

WITH ONE STONE

evening tollet-table.

Time-11:45 p. m.

after the dance!

good-looking-

should you do?

a bad punishing.

you know, after all.

with me.

tion) Oh-h?

monly well-

it, you see!

this. What's up?

Cecil-What?

a nice little income?

3

FOR

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-E. E. Parker, in Boston Budget.

ily lighted by shaded lamps.

from the mirror, brush in hand) - There

read that! (She throws a rather

crumpled letter into her friend's tap.)

That's what he thought fit to send me

Lilian (comfortably extended in the

treated his missive with much respect

dear! (Reads it.) And I don't think i

Minnie (brushing vigorously)-The

fact is, I'm getting tired of Cecil's ab-

surd jealousies. If he were a little less

Lilian (sotto voce)-And hadn't such

Minnie-Well, his income isn't any

thing against him, is it? But what

Lilian (very solemnly) -He deserves

Minnie-Of course, he's very fond of

met and with his "sensitiveness," as

he calls it-I call it touchiness-he says

he can't bear it. But I always did like

dancing with Tom; and he's my cousin,

Lilian (pensively, with a smile as of

certain pleasing memories)-1 like danc-

ing with Tom Wentworth-(a suggest-

ive pause) and I think he likes dancing

Minnie (with a long-drawn intona-

Lilian-Exactly so. (Reflects a

little.) I've an inspiration, dear! Does

Ceell know I've come up to go to the

Lilian (quickly, without explaining)

We're just the same height, and your

hair's exactly the color of mine, and

(after a moment's deliberation)-yes-

that lovely pale green you showed me

this afternoon would suit me uncom-

Minnie But you're not going to wear

Lilian-Oh, I think I am going to

wear it! (Energetically draws another

easy chair close to her own, seats her

friend decisively in it, and impressive-

Scene II-The smoking lounge of the Em-

Cecil (gloomily, under his dark mus-

a rather crumpled letter from his waist-

coat pocket, and hands it to his friend.)

sharp! But you know, Trev .--

er-erochety, you know?

St. Aubyn (reading it)--II'm--rather

Cecil (sardonically)-Oh! I'm croch-

pire theater. Hon. Cecil Trevelyan, and his friend, St. Aubyn.

ly details to her a plan of the war.)

garden party, to-morrow?

Minnie-No. Why?

dance with Tom Wentworth?

other night-and he doesn't know I'm here-and I've got on Minrie's dress her skirts with satisfa tion for half a minute). Tom (taking advantage of the pause)

A very pretty sight it was in those days to observe the pretty Kanaka girls

there?" There's no one there, and yet I hear some one speaking in the dis-

Oh dear, I am sorry to hear that! tance, a faint buzzing like a bee in . bottle. (Rings off and glances at clock.) Just three. It was the clock striking and I thought it was the telephone (Sits-ring at bell-she jumps up.) over! There it is again! Oh, no; it's the door-

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Scene I-A prettily-appointed dressing It ought to be yours, then: you look room, cosily lighted by shaded tamps. I we girls, in white muslim peignoirs, exchang-ing confidences over the mysteries of the too charming! Lilian-Nopsense! And he's in that arbor, and thinks Fin Minnie, and-and so-(with a desperate audacity)-will Minnie (in an indignant voice, turning

Tom (beginning to understand, takug her hand in both of his, and looking fondly at her downcast eyes)-I will-if you'll let it stand, darling. Lilian, is there any reason why it shouldn't be

real? depths of a big easy chair)-You've not Lilian (in a breathless voice, quite forgetting Cecil in the arbor, and Minnie, and everyone else)-I-perhapsdeserves any. Pray! why shouldn't you

> Tom (also forgetting Cecil in the arbor, and Minnie, and everyone else)-Tell me. Is there? (He draws her togords him: their lips meet, etc., etc., ad lib.)

Cecil (who has advanced unnoticed under cover of this tender passage)-When I've settled your scoundrel of a consin. Minnie, I'll trouble you to speak a few words to me! (Tom rises angrily. Cecil catches

sight of Lilian's face and is struck speechless.)-Madame.

THE SLIDING POLE.

Handy Going Down, But Stairs Used Going Up.

Firemen use the sliding poles in the engine houses when descending from the dormitory floors to the street floor about their ordinary affairs, just as they do when hustling down for a fire. It is the quickest and easiest way to go, and naturally they go that way always. To a man not a fireman, however, and so unaccustomed to it, the commonplace use of the sliding pole seems at first strange. He has seen it usually, perhaps only, from below; and the use of it is associated in his mind with the sound of the gong, the pounding of the horses' hoofs, the snapping of harness and the general bustle of preparation. To see the firemen come dropping down the sliding poles into this seene of activity seems all right. It seems like a part of the general scheme. But if one who has been accustomed only to seeing them come down the poles in this way should haprsen at a time of quiet in the house to be on an upper floor, and instead of seeing firemen shoot into view should see one suddenly and silently disappear, that sight probably would at first be surprising to him.

Time-10:45 p. m. St. Aubyn-I say, Trev.! Another At first it seems strange to see any man, firemen or not, slide down a pole brandy! You don't usually go on like to start for his dinner, for instance, but that is what the fireman docs. and it is just the same if he is going tache)-When the girl you're engaged below for any duty in the house. He to writes to you in this style-! (Pulls goes down the pole habitually, because that is the simplest and easiest way to go. But he doesn't go back that way: easy as it is to slide down the pole, it would be mighty hard work to shin up it. When the fireman goes up, then, St. Aubyn-Well- you are rather-er like everybody else, he climbs the stairs. -N. Y. Sup.

The Bicycle Face.

ty, am I? Would you like your future It has been demonstrated recently refuse to turn. receiver.) wife to flirt with other men? Big Steel Chimney. I have lost both! both! Oh, why did that the screwed-up condition of the St. Aubyn-Flirt? No. But-To strengthen the forks of a bievele ing for the telephone. I ever have that abominable telephone? Cecil-But Minnie does: she did flirt countenance known as the "bicycle an oscillating spring plug is attached Mr. P. (aside)-Confound the teleto the under side of the bottom brace (She drops, weeping stormily, into face" is not at all the result of bicycling with that fellow. Her "cousin," inphone! chair. Curtain descends upon her sobs.) particularly, but is induced by any vionear the head, a steel wire voke at-Miss S. (aside, glancing anxiously at deed! Confound him! tached to the forks sliding through a -Leslie's Popular Monthly. St. Aubyn-Well, I shouldn't want to lent demand on the muscles. An arclock)-He said about three, and now slot or groove in the plug as the front lose her if I were you. She's a very tiele on the muscular contraction of the it's nearly 20 minutes past; surely he The Congressional Library. wheel turns from one side to the other face, published by Dr. A. Fournier, in jolly little girl, and awfully pretty, not must ring me up soon. Founded in the year 1800 by the mod THE GUIDE and Your Choice Book of the story of Pansy Choice mixed for 1500 Two packets 25e., three packets 30e. Full 1500 La Nature, illustrates this fact by preto steer the wheel. Mr. P .- Well, as I was going to say to mention the prospects-and they st appropriation of \$5,000 "for the pursentl. a picture of a young man in the count, you know, old fellow! But she's when the telephone interrupted me, chase of such books as may be neces act or jumping a hurdle. "During the Mistaken Identity. game, and if you pull her in too tight you will hardly have guessed why I sary for the use of congress at the said jump," the doctor says, "the entire A remarkable case of mistaken idenyou will lose her, that's about all. came her to-day. city of Washington," this collection has Cecil (furiously)-If that d-d cousin body leaves the ground, and for the time tity is reported from Fecamp. The Miss S (archly)-Wasn't it to see grown, notwithstanding the ravages of Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine which tells ing floats through the air like a pr body of a man was found recently in the of hers is at this idiotic garden party 8 two fires, to the present aggregate of how to grow Plants, Flowers and Vegetables, and is up Rue de Valmont, and after the usual jectile. The effort of giving the in-Mr. P .- It was, my dear Miss Smith, to-morrow, and she goes on with him 740,600 volumes. The acquisition of the to date on these subjects, for 3 months, the Guide and pulse provokes a contraction of the formalities was buried as that of an ocas she did the other evening, she may and-Jefferson library in 1815, the Force togenarian named Godefrey. Two of One packet of Seeds (numed above) for 25 cents. muscles of the entire body; the trun! go to-anywhere, for aught I care! 1 Miss S, (laughing)-And to hear the historical library in 1865, the Smithand the extremities of the body form at Godefrey's daughters attended the fu-Every Tenth Person sending an Order as above will receive a swear I'll throw her over! telephone? sonian library in 1867, and the Toner neral. When they returned home they Mr. P.-Apparently. But as I was go-St. Aubyn-You've said that before, the moment of leaving the ground bu collection in 1882, all constituted es-Coupon good for 50 cents' worth of Seeds. one rigid unit. The picture shows the nearly died of terror at finding their and had to repent in dust and ashes, ing to say, it was to tell you-to-topecially important and valuable accesand wear sackcloth, and eat humble pie, father sitting at his usual place near body at that moment, and it repro-When ordering state where you saw this adv. and we will send a packet of Choice Flower Seeds free. (telephone bell rings. Miss S. rushes sion of its stores. And by the enactduces the full effort and the complete the fire. The shrieks of the women, andto.) Curse the bell! ment of the copyright law of 1870, folwho thought they saw a ghost, brought contraction. As the jump was rather Cecil-This time I mean it! (Calls Miss S. (at telephone)-Yes; are you lowed by the international copyright JAMES VICK'S SONS, ROCHESTER, N. Y. there? What? is that you? Capt, high, the violence of the effort is well in the neighbors. The error was due for another brandy, which he swallows act of 1891, this library became entitled at one gulp, tosses down the coin, and accentuated in the jumper's expression to a remarkable likeness between Gode-Vavasour? What? Fish? what fish? to receive two copies of all books, pe-UCK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE He looks as if in great distress and as I said salmon. What? Yes, salmon frey and the man who had been found exit.) riodicals and other publications claim-St. Aubyn-Poor Cecil! if he was about to break into tears."dead .- London Tit-Bits. cutlets. What? No, I didn't! I never ing the protection of copyright in the inches.-N. Y. Journal.

n primeval grab grinding the tara roo upon a stone as the wife of the Mexican peon still grinds the corn for her husband's refection. At least I am told so. In my day at Honolulu the native women wore "Mother Hubbards," and were already civilized to the point of dis-

liking housework. Still there was plenty of poi to be had -and still is, doubtless. It is served for breakfast at the Royal Hawaiian hotel-which hostelry must, of course, have a new and republican name by this time. And there I had my first taste of the stuff. It was served after the oranges-delightful oranges of Ounho!-and I saw the resident whites flooding their portions with cream and covering it with sugar. They said they liked it, but admitted it was an acquired taste.

I did not stay long enough to acquire the taste. The mush was pinkish in hue-a most unhealthy looking pinkand sickish in taste. I was content to be able to say I had tasted it. The Kanakas may have it for all of mebut there is no accounting for tastes.

Later on I had the forture to encourter poi in circumstanes s nuch more nearly an naturel. This was at a leav, or feast given by his majesty, the late Kalagaua, of unsaintly, lut most jovia memory. This was on the Wa-ki-li beach, a paradise, where eating is a profanation, except by the king's orders, anyway.

At this function poi was served, as on the table of the lowliest native, in a jar of rough ware, and eaten, as the lowly natives cat it-with the finger. Notice -not fingers, but finger. The index digit of the right hand thrust into the pink and quivering mess, bent at the proper angle, turned about and ther brought forth, with a portion of the pol adhering to the upper joint, by which it was thrust into the mouth.

Looking back at it the process seems -well, yes, nasty. But at the time, as I remember, it was not so, but, indeed, quite the contrary. Tastes change as well as differ-it may be that .-- N. Y. Herald.

CYCLING NOVELTIES.

The latest design in bicycle shoes has a leather extension to cover the pants leg, which is held in place by straps and buckles.

The latest merry-go-round has bi evcle saddles, handle-bars and pedals fastened to a circular frame, the riders propelling it themselves.

To transform ordinary trausers into Unickerbockers, cuffs are placed inside the legs, the bottom of the legs being felded flat inside the cuffs and held in place by straps and buckles.

Pneumatic hubs for bicycle wheels are composed of a heavy rubber easing surrounding the hub, to which the spoke heads are fastened, thus making a spring tire without the danger of **Dunctures**

A slot bicycle is in use in Glasgow for biring purposes. The cost is a penny for every five miles traveled, and if the wheelman neglects to drop in a penny at the end of each five miles the wheels

bell this time (goes to window), and there's Mr. Paget coming in-provok ing! I should have said: "Not a home;" too late now, and he must come in here; I can't leave the telephone! Not that I don't like Mr. Paget; I like him very much. I might have preferred him to Capt. Vavasour: but I have never seen any tendency in him to propose to me. Dear me, it's very awkward to have a visitor in the room when I'm expecting a telephonic pro-

posal, and I mean to accept it, at the top of my voice! (Enter Mr. Paget.) Mr. P. (very nervous and flurried)-How do you do, Miss Smith?-beg your pardon, Hyphen-Smith. Er-er-

lovely day, isn't it? Miss Smith (shaking hands with effusion)-Glad to see you; here is your favorite chair. Let me put your hat down in its accustomed corner.

Mr. P. (aside)-She is really a most charming woman. I wonder if she'll be surprised when I ask her to marry me. It's a little difficult to lead up to. but I like to get these awkward things over quickly. (Aloud, nervous)-Ahem -my dear Miss Smith-Hyphen-Smith -I-(Telephone bell rings; she rushe-

to it). Confound it, what's that! what's she doing? Miss S. (at telephone)-Yes; are you there? What? Is that Capt .- Mr who? I can't hear; speak louder

What? what? Six gross of screws. don't keep screws. Who do you want No, I'm 46. Mr. P.--Impossible!

Miss S .- What? what? Well, another time when you want 64 don't ring up 46! (Rings off in disgust and sits down.)

Mr. P.-My dear Miss Smith, may l ask what that instrument of torture is, and why you are shouting at it? Miss S .- Why, have you never seen a telephone?

Mr. P.-I suppose I've seen them in offices, but I've never met a-domesticated telephone-(aside) hope I never shall again. (Aloud) I don't care for these new-fangled things; I'm an oldfashioned fellow. Don't you find it a confounded nuisance?

Miss S.-No, indeed! It's the greatest comfort I possess. (Clock strikes; she jumps up, then sits.)

Mr. P .- Don't you find it a little jumpy? Bad for the nerves, ch? Miss S-Not in the least; most soothing.

Mr. P. (nervous)-My dear Miss Smith -Hyphen-Smith-you-you will be surprised to hear what brought me here to-day.

Mis S. (absently, looking at telephone)-Cab, I suppose. Mr. P .- You will be surprised to

hear-Miss S. (absently)-Oh, not at all.

Mrs. P .- Eh? I had no idea you had guessed my secret. Miss S .- Secret? what secret? Oh.

1 beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch what you were saying. I-I was listen-

Mr. P .- It is more! I ask you to be my (bell rings loudly, she rushes to telephone)-Damn the bell! That's all

Miss S. (at telephone)-Yos? are you there? Are you captain-what? Speak up, I can't hear! Four-wheeler? no-a Victoria. What? got a fit? the horse? What? not a fit? Then why do you keep a Victoria that's not fit to use! (Rings

off violently and sits down.) .Mr. P.-This is too bad. Miss Smithlet me tell you this is too much of a good joke! (Bell rings again, she rushes to telephone.)

Miss S. (at telephone)-Yes? what? still on? ring off? why did you ring on! (She rings off viciously.) Ah! (She falls into a chair and far (herself.) Mr. P. (furiously)-Where's my hat?

I'm going! Miss S. Going? why?

Mr. P.-Because I can't stand it any onger Miss S .- I'm sure I've done all the

standing! Mr. P. - Don't joke! it's beyond a joke.

Do you know what I was going to say to von?

Miss S.—The telephone didn't give me a chance. Mr. P. (with venom)-No. it's lost you a chance! I was going to ask you to marry me-to marry me, do you hear? Miss S. (strating up with outstretched hands)-To marry you! Oh,

Mr. Paget! Mr. P.-No, it's too late. I haven't asked you, and I never will now! (Her hands fail limply to her sides-she list enstin crushed silence.) Never will I usk a woman to marry me who is fool enough to domesticate a tame telephone in her drawing-room! Good-by -1 shall not call again. (He takes up

his hat and departs, smiling sardonical-Miss S. (sinking into a chair)-Oh dear, oh dear, I've lost him! Why didn't

I guess what he wanted to say, but I couldn't think of anything with that dreadful bell always going. Oh, my head! I feel quite dazed! I begin to think a telephone is a qualified bless ing. (Telephone bell rings.) Ah! this time it must be be! (She rushes to the telephone.) Yes? are you there? Is that Capt. Vavasour? Yes-yes. You are very unpunctual. What? can't hear -what? she was very unpunctual? 1 don't understand. I can't speak any louder, I'm shouting. Yes-yes-oh, yes! what? yes, oh, yes! I have always felt a deep interest in your happiness. (Aside.) Now it's coming. What? what? I can't hear you. What do you say? oh, yes, now I do! What? who? Miss who did you say? (her face falls.) No, I never met her. Does she live in New York? what? (she becomes vaguely alarmed.) What? Very what? oh! I'm not a judge of pretty girls. (Disgusted, and more and more alarmed.) What? what say? Ah! glad you are in such good spirits. Yes? yes? something to tell me? (her face brightens.) Oh, yes! do! Yes? yes? oh, yes!

What? what? accepted you? what do you mean? What? what? did you say marry her? Ah! (she shricks and drops

United States.

Sugar Pie.- Beat two cups of brown sugar with one-half cup of butter, three eggs and one-half cup of cream. Flavor with nutmeg. Bake in a rich crust.

Coconnut Pie-Beat one-fourth of a pound of butter and one-half pound of sugar together, add three eggs and onehalf pound of grated cocoanut. Beat all together. Bake in delicate puff Distr.

Rice Custard Pie.-Boil a teacupful of rice, take from the fire, drain off the water, add 1% pints of milk, three beaten eggs, a teacupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter. Flavor with lemon. Line deep pie pans, pour in the custard and bake in a hot oven.

Marlborough Pie-Roll six macaroons fine, add one cup of chopped apples, three eggs, a teacupful of cream, two tablespoonfuls of chopped citron and one-half teacupful of sugar. Mix well together. Line deep pans with puff paste, fill with the mixture and loke in a hot oven.

Jelly Pie.-Beat the yolks of three eggs with a cupful of cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a cupful of tart elly and a tablespoonful of butter. Line pie pans with rich paste, fill with the mixture and bake in a hot oven. When done, cover the top with meringue and set in the oven for one mintite.

Almond Cheese Cakes .- Mix one cupfol of cream, one cupful of milk curds, the volks of five eggs and one cupful of sugar, stir over the fire until thick, flavor with the pure extract of almond. Pour the mixture into tart tins lined with puff paste, and bake ten minutes in a very hot oven.-Housewife.

WILD HORSES.

Coaxing Domesticated Animals Away From Home.

Wild horses are getting to be quite numerous again on the flats in the Texas Panhandle and in Beaver county. They are very troublesome, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, as they lead away the horses belonging to the cow men. and grangers, and when a domesticated horse once gets with a wild bunch it is an all day's job and sometimes it takes several days to eatch him. The laziest old crowbait alive, or the gentlest family horse, after associating for a few days with these mustangs, seems to forget his raising; all the old-time wildness of his forefathers seems to crop out in him, and, although formerly he may have allowed himself to be caught anywhere, he will not then permit a man to get within a half mile of him. About the only way to reciver a horse of this kind is to run the entire bunch down and corral them, or to rope the ones wanted. Nearly all our stockmen have lost horses in this manner, and the mustang, instead of being looked upon with respect and with covctous eyes, as in the past, is now considered an intruder and a pest, and is shot down whenever opportunity offers. Since horses became so cheap there is no object in catching mustangs, and this once valuable representative of the best friend of man is now classed in the same category as the coyote and other "varmints."

A Philadelphia firm has just given an illustration of the advances made in building operations by crecting a steel chimney 217 feet high, in the remarkable time of ten weeks. This steel chimney has been erected at the Ridgewood pumping station, East New York, and can be seen for miles as it rears its slender stem high above every other object in the vicinity. Workmen are at present engaged in filling the big steel tube with brick, to prevent the heat of the great chimney injuring the metal. The chimney's foundation runs 25 feet into the ground at d is built of concrete, into which are sunk, to a depth of 18 feet, steel rods two inches in diameter. To these steel rods are bolted plates of cast iron two inches thick, and to these are fastened the steel plates that form the chimney. The chimney is 22 feet in diameter at the base, tapering at the top to eight feet, and in a high wind has about eight mehes sway. A brick chimney has a sway of from 12 to 15