

BEND OVER AND KISS HER.

Bend over and kiss her—that won't hurt! Bend over and kiss her—that won't hurt!

HIS HOUSE FORLORN.

Young Clewes sat before the grate, with his hands in his pockets, looking at the red cross upon the map of Great Britain which marked the odd, unknown corner of his late father's estate.

departing into the rooms above, as he ascended the wide central stair. This brought him to a hall, carpeted with red, and, at the end of it, a broad white door with gilded cornices of love bowed down and brooding over it.

to fumble along the wall. Her foot struck out no echo from the floor, and yet she stamped upon it; her hands made no sound upon the walls, and yet she knocked upon them. She groped beneath the tapestries; she peered into the mirror, bending to it as if it had been a window; searching, searching with neck at stretch and terrible intent head, and her quickening motions set his heart beating faster as if with a premonition that she was approaching something dreadful.

his head. "Surely I am mad now!" he muttered, but his black mood was flushed through with excitement. He began to run toward the house. On the threshold doubt returned upon him. He laid his hand upon the door as if he doubted the very house was real.

rank; and without, at the foot of the steps, with its armorial bearings and the great eyes of its lamps, waited the Clewes carriage. Step by step, like a thing of wood, Clewes descended, and terror sat upon his shoulders. He reached the outer door, and turned. The hall was all a broad reality, and through it he saw her coming. Beneath the lights, between the blank-white servants' faces, down the solid stair, he saw her coming, like a lost wreath of mist, growing thinner, dimmer, still coming toward him. He stumbled down the steps, and opened the door of the carriage. There, immediately above him, he saw her hover on the outer threshold's moment while the living air shook her. Then something like a wind, like a sigh, went past him into the dark mouth of the carriage. He closed the door.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

It takes so little to make us glad. Just the cheering clasp of a friendly hand. Just a word from one who can understand. And we lose the task we long had planned. And we lose the goal and the fear we had. So little it takes to make us glad.

No matter how nicely it is polished and painted and varnished the toy in the store is really not worth half so much as the toy you make yourself; and as a Christmas present I would rather ten times over have things made by the hands of my friends than things made by other people's hands and bought with my friends' money. So my advice to all boys and girls is, make gifts instead of buying them.

Croquet-Set—A toy croquet-set may be made out of some pieces of wire, a few spoons of button-making, and several nails. The croquet-mallets are made of spoons with wire nails driven into them to form handles. The stakes are wire nails driven into button-molds so that they will stand upright. For the wickets use wire bent to form an arch, and insert in the saved-off heads of spoons with holes in the spoons are filled with beeswax to keep the wire from slipping out. A set of nine wickets, two stakes, six mallets, and six marbles for croquet-balls packed neatly in a box would make a capital gift for a Christmas tree or stocking.

Tin-Can Kitchen Ware—A complete set of kitchen utensils may be made out of old tin cans. Some tin cans are made of such thin material that they can readily be cut with an old pair of shears. The handle is then bent down to make a very presentable fry-pan. The boiler is made in the same way, but with a deeper body. The pan is made by cutting and fitting a wire handle into place. The scoop is cut and completed by fastening it with a tack to a wooden handle.

Rubber-Band Pistol—A small boy will probably prize the toy pistol above all other gifts so far mentioned. The pistol is whittled out. A hole is dug out for the trigger, which is made of a piece of wood and pivoted in place with a small wire nail or brad. A groove is cut along the barrel for the wooden or paper bullets to travel in. A long rubber band is stretched in the middle, with a double-point cork-tack. One loop of the band is hooked over the upper end of the trigger, and the other loop over the lower end, to keep the trigger cocked.

Toy Wrecker—For the boy who knows something about railroads a very fair-looking toy wrecker may be made out of wood. The wrecker has a crane that can be lifted to any angle by turning a crank, while, by turning another crank, bits of wreckage may be hoisted up. The crane is modeled to swivel in any direction. For the body of the car use a board measuring eleven by four inches. Mount this on small wooden wheels which turn on nails driven into the edge of the board. Near one end of the board nail a block, and on this fasten a box measuring 4x4x4 inches, made of half-inch material. Fit this box with a hinged cover. The box may be swiveled to the block on the car by means of a wire. The crane is whittled out of a stick of wood to the sizes and shape shown in the drawing, and the lower end is fastened in the box by means of a long wire nail. Two cranks are made of wire, which reach across the box and are hammered flat to form winding drums. Two lengths of fishing-cord are wrapped around one of the cranks, and fastened to the crane near its outer end, while another length of fishing-cord is wrapped around the other drum, passed through a hole near the outer end of the crane, and fitted with a small hook. A block is set on end and fastened to the crane near the forward end for the crane to rest on. A wire hook on this block is arranged to catch a pin on the crane, so as to keep it from swinging around when the wrecker is in motion.

Penochi—Two cups brown sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, piece of butter about as large as an English walnut. Cook until it forms a waxy ball when dropped in cold water. Have half cup walnuts and three or four figs put through chopper ready to add when needed. Just before taking sugar, from stove add a small pinch of cream tartar, as that tends to make penochi creamy. Take from stove and stir until it begins to grain under the spoon. Then add vanilla, nuts and figs and pour into butter. Cut into squares when cool.

Women are to Blame. In a great measure for home unhappiness. Not always the woman who helps make home unhappy, but her mother perhaps who let her daughter assume the obligations of marriage in ignorance of the consequences. When a woman is careless of her appearance, too tired to "fix up" for her husband; when she scolds the children and neglects household duties, there is discord and misery to come. Why not use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and be a healthy, happy wife and have a happy home? There's no excuse for the majority of women who are so dragged down with suffering. "Favorite Prescription" cures ninety-eight per cent. of all "female diseases" even in their worst forms. More than a million women are witnesses to these cures. "Favorite Prescription" will cure you too, if your case is curable. It has cured hundreds of cases pronounced incurable by doctors. You can consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Manufactured Milk. Cows are not numerous in Japan, but the Japanese are fond of milk, and to meet this demand in the face of a natural shortage they long ago put their wits to work and evolved a product that to average person cannot distinguish from the regular dairy article.

Look Ahead. It's only a trifle now, that little touch of stomach trouble. But look ahead. Every dangerous disease begins in a trifle, just as the destructive avalanche begins, perhaps, in a rolling pebble. When the first symptoms of a disordered or diseased stomach appear begin to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The perfect control exercised by this remedy over the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition makes a speedy cure certain. It will cure in extreme cases. But it cures quickest when the disease is taken at the start. Take no pill which reduces you to pill slavery. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not bog the pill habit. They cure constipation, and its almost countless consequences.