THE BABIE'S BEDTIME.

Sweet are children in the morning, in the afternoon or night,
In their dainty frocks of red and blue, or gowns of simple white;
In their play up in the playroom, in the yard or on the lawn,
But they're sweetest when it's bedtime, and they get their "nighties" on.

Little ghosts of white a-romping o'er the bed and through the room,
In the season of a lifetime they're the rosy month of June;
Little ghosts of white a-marching to the music of their laugh,
And the one who e'er would miss it sees in life its minor half.

Little curls a-dangling frowsy—to the heads a fitting wreath,
Little gowns a-hanging loosely, and the peeping feet beneath;
Merry monarchs of the household and their love is as the fawn,
And they're sweetest when it's bedtime and they've got their "nighties" on.

Oh, the clear notes of their laughter, and the patter of their feet,
As they romp and chase each other in the game of hide and seek—
Gives a hint of faint suspicion of the world that is to be,
For the Master taught us, saying: "Suffer these to come to Me."

Soon fatigue o'ercomes the players, and the white brigade is still,
And the "Now I lay me" whispered with a pleading and a will.
Oh, the wee tots are in slumber and their dreams are in repose,
For the clearness of a conscience rivals beauties of the rose.

And the white, upturned, sweet visage adds to innocence the charm
Of the soul reposing trust upon the guardian angel's arm;
Oh, the sweetest-scented nectar flowing from this life is gone,
If you cannot see the babies when they get their "nighties" on.
—Indianapolis Press.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Leglosse had already engaged a cab, and when I joined him I discovered that he had also brought a Sicilian police official with him. This individual gave the driver his instructions, and away we went. As we had informed the cabman, previous to setting out, that there was no time to be lost, we covered the distance in fine style, and just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains entered the little village on the outskirts of which the villa was situated. It was a delightful spot, a mere cluster of human habitations, clinging to the mountain-side. The Angelus was sounding from the campanile of the white monastery, further up the hill-side, as we drove along the main street. Leaving the village behind us we passed on until we came to the gates of the park in which the villa was situated. We had already formed our plans, and it was arranged that the island official should send his name in to Hayle, Leglosse and I keeping in the background as much as possible. We descended from the carriage and Leglosse rang the bell which we discovered on the wall; presently the door was opened, and a wizened-up little man made his appearance before us. An animated conversation ensued, from which it transpired that the new occupant of the villa was now in the pavilion at the foot of the grounds.

"In that case conduct us to him," said the officer, "but remember this, we desire to approach without being seen. Lead on!"

The old man obeyed and led us by a winding path through the orangery for upwards of a quarter of a mile. At the end of that walk we saw ahead of us a handsome white edifice, built of stucco, and of the summer-house order. It stood on a small plateau on the first slope of the cliff and commanded an exquisite view of the bay, the blue waters of which lay some 200 feet or so below it.

"His excellency is in there," said the old man, in his Sicilian patois.

"Very good, in that case you can leave us," said the officer, "we can find our way to him ourselves."

The old man turned and left us, without another word, very well pleased, I fancy, to get out of the way of that functionary. Goodness only knows what memories of stolen vegetables and fruit had risen in his mind.

"Before we go in," I said, "would it not be as well to be prepared for any emergencies? Remember he is not a man who would stick at much."

We accordingly arranged our plan of attack in case it should be necessary, and then approached the building. As we drew nearer the sound of voices reached our ears. At first I was not able to recognize them, but as we ascended the steps to the pavilion, I was able to grasp the real facts of the case.

"Good heavens!" I muttered to myself, "that's Kitwater's voice." Then, turning to Leglosse, I whispered: "We're too late, they're here before us."

It certainly was Kitwater's voice I had heard, but so hoarse with fury that at any other time I should scarcely have recognized it.

"Cover him, Codd," he was shouting, "and if he dares to move shoot him down like the dog he is. You robbed us of our treasure, did you? And you sneaked away at night into the cover of the jungle, and left us to die or to be mutilated by those brutes of Chinese. But we've run you down at last, and now when I get hold of you, by God, I'll tear your eyes and your tongue out, and you shall be like the two men you robbed and betrayed. Keep your barrel fixed on him, Codd, I tell you! Remember if he moves you are to fire. Oh! Gideon Hayle, I've prayed on my bended knees for this moment, and now it's come and—"

At this moment we entered the room to find Hayle standing with his back to the window that opened into the balcony, which in its turn overlooked the somewhat steep slope that led to the cliff and the sea. Codd was on the left of the center table, a revolver in his hand, and a look upon his face that I had never seen before. On the other side of the table was Kitwater, with a long knife in his hand. He was leaning forward in a crouching position, as if he were preparing for a spring. On hearing our steps, however, he turned his sightless face towards us. It was Hayle, however, who seemed the most surprised. He stared at me as if I were a man returned from the dead.

"Put up that revolver, Codd," I cried. "And you, Kitwater, drop that knife. Hayle, my man, it's all up. The game is over, so you may as well give in."

Leglosse was about to advance upon him, warrant in one hand and manacles in the other.

"What does this mean?" cried Hayle.

His voice located him, and before we could either of us stop him, Kitwater had sprung forward and clutched him in his arms. Of what followed next I scarcely like to think, even now. In cannoning with Hayle he had dropped his knife, and now the two stood while a man could have counted three, locked together in deadly embrace. Then ensued such a struggle as I hope I shall never see again, while we others stood looking on as if we were bound hand and foot. The whole affair could not have lasted more than a few moments, and yet it seemed like an eternity. Kitwater, with the strength of a madman, had seized Hayle round the waist with one arm, while his right hand was clutching at the other's throat. I saw that the veins were standing out upon Hayle's forehead like black cords. Do what he could, he could not shake off the man he had so cruelly wronged. They swayed to and fro, and in one of their lurches struck the window, which flew open and threw them into the balcony outside. Codd and the Sicilian police official gave loud cries, but as for me I could not have uttered a sound had my life depended on it. Hayle must have realized his terrible position, for there was a look of abject, hopeless terror upon his face. The blind man, of course, could see nothing of his danger. His one desire was to be revenged upon his enemy. Closer and closer they came to the frail railing. Once they missed it, and staggered a foot away from it. Then they came back to it again, and lurched against it. The woodwork snapped, and the two men fell over the edge on to the sloping bank below. Still locked together, they rolled over and over, down the declivity towards the edge of the cliff. A great cry from Hayle reached our ears. A moment later they had disappeared into the abyss, while we stood staring straight before us, too terrified to speak or move.

Leglosse was the first to find his voice.

"My God!" he said, "how terrible! how terrible!"

Then little Codd sank down, and, placing his head upon his hands on the table, sobbed like a little child.

"What is to be done?" I asked, in a horrified whisper.

"Go down to the rocks and search for them," said the Sicilian officer,

THE WOODWORK SNAPPED AND THE TWO MEN FELL OVER THE EDGE ONTO THE SLOPING BANK BELOW.

"but I doubt if we shall be able to find them; the sea is very deep off this point."

We went. Kitwater's body was discovered, terribly mutilated, upon the rocks. Hayle's remains were never found. Whether he fell into the deep water and was washed out to sea, or whether his body was jammed between the rocks under the water, no one would ever be able to say. It was gone, and with it all that were left of the stones that had occasioned their misery.

Codd did not accompany us in the search, and when we returned to the villa above he was not to be found. Never since the moment when we left him sobbing at the table have I set eyes on him, and now, I suppose, in all human probability I never shall.

Later on we returned to Palermo to break the news to Miss Kitwater. Shocked though she was, she received the tidings with greater calmness than I had expected she would do. Perhaps, after all, she felt that it was better that it should have ended so.

Three years have elapsed since we paid that terrible visit to Palermo. It may surprise you, or it may not, when I say that I am now a married man, Margaret Kitwater having consented to become my wife two years ago next month. The only stipulation she made when she gave her decision was that upon my marriage I should retire from the profession in which I had so long been engaged. As I had done sufficiently well at it to warrant such a step, I consented to do so, and now I lead the life of a country gentleman. It may interest some people to know that a certain day-dream, once thought improbable, has come true, inasmuch as a considerable portion of my time is spent in the little conservatory which, as I have said elsewhere, leads out of the drawing-room. I usually wear a soft felt hat upon my head, and as often as not I have a pipe in my mouth. Every now and then Margaret, my wife, looks in upon me, and occasionally she can be persuaded to bring a young Fairfax with her, who, some people say, resembles his father. For my own part I prefer that he should be like his mother—whom, very naturally, I consider the best and sweetest woman in the world.

THE END.

A SERVIAN BRIDE.

Peculiarities of Costume and Articles Bestowed Upon Her as a Dowry.

At market we saw a bride in the native dress, who had just come from the church where the marriage ceremony had been performed, and was receiving the congratulations of her friends and neighbors, while her proud husband stood at her side and was envied, says a Servian correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. She was a buxom damself of the Swedish type, with blonde hair and a clear blue eye. Her head was covered with a peculiar turban, from which hung clusters of silver coins. Long strings of coins were suspended from a necklace and a girdle, and hung over her shoulders and hips and must have been very heavy. These were her dowry. She had begun to save them during her childhood, and, instead of putting them in a savings bank, had strung them together for ornaments, and had worn some or all of them on festive occasions to attract the attention of the eligible young men of the neighborhood.

They were of different denominations, all of silver, and were strung together with a good deal of taste. The custom of the country permits a bride to control her dowry after marriage, and many women are able to preserve their wedding coins and transmit them to their children. Sometimes they are exchanged for a piece of land, a cottage, or cattle, and sometimes the coins are taken, one by one, from the string to meet emergencies in domestic economy.

AN ENGLISH BATH STORY.

Novel Arrangement for Obtaining a Shower-Bath in an Irish Seaside Resort.

A good story has recently been picked up in the west of Ireland by Mr. R. J. Mecredy, the well-known motorist. It concerns the rising little seaside town of Lahinch, a place which has recently developed tremendously through the tourist and golf booms, says the London M. A. P. A few years ago the public baths, like most other institutions in the village, were very primitive. They were situated in a little cottage, which was just above the high-water mark. Shower baths were a specialty, and they were to be had in a room which had a bathtub placed in the middle of the floor. On pulling a string a perfect deluge of bracing sea water came through the ceiling. A lady visitor once stood ready in the tub and gave the dread signal. But instead of the usual avalanche of green water there came from aloft the gruff voice of the fisherman proprietor of the baths: "If ye'll move a taste more to the wesht, ma'am," said the voice, "ye'll get the full benefit av the shower." Looking up she, to her horror, descried the old fisherman standing by an aperture in the ceiling, and holding a barrel of sea water ready for the douche! Whether the lady moved to the west and received the shower or not, the chronicler does not relate. But Lahinch has made giant strides onward since.

Nothing.

A traveler in the Bolivian Andes says that at one time while his cart was making its progress through passes and over dizzy heights he had a chance to learn how two taciturn persons may show their satisfaction at meeting in other than the conventional way.

It was midday, and under the glaring vertical sun drowsiness had invaded us. We slept until we were awakened by the approach of the mail cart coming in the opposite direction, the first civilized vehicle we had encountered. Both drivers stopped and gazed at each other long in silence.

They were evidently pleased to meet, but had nothing whatever to say. At last one inquired:

"What news?"

"Nothing," replied the other.

"What did he say?" asked the first, doubtless continuing a conversation a fortnight old.

"Nothing."

"Good!" and they drove on.—Youth's Companion.

Easily Traced.

Mrs. Winks—Why in the world didn't you write to me while you were away?

Mrs. Minks—I did write.

Mrs. Winks—Then I presume you gave the letter to your husband to mail, and he is still carrying it around in his pocket.

Mrs. Minks—No. I posted the letter myself.

Mrs. Winks—Ah, then it is in my husband's pocket.—N. Y. Weekly.

WOMAN AND HOME

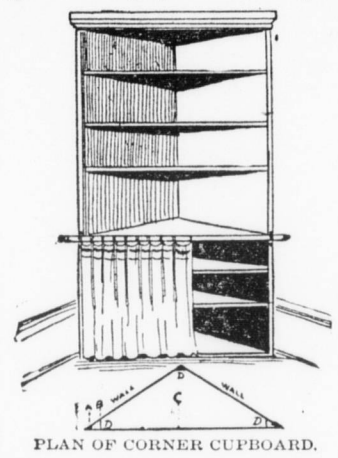
A CORNER CUPBOARD.

How Any Bright Housekeeper Can Improvise One Easily and Very Economically.

A corner cupboard has the advantage of being useful and effective and at the same time exceedingly economical in the matter of space it occupies. Such a corner cupboard as sketched would be useful in a small flat and it can be easily and economically contrived. If one can utilize the walls for the two sides of the cupboard one saves a lot of trouble. If the room is a low one then the cupboard could extend from floor to ceiling, but if the room is high then the cupboard might be from five feet six inches to six feet from floor to top. The front should be from 30 to 36 inches wide. Two flat pieces of wood, some three inches wide and about three-quarters of an inch thick, should be got out the length of the height of the cupboard. These pieces could be chamfered at the edges, or a couple of grooves taken out with a plane to add to the appearance, or they can left just flat.

Now get out two further strips about same width, but half an inch thick, to go at right angles to the uprights (see ground plan; the uprights are A and the side pieces B); we leave the main structural details of our cupboard. The use of the side pieces B is to fill out the narrow angles made by the front pieces A and the wall. B should be glued to A and screws might be put through A at top and bottom to add to the strength. The cornice at top and plinth at bottom are builders' wide molding and should be cut just to occupy the angle. The ends, where they come against the wall, will have to be leveled or cut like the miter of a frame so that they fit close to the wall, which they would not do if the molding were cut off square. The cornice and plinth will keep the uprights in position when nailed to the wall. The shelves should now be got out of half-inch deal. They will be triangles, with the two ends which come against the uprights cut off, and all the shelves will be the same shape.

They will be held up or rest upon three blocks (D in plan). The blocks against the uprights could be glued



PLAN OF CORNER CUPBOARD.

to them and screwed as well, and the sides of the blocks coming against the wall could be nailed to the wall, thus forming not only supports to the shelves, but keeping the uprights in position. Settle how far the shelves are to be apart and then carefully measure the spaces off on both uprights, so that when the shelves are put in they will be horizontal. The blocks in the angle of the walls can be nailed on, having carefully marked the width of the spaces, so that these blocks correspond with those against the uprights. In nailing to a wall, it is better to make a hole with a fine bradawl before driving home the nails. The sketch shows seven shelves, as the one behind the cornice forms the top of the cupboard. There need not be one at the bottom, the floor doing duty.

Having now the two uprights, with the cornice, plinth and shelves ready, proceed to put the cupboard together, which should not be a difficult task if the measurements are correct. The cornice and plinth should be carefully nailed to the walls.

The projecting shelf from which the curtain is hung is contrived by getting out a piece of wood to fit in front of the shelf and round the two uprights. The corners must be cut to the angles of the wall to which it might be nailed. A small rod should be fastened underneath this projecting shelf to carry the curtain, which takes the place of a door. It can be weighted at the bottom and if it runs at the back of the plinth the dust will be kept out.

The woodwork should be painted or stained and varnished. Those who have not the conveniences for getting out the wood should ask a carpenter to do this. Fixing into position would not be an arduous task.—Chicago Daily News.

Should Be Good Children.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal'igan, of Piscataquois county, Maine, have seven children, four boys and three girls. The boys are called, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and the girls are named Faith Hope and Charity.

Onions Prevent Malaria.

Onions are a preventive and oftentimes a cure for malarial fever.

POPULAR IN ENGLAND.

The New Marchioness of Dufferin, Who Was Miss Flora Davis, of New York.

This picture is the latest that has been taken of the new marchioness of Dufferin, the most recent addition to the ranks of the American girls who are peeresses of the realm.

The marchioness was formerly Miss Florence Davis, of New York, and she was married in 1893 to the present marquis, who was Viscount Clandeboye. He is just 36 and has been in the English diplomatic service for the past nine years, having served at Constantinople, Paris and Stockholm. He became a peer the other day, upon the death of his father, the gallant old marquis, who was one of the greatest diplomats, as well as one of the finest

MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN.

gentlemen, in England. There is probably little doubt that the old nobleman died of broken heart over the failure of Whitaker Wright's company, the London & Globe, of which Lord Dufferin had consented to be chairman without knowing much about the company's operations. He gave up most of his fortune to make good the other shareholders' losses. The new marchioness is a beautiful woman, a mistress of tact and of the art of entertaining, and will be abundantly able to sustain her high estate in the society of Europe. The young earl was the second son of his celebrated father, and came in the line of succession on the death of his elder brother in Africa two years ago. He is following in the footsteps of his father in the diplomatic service, and is now on assignment in the London foreign office.

THE NECK BEAUTIFUL.

How Every Woman May Present an Appearance Pleasing to Herself and Her Admirers.

Nothing is more aggravating to the average woman than the black, gray or brown streak that shows around the neck after the wearing of high dress collars. The mark is often the result of bad dye in the facing of the collar, and half an hour devoted to facing all of one's collars with white silk or even white cotton will be well spent. Sometimes the rubbing of the stiff band scars the neck, and scrubbing with hard soap only makes the skin seem more sensitive, and so still more darkly bruised.

Loosen the collars a little and have them finished at the top with a soft roll of the material. Such a finish is always becoming, and often removes the trouble in a little while.

If the mark must be taken off at short notice, perhaps because a dress cut a little low in the neck is to be worn, then anoint the flesh thoroughly with warm vaseline. Use a soft linen cloth dipped in vaseline, applying it as if it were soap, and turning the cloth whenever the applied surface gets soiled. This is very important, or you will only scrub the stain in deeper.

Let the neck "rest" a little while, and then with warm soapsuds and a very soft sponge wash off the grease thoroughly. Rinse with hot water several times and then bathe with cold water till the skin is chilled. This should close the pores and leave the skin dry and smooth. Unless this is accomplished the open pores and greasy surface will only promptly attract the stain again.

When the skin is entirely dry, dust well with dry oatmeal. Rub off lightly, and when the natural color of the skin is regained, after all the manipulation, the neck will, in nine cases out of ten, be pretty and white.

When you are not in quite so much hurry use warm soapsuds and sponge rubbing, rinse thoroughly and chill with cold water. In stubborn cases a paste of bread dough bound about the throat over night by a linen scarf will leave the skin smooth and pure when washed off with warm water in the morning.

Don't employ rough methods, don't use ammonia, and never scrub the neck if you desire to make the skin beautiful and white. Whatever bruises or enlarges the pores of the skin only prolongs the difficulty of removing stains.—Chicago American.

Washing Carpets with Soap.

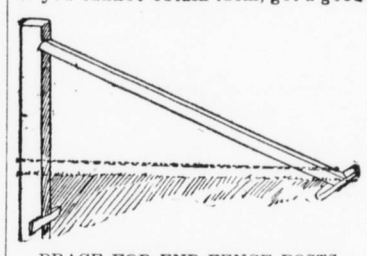
If carpets be very dirty they will look better and brighter for being washed with soap. Beat the carpet to free it of dust, then nail it down on the floor and wash it with a lather made with yellow soap dissolved in hot water, with the addition of a little soda. Rub the mixture into the carpet with a house flannel, and then rinse with clean water and rub with a dry cloth. Only attack a little piece of the carpet at a time and finish before going on to another part. If, after it is dry, the colors do not look bright, apply to the carpet a weak solution of alum in water.

FARM AND GARDEN

ANCHORING END POSTS.

If This Is Well Done a Fence Will Last and Stand Firm for a Very Long Time.

In the setting of end posts one cannot be too particular, for the life and usefulness of a fence depends principally on them. If the end posts do not stand firm one cannot expect to have a good, substantial fence, even if other conditions are most favorable. First get a large post, not less than 10 or 12 inches square (cedar or locust, if you don't want to replace them in a few years); if you cannot obtain them, get a good



BRACE FOR END FENCE POSTS.

oak post, cut a notch three or four inches deep, six or eight inches from the bottom of the post. For an anchor take a piece of oak five by eight inches by four feet in length, and place it as shown in illustration; this need not be nailed to the post, and can be placed in any position after the post is set in the ground; pack gravel firmly around the post. It should be set not less than five feet in the ground; cut a notch one inch deep 12 inches from the top of the post for the brace, for which use a four by six, ten feet long, placing one end on a flat rock inclined toward the post, as shown in the illustration, as it furnishes more resistance to the pressure of the brace, which is downward and forward, a one-half-inch iron rod may be used from the lower end of the brace back to the post, or four or five strands of No. 9 wire, if wire is used, be sure to draw the wire as tightly as possible before twisting them. A large post, if set properly in this manner, will hold any farm fence. The anchor must be placed on the front side of the post, as the tendency of a post brace in this manner is to be pulled forward, and not being forced backward, as many claim.—T. G. Shirley, in Epitomist.

DIPPING FOR PARASITES.

There Is No Other Successful Way of Removing Troublesome Pests from Sheep.

Parasites of all kinds are not only injurious to the wool of sheep, but to the health of the animals as well, and dipping to destroy them should be resorted to wherever and whenever they are present at shearing time. There is no other way to remove the troublesome pests except by repeating dipping, and sometimes it requires a good many to accomplish the desired end. Ticks will worry the thin, weak sheep more than the strong ones, and they seem to congregate on them in such numbers as to cause their death. Sometimes the ticks appear on the sheep shortly after dipping, and the impression is made that the dipping did not free them from the parasites; but this is a mistake. The trouble was that the ticks were in the sheds or stables where the sheep were kept, and by putting the animals back in their infested quarters the ticks soon covered them again. The living quarters of the sheep must also be treated with the solution by spraying and washing and in this way we protect the animals from a future invasion. A second dipping should follow the first about ten days later, and the living quarters should also receive a second spraying. Sometimes where the parasites are very numerous a third dipping and spraying may pay.—Boston Budget.

Drainage Under the Barn.

Drainage is a thing that is frequently neglected in the construction of a stable. The plot of ground under the barn is permitted to accumulate moisture and to lose none of it except through overflow. This wet ground under the stable is a fruitful source of development for certain germs. The ground should be so well drained that the ground under the stable will be always dry. Moreover the barnyard should be thoroughly drained, not only by digging a ditch to carry off the surface water, but also by tile drains laid three feet under the ground and quite close. The result of such drains is to render the ground porous and enable the liquids to pass quickly into the earth.—Farmers' Review.

A Genuine Old Goose.

It is said that William Brigham, of Chadron, O., is the owner of a gander more than 100 years old, and that he is as lively to-day as the large flock of youngsters which he so proudly leads about Mr. Brigham's farmyard. The bird was brought by Mr. Brigham's father nearly a century ago from the east, and has been in the family's possession ever since. There are many accounts of the old fellow's sagacity in eluding foxes and other enemies, and he was the playfellow of many of the old men of the township when they were boys, years ago. The goose was exhibited at the recent centennial celebration at Burton, where he attracted a great deal of attention.