MY DAY.

O Father, grant my every day may be A day of service to mankind and Thee, Errands on which my willing feet have sped And words of helpfulness to others said.

No flowers upon the graves of friends I'd fling, But words of cheer to hearts oppressed I'd bring. Thy sweet approval of each word, to be. The light along the path that leads to Thee.

If e'en the deed of service I'm denied. O Thou, who for mankind was crucified Refresh my heart with sweet humility And make my waiting service unto Thee. - [Cora W. Greenleaf

THE LONELY ONE.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders had lived so long with native people that he had absorbed not a little of their simplicity. More than this, he had acquired the uncanny power of knowing things which he should not land could not have known unless he were gifted with the prescience which is every aboriginal's birthright. He had sent three spies into the Isisi coun try—which lies a long way from head-quarters, and is difficult of access—and after two months of waiting they came back to him in a body bearing good

This irritated Sanders to an unjusti fiable degree.

"Master, I say to you that the Isisi are

quiet," protested one of the spies, "and there is no talk of war." "H'm" said Sanders, ungraciously; "and you?" He addressed the second

"Lord," said the man, "I went into the forest to the border, of the land, and

there is no talk of war. Chiefs and headmen told me this." 'Truly you are a great spy," scoffed Sanders; "and how came you to the chiefs and headmen? And how did they greet you? 'Hail! secret spy of Sandi?'-

He dismissed the men with a wave of his hand and, putting on his helmet, went down to the Haussa lines, where the bluecoated soldiers gambled in the shade of their neat white barracks.

The Haussa captain was making a potable medicine with the aid of a book of cigarette papers and a six-ounce bottle quinine sulphide. Sanders observed his shaking hand and

clucked irritably.
"There's trouble in the Isisi," he said. "I can smell it. I don't know what it is -but there's devilry of sorts. How many men have you got?"
"Sixty, including the lame 'uns," said

the Haussa officer, and swallowed a paperful of quinine with a grimace. Sanders tapped the toe of his boot with

his thin ebony stick, and was thoughtful. "I may want 'em," he said. "I'm going to find out what's wrong with these Isisi

By the little river that turns abruptly from the River of Spirits, Imgani, the Lonely One, built a house. He built it in proper fashion, stealing the wood from a village five miles away. In this village there had been many deaths owing to the sickness, and it is the custom on the River that whenever a person dies the house wherein he dies shall die

No man takes shelter under the accurs ed roof where-under his spirit sits brooding: his arms are broken and scattered on his shallow grave, and the cooking pots of his wives are there likewise.

And by and by, under the combined in-fluences of wind and rain, the reed roof sags and sinks, the door-posts rot, elephant grass, coarse and strong shoots up between crevices in wall and roof, then come a heavier rain and a heavier wind and the forest has wiped the foul spot Imgani, who said he was of the N'gombi

people and was afraid of no devils any rate of no Isisi devils-stole door posts and native rope fearlessly.

He stole them by night when the moon

was behind the trees, and mocked the dead spirits, calling them by evil and tantalizing names. Yet he went cautious-ly to work, for while he did not hold spirits in account, he was wholesomely respectful of the live Isisi, who would have put him to death had his sacrilege been detected, though strangely enough death was the thing he feared least. So he stole accursed supports and accursed roof-props, and would have stolen the roofs as well but for the fact that they were very old and full of spiders.

ese things he came and took carrying them five miles to the turn of the river, and there at his leisure he built a little house. In the day-time he slept, in the night he trapped beasts and caught fish, but he made no attempt to catch the big bats that come over from the middle island of the river, although these are very edible and regarded as a delicacy. One day just before the sun sank,

went into the forest on the track of zebra. He carried two big hunting spears such as the N'gombi make best, a wickerwork shield, and on his back, slung by a strip of hide, a bunch of dried fish he had caught in the river.

A man of little height was Imgani, square of build and broad of shoulder. His skin shone healthily and his step was light. As he walked you saw the muscles of his back ripple and weave like the muscles of a well-trained

He was half an hour's journey within the forest when he came upon a girl. She was carrying a bundle of manioc root on her head and walking grace-

When she saw Imgani she stopped dead, and the fear of death and worse came in her eyes, for she knew him to be an outcast man with no tribe and no people. Such men are more dreadful than the Ingali who rears up from the grass and

They stood watching each other, the man leaning with both hands on the spear, his cheek against them, the girl Woman, where do you go?" said Im

gani.
"Master, I go to the village which is by
the river, this being the path," she stam-

mered. "What have you there?" "Manioc for bread," she whispered

"You are a root-eater," said Imgani nodding his head. "Master, let me go," she said, staring at him.

Imgani jerked his head. "I see you are afraid of me, yet I want

nothing from you," he said. "I am Imgani, which means The Lonely One, and I have no desire for wives or women, much handling. "Lord." said he, mildly, being too high a a man for such a folly. You are safe, for if I wished I would fill all very beautiful, all moaning for me."

The girl's fear had disappeared and she looked at him curiously. Moreover she recognized that there was truth in his claim of austerity. Possibly she was a little piqued, for she said, tartly enough, employing an Isisi proverb: enough, employing an Isisi proverb:
"Only the goat bleats at the mouth of the leopard's cave-the Isisi grow fat on

He looked at her, his head cocked on

"They say in the lower country that the Isisi sell men to the Arabi," he said, musingly; "that is bad talk; you may

With another jerk of his head he dismissed her. She had gone some little distance when

he called after her.
"Root-eater," he said, "if men ask who be, you say that I am Imgani, The Lonely One, who is a prince among princes; also that I have killed many men in my day, so many that I cannot count them. Also say that from my house, which I have built by the river to as far as a man can see in every way, is my kingdom, and let none stray thereon except to bring gifts in their hands, for I

am very terrible and very jealous."
"Lord," said the girl, "I will say all this," and she went half running in the direction of the village, leaving Imgani to continue on his way.

Now this village had many young men eager to please the girl who carried manioc, for she was a chief's daughter, and she was moreover fourteen, a marriageable age. So when she came flying along the village street, half hysterical in her fear, crying, babbling, incoherent, there was not wanting sympathy or knights valiant to wipe out the insult.

Six young men with spears and short swords danced before the chief and the chief's important daughter (how important she felt any woman of any race will tell you), and one of them, E'kebi, a man gifted with language, described from sunset to moonrise, which is roughly four hours, exactly what would happen to Imgani when the men of the Isisi fell upon him. How his eyes would shrivel as before a great and terrible fire, and his limbs wither up, with divers other physiological changes which need not be particularized.

"That is good talk," said the chief.
"Yet since Sandi is our master and has spies everywhere do not shed blood, for the smell of blood is carried farther than a man can see. And Landi is very devilish on this question of killing. More-over, this Lonely One is a stranger, and Moreif we catch him we may sell him to the Arabi, who will give us cloth and gin for

Having heard all this they sacrificed a young goat and marched. They came upon the house of Imgani, but the Lonely One was not there, for he was trapping beasts in the forest, so they burned his house, up-rooted his poor garden, and, being joined by many other Isisi people who had followed at a respectful dis-tance, lest Imgani's estimate of his own prowess were justified by results, they held high reveluntil of a sudden the sun came up over the middle island and all my father's councillors." the little stars in the sky went out.

Imgani saw all this, leaning on his

spears in the shadow of the forest, but For, he reasoned, if he went out against

with such labor.
"They are foolish people," he mused, for they burn their own, and perhaps the spirits of the dead will be displeased and give them boils." When all that was left of his habitation was a white heap of ash, a dark red glow, and a hazy wisp of dence of his hosts. smoke, Imgani turned his face to the

came upon another Isisi village which was called O'fari. He came through the village street, with his shoulders squared, his head erect, swinging his spears fa-

He looked neither to the left nor to the doors of their huts, put their clenched knuckles to their mouths and said, "O ko!" which meant that they were impres-

So he stalked through the entire length came pattering after him.

caped from the village of Irons, desires your presence, being sure that you are no thief, but a great one, and wishing to do honor to you.'

Thus he recited, and, being a peaceable man who had been chosen for the part because he was related by marriage to the principal wife of the chief, he kept a cautious eye on the broad-headed spears and determined the line of his flight. "Go back to your master, slave,"

Imgani, "and say to him that I go to find spot of sufficient loneliness where I may sleep this night and occupy myself slaver to his lieutenant. "Find out where with high thoughts. When I have found this man's house is; one night we will with high thoughts. When I have found such a place I will return. Say also that I am a prince of myown people, and that my father has legions of such quantity that if every fighting-man of that legion were to take a handful of sand from the bottom of the river, the river would be bottom of the river, the river would be better that I was handful of the river would be better that I was handful of the river would be better that I was handful or sand he was hunting, and he was hunting every time that legions were to take a handful of sand from the bottom of the river. bottomics; also say that I am named Imgani, and that I love myself better than anything has loved itself since the moon went white that it might not look ike the sun.

He went on, leaving the messenger fill-

ed with thought.

True to his promise Imgani returned. palaver in progress, the subject of the palaver being the unfortunate relative by marriage to the chief's principal wife.

"Who," the chief was saying, "has put shame upon me, being as great a fool as his cousin my wife Master," said the poor relation hum-

bly, "I entreated him to return, but he was a man of great pride, and moreover "Your mother was a fool," said the chief, "her mother also was a fool, and your father, whoever he was—and no man

nows-was as great a fool." This interesting beginning to a crude address on hereditary folly was interrupted by the return of Imgani, and, as he came slowly up the little hillock, the assembly took stock of him from the steel square razor stuck in his hair to the thin easily.

much handling. "Lord," said he, mile "I am chief of this village, appointed You are safe, for if I wished I would fill the government, who gave me a medal to this forest with the daughters of chiefs, wear about my neck, bearing on one side the picture of a great man with a beard,

cloth and brought out a bag of snake Ifiba, M'bwka, and a cousin of my mothskin, and from this he extracted a very soiled paper. With tender care he unfolded it and disclosed a sheet of official note-paper with a few scrawled words in the handwriting of Mr. Commissioner

Sanders. They ran:
"To all sub-commissioners, police of ficers, commanders of Haussa posts. Ar-rest and detain the bearer if found in

There was a history attached to this singular document. It had to do with an are with him." unauthorized raid upon certain Ochori villages and a subsequent trial at head-quarters, where a chief, all aquiver with apprehension, listened to a terse but inteligible prophecy as to what fate awaited and with great detail. him if he put foot out of his restricted

Imgani took the paper in his hand and see whether it was permanent, and re-turned it to the chief.

know any government which can govern skin.

and various other matters of equal in-

"I do not doubt that you will understand me," he said. "I am a Lonely One, hating the company of men, who are as changeable as the snow upon the mountains. Therefore I have left my house there was no time to substitute unseasonwith my wives, who were faithful as ed assassins. women go, and I have taken with me no legion, since they are my father's."
The chief was puzzled. "Why y

tainly you did right to leave your father's legions. This is a great matter whice needs a palaver of elder men.' And he ordered the lokali to be sounded and the elders of the village to be assembled. They came bringing their own carved

stools and sat about the thatched shelter where the chief sat in his presidency. Again Imgani told his story: it was about fifty wives, and legions of warriors as countless as the sand on the river's beach, and the trustful Isisi listened and

"And I need this," said Imgani in his peroration: "a little house built on the very edge of the river in such a place lonely by nature, and a great hater of and a dealer in slaves."

Imgani went to live in the clearing Nature had made for him and in a hut erected by his new-found friends. Other nospitalities he refused. "I have no wish for wives," he stated,

Lonely he was in very truth, for nonessaw him except on very special occaBy Edgar Wallace, in Harper's Weekly: sions. It was his practice to go hunting Sometimes, when the red ball of the sun them they would attempt to kill him, or dropped down behind the trees on the beat him with rods, and that his high western bank of the river the villagers of disease are invited to consult Dr. spirit could not endure. He saw the saw the straight blue film of his smoke Pierce, by letter, free of charge. Dr. flames lick away the house he had built as he cooked his evening meal: some-

> him slipping silently through the thin edge of the forest on his way to a kill. They called him the Silent One and he enjoyed a little fame.
>
> More than this, he enjoyed the confi-

times a homeward-bound huntsman saw

The Isisi country is within reach of the orest.

All day long he walked, halting to eat boats come by night empty and return who have been given up by several physical day long he walked. the fish he carried, and at night-time he came upon another Isisi village which neck to neck, and the officials of French West Africa—which adjoins the Isisi country—receive stories of raids and of burnings which they have not the facilities for investigating, for the Isisi border is nearly 600 miles from French headright, and the villagers crowding to the quarters, and lies beyond a wilderness.

who was not given to emotion. He saw little caravans that came steal of the village, and was making for the ing from the direction of the territory of forest path beyond when a messenger France with whimpering women and groaning men in bondage.

He saw curious midnight shippings

Once, as he stood watching all the

things, El Mahmud, the famous trader, espied him in the moonlight, and saw that he was of a strange people.

"What man are you?" he asked.

"Lord," said Imgani, "I am of a strange people, the N'graphi" people—the N'gombi."
"That is a lie," said the slaver, "for you have not the face marks of the N'gombi: you are half-breed Arab." He addressed him in Arabic, and Imgani shook his

"He does not understand," said the slaver to his lieutenant. "Find out where

the long boats came by night to O-fari. Sanders did not go to O-fari for six months, during which time, it should be emphasized, nothing happened which by any stretch of imagination could be held

to justify any loss of prestige.

He was due to make his half-yearly visit to the Isisi. The crops had been He came back to find that there was a good, the fish plentiful, the rains gentle adaver in progress, the subject of the and there had been no sickness—all these facts you may bear in mind.

One morning, when swirls of gray mist looped from tree to tree and the east was growing gray, Imgani came back from the forest bearing on his shoulders all that was material of a small buck which he had snared in the night.

When he saw a little fire before his hut

and a man squatting chin on knee he twirled those spears of his cheerfully, but went on, for he was afraid of no man.

"Is the world so full of people that you come to disturb my loneliness?" he asked.

"I have a thought that I shall kill you and fry your heart, for I do not like to see you sitting by a fire before my hut." He said all this with a ferocious mien. and the man before the fire shifted un-

angles of brass about his ankles.

"Master, I expected this," he said, "for The chief, a portly man of no great I see you are a proud man, but I come sence of description.

Imgani tossed the buck to one side. and sat down, staring threateningly, and laying the haft of his spears across his bare knee. Then the other man craned his neck

forward and spoke eagerly. The came up and flushed the world rosy, I was still he sat talking with great force, Imgani listening.
"So, master," he concluded, "we will kill Sandi when he comes to palaver.

> er's will put spears into him very quick-ly, and we shall be a great people." Imgani nodded his head wisely. 'That is true," he said. "People who kill white men must be greatly honored, because all the other nations will say,

Behold, these are the people who kil "And when he is dead," the messenger went on, "many young men will go to the boat that smokes and slay all who

"That is wise also," said Imgani. "When I kill white men I also kill their He discussed his deeds to some length

After the man had gone Imgani made a meal of fish and manioc, polished the steel blades of his spears with wet sand, was interested. He turned it about, rub- dried them carefully with grass, and laid bed the writing lightly with his fingers to himself in the shade of the hut to sleep. He was awake in the early part of the rned it to the chief.
"That is very wonderful, though 1 do river, swimming far toward the middle not fear magic except an especial kind stream with great, strong strokes. Then such as is practiced by a certain witch he swam back to shore, let the sun dry doctor of my father's," he said, "nor do I him, and dressed himself in his leopard

He came to the village slowly and After which he proceeded to tell them found it agitated. More especially so of his father, and his legions and wives was the chief, for news had arrived that Sandi was coming that night, and even now his steamer was rounding the bend of the river.

A plan had miscarried. Sanders was two days ahead of time, and Ifiba and M'bwka were away on an expedition, and

The steamer drifted broadside to the shore, one stern wheel revolving lazily, The chief was puzzled. "Why you are and then they saw, Imgani among the lonely I cannot tell," he said, "but cerest, that the decks were crowded with soldiers, impassive brown men in blu uniforms and fezes.

A plank bumped down, and holding their rifles high, the soldiers came pattering to the shore. With them was a white officer-but not Sandi. It was a brusque white man. "Who is chief here?" he said, crossly.

chief, all aflutter. "Take that man. A sergeant of Haussas grasped the chief and deftly swung him round: a corporal of Haussas snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrist.

"Lord, I am that man," said the stout

"Lord," he whined, "why this shame?" "Because you are a great thief," said that no path passes me, for I am very the Haussa officer, "a provoker of war "If any man says that, it is a lie," said

the chief, "for no government man has witnessed such abominations." Imgani stepped forward. 'Chief," he said, "I have seen it." "I have no wish for wives," he stated, "You are a great liar," fumed the port-being full of mighty plans to recover ly capita, trembling with rage, "and Sanmy kingdom from evil men who are di, who is my friend, will not believe

Persons suffering from chronic forms Pierce has for more than thirty years been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Surrounded by nearly a score of assistant physicians he has treat-ed with their aid hundreds of thousands of chronic cases of disease with a record of ninety-eight per cent. of cures. Almost all the cases treated by Dr. Pierce are extreme cases. Many times people write cians and all their friends as incurable These people are almost always cured by you are sick write to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. All correspondence is absolutely private and confidential. Write without fear and without fee.

Lime Application Profitable. "Just how much lime should be applied to correct certain conditions in the soil," according to Professor Agee, "will depend on different things. If the soil is a tenacious clay, and physical improvement of this village, who is responsible to the government for all people who pass, and especially for thieves who may have especially for the village of the village of the saw curious midnight shippings of human souls, and grew to know the tons of stone lime may be profitable. In white-robed Arabs who handled the whip caped from the village of the village of the saw curious midnight shippings of human souls, and physical improvement is desired, an application of two or three tons of stone lime may be profitable. In many cases, one-half a ton to the acre will accomplish the desired. smaller amounts may be sufficient. It requires between 1200 and 1350 pounds of slacked or hydrated lime to equal 1000 pounds of stone lime, or a little less than one ton of raw limestone reduced to a

"The best time to apply the lime is the year before clover seed is to be planted. This can be done most easily by putting it on the land with a regular lime distributer when the seed bed is being made for wheat, oats or other crop with which clover is to be sown. Never plow the lime down, because it is the top soil that makes the best use of it. Do not drill it in with seeds or mix with a commercial fertilizer, but apply on the top soil and harrow in. Do not think that because you have applied lime your crop will be successful without anything else—it is only a corrective, and is the means of putting to the best advantage all else you do for your crops.'

The young man and young woman who undertake the voyage of life without some reliable chart, showing the rocks and shoals where health may make shipwreck, are inviting catastrophe. Of all books, fitted to give instruction on the care of the body, the preservation of its health, none can compare with Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells the plain truth in plain English It deals with questions of vital interest to both sexes. Its 1008 pages have over 700 illustrations, some in colors. This book is sent absolutely free, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo,

—There are people who are so con-cerned about getting even with some one else that they fall hopelessly behind the

-Any chap can be brave in the

General Booth's Secret.

"When I was in London," said Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in a recent sermon, "I received word that if I was at the Salvation Army headquarters at ten o'clock sharp, I might meet General Booth. I hurriedly made my way there, for he was to leave for the Continent in a very few

When I looked into his face and saw him brush back his hair from his brow, heard him speak of the trials and conflicts and the victories, I said: 'General Booth, tell me what has been the secret

of your success all the way through."
"He hesitated a second, and I saw the tears come into his eyes and steal down his cheeks, and then he said: 'I will tell you the secret. God has had all there was of me. There have been men with greater brains than I, men with greater pportunities; but from the day I got the poor of London on my heart, and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do with the poor of London, I made up my mind that God would have all or William Booth there was. And if there is anything of there was. And if there is anything of touch of china blue embroidery across power in the Salvation Army today, it is the lower edge of a V-shaped chemisette because God as all the adoration of my heart, all the power of my will, and all the influence of my life.'

Then he looked at me a minute, and I soon learned another secret of his pow-er. He said: "When do you go?" I said: In five minutes.' He said, 'Pray'; and I dropped on my knees with General Booth by my side, and prayed a stammering and stuttering prayer. Then he talked with God about the outcast of London, the poor of New York, the lost of China, the great world lying in wickedness; and then he opened his eyes as if he were looking into the very face of Jesus, and with sobs he prayed God's blessing upon every mission worker, every evangelist, every minister, every Christian. With his eyes still overflowing with tears, he bade me good by and started away, past eighty years of age, to preach on the

"And I learned from William Booth that the greatness of a man's power is the measure of his surrender. It is not already over here from Paris and they a question of who you are, but of whether God controls you.-Exchange.

-Sixty-five dancers from all parts of England are assembled in Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., says a Monitor special, and are taking part in the English folk dance and song revival. The success of this midwinter festival is a pleasant surprise and is a good indication of the vitality of the movement in England. There are men and women here, many of them teachers from elementary schools, who give part of their vacations to the ac-quiring of a better knowledge of old country dances, being anxious to revive their use among the villagers in their

neighborhood. In many old villages around Stratfordon-Avon, in other parts of Warwickshire and the Midlands these old dances have never died out, and from the people in these parts Cecil Sharpe has been collecting carols and local songs, and, in many instances, dances which show the most intricate steps and measures. The dancing is made a most serious business in Stratford. No easy-going methods are countenanced. Everything must be done correctly, from the gay riot of a country dance to the intricate movements of the sword dance, where the swords are finally brought together in rhythmic measure and form a circle amazingly perfect and exact.

One delightful morris jig was discovered at Sherborne, that beautiful little Dorsetshire town, so redolent of the England of the middle ages. To judge by it, the people of that day were no mean dancers, for it has a wonderful and baffling backstep, which has been known as the shuffle and which requires a great deal of rehearsing. The evolution and not the actual steps are, however, the principal charm in most of these west country dances, where the repetition of effects by numbers of performers is so

Treating "Sick" Pearls.

attractive.

Pearls, the most capricious of all gems, are curiously susceptible to adverse influences, they being affected even by the physical condition of those who wear them. When a pearl becomes "sick" or "sad" it is necessary to take measures to restore to it its former luster and brilliancy, and this is done in a number

One method is to boil the sick gem in fresh cow's milk in which soap has been issolved. When the gem has been boiled for a period of about fifteen minutes, it is taken out, rinsed in clean water, and dried with a clean white cloth. If the esired effect has not then been obtained, the stone is again subjected to the boil-

ing process.
Sometimes, when the above method proves unsuccessful and the expert fears

to subject the gem to another boiling, another curious method is employed. There is procured a small loaf of bread, in which, before the loaf is baked, the pearls are laid, strung upon a silk thread; or they may be closely wrapped in a piece of gauze. The bread is then allowed to bake thoroughly, but not to become brown. When the loaf is taken from the oven, it is allowed to cool, after which it is broken and the pearls removed. Pearls to be perfect must possess these special qualifications: first, they must be special qualifications: first, they must be perfectly spherical, just as though they had been artificially fashioned; secondly, they must be slightly transflucent and free from spots, specks, or blemishes; and thirdly, they should have the peculiar luster characteristic of the gem

luster characteristic of the gem. The Largest Loom.

At Rodewisch, in Saxony, the center of the German textile industry, there has been set up what is thought to be the largest weaving-loom in the world. This huge crank loom is seventy-seven feet long and sixty feet wide. It stands ten feet high and weighs thirty-five tons. The shuttle is of corresponding propor-tions, and travels to and fro at the rate of fifteen times a minute.

This machine is capable of turning out seamless disks of felt, such as are used in paper-mills, up to two hundred and thirty-three feet in circumference.

It is more true in repairing the health than in repairing clothes, that "a stitch in time saves nine." The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription before the strength is run down, before the hole in the health has grown so big by neglect, would save many a woman from periods of suffering. But whether used soon or late, "Favorite Prescription" is the one remedy for the ailments of women which can be always relied upon to soothe the nerves, strengthen the body, brighten the mind, and build up the health. It contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic, and is free from alcohol. FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

A good laugh is sunshine in the home.-Thack

An exhibition of spring clothes by a New York house, shows a good deal of mohair used, which is uncommonly like Irish poplin in the silky weave. The manufacturers will evidently advocate it a good deal next spring and it deserves popularity. It is far more wearable than inen because it does not crush and wrinkle so easily and it is cool and gives good service.

Paquin sends over a two-piece suit of it in a rather wonderful tone of prune purple. The skirt is just a little over a yard wide and is straight in its lines from a slightly high waist. There are two plaits, small ones, down the middle of front and back, but no other trimming.

The blouse is of black satin. The two pieces are joined by an ornate braiding at the high waist line and there is a of white net.

The coat is hip length, is widely open at front in a straight line from the shoul-ders and the two sides are joined at the waist by a two-inch band of the poplin fastening at each end. There is rather a large collar and the back is slightly gathered into the peplum, which runs up to a point about three inches above the waist

Quite a good deal of old material was shown under a new name. Terry cloth sounds well, but there is no distinguising the fact that it is common garden Turk-ish toweling and a thin quality at that.

There was one white frock shown made of crepe Française with a large collar of white terry cloth caught in front with huge green leather buttons and long leather buttonholes. Around the waist was a white belt with a green button and ornamental buttonholes that resembled a

belt buckle. elt buckle.

And, by the way, these novelties are are quite fetching. The public has not yet seen them in any quantities, but the importers are very much interested in them. They are of leather in the shape of ornaments and consist of a large buckle with tongues of colored leather coming from buttonholes in the middle of the button. That sounds complicated, but you will know them when you see any of this

description. They are to be attached to any kind of a gown or suit. Two of them are used on the front of a coat or sometimes at the back. One is used in the middle of the skirt at the waist line back or front; again, you see them on sleeves, and I have no doubt they will make their appearance on turbans, for you can't keep anything off a hat these days. The same person who invited them has also sent over a little half belt made of supple patent leather with these ornaments in the middle, and this is to be attached to the back of a coat or the back of the high waist line on a skirt. There are also whole belts of green. They are not wide enough to cover an oid-time joining of a skirt belt and a blouse, so they are evi-

dently intended purely for ornament Some of the other teatures brought out in this spring exhibition were a material called Permo in serge weave; a silk serge suit with a wonderful blouse of lace showing the new long drapery from the bust falling over the waist line; a queer suit with revers of white terry cloth, and a tailored suit of raspberry colored terry

If you dress smartly, says an exchange you will have at least one of the street frocks that button at one side of the front all the way to the hem, and if the skirt is scant you may leave a couple of the buttons at the bottom unfastened, which both allows freer steps and introduces the foot opening in a clearer way.

This is the season of the year when we are plunged into a very debauch of clothes, for the advent of winter brings forth a diversity of new things modistic.

Of course the foundation of all good dressing lies in the corset, and the woman who wishes to be well dressed takes the precaution of buying good stays. Fashions in this line change almost as often as they do in our outer garments, and to have a fashionable figure one must have a newly fashioned corset.

Just, at present La Mode adheres more firmly than ever to a perfectly straight appearance below the waist. From that oint the lines are carried as straight as the stream of a waterfall. Of course, it takes a great deal of skill

to fashion a corset of this kind. Those who have taken this task upon themselves faced the fact from the first that difficulties were in the way of combining comfort with the extrema length which fashion demands. But these difficulties seem to have been successfully surmounted in the new corsets and models are made to suit all figures. The secret of success in fitting on a

corset, so says one expert, is to fit the stays to the figure, not the figure to un-

congenial stays.

There is nothing in the way of informal entertaining more thoroughly enjoyed than an old-fashioned candy-pulling. Age cannot apparently alter its popularity. In fact, the danger is rather to forget how picturesque it has been in the past.

Arrange a pulling bee the past time and Arrange a pulling bee the next time an informal frolic is in order and see how

well it is appreciated. Get the girls to wear quaint chintz frocks with ruffled aprons, and have some aprons of larger growth for the men, as all the guests will take part in the toil. Let each girl wear a knot of ribbon, and as the men enter let them select sim-

ilar knots giving partners. One pair of partners is detailed to crack nuts, another to pop corn, another to read up recipes, measure ingredier etc. Then comes the pulling-sticky, but

Baking Powder Biscuit.-Sift together three times one quart of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoon-ful of salt. Rub in quickly and thoroughiy with the tips of the fingers one table-spoonful of lard and butter mixed. Add slowly one cupful and a half of milk. Mix lightly, with little handling. Turn out on the molding board, roll into a sheet a half inch thick, cut out with a small round cutter, and lay in a greased baking pan, so they will not touch. Bake in a very hot oven twenty minutes.

Mistress-And why did you leave your last place?
Maid—Me and the missis was not con-