wiping her eyes, "and my son found you bleeding to death from a sword-thrust in your cheek and a gun-shot in your leg, he brought you here. You have been very ill now your recovery is certain. We are all in a conspiracy to take care of you, my dear," she concluded with a motherly touch that brought tears into his eyes.

"The entire household, white and black, turned to entertain 'Marse Cunnel,'" and they found him a very grateful and pleasant invalid indeed. But Julia took little part in amusing and curing the Union officer, beyond polite inquiries as to his health, though he heard her voice every where, and looked after her wistfully as she flitted away.

"Julia, really you carry your dislike for the north to ridiculous extremes. You are young and bright and ought to talk to Colonel Gray. He has to pass many hours of suffering every day. You ought to tell him that, my dear, and at any rate, do it for George's sake," said Mrs. Carr, as a final argument from which there could be no appeal.

"I will for George's sake and yours, but I hate them all and I hate him, worst of all, she added vehemently, under her breath. But the time came when she enjoyed this enforced companionship, and it came to be understood that Miss Julia could keep Marse Cunnel from getting lonesome. They ignored the subject of war as far as possible. Rumors of the conflicts and movements of great armies came to the remote plantation, and they read the few newspapers without comment, for discussion on these topics made John Gray's eyes harden into steel and Julia's flush fire.

"The interest and admiration caused by her beauty and singing, the soldiers heard a highly colored version of her story. Some one had read an account of it at the time. "By Jove I'll hunt him out and hang him! No soldier's death for him! Gray! We've heard of his cavalry charges. We'll hang him!" swore the hot-headed youths.

"The house grew quiet before midnight. When he was sure they were all sleeping Colonel Carr went to his mother's room. "Mother," he said, "we must get Gray away at once and secretly, too. The men are so roused over Julia and her wrongs that I couldn't control them, if they found him here. They would take him away and kill him. Mrs. Carr grasped his arm and turned white. "Poor boy! and he says your life!"

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up and he took it, thanking her mechanically. "When I saw you wounded and perhaps dead that night, I was almost glad, as I remembered how Maryland had suffered at the hands of your soldiers, and how my old father had to suffer in losing his only child. For myself I am glad—glad to hear any separation, any privation for the South. I've staid with you," she went on in a burst of passion; "you ought to know how I feel, but I've staid with you for Aunt Emily's and George's sake."

"I am very grateful," said the young officer slowly, "and I am very sorry to have caused you so much additional pain. Please don't think you must stay with me any more, even for Mrs. Carr and George."

"Thank you, Colonel Gray, you are very good. I shall avail myself of your kind permission," and she swept scornfully by him into the house, and so out of sight and hearing.

He sat alone the rest of the afternoon. The children crept around to the porch but he made no sign. "Rec'm Marse Cunnel he mighty sleep-to-day," they whispered. "But he was fighting a hard battle. Troops of memories and a beautiful face and tender voice came up before him. Surely there had been times when her eyes and voice meant more than forced interest in a sick man. Why once when she had asked him what he would do with the ring he was making, he had answered in a flash of daring, 'I'll give it to you if you'll let me.' And she had turned red and white and with shy, downcast eyes, had let him try it on her finger. Oh, yes, he had remembered it all. He opened his eyes and looked curiously at the homely little ring with its rude carving; there were the letters 'J. G.' and 'J. L.' He felt himself sinking back into the old horrible, empty space.

When he opened his eyes again the plantation seemed to be waking. Down the road was a small cloud of dust which grew larger and a horseman came in sight, followed by another and another. They rode up to the house talking and laughing. He could see the gray uniforms through the vines, and hear the clank of their swords, and at their head rode George Carr.

There was a wild and joyful scene when mother and son met. Julia came, gracious and beautiful. The tired men threw themselves on the grass or sat on the steps, but no one noticed the sick man in the quiet corner of the veranda and talked the screen of vines. The whole place was astir and throbbing with preparations of a royal meal 'foh Marse George and he's sojars!'"

When they returned from supper the moon was rising. It flooded the lawn and gave a more than earthly charm to the house and its surroundings. John Gray sat motionless. In the joy and excitement he was forgotten. If Julia thought of him, he did not know it. She sparkled and glowed as she moved among the soldiers, and her tones were sweet and caressing as a mother's. He knew those tones—none better.

"O, how I love you, my dear," "most of the boys are from Maryland. You must sing your song for them," and he conducted her with a grand air to the veranda steps. The curtain of vines swayed lightly in the breeze and flicked the veranda with light and shade. The wind made little eddies of dust in the white road beyond and brought the faint sounds of an old voice that crooned fitful:

"For life and death, for woe and weal, Maryland! my Maryland!" The plantation lay hushed in the golden sunshine as with waiting for something to call it into life. And a girl, with a white dress and wide, unadorned hair, was watching for something. But the pressure of a little black ring on her marriage finger told her it would never come.—Helen Elizabeth Wilson, Williamsport Dickinson Seminary.

Uncle Duff, hearing the noise, began to pray; Aunt Saluda joined him fervently; Sam listened stupidly and in suffocating terror. Fifteen cannon thundered together, over beyond the bridge, and a flight of shells in the air made a prolonged whirring noise, followed presently by a rapid spluttering of musketry in the woods at the lower edge of the plantation. The regiment went across the field at double-quick step, knocking over the fences as they came in the way.

"Oh, good Lor', ef ye kin sp'ade ole man er leetle bit longer—" began Uncle Duff, but his prayer was interrupted by an explosion on both sides of the river, rival batteries thundering at one another, and opposing lines of infantry exchanging long rolling volleys.

"After a few rounds there came a short lull in the bombardment, during which a singular serenade pervaded the air and sky. "Ah, now, Lor', stop de war' right heah, and lef' de old darkey—"

"Hell an' fury!" he cried, "dat's dangerous! G! me my hat, for de Lor' sake! It's giving outen yer!" And he rushed through the back doorway and across the garden to the woods, followed by Sam and Aunt Saluda.—From Lippincott's Magazine.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania railroad company will on June 1, publish its annual Summer Excursion Route Book. This work, which is compiled with the utmost care and exactness, is descriptive of the principal summer resorts of eastern America, with the routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. There are over four hundred resorts in the book, to which rates are quoted, and over fifteen hundred different ways of reaching them, or combinations of routes are set out in detail. The book is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of summer travel ever offered to the public.

Its 216 pages are enclosed in a handsome and striking cover, in colors. Several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold, are bound in the book. It is also profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery along the lines of the Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

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and well and they saw John Gray's name mentioned in various engagements, but now he was General Gray. In a far off New England town, a stern faced woman read of the same General Gray, with pride that was tempered by a great fear. Always the knell was tolling in her heart; and one day she read: "In this battle the most distinguished Union officer was General Gray. He was wounded, while leading his men, but kept his place and continued to cheer them on. They were successful, but General Gray was fatally shot in the last charge. It will be remembered that this brave officer—the paper dropped from Mrs. Gray's hand and the knell went tolling on forever. "The only son of his mother and she was a widow."

And now the sullen tide was leaping eagerly at the very foundations of the Confederacy. Maryland had remained loyal to the Union, and Julia's voice had lost much of its old glad ring. Time had wrought sad changes in the plantation. Its broad fields lay neglected and over-run with weeds, many of the house servants had left and the place wore a forlorn and deserted appearance. They had received no news for days, but there were wild rumors of desperate encounters and fading hopes. One day a soldier came riding up to the house. He sat stiffly in the saddle and his left arm was in a sling; his uniform was old and worn and so dusty that its color was almost undistinguishable and an old slouch hat hid his face. He spoke no word as the wondering slaves gathered around to assist him, but they knew him and called joyfully:

"It's Marse George come home, Missus, Marse George come home again!" The old woman who had changed from the gallant youth who rode away so proudly three years before. "I have something for you Julia," he said, after the excitement of his welcome had subsided. "It was sent to me for you. Let us go indoors mother."

Julia opened the package slowly. It held a little black ring with the initials 'J. G.' and 'J. L.' rudely carved. And there was a letter with the inscription, "To be given to Miss Julia Lawrence in case of my death." And the letter said: "Dearest, when you read this I shall be in my grave. I hope you will forgive me then and take my blessing for your goodness to me last summer. What you must have suffered, dear, God only knows, but you were so kind and brave that I never suspected how you hated me. I was so blind, and I loved you so, that when I carved this little ring, I hoped you would let me put it on your finger to wear forever, and that we should spend our lives together as we spent those happy summer days. Forgive me, it was a wild, vain hope and I have suffered as much as you could wish for my presumption. Will you take the little ring, dearest, and think of me sometimes as a soldier who did his duty, and whose greatest joy and grief were that he loved the sweetest woman in the world. God bless you and your Maryland forever. Good-bye. JOHN GRAY."

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The Flight from Cuba.

Conspicuous Residents are Fleeing to New York City.—Spain's Troops Make Terror.—All the Danger is From Them.—The Fact of a Man Being a Cuban is Sufficient to Put His Life and Property in Danger.—An Early End of the Conflict.

For some time Cuban dispatches have been filled with references to the large number of Cubans who are leaving Havana for New York. The Cuban colony here receives many additions each year, and of every steamer from that port, and many very prominent families have come here to stay indefinitely. When asked why they have left home at such a critical time, they shrug their shoulders and, showing all of their pretty white teeth, say: "Oh, we think this summer would be too hot for us here, only they say it is Spanish, for not a great many of the newcomers speak English."

"The truth of the matter is this," said a prominent Cuban-American, as he calls himself "people are leaving the island because they are afraid to stay there. A man knows that his wife and children are at the mercy of the Spaniards, and if he has money enough to live on for a while out of the country he very wisely packs up and leaves. Being a Cuban is enough for a Spaniard, and no matter what the Cuban's position may be toward the Spanish government, the Spanish soldier regards him as an enemy. The women and children are no less sacred to him, and while our women are comparatively safe in a city like Havana, those living in the country are at the mercy of the atrocious Spaniards."

Among the most conspicuous people who have recently landed are Senor Machado and family. His is decidedly one of the most prominent families in the eastern part of the island, and he lost a brother in the ten years' war; Senor Manrique and family, Senor Arturo Fontaine family, and Senor Felipe Hartman and family. Senor Ernest Brooks and family are among the latest arrivals, and he is the son of an Englishman, who settled at Santiago, where he established a banking and shipping house which is still in existence. With them came Senor Luis Garzon and his family, which is also a very old and prominent one at Santiago.

Dr. Carlos Parrago, a leading lawyer from Havana, has also arrived with his wife and children. Havana has also sent her most prominent physician, Dr. J. B. Landeta, and his wife, who was a daughter of Bachiller Morales. Dr. Landeta is well known in Paris. With them came also a relative of Bachiller Morales, Senor E. Bachiller bringing his wife and sisters. Another very prominent family is that of Raimundo Cabrera, a celebrated lawyer, a member of the committee of the Cuban party before the revolution. He is the author of several books, all of which have been translated into English; and still another is that of Senor Alfonso, who is a relative of Aldama, the richest man that the island has ever known. Aldama was agent for the revolutionary government in the United States, and before leaving Cuba was worth over twenty millions of dollars. He gave the most of it to the cause of his country and the remainder of his property was confiscated.

Senor J. M. Berris, a business man, and his family have also recently landed from Havana. He runs a grocery establishment such as the largest ones here. A few of the other men who have come here, bringing their families, are Senor Luis Cowley, Senor Jose M. Bustillo, Senor Jesus Cowley, Senor B. Birnes, Dr. Duenas, Dr. Julio San Martin, Dr. Francisco Chenard, Dr. Luis Alvarez, Dr. Borrero Hechavaria, Dr. O'Farrell, and Senor Lorenzo Portillo. Some of these are lawyers, some physicians, and other business men.

One of the most prominent business men among the newcomers, when asked why so many were leaving the island for the city, said: "You surely do not think that we are all coming to New York. Four times as many as those who have landed here have gone to the south, to Mexico, Central America, Jamaica and Europe. Why shouldn't we get away? Many of the men who have left are too old to fight, and others who volunteered were in the way because there are no weapons for them. Some people say, 'But aren't all of the physicians needed here?' They are not. Cuba is remarkably well supplied with medical men, and every expedition lands some new ones. The lawyers have nothing to do, for one can readily see that people haven't time to engage in lawsuits. The two main reasons for people getting away from the island are that it is getting dangerous to remain there, and then living is exceedingly high and poor. The poor people are almost unable to get food, and even the rich can get no vegetables or palatable things. Of course, absolutely no amusements are going on. The island isn't the same. The natives are full of life and animal spirits in times of peace, and if ever a people enjoyed themselves from year's end to year's end the Cubans do, or rather did."

"Business is almost entirely at a standstill. Merchants of all classes everywhere are closing their stores. Not 15 per cent of the merchants in Havana are clearing expenses; they are dismissing their clerical forces, and so things go. "At the same time, everybody who has left the island and all who are left behind are hungry. We really think that the war will be over in three or four months. When this war is ended we will hear no more of Spain. Spain needs us, but we don't need her. We buy about thirty millions of dollars' worth of things from her every year that we could get cheaper in the United States, and she doesn't buy anything from us. But the war will soon be over. Our people have settled themselves comfortably in or around the city, and when things are settled we will go back home, and then there will be plenty of work for doctors, merchants, lawyers and everybody else. In the meantime, we are full of hope, and we who have come away feel that we can do much more to aid Cuba Libre by being here than we could had we remained at home, where everything is in such a depressed condition.—New York Sun.

The best place to take the true measure of a man is, not at his place of business, or at church, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask, and you may learn whether he is a gentleman or a humbug. No matter what his reputation may be, if his children dread his coming home and his wife swallows her heart every time she asks him for a dollar, he is a fraud of the first water. You can forgive much in a fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

The Boston Herald says that if Major McKinley endorsed notes for \$118,000 when he was worth only \$10,000, it came very near to being a sixteen-to-one arrangement.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Gaylord, Kan., is said to be happy and prosperous under the wise rule of seven women. Antoinette L. Haskell, the mayor of the little city, is described as by no means an aggressive type of woman. Her husband is a prosperous banker and she has two sons. Mrs. Haskell has always been interested in political and social questions, and her lot has been cast with the Democratic party. Miss Florence Headley is city clerk, and only 20 years old. The spare time that she has left after fulfilling her municipal duties she devotes to editing the Gaylord Herald, and performs this office the more efficiently because she has in the last three years worked up from the position of apprentice in a printing office. Another of the rulers is Mrs. Mary L. Foote, the police judge—each whose popularity is so great that although she was a candidate in opposition to her husband she defeated him by a large majority.

Two things were clearly demonstrated—the trimmed skirt in all its glory has been revived and that the balloon sleeve is a thing of the past. The coat and skirt gown, in linen, holland, crash or pique, is considered the correct morning costume by modish woman. Skirts of wash-gowns are cut with the utmost simplicity; they have a gored front and three wide gores on either side, leaving a sloped seam for the centre back, which is quite short, with a band of the same length exactly as the front. Sleeves are slightly less in width, but the full puff drooping over the elbow divides the puff with the short, high puff which is arranged on the long, close-fitting sleeve, with deep cuffs, finished with falling ruffles.

It has grown to be the fashion to make a complete change of furniture, drapings and the like at this season, and to put our homes in summer apparel; to take up carpets and replace them with stain or matting. This is a great help toward keeping the rooms cool in hot weather, besides making them attractive to the eye. In regard to matting and other cool summer coverings, it is surprising for how small a sum a floor can be laid with the cool covering. The winter carpet gains by the summer respite and will last longer. One need not be extravagant in furnishing rooms in good taste for the heated term, as with the use of a few bottles of stain the floors can be darkened, and a few more of gold, bronze or enamel will completely transfer the appearance of the quaint old-fashioned chairs relegated to the attic.

The heavy-looking winter portiere may be replaced by the heavy ones of madras, art lace or simple scrim. Cushions, foot-stools and divans, can be covered with dainty cretonne or denim, and the greatest needful expense of a summer room, to look most inviting for the entire season, would be the purchase of a goodly number of low, broad, easy chairs, made of rattan and willow, to be scattered freely in every available nook and corner. Common gray toweling with a red stripe on each side makes a nice cover for a porch pillow. At each side of the stripe was worked a row of cat-stitching in red madama cotton, and on the upper side of the pillow, also in red, the words "Sweet be thy dream." Another one similar to the last was of buff linen worked in brown wash silks.

I must mention a line of ready made suits of heavy linen. This is just such looking stuff as our kitchen towels are made of, only that it is woven wider. It is made up in blazer suits and trimmed with great pearl buttons. The short blazer coat is rather the favorite, but the Eton coat with a blouse vest and white leather belt is much liked. Some of these have the skirts laid in flat box plaits and some are gathered. Others again have circular or seven-gored skirts, trimmed very tastefully with white pique and with white pique vests and belts. Some are Eton and some are blazer, and a few have Norfolk basques, with heavy white lace insertion sewed down the straps. They cost, ready finished, from \$5 to \$12. The style and finish are not to be desired unless it was a more really intrinsic value in the material of which they are made. Still, it is always 'style' that costs more than material.

The very latest cosmetic, and the best, is the lemon. In countries where they grow as freely as apples do in the temperate zone, this fact is appreciated, and their virtues availed of; but their admirable qualities are worthy of wider knowledge. Lemons are not so costly, even in the coldest countries, that women may not easily afford to use this tropical aid to the toilet. In the care of the complexion it is invaluable, particularly in summer, when a few drops squeezed into the water in which the face is washed removes all greasiness and leaves the skin fresh and velvety. A little lemon juice rubbed on the cheeks before going to bed and allowed to dry there will remove freckles and sunburn and whiten the skin, beside giving it a charming smoothness and softness to the touch. This should be done about three times a week, both winter and summer, and is of the greatest aid to such complexions as are afflicted with enlarged and blackened pores. These enlarged pores are due to deficient circulation of the blood and are to be greatly aided by vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel every time the face is washed. Those who lead a sedentary life find the circulation feeblest about the nose, lips and temples, and these parts of the face should be energetically rubbed and kneaded several times a day. When the pores become distended the fine, invisible dust in the air enters and clogs and blackens them. Mere ordinary face washing, even when warm water and soap are used, is not sufficient to remove this dirt in the pores, but the vigorous acid of the lemon will cleanse and carry off all such unsightly blemishes. In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four times or lemons are sliced into the water, which is drawn half an hour before using, so that the fruit juice may have a chance to permeate and the deliciousness of such tubbing must be felt to be appreciated. The sense of cleanliness and freshness it gives and the suppleness and smoothness it imparts to the skin is an experience not soon forgotten. The lemon is more than a substitute for the bran bath which were inserted by the French and which exquisites think so necessary for the toilet. Lemons are also used in caring for the teeth, half a teaspoonful being squeezed into a glass of water, and for the hair. For this purpose cut a juicy lemon in half. Dip the head into tepid water. Rub and squeeze the lemon over your head. Wash in the lukewarm water, rinse in fresh water of the same temperature and towel vigorously. Do this once a week.