

THE PRESIDENTS IN REYNE.

The great Washington appears, And Adams serves for four brief years. The House elects then Jefferson, And Louisiana's grandly won. Madison's is the next great name, A war drags through, with checked fame. Then James Monroe assumes the chair, His famous doctrine to declare. A second Adams next is chief (Thanks to the House). His term is brief. The next is Jackson, who declares We are a nation, and who dares Nullification's host to fight. Van Buren next and panic's blight, Next comes the hero of Tippecanoe, Brave Harrison—and Tyler, too. Death claims our chief; and Texas, far, To grace our banner, adds her star. John Tyler the hero of the Mexican war Brings us a vast Pacific shore. Oregon rounds our vast domain, Then Taylor and Fillmore. Once again Comes the death angel; Fillmore tries To heal our quarrels with compromise. Pierce brings hope of a better day, But Kansas-Nebraska is the way. Buchanan essays to calm the strife, But secession aims at the nation's life. Abraham Lincoln guides our ship Through seas of blood, on his fearful trip, But falls a martyr, when war is done, And the land is saved, and the victory won. Grant, the hero of war, appears, Then Hayes by the narrowest margin wins, And a newer national life begins. Garfield and Arthur comes next in view, But the first is slain ere the year is through. Cleveland is next, then Harrison, The sturdiest man in the Federal one. McKinley carries our banner far, O'er distant seas, in the Spanish War, But falls a victim of murderous hate, And Roosevelt takes the chair of state. Such is the presidential line From the days of 1789. —Hubert M. Skinner.

THE REST VEIL.

With an oppressive feeling that he was doing precisely what was expected of him, Christopher Royce rejected various agreeable possibilities of spending the late hours of the afternoon, and went to call on Hersey's sister. In the first place she was Hersey's sister, and Hersey was sensitively vigilant as to her receiving her social dues. Toward himself, too, Royce was aware that her intent had always been peculiarly gracious. Moreover, Agnes Hersey knew that he had only just arrived from Italy, his work for a time interrupted, and that he was to a large extent at leisure. It was for so many reasons appropriate that Royce should turn off at Fifty-third Street and present himself for the kind and punctilious inquiries which Hersey's sister would examine the eight months he had been away. He was strongly able to distinguish the look of one who needs the occasion half-way as he entered the coldly furnished, thinly curtained room where Agnes Hersey was talking with a group of women who were, he saw, professionally accustomed to this manner of passing their time. But it was pleasant, and he was glad of Agnes Hersey that she promptly devoted herself to the severer of her visitors, allowing Royce to talk with the one woman with whom conversation seemed desirable—a tall young creature of unstinted personality whose head leaned a little arrogantly against the wall, and who sat in her chair. Her first fastidious glance had caught her profile, which he thought undistinguished. Or it was, at least, without delicacy; his short, blunt lines tilted queerly upward, and the pigmy chin was too strongly drawn. It was a face that Royce would have been glad to see easily had it not been for the look of astonishing unswerving with which her full, brown eyes swept him, and which he coldly found that he had no wish to escape. "I have been wondering about you, Mr. Royce," she began, a little too assuredly. "Why do you come directly home from your galleries and things without stopping to amuse yourself? Are your arms heaped so high with the fruits of diligence that you are afraid they will spill?" Royce, displeased, stammered something irrelevant. The least that one could expect within the hospitality of Hersey's sister was to be taken seriously. "Have you a mistake, surely? You are Christopher Royce, are you not? I hope I should meet you when I came here to-day." "Then Miss Hersey has—" "I believe it has been Ned, mostly. You know he talks of you interminably. He has told you of me, but I suspect you did not catch my name just now. I am Lorraine Morland." Royce flushed and looked at her squarely. "You can't be," he said. "Why, what was your idea of me? Certainly Ned Hersey could never have told you I was 'pathetic'? That was not the reason you did not want to meet me?" "I've always been in the way of allowing a margin for Hersey's enthusiasms. So sometimes it happens that I leave too much. Nevertheless, I've wanted immensely to meet you; you're quite wrong." Her low laughter graciously clothed her speech; and she seemed constantly to catch it up and let it fall again, like the thin drapery that a beautiful woman indifferently draws over her bare shoulders, then lets slip lightly away. "I wish you might be able to get used to me," she said, without embarrassment, "because I want tremendously to know you. And your voice sounds as if you could." Royce allowed a second to pass without replying, and she adroitly seized the silence. "After all, this was not a fortunate time for us to meet, I know. I remind you—I don't mind my saying this, Mr. Royce, I feel it so strongly—of the crippled things that have been begging from you in Italy. Something like the tourist formula must be in your mind; you don't mind giving your friendship to a blind creature, but you hate to have it extorted. Is that it?" "What Hersey told me of you," Royce said slowly, "was incredible. I could not believe that I should pity you, and pity, to all of us, is so intolerable. But you have somewhere an ample vision—" "I thought you would understand," she began, then broke off as Agnes Hersey, radiant with self-effacement, joined them. In a few moments more Lorraine Morland was gone. Royce, puzzled, watched her walk to the door, her arm in Agnes Hersey's, but her step confident. She carried no suggestion of dependence. "I knew so well that you would appreciate her," smiled Agnes Hersey. "I'm not sure that I do. It is all a little too unassuming. And I find that her eyes dismay me. They seem to see."

"They're so wonderful, are n't they?" agreed Agnes, eagerly. "Yet for a long time, since she was a little girl, they have been of most use to her, and for—I can't tell you just how long, perhaps six months or so—she's been altogether blind. Poor Ned has been so touched by it. Of course he's told you all about her long ago. He clings to the little boys we all have that she may not be blind always. It's such a curious case that nobody knows. But, oh, she lives so brilliantly in her darkness! To me she seems streaming with light." It was the tone in which Hersey's sister spoke of settlements and charities and all her tender, selfless passions. "On pity her, then?" asked Royce, quite coolly. "Why, how can you ask? The sublime way she thinks it does us 'lessen that.' " "She has great courage," Royce stopped and meditated. "But I can't pity her," he added with conviction. "Really, I can't feel anything of the sort." "Pity is, however, an emotion that lacks conscientiousness. Its passionate sports find relief in blank periods. If Royce had pitied Lorraine Morland, he might never have seen her again. "What he did experience in thinking of the girl was, so far as he could deduce it to himself, an extreme discomfort. It was true, as he had guessed, that there had seemed to him at first an actual indecency in displaying her infirmity to strangers, tacitly demanding sympathy, services, condolences. But her abundant personality could not content itself with the familiar, timid, crippled role; it might be that there was something magnificent in her refusal to attempt it. Still, behind her ostentatious bravery there lay something that mystified and perhaps repelled him. He did not know what it was; so, inevitably, he went to see her to find out. As he stood outside her door for the first time he was amazed to find how keenly he dreaded the meeting. Within, it seemed that the house must be like a great, hushed sick-room. Here, where she lived, the horror of her blindness could not be escaped or disguised. He would have to pity her, here. He could not coldly endure seeing her with such significant little props about her as her blindness might demand. Nor could any blind woman, however straightforward, resist the contriving of a shade of dramatic appeal in her own intimate background. Already he could see her hands flutter pitifully out toward the conveniences lying near her. He could see in her face the expectation of flowers which she should have brought her, and which she would, with arduous habit, have touched wistfully and laid to her cheek. Fortunately, he had no flowers. She would have to arrange something else. Her face glowed, however, from a walk she said she had just taken, and she sat unaffectedly in an everyday sort of chair with commonplace things about her. Even her hands, though they were delicate, artistic hands, showed no signs of being used to a large extent at leisure. 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which Lorraine Morland was not the vivid center. It was curiously possible for Royce now and then to Lorraine without thinking of her blindness at all, so gay and stalwart was the spirit she brought to the bridge of their intercourse. Nor had any lament ever crept into her own confessions. At other times, the pity that he had at first completely withheld from her submerged and submerged him. Yet he, too, had spoken no word of it. Once only she had told him that she was sorely more regretful of her lost sight than vain of the new competence of her hands, through which she was able to get a dimmed, smothered vision of the world. They were long, slender, elegant hands—an actress's hands, Royce told her. He deferred, because his nature was not impetuous, the inevitable confession; and when it at last sprang from him, he was perhaps not wholly surprised that he had so little resistance to overcome. Indeed, he had little known somewhere deep within him that there would be joy in her eyes when he told her. But he did not know why she gave a little, muffled cry and would say nothing until he begged her miserably to tell him in so many words that she cared. "From the first moment," she whispered, but would not look up through those strange tears that came, Royce supposed, from one of the forever inexplicable springs of womanhood. Usually scant of speech, Royce had a torrent of words to tell her what had drawn him to her. Others were stern, cold, contented themselves with her brilliancy and accomplishment. What he had first divined, then found, then worshipped, was the luminous childlike soul that she chose to shroud in many strange gazes. But she—what, after all, could she know of him? With all her subtle distinctions, how ignorant she really was of the man she had been brave enough to love. "I ought not to accept it of you," he protested, in the first exaggeration of his humility. "Lorraine, eyes tell us almost everything; you cannot really know me. My very face might be abhorrent to you; it may be scorned with weakness or baseness or cruelty—" "Ah, I know what you are like," she assured him, solemnly. He persisted. "There is a way that you can tell. Your hands can see for you. Come, let them search my face, feel what is there and tell you. Oh, where are your dear? Why do you hide them? Are they afraid of me?" She turned her face away. "Don't ask me," she begged, the gladness strangely gone from her. "I do not need to know more than I do. Don't ask me to do that, to arrange something else." "Then let it be for me, instead," she pleaded. "Let it be because I want you to." But her obduracy plainly cost her so much, her mysterious suffering was so unfeigned, that Royce yielded. He took her hands, and surrendered himself with frank pleasure to the influence of her voice and the stimulus of her amusing talk. It was artfully managed talk, he was aware of that, implying all the compassionate mental qualities in the listener. Without reserve, Royce was enjoying himself. Only now and then an unspoken pause, even though him. It had to do with the terrible consciousness that the woman opposite him was blind. A moment's silence finally on both their parts, at the announcement of another guest, was a curiously frank admission that the interruption was an unwelcome one, though the interrupter was their common friend, Ned Hersey. Hersey's anxious eyes, as he entered, did not see Royce; they were fastened intently on Lorraine Morland as though they longed to wring something from her. He brought, too, a gift of some violets, and Royce watched, hating himself for watching. But without pressing them to her face, Miss Morland placed them a little carelessly in her belt. "Why do you ask me how I am, Ned?" she asked, with a suggestion of petulance. "When you know I am always well, how well? Nowadays I'm really too well because those dear, reckless Warners take me motoring so much. You know, Mr. Royce, that it's for blind people motoring was invented. It restores one's pride so, the exhilaration without the least dependence on anybody else, the delicious danger without a bit of effort." "Lorraine, you are not able to help or save yourself. How can you be so foolish, how can you dare to risk your life?" Hersey began excitedly. "I suppose because my father is willing, and there is no one else whom I need consult," she said in a cool tone that made a little silence and sent Royce compassionately away. The suspicion that the little scene had been planned for his own illumination seemed to him, the next moment, absurdly fatuous. "This night, still wrapped in the stimulating new sense of companionship that the afternoon had given him, Royce took a long walk alone. His perplexity had arisen, he told himself, from the fact that at their first meeting he literally had not seen Miss Morland. His narrow preoccupation with the delicate and spiritual types for which he had always had a fastidious preference had blinded him. Moreover, it is by no means with the first glance that one arrives at the significant or the beautiful. No sooner did one realize this vital woman than more fragile creature seems for the first time inadequate. She, too, had soul and spirit, or whatever it might be called; but it did not stare out, half-sheltered, like a lantern on a windy night; it glowed deep within her, reticent and inviolate. It happened that their friendship faced a leisurely winter. Royce, ostensibly busied with proof sheets and consultations of many sorts, said that it would be necessary for him to defer his next sailing until spring. He often saw Miss Morland at her own house, less often at the Herseys'. With Agnes Hersey, the desire to lead other people to admire Lorraine was constant and irresistible. But her brother's adoration had become pretty thoroughly tinged with despair; he was growing haggard in his efforts to get used to the idea that Lorraine Morland would never marry him. Royce, looking on, wondered at the singular extent to which the Herseys' devotion to their friend was interwoven with misunderstanding. Agnes's conception of Lorraine demanded, he told her, a Gothic frame; it was saintly, attenuated, unreal. It was Ned's quite commonplace obsession that she was frailly feminine, adorably in need. How odd it was that he alone had been able to grasp her, to see that apart from her fascinating variations, her dramatic flexibility of temperament, it was, after all, her simplicity that set her superbly apart. He found, too, that he came to resent the Herseys' care for her, the minuteness of their attentions. Since she herself frankly gloried in the powers she had it was an insolence to remind her of the one she lacked. He exulted in her—exulted till he longed to sing aloud. That must be an inert and pallid world of

poises, came in on the warm wind. They seemed very near together, these three. Even the dejected Hersey laughed and grew gay, and Royce felt with each moment a more tingling and imperious joy. Lorraine's head lay against the back of her chair, as on the day when Royce had first seen her, and there was again a shining audacity in her smiling face. Her long, delicate hands were clasped about her knees. But if there was indifference in her attitude, there was none in her voice and laughter. The two men who loved her delightedly watched the sudden emergence from her long, mysterious constraint. As they sat talking, the far-off fragment of sky grew suddenly brighter, the soft wind became cool and sharp. Royce did not notice the change, but Hersey frowned anxiously. "You will be cold Lorraine," he urged. "Let me get you a wrap." "Purely as an indulgence to you, Ned," she laughed. "I am full of warmth. But if you want to put a scarf about my neck, dear grandmother, you shall. Look in the room across the hall, and I fancy you may find one." As Hersey left the room, the wind deepened into a strong gust. On a table near the open window stood a tall, slender vase filled with some pale roses that Royce had sent. Caught in the wind, the vase toppled suddenly, threatened to fall. "Oh!" Lorraine cried out quickly, and Royce followed the direction of her eyes. A second later the vase was overturned, and the roses strewn the floor but Royce's eyes were not upon the roses. He gripped, instead, Lorraine Morland's eyes—the eyes that had seen the flowers before they fell. Vainly they tried to escape him, the eyes that were trapped, betrayed, shamed, he held them ruthlessly. There was an unspoken agony where Royce had always before seen innocence and candor. And it was that ignoble agony that is born of shame and fear. Fear,—ah, now he knew why she had been afraid,—and the knowledge was too terrible to face. He turned away as Hersey, who had been absent only a few seconds, re-entered the room and stopped in confusion. "Amazingly weatherwise you are, Ned," said Royce, with perfect naturalness. "See what the wind did while you were away. I'll pick it up. Or, no; there's nothing to pick up. Everything is shattered. It's odd when a little gust of wind can do that. I'd better close the window, don't you think Lorraine?" Her lips parted, and she tried to answer. When the words would not come, Royce spared her, crossed the room, and shut out the air. Then suddenly the room seemed too close and narrow for three. In dumb, awkward wonder, Hersey went away and left the others alone. There was a long struggle before Lorraine could speak, and even then she could not look at Royce. "It is so different," she said in a thick, unsteady voice, "jumping from the end of a plank and being kept over. One minute the violence so much, even though the end is just the same. Still, it wasn't fair to me, that wind; for in an hour or two more you would have known. I should have told you. Do one thing for me, I beg of you—try to believe that this is true—that I would have told you if I had. Royce looked at her without answering. A faint little smile came to her lips—a smile of sorrowful understanding. "Perhaps you will believe," she insisted, "after all. Then there is another thing that you must know that I did not say, and that is the lying that I need to cast you off. It is such a delicious, delightful, thing, though you will never know it, always to play a part. Life seemed so tame without it. People were so wonderfully easy to manipulate, and they applauded me so. I loved the zest and the power." "But when you came, you spoiled so much for me. Life was different—just it incredible—after the first time that I met you at poor little Agnes Hersey's. It wasn't a bit dramatic any more. It was only you. But I'm not sure, really, that I'm not a hard to get rid of. I try to get rid of them, they get to be more sticky and prickly; they torture you all the time. There was such a difference, you see, between deceiving you and amusing myself with the people who were there before." "I suppose that it seems simple enough to you what I should have done. I should have told you and sent you away. But I wasn't that kind of a woman then. I hadn't loved you long enough. I had to wait until you gave me the strength, for I drank it in from you, Christopher, every day, the courage I needed to cast you off. To-day, at last, I had it. It made me very happy. I had the lies all gathered up in my hand, ready to be flung away; this happened—and your eyes hated me—I shall always see them—and the end of things has come." Royce had listened more and more intently. His eyes were strained as though he saw her through a thousand veils. "You mystery!" he said, wondering. "Where did it come from, the strange spirit in you? You don't belong here and now." "Oh, I think so." She found courage to smile at him. "There is a race of us, but we live obscurely. You would not have known me; how should you recognize others? We are not evil. We do no real harm. We may even give pleasure. I did—before you came." "And since then I don't belong to the ancient race any more." She shivered as though a cold wind had come near her. "Will it be any satisfaction to you to know that you have released me from that kinship? Good-by—releaser. You will be able to forget all this. And I am able to pray that it may not take too long." Royce was looking at her in a new fascination. He stammered and hesitated. "Oh that's not like you," she cried out. "Not to feel that this is the end—that we could not go on. But I cannot talk about it any more. You must go—now—" Royce went slowly to the door. "It isn't so easy to make an end," he said. "We've played with things that reach too deep—we both are going to know how deep," he finished, and left her. And she knew that it was not the end.—By Oliver Howard Danbar, in Century Magazine.

von Helke on Washington, the Soldier. Professor Sloane, the biographer of Napoleon, had a chance interview with Field Marshal von Helke in 1874, at a Washington's Birthday reception in Berlin given by the American Minister. In the February Century he describes the man and his opinion of Washington: "You are doubtless an American," said a clear low voice. Stepping a little forward, I saw a slender, erect figure of medium height in Prussian uniform. Writing to my friends at the time, I described him as having the clearest cut features, full brows, shrewd gray eyes, well-fashioned nose with full nostrils, expressive mouth and strong, open chin, which is sometimes, indeed, seen in Americans of the Northern States. The expression was calm, dispassionate, and kindly; the thin but still sufficient hair of his head was gray, not white. His presence commanded respect, though it did not inspire awe, as did the central figure of Bismarck, who dominated every company at which he was present. With some embarrassment I found my tongue sufficiently to heed his pleasant advance and to answer "Yes" to his question. The conversation which ensued lasted some twenty minutes. Was I interested in military affairs and war? Only in so far as they concerned the great movements of history. A student of history, therefore? Yes, apparently neglected by the other work at the same table with the great historian of my own country, under his guidance. Had I examined the wars waged by my own people? Oh, yes, to some extent. And how did I rate them? Why, of course, our civil war loomed before me as one of the most stupendous conflicts in history. Certainly a great conflict, he said, a very great conflict, but not a great war, not war in a scientific sense, perhaps, at all. This was at least the exact sense of his words. Utterly unawake who my interlocutor might be, and seeing him unmolested, in fact, apparently neglected by the other guests of the evening, I had regained some confidence, and with patriotic assurance launched into a spirited rebuttal of his statements, staunchly defending the reputations of our Northern generals, who had long been my heroes. He listened with well-bred silence, and at a fitting opening said a few words still confirming his opinions. Perhaps I was on the verge of explosion when, in a formal way, he said: "But permit me to introduce myself. I am General Field Marshal Count von Helke." An impersonal comment on the campaign of the Civil war he went on to say: "But you have produced in America one of the world's very greatest strategists—George Washington." The present writer is profoundly grieved that on his return home he did not set down Von Helke's very words. Such regrets, however, are vain, but it is his power to give with some accuracy from memory and from letters the substance of the great general's opinion, which was as follows: "No finer movement was ever executed than the retreat across the Jerseys, the return across the Delaware at first time, and then a second, to draw out the enemy in a long, thin line; to skirmish at the Assanpink, create a feeling of assurance, throw the British general off his guard, turn his flank with consummate skill, and, finally, with such unequal force, to complete his discomfiture at Princeton and throw him back upon his heels. Indeed, Von Helke thought, Washington's military career was marked throughout by pre-eminence qualities as a soldier, but the climax of his power was displayed when, with such scanty resources as had been put at his disposal throughout that campaign, he closed it by leaving a numerous and well-equipped enemy boxed up in New York, and much concerned, at that, for the safety of its precious stores. Great as were Washington's later achievements, and remarkable indeed as was his conduct of the whole war, he never surpassed his early feats of strategy. Of these the affair at Princeton was the climax." With such emphasis the interview came to an end.—Christian Advocate.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Fame is a Food that Dead Men Eat. (To Edmund Gosse) Fame is a food that dead men eat—I have no stomach for such meat. In little light and narrow room, They eat it in the silent tomb, With not a kind voice or comrade near To bid the banquet be of cheer. But friendship is a nobler thing—Of friendship it is good to sing. For truly, when a man shall end, He lives in memory of his friend, Who doth his better part recall, And of his faults make funeral. —Austin Dobson, in the November Century. Unique table decorations of paper for Washington's birthday dinners can be made by ingenious women at home for little expense. Instead of selecting the much used flags, bunting of George and Martha Washington, the proverbial bachelorette and cherry tree a woman in the smart set decided to have all the hangings and ornaments of an Indian character, and this same plan on a less extensive scale can be followed out in every detail in a small flat or apartment. If possible the walls should be hung with real Indian belts of leather, alternating with gay striped Indian blankets. Plain and beaded moccasins with the elaborate feathered war bonnet should be worked into a kind of frieze. With the spears and wooded shields and bows and arrows arranged on four corners of the room the atmosphere of "Indians" should be secured. In following out this original scheme of ornamentation brown crepe paper that recables leather in color should be used in abundance. A canoe about thirty inches long and ten wide should be carefully made of paper over pieces of wire twisted into the desired shape. This should be the centerpiece for the table, and if filled with cut flowers, roses, carnations or azaleas is most attractive. WAR BONNET BOXES. For the ices small telescope boxes covered with green or brown paper, with miniature Indian war bonnets on the tops, are appropriate and effective. These tiny bonnets, carefully copied from real ones, are full of bright paper feathers with little spangles on the edges to make them glisten, or water colors to add to their brilliancy. If men are to be among the guests, cigars should be served in long, paper "pipes of peace," made as near like the real ones as possible. This can be done by covering corncob pipes. For bonbons, brown moccasins made from crepe paper and prettily beaded or spangled should be placed at each plate, or if it is considered more artistic, they can be decorated with water colors. Paper feathers with gilt or spangles to make them bright, or red tags or wire, covered with red or brown paper, in festoons across the table or from the chandelier to the corners of the room, will add to the effectiveness of the ornamentation. TRADITIONAL CHERRY TREE. Another appropriate and inexpensive kind of decoration for this holiday is a real cherry tree covered with paper flowers or imitation blossoms. A tree from three to five feet high should be firmly placed in the center of the table, after being securely nailed to a box, covered with green and brown crepe to represent the soil and grass. To the branches of the tree pretty white paper cherry blossoms are tied, twisted or pasted on, so that they will fall off during the meal, and at the end, wherever convenient on the branches, red rubber balloons, imitations of big cherries, should be attached. Across each balloon in gold or silver the name of the guest for whom it is intended should be carefully printed in bold letters. If desirable, before inflating these children's toys, a little favor could be inserted to add to the amusement of the diners. When these inflated balloons are removed by the guests a lot of fun is sure to follow, for each person will have to chase her toy when it is knocked out of her hand, to keep it from being destroyed, and there will be consternation among them when the first one explodes. To carry out the cherry tree idea bonbon boxes shaped like logs, with brown and green crepe paper, and which miniature bachelorettes are attached, are in harmony. Inside these boxes, candied cherries with chocolate hachets make the scheme even more complete. If desirable the walls and ceiling can be draped with festoons of white crepe paper cherry blossoms, with an occasional brown twig to make them seem more natural. Puff Paste.—Wash all the salt from three quarters of a pound of butter and work it into a quart of sifted flour. Have all ingredients and utensils very cold. Add a teaspoonful of ice water and when the pastry is worked to a mass with a wooden spoon turn out upon a floured pastry board and roll into a sheet three-quarters of an inch thick. Roll up and roll out twice more, then roll up again and set in a pan right on the ice for as many hours as you wish before making into pies or tarts of pastry shapes. Cream Dates.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth and add as much cold water as there were eggs originally; then beat in enough powdered sugar to make a stiff paste. Flavor with vanilla. Remove stones from dates and fill the cavities with the mixture. Grape Juice Punch.—Put into a bowl the juice of six lemons and two oranges, a quart of grape juice and two cups of sugar, which have been boiled with a little water. Have all the ingredients very cold before mixing, and last of all add one quart of Apollinaris water. Ice water may be substituted. Add slices of orange, pineapple and candied cherries. Squabs on Casserole.—Singe; truss in good shape and put the birds in a baking pan. Place in a hot oven until browned. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour and a pint of stock; add a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet, chopped onion, a small bay leaf, a third of a teaspoonful of pepper, one scant teaspoonful of salt. Arrange the birds in a casserole, pour over sauce, cover and cook in oven one hour and a half. Serve in the casserole they are baked in. Lettuce and Grape Fruit Salad.—Cut the grape fruit around the centre in half, separating the meat from the fibrous part with a sharp knife. Select the heart of a crisp head of lettuce and put two pieces on each plate; over this lay several pieces of the grape fruit; a few cubes of pineapple may be added.

It is a great deal easier to spend money than to get it. It is a great deal easier to lose the health than it is to recover it. It is not reasonable, therefore, to expect that a few doses of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will undo the results of years of disease. But every woman who uses the Favorite Prescription can be sure of this: It always helps, if almost always cures. Women who suffer with irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration, or female weakness, will find no help so pure, no cure so complete, as that which follows the use of "Favorite Prescription." —A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics. Nothing is more easy than to deceive ourselves.