CONSTERNATION.

The honsewife woke with sudden fright, About the hour of two. And, trembling, lay with gasping breath

Not knowing what to do. All sorts of plans for safety sped Like lightning through her brain But still she was inanimate,

Held fast by terror's chain Was there a burglar down below

Revealed by latch's click, That made her heart almost stand still And every fibre sick?

Was creaking step upon the stair, Had baby ceased to breathe, That she should take this Russian bath Or creeping chills receive?

Was smell of smoke within the house, Had she forgot her prayers? Oh, no, she simply had not brough

The silverware up stairs!



in the world!" said Olive Ogilvie, en- and protection of my love over the one husiastically.

ton. "People didn't use to talk so of me but one word of encouragement stepmothers in my day !"

"But then you see," retorted Olive, with the air of one who effectually Mrs. Ogilvie answered, hesitatingly. silences argument, "there never was exactly such a stepmother before.

"She's not ten years older than your- already, surely?" self !" said Miss Jane Barrington.

pursuits so heartily."

"She married your poor, dear pa of going out as a governess," uttered of my heart?" Miss Jane Barrington with acerbity.

"It is false!" cried Olive. "She

"Humph!" said Miss Jane Barring- set." ton. "You're bewitched, I see. So they passed on, and Olive, wait-Ogilvie; see if you don't. Perhaps her languid way back to the hotel. you haven't noticed ____."

with spirit, as the malicious spinster herself. "I allowed myself to be paused a second.

Barrington, fanning herself, and roll- a fool-a fool I have been! Yet if it

"Perceived what?" demanded Miss trusted you so entirely! Ogilvie, impatiently. "Oh, dear, how the children are getting on with their against her own. stone grotto."

a tallen tree, sat Mrs. Ogilvie, in her deep mourning robes, her face turned wistfully upward, while, in an attitude of the intensest devotion, Albert Stanfield leaned over her.

Olive Ogilvie did not mean to listen ; she was an honorable girl, with a keen sense of delicacy; but all volition seemed gone from her at the moment. She leaned, pale and trembling, up minutes, which afterwards wash off against a tree, and could not but hear with fresh water. The result of this is the words spoken within a stone's a soft, c'ear skin, which anyone who throw of her.

the treasure of your love," said Mrs. Ogilvie, softly; "but I do not know whether I am justified in accepting your offer."

"Dear Mrs. Ogilvie-"

"No--stop," said the widow, resolutely motioning him away, as he would have drawn nearer to her. "Are you not premature? Have you reflectou how very, very brief a period of time has elapsed since Mr. Ogilvie was aid in his grave?"

"I have forgotten nothing," the ardent lover made reply. "Nor do I deem it any disrespect to the dead in "She is the sweetest, dearest creature that I would fain extend the tenderness who was dearest to him in life. Say "Humph!" said Miss Jane Barring- that you will grant my prayer. Give and I shall be happy."

"I must have time for reflection," "Time! time!" Stanfield impatiently retorted. "You have had time enough

" But this is a matter of such vitat "And that is the very reason that importance, Albert, you must rest conshe sympathizes in all my interests and tented if I promise you your answer tomorrow.'

"You will not forget the truth and for a home, and to avoid the necessity sincerity of my love - the deep loyalty in small quantities, not to exceed a and barberry leaves; in his hand he

"I will remember it all, Albert; only let us return to the hotel now. Olive married him because she loved him." will miss us, and it grows toward sun-

You're noder the glamour, if ever ing in a sort of dull, dead passiveness woman was. But you'll have a dis- for them to disappear through the agreeable awakening some day, Miss green wilderness of the leafy dell, took

"And I believed that he loved me." "Noticed what;" exclaimed Olive, she kept repeating over and over to duped by the tender tones of his voice. "O, never mind," said Miss Jane the dark light of his eyes! Oh, what

ing her eyes. "I'm not one to make had been any other hand than hers to mischief. If you haven't perceived it dash the bright cup from my lips! Oh, mamma! mamma! And I loved and

Poor Olive! It was like a new I do hate these mysterious hints and phase of life's bitterness and treachery dark innuendoes! If you've got any- to this petted darling to find out with thing to say, Miss Barrington, do say such startling abruptness that there it out, and have done with it. If not, were other hopes and joys and inter-I'll go down to the river and see how ests in the world clashing sharply

us driven to the wall, Miss Jane around her. Here was the bright She sat down and looked helplessly ago-it did not seem to her as if she could ever touch it again. There was Barrington, "I am the last one to pro- the unfinished novel. She did not

THE TOILETTE.

The It lion ladies have a sovereign

remedy against the ravages occas one t by sea-water and air, which is the tollowing: Take the white of a fresh egg, well besten; wash and bathe the face, hands, and arms with this albumen, leaving it to dry on the skin for a few has not tried it cannot imagine; this "Believe me, Albert, I appreciate method has the advantage of being harmless, and very simple, and at the same time removes all tan and roughness. So many washes, creams, &c., are now being used which only injure the skin and yet do not succeed in u aking people believe that the complexion

is lovely and genuine. The above is the best thing to use in hot, sunny weather. In winter give your face a Ru-sian bath-that is, wash it with water as hot as you can bear it, and then a minute afterwards with cold water, which will make it glow. Drv it w th a soit towel as if it were delicate china. Do not use a rough towel, and your skin will remain firm and soft as a child's. If you are travelling, wash your face as seldom as possible. A little tincture of benzoin in water is the best thing-lait virgin le, as he French call it-and brightens the complex.on wonderfully.

IN THE BOUDOIR.

Those who write decrying cold cream, of which there are complaints of late, will hardly find accord with me. The dainty old toilet necessary has healed too many wind-burnt 1 ps and chapped hands for generations of beauties to have a disrespectful word said of it. But there must be care used in cold knught in armor, astride of a miniature cream as well as everything else for the toilet. It must be fresh, and only kept | yellow lilies, red and white roses, box month's use

Almond oil, delicate as it is, pharmacy cantions us is the readiest of all and blue corn-flowers. Two little oils to grow rancid, especially in ordin-ary temperatures. Much almond oil sold is kept too long in the shops, even sprays and small paims. if pure, and ever so slightly rancid will work harm and irritation to a delicate skin or to scratched and wind-burnt surfaces. To be sure of the oil one wants to get it at one of the French places where they have a press an l gr nd the oil from the nuts before your ey s. Then too, I an sorry to find that rosewater, that comparison of bland-ness, in sad fact sours by keeping or grows musty, as you can verify by much tha passes for rosewater in sho s. It is the nature of the sweet thing, it is too delicate to keep long without care, or being made ever so much stronger- visit. than any but those ladies who make for

their oan use take the pains for. Given choice materials, however, an ounce or two to last three or four weeks is all that should be kept on hand. It is nonsense to expect the large jars of half a pound or more to keep nice in ladies' warm chambers and dre-singrooms. Cold-cream used to keep better in the icy Paritan bedrooms, where girls froze their toes saying their prayers and fires were only known in sickness. A glass jar of cold cream, frequantity opened in a warm room or closet, may be expected to keep sweet just as long as a jar of unsalted butter. and you know how soon that would go Thin glass is too good a conductor of heat to be advisable for keeping toilet creams, which preserve their quality best in thick queensware or pottery like the quaint blue and yellow figured ware of the old Italian apothecaries. which is the delight of collectors. What those apothecaries did not know about their craft, especially in cosmetics, is hardly worth telling, and they showed this in the thickness of their cerate and ointment pots. Wood is also good to keep ointments in with little change in temperature, were it not for the grease in most of them. An ointment, pomade or cream that cleaves clean from the side of the jar or box is a very nice thing of its kind. But there is another reason why cold cream isn't what it used to be, malgre the cold bed-rooms and the prayers. It is a pity that cream which is so fine grained-they beat it with an eggwhip, my dear, not the old fashioned stirring with a silver spoon-and so deliciously fragrant is guiltless of a particle of rose water, its place being taken by a few drops of rose oil and glycerine. Now glycerine is variable in character, and more often than not very impure and tinctured with irritating substances, which neither smell nor affect the skin pleasantly. The smell of most glycerine is enough to deter one from giving it a place on the toilet table. Vegetable glycerines are the safest to use, for much animal fat used in soapmaking is of too doubt ul quality and the separation of the glyce ine too carel ssly done to recommend it. After reading the processes for separating glycerine from soapfat and lanolin from the scurvy refuse of wool factories, I do not care to use either on my skin while there are unctions of eleaner origin. Vegetable glycerine from nut oils that are not rancid have a wholesome start, and with due purifying and redistilling commend themselves. But you can see why cold cream smelling like the vale of roses itself, its rich scent hiding almond oil a little turned and glycerine no better than it should be, improved by keeping six weeks on your toilet near the register may be capable of effects like impure soap and only soothe as it is first put on.

like the effect. Ff course it smells delicion ly and feels grateful, and if you put it on your hands with kid gloves over or on your face, and 1 t it atone, the old way, it won't come to much harm. But use either landon or cold cream faithfully with massage for a season and you will wish you hadn't. It is far better to use the oil and the massage on the body and let the face benent by refle action. But that is a subject for further consideration.

THE FEAST OF ROSES.

A remarkably pretty festival and parade took place two summers ago in the Royal Botanic Gardens, in London. The floral procession was in imitation of a similar show in the carnival at Nice, Italy, and consisted of a number of carriages and horses profusely decorated with fresh flowers. One equipage was a victoric and pair wit i French marigolds all over the horses' backs and heads the wheels were adorned w th white and yellow flowers, and inside were two ladies in saliron gowns trimmed with flowers. Another carriage was ornamented with four thousand crimson Jacqueminot roses and sprays of asparagus foliage. A village pony c rt. covered with white, pink and yellow Glorie de Dijon roses, was driven by a little girl dressed in white, with a sash of pink roses and roses in

her hat. A rony-phaston was fringed with white likes, on a body of red gladioli, with a canopy of La France roses, and *ampelopsis vcitchii*, and driven by a young lady in a white dress festooned with white and crimson roses. Next, a Shetland pony, saddled with yellow and white roses, danced past flicking a glorious white tail, and followed by a little boy dressed as a

e ed with a martingale of red gladiolis, held the "Union Jack," made of double red geraniums, white acacia blossoms sprays and small paims.

Aj art from the procession, flowers prevailed everywhere, way-poles and arches in the ground and rosenearly every one of the eight thousand visitors wore a bouque .

The procession was reviewed members of the royal family, and the Princess o Wales distributed prizes for the most fasteful decorations. Soon after this procession a similar

one, in which g iden rod was very prominent, took place at Bar Harbor, Maine, in honor of the President's Perhaps, next summer, some enter-

WORKIY

prising New Yorker will get up a flower festival in Central Park.

I. 8. Why Not.

The most disagreeable part of the ing for more. The violets must be routine of housekeeping



EARNING MONEY WITH FLOWERS.

"The meanest flower that blows, can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," Wordsworth,

In continuation of our articles on floriculture for women, we give this week th experience of a young woman as parrated to a writer for the Washington Star:

"Five years ago I bought a little farm near Anacostia, called it 'Rose Acres' and st rted in merely for amusement's sake with a few rose bushes and some other plants. After a while I found that it would produce money also. So I planted more and more, until at pres nt I have between three and four thousand rose bushes of the choicest varieties.

On the day before last Decoration day, I picked and sold 5,000 roses from my own place.

"I am extravagantly fond of roses, but violets are more profitable. On the day before Christmas I picked and dyspepsia will be vistsed upon the sold 3,200 violets at 2 cents apiece; that children to the third and fourth genis, \$61 worth. They were worth the highest price then, but they never bring less than 1 cent apiece. To raise them is quite easy. I have 320 glass prudently and keep the laws of health. mashes under which the violets bloom 3. Remember thy bread to bake the all winter long. In May I have a lot of fresh ground plowed and prepared, and in it I plant all my violets, taken from beneath the sashes for the purbedecked boats on the lake, while pose. Then I simply take up the sash es and cover the newly planted violets with them and the work is done. In October they begin to bloom and continne all through the winter, so th t 1 can pick them every day and send the flowers to market. All of my volet plants come from one little pot that I bought at the Center Market five years They are made to multiply by 8 0. dividing the roots, so that a single lant token up in the spring will supply a score or more. I sell my flowers sending them to the florists in Washin ton or very often in New York. Prices are higher in New York, so that it usually pays to express them on. I expressed some thi her origina ly on speculation and I got immediate replies praising their quality and ask-

picked alw vs in the afternoon, becaus I TUG family laundering, and usually it is the otherwise they lose their perfume.

poor and barren acre was given to the younger son.

The elder soon squandered his property in riotons living while the younger became a desolate wanderer. One day, becoming foot sore and weary, he lay down beside the brook and slept, when there appeared to him a spirit or water-nymph who told him to take of the bulbs and flowers which grew freely about him and plant them in his barren field, when if he would love and care for them they would make his fortune.

On awaking he followed the suggestion and up on New Year's day his once desolate garden presented such a wilderness of bloom that people came from far and near to see. He sold the bulbs to the rich for fabulous sums and gave them away to the poor for sweet charity's sake. Becoming rich he bought back his father's large estate, and it is said that his family still raise the bulbs upon this farm which is their chief source of supplie. On the Chinese New Year's day these bulbs are seen growing in every window, and good luck for the coming year is supposed tofollow the fortunate ones who can have them in full bloom on that day.

The blossoms are snowy white, with golden cup and are of a rare and delicate fragrance.

Ten Health Commandments.

1. Thou shalt have no other food than at meal time.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thes any pies or put into pastry the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not fall to eating it, nor trying to digest it. For the eration of them that eat pie; and long life and vigor upon those that live 3. Remember thy bread to bake ft

well; for he will not be kept sound who eateth his bread as dough.

4. Thou shalt not indulge sorrow or porrow anxiety in vain.

5. Six days shalt thou wash and keep thyself clean, and the sevenththou shalt take a great bath, thou and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days man sweats and gathers filth and bacteria enough for disease; wherefore the Lord has blessed the bath-tub and hallowed it. 6. Remember thy sitting room and bed chamber to keep them ventilated, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

7. Thou shalt not eat hot biscuit.

Barrington said her say, with a relish tracery of filoselle embroidery that she In the communication which can scarce- had commenced but a few short hours ly be described.

"As I remarked before," said Miss mulgate idle reports; but it is quite care a penny now whether the hero plain to all disin crested eyes that your and heroine got married or not. young stepmother-the charming widow whose deep weeds are so exceedingly becoming-----

agony of suspense.

"It is quite the gossip of the place," went on the backbiter, "that Mrs. Hayden Ogilvie is carrying on a lively Ogilvie's footstep; and although Olive dirtation with Albert Stanfield."

"With Albert Stanfield! Impossible!" cried Olive incredulously. "Just what I should have said my-

self," said Miss Jane Barrington, piously. "If I hadn't been an eye- Olive." witness to all her goings on, with her poor, dear first husband not yet cold in his grave, and ____"

"Be silent !" cried Olive, springing to her feet so suddenly that Miss Jane Barrington started backward and tumbled with more precipitation than grace over a square ottoman.

"How dare you utter such slanderons falsehoods? And to me, of all other persons in the world, who owe everything to her loving care, her more than maternal kindness! I despise myself for standing here to listen to

And she swept away with the royal pace of a princess, her cheeks dyed carmine, and her eyes glittering like wrathful stars.

ouit of apartments occupied jointly by herself and her young stepmother at worthy even of my Olive. Shall I tell the "Crown Hotel"—a Summer resort him you will listen favorably to his of some celebrity among the moun- suit?" tains that wall in the blue waters of a Cumberland lake.

breezes blew the muslin window- and throwing her arms around her draperies to and fro, and a piece of embroidery lay on the table with the "Mamma, mamma, I have been so needle yet sticking in its folds, and the wicked in my heart! Oh, mamma, thimble beside it. All the tokens of a can you ever forgive me?" recent presence were there, but the room was empty.

"She has taken her book down to the little woodland spring," said Olive to herself; and she ran down with your heart and his." the cool, secluded path, where intermingled sunshine and shadow made a tribulation. And she still firmly permoving checker-work at her feet, callma?" as she went.

But no answer came. The wood- than otherwise. and spring bubbled out in cool drops over the ferns that shadowed its pool, the birds sang overhead, and that was all

"Oh, dear !" said Olive to herself, "where can she be?"

She wandered along further down the glen, swinging her hat by its strings as she walked, her footsteps falling noiselessly on the velvet turf. until suddenly she paused, stricken to the heart as keenly as if a barbed arrow had pierced her quivering flesh.

For, hidden away by the leafy covert of tremulous birches and white pines, upon the moss-covered trunk of

"I'll go and live with Aunt Sarah," said Olive to herself. "It will be a monotonous life; but-but it's all "Do go on!" cried Olive, in an that's left to me now. I don't think I care for much variety or brightness."

"Olive, darling, where are you?" it was Mrs. Ogilvie's voice, Mrs.

would fain have fled from her presence it was too late to do so now. The young stepmother came up to her, and seated herself at the girl's side.

"I have something to tell you,

Olive shrank away from the arch, questioning gaze of her stepmother's

"I know what it is," said she faintly. "You are going to be married." "I! My dearest child, what could possibly put such an idea into your head? You are the one who is to be married, if only you can bring yourself to say 'yes' to the suit of Albert Stanfield.'

"Mamma!"

"He has been urging me for permission to address you this long time; but I have scarcely dared to consent, knowing how recent a time has elapsed since the death of your dear father. But, perhaps, I have no right longer to object. He loves you tenderly and Straight as an arrow she went to the truly. He would lay down his life for you, and I believe him to be

Like a burst of renewed sunshine after the blackness of a thunder-The door was open, the soft August shower, Olive's face grew brilliant; stepmother's neck, she sobbed out,

And then she told her story.

"Go to Albert, my dear," said her stepmother, smiling. "He will convince you presently that all is right

That was the end of Olive Ogilvie's sists in the belief that she has the best ing "Mamma-where are you, mam- stepmother in the world. And Miss Jane Barrington is rather disappointed

Must be Fresh.

Shopkeeper-"Why don't you try some of these sausages? They are particularly nice, madam.

Mrs. Newwed-"I don't know but I should like some of those. But are you sure those are fresh caught? Mr. Newwed said the perch this morning had been too long out of the water.3 -America.

IF A woman can deceive another woman she can succeed at anything.

But cold cream of a careful druggist who knows the minutize of his art of a reputable woman dealer in cosmetics. Notice that such women know enough to sell cold cream in dainty little pots, holding a great spoonful perhaps, which is enough for the lips and inside the nostrils or edge of the finger nails as long as it can possibly be kept. And that is all in the best practice that cold cream is used for. A more neutral pre-paration is desirable for mas age.

There are Chinese skins which can use cold cream a lifetime without raising a hair, but most are different, and A GERMAN explorer declare applications well rubbed in by a mas-seur three or four times a week I am much afraid after a while you won't 6000 feet deep in the valleys.

least satisfactory part. It breaks in They must be brought into town in the upon the arrangements for cooking, evening for shipment. sets "Biddy's" temper on edge, fills the house with saponary fumes-and peas, from June to August, I pick very after all, ten to one the clothes are nearly 4,000 sweet-pea blossoms daily,

not abol sh "wash-day?" In cities the disagreeable service source, the old-style washerwoman, who "takes in" both washing and the owner thereof, is usually a last and desperate resort. How, then, is the desired re'orm 'o be accomplished? About thirty years ago, an exchange

informs us, the question was satisfaclaundry, and in spite of some blundering in the management of it at first, reduced the cost of the work one-half seven families of her acquaintance combined, and assiste I the intelligent washerwoman of a ozen of the households to organize, in her hired house, a laundry of very moderate proportions. She was an English woman, a widow with two active and willing daughters. With a small outfit of washingmachines, wringers, mangles, boilers, flat-iron heaters and set wash-tubs,

the e three women laundered for the entire twenty-seven lamilies. Other families joined the organization, til number reached thirty-eight. Nothing was received after nine o'clock Mond y morning, and everything was returned t) the owners by Thursday night in beautiful smoothness and whiteness. The women purchased their own starch, fuel, blueing, soap and other necessary supplies, by wholesale, thus getting the most for their money. They also did mending and repairing for some of the families. The business was continued, affording a comfo table income to the women and a vast deal of comfort to their employers, until the death of the mother and the marriage of one of the daughters. This modest exteriment, he narrator says, reduced the washing and ironing one-third to the families interested, and took out of their houses

all the labor, care and confusion incidental to the disagreeable work. In the light of such successes, again

we say, why not?

England's Poor Clergymen.

Hereafter no clergyman in the English Church will be allowed to hold brewery stocks. This will knock a hole in the incomes of many clergymen, who have been in the habit of investing in this gilt-edged stock. New York Tribane.

In Anstria women are employed to carry the mortar and brick to the builders. They work from seven in the morning till six at night with one hour at noon, and receive twenty cents a day. Most of these female hodcarriers are unmarried and homeless. A GERMAN explorer declares that the

whole of South Greenland is covered with a sheet of ice that is from 5000 to

"My greatest success is with sweet streaked and the masculine sh rt-bosoms "a sight to behold." Then why so that they are really the most profitable of my flowers. They require but little care. I plant the seeds in the spring may be relegated to Jung Wing or the in open ground, about four inches Troy laundries. But this is expensive deep, and as the plants grow the earth if the family is large. That other re- is kept hilled up around them. Then posts are stock in along the rows with strings arranged so that the vines are trained upon them. Last year I had one-sixteenth of an acre set out with sweet peas and it brought in a cle.r \$200 from the sale of the blooms.

"Another flower I am very success torily answered in Chicago, where some ful with is the single dahlia, which is fifty women organized a co-operative very much handsomer than the double dahlia, you know. I plant the bulbs, which I propagate myself, the last of May, and the plants begin to flower and made it a success. A few years about the last of August, keeping on since, the writer continues, twenty- until frost. I manage to keep them otherwise be possible by lighting fir s on cold nights at the ends of the rows. frosty spell, after which there is usually a season of quite warm weather, so that frequently my dahlias are blooming beautifully up to the end of November.

"I try to make the flowers I grow alternate, so that when one sort stons blooming another begins. My violets are flowering from the last of September to the end of April; then come the roses through the summer and the sweet pease, with dablias in the fall can perceive that my way of growing flowers does not make necessary any large investment in green-houses or otherwise. There is a great deal in the proper packing of flowers for mar-For example, violets must be ket. placed in bunches in pasteboard boxes, them. They must not be touched with water, because to do so will take away their sweetness.

There is money in the business, prop-erly pursued, and more women ought to go into it.'

FLORAL DECCRATIONS. Another paying business might be built up in the large cities by making a specialty of decorating houses for parties, weddings, etc. A bright, young woman who had an eye and taste for artistic and unique combinations, would undoubtedly, be in constant demand. She should make a study of her business and learns the preferences of hor employers.

THE CHINESE SACRED LILY.

This beantiful flower is of the polyanthus narcissus variety and is one of the prettiest flowers imaginable for house cuiture. It needs but a shallow dish kept filled with water and some pebbles for the roots to cling to, and to anchor the bulbs. It will bloom in four werks or less from the time of starting and is most fragrant and fa rylike in its beauty. If you wish the flowers for Easter they should be set about the first of March.

There is a Chinese legend connected father left large possessions, while one scientists.

8. Thou shalt not eat thy meat fried. 9. Thou shalt not swallow thy food unchewed, or highly spiced, or just before hard work, or just after it.

10. Thou shalt not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his cards, nor his glass, nor with anything that is thy neighbor's.

Angry Bumble Bees.

Edward Faubel of Jeffersonville. Sullivan County, knows, by sorry experience, how poisonous the sting of a bee sometimes is, for he came very near dying a few days ago from the effects of several stings which he received from bees, whose nest he had disturbed. He was mowing in a field on his father's farm Friday, the 5th going for some time later than would inst., when he happened to run his scythe into a bumble bee's nest, and In this way I get them over the first in an instant the angry bees were swarming about his head, and before he could escape from them they had stung him several times about the head

and face and on the neck. Almost instantly the parts in which the stings had been inflicted began to swell, and the swelling soon became so bad that his face was unrecognizable, and his throat so enormously large that his and violets again until spring. You windpipe was almost closed up, and it was with great difficulty that he breathed at all. A physician was summoned with all speed, and when he arrived he found the young man almost suffocated. Remedies to nenwith waxed paper folded loosely around | tralize the effects of the poison in the young man's system were at once administered and he was soon better and is now thought to be out of danger .---[Kingston Leader.

Making Matters Worse.

A writer in the "Business Women's Journal" advocates a dress with seven pockets for business women. That will not do at all. Think of a man attempting to find his wife's thimble in a dress having seven pockets. With such inventions no wonder that the lunatic asylums are overcrowded

The people of Tyre were such experts in dyeing that the Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day. The Egyptians were also wonderful dyers, and could. produce colors so darable that they may be called imperishable.

A curio is scarfpin worn by a Nashville (Tenn.) a man is a petrified human eye, set in a gold frame. The present owner of this singular orament found it in with the flower which tells of two brothers, to the elder of whom his