And tinged them one by one? Did the cricket sing at thy christening,

When, in his warm embrace, He gave thee love from his fount above, And beauty, and cheer, and grace? He brightens the astere, but soon they

fade; He reddens the sumach tree; And the clematis loses its snowy bloom, But he's true as truth to thee.

Scattered on mountain top, or plain, Unseen by human eye, He turns thy fringe to burnished gold

By love's sweet alchemy. And then, when the chill November

And the flowers their work have done, Thou art still unchanged, dear golden

Bride of the autumn sun!

How do you like my aunt's new guest,

WOMAN'S WEAPONS.

Bruce?" "Saw nothing wonderful in her. She's not bad to look at I believe. Has a reputation as a flirt, if I don't mistake. I'm never taken by such girls, Cecil." Cecil Harrison laughed a little in his indolent, easy way, and his laugh was very good to hear.

You're never 'taken' by any sort of girl, he said cheerfully; but there's no use in that a man is happier without being in love, for he's not. I tell you, a good honest attack of love will make a man of any fellow. I'd like to see you hard hit, old fellow.

'You may live to see it; but if you do, the object of my affection will not be a society belle, a flirt, or the fashion, as Miss Aubrey told me our new arri-

"Flirt or no flirt, she's certainly the style of girl that is sure to play havoc with some poor fellow's heart.'

Bruce Carleton made a wry face. 'And no doubt she is at this moment loning her war-paint, with the laudable intention of making a tablet of yours or mine," he remarked carelessly. "I won-der if prudence would be the better part of valor in this instance? Would you join in a trip of a few weeks?"

"I would tell my aunt why you went, and give Miss Vernon a new triumph,' was the lazy answer, given with

"All right. Here I stay, and face Tate as bravely as I can. I am prepared to be dazzled by splendor surpassing that of Cleopatra, when our belle and beauty comes down. By the way, can would break it be long before dinuer? I'm fairly ferent way. famishing after that long tramp, by which I lost luncheon."

"Half an hour or so," Cecil answered. "Have a cigar? They're capital. Why, what was that?" "The door of the library swung to.

Are you growing nervous?" 'No, but I'm growing uncomforta-Some person was in there, and unmanly of us to criticise an absent

lady, and one who is young and lovely." fused darkness to her. "Oh, she'll get old and ugly soon enough, if that makes the matter any Aubrey put her head in at the door. answered Bruce car

But as he left his seat and went in through the window, there was an untell you." usual color on his face, for he had caught the sound of light footfalls, as | friend. well as the closing of the door, and was sure some ears had caught his unkind softly. "Do you care for him, Bella? I and uncourtly remarks, despite his told Cecil I didn't think you did." seeming indifference.

And he was right. A girl had stepped lightly over the threshold of the library in the very beginning of the con- | could help loving Bruce Carleton. But versation.

She went hurriedly across the room, placed a book among its fellows, and taken with such girls. I'm sure he was reading the titles of the others near would give his right hand to have that it, when the first remark I have chronicled reached her.

"Ah, they do think of us when we're a hope." not by!" she whispered, dimpling smiles on her face. "I have always thought ble remarks, and pleading for forgive-men could gossip, and here I am listen-ness," said Isabel softly. "He does not ing for a book."

But she did not make a selection from | may never meet." the volumes until after Bruce had exner. Then, with a saucy light in her how miserable I should be!" grey eyes, the girl took down her book, crossed the room, and allowing the door to close behind her noisily, ran swiftly up the stairs, not pausing until she stood before a door, at which she tapped

"May I come in Bella?" she called. And immediately the bolt was drawn, and a slender girl stood in the doorway, clothed like a young queen, in a rich robe of amber silk, which fell far behind her on the floor.

"Oh, shut the door, and let me tell you something!" cried the grey-eyed girl, eagerly. "And, oh, Bella, do take off that lovely dress, and put on something | my sex again. Now I must go down plain and prim! He said you were putting on your war-paint, and would try to dazzle like a Cleopatra. But I must

tell you! 'Yes, I think you must, unless you wish to confuse me hopelessly," said Miss Vernon, with a smile in her dark eyes, as she drew her visitor in and shut the door. "Now who said all this about me?

In five minutes Kate Aubrey had told all about the conversation which she had heard; and her listener's delicately cut face had colored with haughty anger for a moment; then mingling with the anger a touch of amusement shone in her dark eyes.

"Help me, Kate," she said laughingly. "I am my own maid to-day. We will disappoint that critical and charitable gentleman who expects such splendor. I wonder whether or not I will ever forgive him for his remarks? He is most

Within half an hour the two girls stood before Miss Bella's mirror, laughing at the slight maiden it reflected, clad in simple white cashmere, with no ornament about her.

"You look like a lily!" cried Kate; "or like a Puritan maiden on her wedding day! If you had a few flowers you

Vernon said, smiling at herself in the

mirror, then turning from it. Kate went to her room for a forgotten trifle, and Isabel Vernon went down to the drawing-room alone. Nobody had come down, save Bruce Carleton, who turned from a window as she

She did not seem to see him, but went straight to the mantle, on which masses of bloom were gathered in vases, and began selecting a few flowers.

entered.

He followed her immediately. "The vases are high for you," he "May I lift one down, or get you the flowers you want?" She looked at him calmly, arranging

the blossoms in her fingers without heed. Her dark eyes met his own so clearly, so indifferently, that somehow he was piqued.

"Thank you; I have all I want," she said quietly. "You are very kind, Mr. Carelton; but let me assure you that a woman never prizes an act of gallantry so highly as she does a charitable word or thought given her in absence."

A hot color burned in his face. Had she heard herself reviled by him? But before he had found words to answer, she had fastened the blossoms at her throat and gone forward to meet | ed opening in front of him. Kate, who was entering.

He watched her, and as he watched, a desire to stand well in her eyes grew. Surely rumor had belied her, when it said she was cold and cared only for to say what he had of her scarcely an ed, dimpled cheeks and little, white hour before! Now she would never be teeth. his friend; and surely there were depths in those dark eyes of hers, curves in her red lips, power in her white brow.

He had seen no beauty in her the night before, but suddenly, with the her demand. knowledge that she must despise him, "You wo came the conviction that this girl, in her simple robe of white, with only a few roses by way of ornament, was

very, very beautiful. He could not help watching her during the whole evening, as he watched he felt more and more convinced that the rumor had wronged her—that she was no coquette, seeking approval, but a true woman, winning homage uncon-

Kate Aubrey, who seemed to be on very confidential terms with Cecil, whispered to him, as they were parting for the night:

"Mr. Carleton may call Bella a flirt, or anything he may like, but as true as fate he is falling in love with her." "I hope so," Cecil laughed, easily. "He was too sure he was invulerable."

On the morrow the pleasant party would break up, and each one go a dif-

Autumn was reddening the world; yet, under the moonbeams, it looked like a world of shadows to Belle Vernon as she stood at her window, looking abroad.

A long letter, which she had read again and again, was in her hands; a ing for all that. smile of exquisite sweetness was on her lips; her dark eyes were dim, but very may have heard all we said. It was soft and tender, through the tears that made the outside world suddenly a con-

> Then, after a low little knock, Kate "May I come in?"

The girl came and stood beside her "I think I know what it is," she said

"And what did Mr. Harrison say?" "That there wasn't a finer fellow in the world, and he didn't see how you I knew you had not forgiven him for calling you a flirt, and saying he wasn't speech unsaid now, and I do pity the

poor fellow. Cecil says he hasn't even 'He wrote me, owning his uncharitatoo, and says that after to-morrow we

"Poor fellow! You will say a few pressed himself as being prepared to be kind words to him, will you not, Bella? dazzled by the splendor of Miss Ver- It is not so sad to love one who doesn't non's attire when she appeared at din- return it! If Cecil didn't care for me,

"But you wear Cecil's ring, dear. You are very happy instead." "Yes, I am very happy. But poor Carleton—I pity him so!"

Miss Vernon smiled. "Because I am going down to tell him that he is forgiven, and that his love is dear to me? Little Katie I am as happy as yourself!"
'You do not mean-

"I mean that, in trying to punish Bruce for his unkind sayings concerning me, I lost my heart to him. Yes, Kate. Is it foolish? I do not think so, for I know he will never say a rude thing of and give my answer to his letter. Congratulate me, for I am very happy. Fate conquers us all, little friend!"

The Eumor of American Towns.

One would naturally suppose that any people would be serious when they named their towns and postoffices, and not bestow names that would make respectable communities ridiculous. Such, however is not the case. A glance at the Postal Guide reveals the oddest collection of names ever printed in one book. Georgia has Ball Ground, Hard Cash, Ty Ty, Jug Tavern, Enigma, Alligator, Pumpkin, Pay Up, Snapfinger, and Hat. California has You Bet, and Port Wine. In Tennessee we find Sweet Lips, Defeated, Regret, Peanut, Quiz and Tut. West Virginia has Gin, Mud, Sammy, and Left Hand. In Florida, Sopcheppy looms into prominence, and Bumble Bee, Big Bug, and Total Wreck are conspicuous in Arizona. A sentimental place in North Carolina is called Matrimony. Texas tempts fate with a Cyclone. Kentucky proudly claims Rabbit Hash, Jamboree, and Cut Shin.

would do; but you are looking your very best, Bella dear; plain attire becomes you,"

"I'll get a flower or two downstairs; the vases are [all] of fresh ones." Miss

In experiments with cast gears it was found that when dry the loss by friction was about 35 per cent. of the total power, but when thoroughly lubricated this loss was reduced to 13 per cent.

And as Mrs. Cum

Leslie Lord's Conspiracy.

Mr. John Clifford looked over the walnut and plate glass railing around his "office" in the corner of the counting room of the Hue and Cry just as a sweet, ringing laugh from the composng room opposite came to his ears.

"It's Leslie Lord—that is," Peter Furman, the foreman, said, as he saw the look of inquiry on Mr. Clifford's face. "As pretty a girl as ever stepped in shoes, but spoiled and humored until she thinks she can do as she likes." Mr. Clifford looked through the open door-he was the new bookkeeper, just

entering upon his duties that morning. "So that is Miss Lord-the young lady with the round, white arms and shining teeth, and the hair piled in a gold-colored mass on the top of her head? Well, Furman, she is rather good looking-certainly not as handsome as one would be led to think from

your description.' Several hours later, when Mr. Clifford was thinking it was nearly time for supper, a merry clatter of boot heels sounded on the floor, coming toward his office, and he looked up to see Miss Leslie Lord standing at the dome-shap-

"Mr. Clifford," she said, with a graceful little arch of her pretty eyebrows-'at least, I suppose it is Mr. Clifford,

the new bookkeeper?" "I am at your service," he respondconquest. What an idiot he had been ed, looking straightforward at the flush-

> "I would like to have an advance on Saturday night's pay, if you please.' The "if you please" was very much at variance with the imperiousness of

> "You would like an advance?" he reiterated gravely, somewhat surprised. Leslie gave a provoked little toss of her head and tapped her gloved finger

on the plate glass shelf. "That is what I said, I believe." "Am I to understand it is the custom in this office to advance money to the employees upon all occasions?"

"I don't know anything about what the employees do; I know I always receive an advance when I ask it." Mr. Clifford closed his day book

"I think the rules of the office forbid such a precedent, Miss Lord. Frank," to the office boy busily directing the mail, "just light up, will you?"

Leslie stood perfectly, astonished at the polite yet cavalier treatment she had received. The idea! This new man putting on such airs to her-the acknowledged belle and beauty of the girls who sat type in the Hue and Cry composing room

Frank lighted the gas and Mr. Clifford began counting the money in the cash box, while Leslie, in a passion, stood watching him.

"You don't intend to let me have it?" she said presently in a low, indignant voice that was irresistibly charm-

"Certainly not-you nor any one." And Leslie sent him one look perfectly savage with anger.

An hour later, in the midst of a driving rainstorm, Mr. Clifford stepped out of the street-car in a pretty lonely suburb of the city to which he was an entile stranger, and after looking about him several minutes, sans umbrella or overshoes, he began dimly to realize that he did not know which of the halfdozen houses in sight was the one where

his new landlady, Mrs. Rawson, lived. "A charming position to find one's self in," he thought as the rain soaked through his clothes and he discovered that the mud was disagreeably uncertain to wade through, especially in the

darkness. I'll make a bee-line for the nearest light," he decided, and forthwith set out for a little cottage not so appallingly far off, where he arrived in due time, and shivering with the cold dampness of his clothes, he was cheered by the prompt opening of the door by a placidfaced elderly lady, who answered him in the cheeriest, most unconventional fashion.

ing to two of them gossiping about one of us. No, I'm not listening; I'm lookme of his love, he bids me pardon that think of going away up there in such a storm as this? Come in and let me see if I can't make you comfortable for awhile. I've got a boy just about your age somewhere in the west, and if he should be out in the storm-"

Her mother love was sweet and strong on her gentle, womanly face, and he stepped in gladly yet reluctantly.
"I am so muddy and dripping. I am Clifford, bookkeeper at the Hue and

Cry office, ma'am, and a stranger in the city." His hostess insisted on his going in, and in less than no time he was feeling decidedly comfortable beside the open

fire in borrowed slippers and rapidly drying clothes. "The new bookkeeper of the Hue and Cry office, I think you said? My niece works there, and she's been talking about the 'new man' for a week or so. I believe all the girls were anxious to

see you, Mr. Clifford." The kindly lady bustled about to get she took the lamp out with her while she broiled the ham.

"You won't mind sitting in the firelight a minute or two, I know. We're poor folks, and have to economize in

And a second after the lamp had gone, and the savory odor of the boiling knowledge and love of one another. ham floated into his hungry sense, a side door opened and somebody came in, bringing a cool, rainy feeling with her-for it was a girl in water-proof

and rubbers. "I came so near staying at Jenny Ball's for supper, auntie-I would have | cases, these apparently useless discoverstayed, only I was afraid you would be worried about me. We did have so much to talk about," and a saucy little tions. He finds that a burning gas jet laugh rippled through the dusk as she is sensitive to words spoken near it, and plumped herself down on the floor to can be made to repeat them as plainly somest fellow, with-oh-heavenly eyes, by various sounds, which can be photoand a lovely mustache, but he is too graphed, and thus preserved for refermean and hateful for anything—to me, auntie, you would not believe it; would you? Well, we girls'll punish him! We've made a conspiracy between us, and I'm to make him fall in love with me—I can, I know—and then F am to meject him haughtily and let—Auntie, have you been in the cellar all this time. have you been in the cellar all this time

the head of the cellar stairs Leslie Lord picked up the lamp and carried it back into the little dining-room, while Mr. Clifford arose from his easy chair as the lamp light and Leslie's amazed looks fell upon him simultaneously.

He laughed as he extended his hand, while Leslie, bewildered beyond measure, stood stock still in the middle of the room, lamp in hand, her cheeks flushing painfully.

"Pray forgive me. I certainly did not mean to be so hateful, I assure you Miss Lord. Won't you allow me to relieve you of the lamp? and thenplease begin at once the part of the program you are to fill in the conspiracy against me. I can promise you it will be most agreeable to me."

"I-didn't-know you were here, Leslie stammered hysterically, and then she did the best possible thing under the circumstances—laughed heartily. "I dare say I shall never hear the last

of it," she said. "Well, Mr. Clifford, I can stand it if you can.' "If you will let me, I will stay the remainder of the evening and try," he

returned, gravely. Well, he stayed, and Leslie was most bewitching, and after he had gone nome she went to bed and cried herself to sleep for very shame at her stupid.

"He will despise me, I know he will," she sobbed to herself, "and he is just But instead of despising her Mr. Clifford asked her to marry him six months

afterward. "I will say 'Yes,' just because I like to be contrary," she laughed. "I said I'd reject you haughtily, and instead I'll accept you-

She hesitated with a little glance at his handsome face. "Because I will not take 'No' for an answer?" he suggested, drawing her face to his breast.

"Because I do love you," was her reply, low and sweet. And that was the delightful end of Leslie's little conspiracy.

SOME STRANGE HANDS.

There is a Great Deal of Character in Them if we Only Knew it.

Hands reveal habits, occupations, trades. A crop of them rises at the thought, like the show thrust up from a crowd in honor of a candidate after an election speech. There is the carpenter's, with the broad thumb, and those of the fraternity of flour, ingrained, mealy and white; the musician's, with the powerful wrist and the fingers delicate, sensitive, and agile to the last degree; the hand of the seamstress, with an honorable little bit of nutmeg hard; of the scientific man, who lectures to explain mysteries to lower mortals. and whose exactitude of touch is the image of his mental precision, while the nervous stretch of his fingers cor-

responds with his tension of mind. The sleight-ot-hand professor is a man of long fingers. A conjurer with a slow any great quantity of food. and chubby hand would betray the awnds tells the age

world. Yet the girl's hand will become a treasure, and the boy's hand will battle with life and with his fellow-men tions; don't try to take in the whole for the mastery. It is appalling to scenery from one window, and under think of what those helpless little puff-

balls have before them. ward hands that don't know what to do with themselves. Years pass, the boy's hand ceases to grumble at gloves freshness, in comparison as his collars grow upward, and his shoes tighten within an inch of his life. The result of these phenomena is that a ring begins to shine with charming strangeness on another hand, that seemed a child's but yesterday. The young wife tells by her hands that it is not long since the wedding, because she cannot let that new ring alone, but twists it the start have much to do with the around for the novelty and admires it comforts of a trip. with an unconscious knack of caressing it in idle moments. Her dimples disappear as the children gather to make a | ance of it, for it is the best medicine in

Dimples, bones and wrinkles mark the three stages of life's progress. With of nausea. If vomiting follows try was a very old man, he could still fill a are beef tea well seasoned with redglass of water to the last possible drop and hold it up steadily brimful. The helpful hands keep their youthful activity, too, far into the withering age. And in nobly loving natures there is a sort of immortality of youth; the warmth of affection has given more than a royal prerogative; the hand is beautiful always to the eyes that know the supper ready in the little kitchen, and at the latest stage of proceedings stamp it with the impress of a longer past of tenderness, faithfulness and bounty. It is not the "old" hand but the "dear" hand, and it never grows older, but only more dear. He who doubts the truth of this last mystery has not yet found out that hands as well as hearts have a peculiar place in our

Professor C. A. Bell's investigations noises upon jets of water or of gas have as yet a theoretical, rather than a practical, importance; but, as in many other water, and preserved for an undefinite time for future reproduction, besides And as Mrs. Cummings appeared at | many other absurdities.

HINTS ON TRAVELING.

Secrets of Comfortable Traveling to Be Found in Light Luggage and Simple Habits.

It only takes one railroad trip to teach bundles and enjoy herself. Freight and postal rates are so cheap and amiability so rare a charm that it is hard to understand why the gentle race will economize on baggage at such enormous expenditure of temper. It does not pay to make a pack-horse of one's self for the sake of a pot of fuschia or a cage full of canary-feathers and bird seed. The pets are only permissable when the drudgery to which she had been there is a maid or messenger boy to look after them, and if the officers of the "I am going the girl said quietly "I Humane Society were as ubiquitous as they should be, the hundred odd women who carry birds, owls, squirrels, dogs and kittens from one State to another would be arraigned before a justice of the peace on the charge of cruelty to animals.

All any woman wants, unless she has a family of small children to take care els, and the laces, which are paid for for, is a single hand-bag and possibly a with my dead father's money. I have shawl-strap. The bag will only provide for night-robes, handkerchiefs, bottle, filled with rose-water and glycer- Forrester. ine, will be found invaluable by women who have a care for their complexion, and what woman has not? Veils may be worn, but unless they are smothering in thickness will not keep off the "I shall go to Mrs. Forreste dust and soot. The water usually pro- she replied with decision. vided by raffroad companies is either too hard or too meager for general use, a reply and sought her chamber. Sadly and a wash of rose-water and glycer- she turned over the few articles of ine, in the proportion of 3 to 1, will be clothing in her closet and then turned to

found soothing and refreshing. Don't hope to be neat or lock nice never be tempted to break in a new soft and rich; her mother had worn the gown. There are plenty of nice cotton dress as a bride, in a far away time goods, such as canvas, etamine, and sat- when she had gone to the altar, it was teen, which make admirable trayeling crushed and scamed and some of the dresses, though hardly as serviceable or luster had left it, but still the quaint Summer silks are a drug in the market ground of amber, and as the girl shook and incomparable for this purpose.

Beside being cheap they are cool, light, and always pretty. trous in the winter sunlight. "I will wear that," she said. In this country it is hardly possible to get a toothsome railroad lunch. The station meals are execrable and the dining-car bills of fare do not begin to be tempting. Usually there are buffet lunches which cost little and however simple have the charm of being palatable. The menu includes very good grater on the forefinger that works so tea, ales and light wines; cold meats such as game, tongue, beef, ham and poultry, occasionally a salad; fruits in season; cheese ad lib, and an excellent quality of bread and butter. It is a mistake to count on heavy meals because there being no exercise the body is not in a condition to digest readily

The book was intentionally omitted ful secrets of the plum pudding that is from the satchel. Illustrated papers go taken from the depths of your best hat. unchallenged but no traveler who has a beauty, smilingly; "I knew she wouldn't But besides character and trade, the proper regard for his sight will abuse it off and round, by trying to read on a flying car. It is the baby's pair of puff-balls, with their good to get acquainted with one's self fat wrists deeply ringed, appear as if occasionally and there is no more opthey never can do anything in this portune time than on a journey by rail. If you desire to make an impression

or good sense, keep quiet; ask no quesno circumstances cultivate acquaintances. The quiet traveler is usually After the first dimples they become the cosmopolitan. If you know where the inky hands of school; then the awk- you want to go, and have intelligence enough to comprehend a railroad map, questions are needless. As for making acquaintances, don't-because the peo--yea, he wears them in extravagant ple who are anxious to meet you you may not care to know, and those you would be proud to meet are too well-

bred to be presumptuous. It will be a saving of physical strength not to travel by night, unless time is a consideration.

Never venture on a journey without an umbrella and rubbers. Plenty of time and a hearty meal at

On a sea voyage expect to be sickvery, very sick, but don't make a penhome circle; it is the hand of the wo- the whole catalogue of therapuetics. It man now its very framework trace- is useless to hope to cure the disease. It must be made the most of. When overcome, lie on the back. Eat in spite the wrinkled stage the steadiness of some other article of food, and keep on youth often remains in resolute charactrying till something is selected that the ters. When the Duke of Wellington body can digest. Hot tea is good; so pepper, crackers, and raw beef finely chopped, seasoned and rolled in bread crumbs. Lemons, fruits, and stimulants are worthless, and dainties are no good at all. If not sea sick live on a light diet, or prepare for dyspepsia or a

billious attack. For ocean travel woolens are neces sary the year round for day and night wear. Even in a lake trip one wants an overcoat for mid-summer, and ten months in the year a flannel night robe is worth the ship's cargo.

Scals As Pets.

A friend sends a message this month about some Indian boys of the Makah tribe, who live at Neah Bay. To find that place, by the way, you must go just behind Cape Flattery, wherever into the influence of musical notes and that queer-named cape may be. The deacon says most likely it's a dangerous cape, judging from its title, Well, it seems that the Makah boys have pets and a form of amusement denied to most youngsters. In midsummer great quantities of fur seals approach the shores in that region, and are chased in canoes and killed by the men of the tribe for the sake of both the hides and take off her rubbers. "The new book- as a telephone. Similarly, a jet of wa- the flesh. With them come many lit-keeper came, auntie—just the hand- ter is thrown into peculiar undulations the "pup" seals, some of which are tle "pup" seals, some of which are always captured and taken home. Tying strings around the necks of these "pups." the Indian, boys make them swim in the surf just outside the break-ers, and tow their cances across the ment called the cylindograph. A semibay, and even after them up the rivers. In short, the Indian lads have a world of fun with those gentle and graceful water-dogs.

Every child walks into existence through the golden gate of love.

The Old Brocade.

The Forresters had arranged for a ball inviting their neighbors and friends to welcome the son and heir from his travels. Of course Mrs. Lowell and her daughter, Hortense received their cards, a woman that she can't travel with for the elder lady was a power in the vicinity and daughter the beauty of

But what was their surprise when little Vala, Mrs. Lowell's step-daughter, held up a gilt-edged invitation, too, with a certain expression in her purple eyes which made them known that for once their Cinderella would leave the ashes and the dish-washing and all

"I am going the girl said quietly. "I knew Gerald Forrester before he went away, and I'M not remain home from his mother's ball; I know you want me too, but I'll not." "You have a dress perhaps?" sneered

Hortense. "I have not," said Vala, hotly: "it is you that have the dresses, and the jewnothing; all the same, I am going."

"Then your fairy godmother shal collars and cuffs, one or two vials of furnish you with finery," said Mrs. medicine in case of accident and such Lowell in the hard, cold voice that used toilet articles as are deemed indispensa-ble. One vial should provide for a cor-not know." "I cannot afford two ball dial or stimulant of some sort, for at no costumes, and of course Hortense must time is the system more likely to be dis- have a new one. Perhaps it would be turbed than on the road. A second as well for you to send regrets to Mrs.

Vala's whole pretty, impulsive face flushed hotly; the Spanish blood which she had a little of burned in her delicate

"I shall go to Mrs. Forresters's ball," She left the room without waiting for

look at her dead mother's faded dresses, At last, wifh trembling fingers, Vala without a duster of some sort, and drew forth a mass of shimmering stuff, satisfactory as a light cloth would be. figures of blue could be traced on the out the folds they shone rich and lus-

> "Mamma, he is delightful; I am to dance with him again presently," said Hortense to her mother after Gerald

> Forrester had led her back and left the two alone. Mrs. Lowell; it was not wonderful that the young man should admire her daughter, for Hortense was like a flower in her silver-bath dress with clusters of lilies here and there and one in her golden hair and Gerald was a tall, handsome, self-possessed young man cultured

being an only child; so the scheming mother smiled pleasantly, a gigantic cactle erecting itself in her busy brain. "I am glad Vala didn't make a fuss make a sensati

and sure to inherit his paternal wealth,

crying her eyes out at this moment. But as Hortense took her place on the floor three figures entered the room. Once she recognized as Mrs. Ballow, another as Leone her daughter; the third, a pretty, piquant, slender girl in blue and amber brocade-could it be her

step-sister? "The sly minx!" she thought setting her white teeth, "she shall regret this piece of insolence or I mistake mamma." Perhaps she would have been less angry had she not seen Gerrald Forrester hasten forward, greet the new comers cordially, and offer his arm to Vala; it was not at all agreeable to her to see Cinderella led down the long room by the prince until they found places in a set; but what could she do? Simply pre-

tend to see nothing and smile bewitch The dance ended; another followed: and still the lion of the evening lingered near Vala, Mrs, Lowell received a whisper from her daughter and opened her eyes widely. However, after a time she went up to Vala and tapped her

playfully on the shoulder. "You are dancing too much my dear," she said sweetly; "I must insist on your resting." Vala's lips curled. "You grow careful of me," she said coldly. "I am not tired and have

promised to dance everything before

"Very well," still very sweetly; "do not tire yourself, my love; and we go home immediately after supper." "Yes," said Vala, "I do not go until the ball is over.'

Mrs. Lowell if she could conceal her anger could not control her curiosity. 'Where did you get such an expensive dress?" she whispered. "I made it out of mamma's wedding

dress," said Vala; "you wouldn't get me one, you know." "Hush!" cau-tioned her mother, "Mr. Forrester will "That won't matter for I told him all about it," smiled Vala and then she was claimed by Gerald, and Mrs. Lo-

well was fairly green with chagcin, The following morning Mrs. Lowell undertook to lecture the girl and Hortense put in a few cutting sarcasms, but this family scene was cut short by Gerald's calling and taking Vala for a ride

behind his thoroughbred. Mrs. Lowell watched the young people from the window and spoke over her shoulder to her daughter. "He's falling in love with her," she

said angrily; "and I can do nothing to prevent it. And the end which she foresaw came to pass, for in the spring Gerald Forrester and Vala were married, and the bride wore the identical blue and amber brocade which she had worn at her first ball because Gerald wished it.

Pauoramic photographs in connection circuler cylindar, having a small lens in the centre, moves on an axis, and is provided with a dark slide of some material that bends without breaking When a view is to be taken the lens is moved from one side of the landscape to the other.