hey are legion.

Buggestive as is every flock of birds, we really know but little about them. No naturalist has yet fathomed the mystery of

bird-life, and bird-slaughter has acco

My Disguise Was Never Effective

lished nothing. But no class of animals

plished nothing. But no class of animals afford so much pleasure whatever we ramble. However fixed the determination to observe a snake, a lizard or a fish, let the bird come near and how quickly we turn to it! If it is a thrush in early June, or the Carolina wren at any season, and it breaks forth in song what power have we to turn a deafear? Though the problem at our feet may be almost solved, the rhythmic rush of a thought wings overhead will draw as a way.

sand wings overhead will draw us away;

earth and its creeping creatures will pass from our minds that moment the heavens are darkened by a flock of birds.

PRETTY IDEAS IN HOODS.

Two Designs Brought From Across the

Seas by a Tasty Young Lady. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

one is made, as one would expect, of silk

and at the neck it is plaited in fine little

plaits, where it ties under the round, pretty chin with wide strings of

looks up at you, you Back of Priscilla Hood wish you could write rondeaus to tell her how she looks. The other hood is the covering grants

the Brittany peasants wear on their heads, adapted in

material to this country and Madelaine's own tastes. It

is of dull blue cloth, lined

is of dull blue cloth, lined with dull vellow silk, and having a delicate pattern in gold thread wrought about the outer edge. The back of the hood is cut after the pre-

ceding outline, but larger, and a straight, plain piece is

and a straight, plain piece is gathered lightly on to it for the body of the hood. If desired, this piece may be cut wide enough so as to fold back from the face, showing the vellow lining for Pront of Prian inch. Pale vellow strings citia Hood.

AN AUCTION.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.]

"Here's a wonderful baby," said I,
"With eyes as blue as the sky;"
I said this to the children playing nigh,
For I was an auctioneer;
"What will you give for baby here,
Buby upon my knee?
What will you give for baby—and me?"

"Here's a beautiful baby with hair, Silken, and shining, and fair;" I said this to the children smiling there For I was an acctioneer; "What will you give for baby here, Baby upon my knee? What will give for baby—and me?"

"Here's an exquisite baby, with face

Then up spake the eldest—nine Tender, and thoughtful, and fine; For the others to bargain seemed

"Going and gone," said I,

cline:
"I will give for the auctioneer,
And the beautiful baby sitting here,
Sitting upon your knee—
Let—me—see; the whole of us three."

"It took three boys to buy;"
I said to the children sorambling high
"I'm no longer an auctioneer,
I'm mamma with the beautiful baby here,

Baby upon my knee,
And, let—me—set, the whole of the three."
CARA E. WHITON-STONE.

Like a saint in his hely grace;"
I said this to the children, each in his place

F.r I was an auctioneer: What will you give for the baby here, Baby upon my kneef What will you give for baby—and met\*

violets are tossed here

and there in del'este

needlework. They finish the end of the

broad searf, and when Madelaine draws the si ky thing about her head and gives the long searf just the

proper coquettish twist about the neck and

crepe and

looks like

this when

yard wide.

rosette

C. C. ABBOT, M. D.

NSTEAD of knick-

nacks and curios a

young girl has put

her two small feet in

nearly every country

on the globe where a

young women's feet

may safely go, has

brought back with her

#### OUR BOYS AND

much of a sprinter, but the race was excit-ing, and the hare won by an eye-lash only, as

Will Not Wear Red Again.

He endeavored by shouting and waving his red jersey to attract our attention. The wind was against him though, so it was some time before we heard him. He has taken part in lots of paper chases since then, but I

don't think he ever wore red again when there was any chance of his running on pas-

There is one charge that has been made

against cross-country running in reply to which I want to say a word of defense. The

sport is one that is most practiced in the cool weather of late fall and early spring.

Because diseases of the throat or lungs have

followed a paper chase in cool weather some people declare it dangerous and would condemn it. Such misfortunes are not due

to the sport but to carelessness. Heavy colds are sure to follow any exercise that in-duces perspiration if the body is allowed to

cool too rapidly.

To prevent this when running is a simple

matter. On no account on a cold day should one walk more than a few steps at a time, no matter how tired he may be. Jog or trot

The Hare Wors a Red Jersey

home, no matter how slowly as long as it is a

run. Wearing an all-wool undershirt will also prevent too rapid evaporation and the

consequent sudden and dangerous reduction of the temperature of the body. Over the

shirt may be worn a jersey or sweater; a pair of thick flannel knickerbockers, long worsted stockings, and rubber-soled shoes complete the outfit for the paper-chaser.

COMFORT FOR THE BABY. casin of Chamois Skin That Any

Clever Mother Can Make.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

In spite of the fact that the chamois mo

easin makes a perfect infant's shoe by far

the greater number of children are left to

endure the everlasting sock. The moccasin

is soft and pliable, warm and pleasant to the

touch; it presents no holes through which

the toes protrude, no meshes in which

The Perfect Moccasely

only a few lucky infants have learned the comfort it has to give. Whosoever will follow the directions given below can make herself as perfect a moccasin as the one the

illustration shows. Cut two pieces of tine chamois skin of the shape

given in the diagram, and let the proportions be as follows: The dis-

tance a-b in the larger piece should measure

six and three-eighth (6 3-8) inches. e-d ten and one-eighth (10 1-8),

from 5 to 6, when the moccasin will be

the shoe will be ready for wear.

fect so far as shape is concerned. After all the seams are neatly stitched, go over each on the outside with a row of fine line stitching, which must be made to open the seams so that there may be no roughness on the inner side. Lastly, turn in all edges neatly, finish with line stitching; cut slits round the ankle, run a ribbon through them and

THE HEAD OF A FLY.

How It Looks When Magnified and Re-

duced to a Photograph. One of the last experiments in the photo graphic department of Edison's laboratory

was a photograph of the head of a house

fly. This photograph lies before me. The head as magnified is as big as that of a New-foundland dog, and it has hair standing out

from its center in all directions as though about 50 camels hair brushes with hair two

about 50 camels hair brushes with hair two inches long had been driven into a place the size of a trade dollar.

Its eyes stand out from the head, and in the photograph each eye of this fly, which in the original was not larger than the head of a pin, is bigger than the palm of your hand and it is made up of thousands upon thousands of little bits of eyes fastened together like a honey-comb, and Mr. Dickson, Edison's photographer, says that if you

son, Edison's photographer, says that if you will lay your watch, face upward, down near the eye of a fly under the microscope

e-f five and one-quarter (5 1-4), 1-2 four and one-half (4 1-2), and 8-4 four and one-eighth

(4 1-8) inches. For the smaller piece a-b should

measure three and three-quarters (3 3-4),

e-d two and five-eighths (2 5-8) inches. When

both pieces are care-fully cut and measured,

gather the curved space 3-4 in the larger piece

so that it shall exactly fit c-d in the smaller.

construction than the worsted shoe.

tiny pails catch, and

simpler and easier of

WALTER C. DORM.

#### THE JOLLY PAPER CHASE.

A Game for Boys Who Do Not Like Foot ball-How the Hares Fool the Hounds -Dropping a False Trail-Not a Good Thing to Wear Red-Good Health. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.]



OR those boys who have not the strength or the inclination to play football there is no other game that may be indulged in with so much pleasure and benefit as paper chasing. More

real exercise may be got in less time from running than from any other sport, except sparring, and the former has the very great advantage that it may be practiced in the open mir.

The objection which most boys have to running is that it lacks excitement. I grant that troiting a dozen times or more around a quarter-mile cinder path may be monotonous, but when the three or four miles covered is over a pleasant stretch of the open country, embracing field, wood and meadow land, following a trail laid with intent to deceive; and when there is added besides the element of competition roused by the desire of each runner to be "first in," the sport is one that should appeal to every

Requirements for the Sport. The stock-in-trade required for a paper chase is very simple, all that is necessary

being a light canvas or leather bag with open mouth, which is bung over each hare's shoulders, and a quantity of paper for the "scent." The hares are allowed a start of

"scent." The hares are allowed a start of from 5 to 15 minutes, depending on the length of the chase and the character of the country. The allowance should be sufficient to permit the hares to get well out of sight before the hounds start.

Every half dozen strides or so the hares should drop a small handful of the scent. The paper used should not be torn into small bits, as is usually done, but into strips about eight inches long. These are more conspicate a than others, and instead of being bloom away by the wind they curl of being blown away by the wind they curl around the grass and bushes, forming a very distinct trail. As long as there is any scent left in the bags the hares must lay a fair and continuous trail. When the scent is exhausted, however, the bag is dropped. This is a signal to the hounds that their prey has started "home" on a "bee-line," and they are of course at liberty to follow likewise. The hares must surmount all ob-stacles over which they lay the trail. They may cross fordable streams only, and must keep within hailing distance of each other.

Two Sorts of Packs in Pursuit. Often both "slow" and "fast" packs start in pursuit. The slow pack receives a start on the fast of about one minute for each mile to be run. Each bound of the fast pack is his own master, and may follow the trail at whatever pace seems best to him. The members of the slow pack, however, must keep together until the "break" is ordered. They are under the direction of a master of the hounds and two whips. The master acts as a pace-maker, adapting his gait to that of the slowest bound, while the outy of the whips is to keep the stragglers together. When the point is reached where the bares have dropped the scent bag, the master orders the break for home. Then the pack becomes fast. The master ceases

the pack becomes tast. The master ceases to order, the whips leave the stranglers to strangle, and everyone goes for home as straight and fast as he can.

The "time" of the hares is that of the slower of the two home. If the first hound is far in reaches home fewer minutes after the in reaches home fewer minutes after the hares than the start the latter received, the pack wins; otherwise the hares are the victors. Often the hares are required to gain some minutes on their original start in order to win. Should the hares in their haste or through neglect fail to lay a fair trail, the run may be protested. The de-

## Deceiving the Hounds

Whenever the nature of the course permits, the hares should lay a false scent. On the artfulness with which this is done depends the success of the hares and the contusion of the packs. By the use of a little judicious deception the hounds may be led to run hundreds of yards farther than the hares, and also to lose much valuable time. The hares, of course, should take turns in laying these false trails. For instance, at a -roads one hare continuing straight on lays the scent as faulty as he fairly can. The other turns to the right or left, dropping a very strong scent for 50 or 100 yards, and then gradually making it fainter until it

disappears aliegether, after which he re-joins his companion by a short cut. The hourds come dashing along, and see-ing only the talse trail—especially if the first handful or two of the real has been dropped in the ditch—follow headlong. When they get to the end they look right and left, and finally concluding that they have been boaxed, return to the junction of the roads to find the seal trail. By way of variety, the real trail may be made taint at the next cross-roads and the false strong. Mindful of this last experience, the hounds will probably follow the latter and again

## How One Good Chase Ended.

I recollect one bare and bounds chase in which I took part a few years ago that terminuted rather disastrously for the hares.

After following the trail holly for about three miles we came upon one of the pair resting on the stump of a tree. He had turned his ankle and was suffering from a had sprain. His companion, knowing that we would soon be along, and no: wishing to speil the afternoon's run entirely, had gone on ahead. We left two of our number to accompany the unlucky fellow home while we continued the chase, supposing, now ave no talse trails to follow.

What was our surprise then, in crossing an extensive bit of meadow land, on which was pastured a herd of cattle to come suddenly to the end of the trail. We looked to the right and left, but no tiny bit of paper could we see that would give a clew o the direction in which the bare had dis-Then seam the two pieces together from 1 to 2, and also the back of the larger piece ared. Certainly it was no false seen appeared. Certainly a about was so level for the country round about was so level

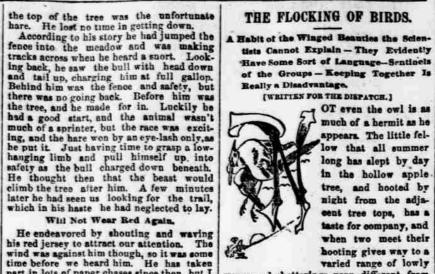


Leading the Hounds a Hard Cham.

that we could have seen the hare, had he that we could have seen the hare, had he wasted the time necessary in laying it, half a mile away. We spread out and covered every yard of ground for an acre. We had just arrived at the conclusion that the hare was playing a trick on us when a faint hallooing attracted the attention of one of the shurper-eared of the pack. Three or four hundred yards ahead of us was a big oak treast the foot of which stood an angry built, training up the ground with his borns. We looked and soon saw what appeared to be a red flag waying from the treetop. Arming ourselves with sticks and stones we approached cautiously, ready at any moapproached cautiously, ready at any mo-ment to retreat if the brute showed an inclination to fight. Evidently he considered our numbers—there were a dozen of us—too great, and he moved unwillingly away. In

# THE FLOCKING OF BIRDS.

Habit of the Winged Beauties the Scientists Cannot Explain - They Evidently Have Some Sort of Language-Sentinels of the Groups - Keeping Together Is Really a Disadvantage. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



appears. The little fellow that all summer long has alept by day in the hollow apple. tree, and hooted by night from the adjacent tree tops, has a taste for company, and when two meet their hooting gives way to a varied range of lowly

murmured chatterings very different from the conventional cries of all owldom. Keep a pet one (and they are easily tamed) and you will find them not only as wise as they look, but not averse to rough and tumble

But a few days ago in my wanderings I reached the bank of a river long after sundown, and pitched my little tent by the fitful light of a green wood camp fire. Ejaculations were not smothered, but explosive, and the whole strange scene brought not one but three little red owls to the front, They were not afraid, and discussed my companion, the dog, and myself vigorously. They enjoyed the novelty, and all through the night their tremulous tones broke the stillness of the dense, dark woods. I dreamed of huge flocks of owls, such as no man ever saw, and was roused at dawn by a great rushing of wings that seemed danger-

ously close at hand. It was a flock of black-birds. Genuine Marriage Among Birds. Let us go back of the formation of these

huge flocks and give a moment's notice to mother phase of a bird's existence. This, from a recent paper, covers the whole ground 'Most birds, we are told, 'pair once for all, till either one or the other dies.' Dr. Brehm, the author of 'Bird Life,' is so filled with admiration for their exemplary family life as to be led to declare enthusiastically that as to be led to declare enthusiastically that 'real genuine marriage can only be found among birds.'" The initial point of flocking is there, that of mating; later the family keep largely together; toward the close of the summer the families of a neighborhood unite, and, urged by the approach of autumn, the birds of a whole river valley will merge into some two or three great flocks and in such close companionship migrate; or wander to and fro from one feeding ground to another.

feeding ground to another,

When did birds begin to flock? This has
often been asked, but never can be told. A often been asked, but never can be told. A close study of this habit, as of many other bird ways, points to the conclusion that it is a survival of a much more fixed one. There is now a vast deal of irregularity about it. Certainty the red-winged blackbirds, which form our largest flocks, are not all gathered in, and single ones, pairs, and half a dozen together remain all winter scattered up and down the river valley. It is true of every other flocking bird. The majority keep up the old custom, but so many stand aloof in every instance that it might almost be said the custom is dying out.

brought back with her boxes full of original ideas. Two of the most delightful things that she brought outside of her head were for headwear. One was Japanese and one came from Brittany. Both these she had adapted for evening wear—to slip on over her crinkly locks when she tosses them up into a light crown on her dainty head, before she goes out to dine or to dance. The Japanese one is made, as one would expect, of silk

Our Birds Are Rapidly Going.

I am disposed to make the statement that man hasso modified the land that bird life is man has so modified the land that bird life is rapidly losing its one-time characteristic features. It is sad to think that birds have seen their best days, and what we now have left us as the chief charm of our ourings us but a lingering remnant of the great concourse that not only filled the valley, but made glad the most uttermost ports and neglected nooks or corners of the land.

Making due allowance for travelers and a half Making due allowance for travelers' exag-gerations, it is still evident that we have, except of English sparrows, not one-half of and three-

Even though the flocks of red wings may ometimes reach well into the thousands, I have positive knowledge of much larger It is gath-flocks than ever Wilson or Andubon ered at the hanced upon. top with a In 1723 a flock of these birds appeared chenille

one September afternoon on the Crosswicka meadows "that shu; out the sun and caused great concern among the farmers, who feared, if they came to the fields, every green growth would be laid waste." Blackbirds then were feared and for years after, by reason of their numbers; and, seemingly, when in such flocks they were far more bold then ever a individual.

than ever as individuals.

Why do they congregate in such numbers? It has been suggested that in early autumn their food was to be found only in limited localities, and they naturally drifted there, moved, one and all, by the same cause. In other words, the upland fields, the spring holes, the grassy nooks in old field corners, where they nested, offered nothing but shelter, and to stay longer than during summer meant to stay longer than

during summer meant to starve. Nothing to Be Gained by Flocking. The fact that scattered birds do frequent the nesting places contradicts this, and the food found in the meadows is not greatly different, and often too many gather in one spot for all to be fed. Whatever the bird, there seems to be nothing gained by flocking, and much is lost. It appears to be an inherited instinct that once a safeguard and delight is now quantiless a source of pleas. delight is now doubtless a source of pleas-

delight is now doubtless a source of pleasure, but directly disadvantageous.

We are accustomed to look upon certain species of birds as flooking in autumn and that others never do so. I am convinced that all were gregarious originally, but changes of environment have caused it to



The Historic Flock of 1724. be relinquished; but it is astonishing to find that there are few birds that cannot be found at least "in loose companies," as it is commonly worded. In September the bluebirds occasionally fiv in pretty compact flocks of 50 to 100 individuals; and a company of 20 or 30 is a common occurrence. The common king bird is another well-known species that flocks to some extent, and a third is the Baltimore oriole. I have seen the females and young of the preceding summer in flocks of certainly 100 individuals, and when on the wing they kept so well together as to of certainly 100 individuals, and when on the wing they kept so well together as to merit being classed as a flock, rather than a semi-independent gathering. It is evident that such close association as in the case of redwings, of bob-o-links, of rusty grakles, and other birds could not occur if there was to power of communication and no prede-termination as to movement.

Evidence of Bird Language.

Is the relief afforded by the laxative action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of constipation. There is none of the griping produced by it that is caused by drastic cathartics. Not only does the Bi ters afford unspeakable relief, but it tones the bowels, the stomach and the liver. Beneficent, too, is its action in malarial, kidney and rheumatic diseases. I have yet to see a large flock of birds without guards perched in commanding outlooks, and know from experience how difficult it is to outwit these sentinels. It has often been my afternoon's amusement

to try to plunge into the midst of a thousand feeding blackbirds, and I never succeeded. I have reversed the conditions more than once, and, being concealed, have had them pass within arm's reach, and then I took notes of them as fast as possible. That they talked faster than they ate was evident, and my disguise never was effective for long. They always suspected that something was wrong, communicated their suspicions, and now the mystery—one and all rise from the ground as one body. Not always, but so frequently that a telegraphic signal is evidently theirs that informs 1,000, it may be at the same moment. Without this power, this possession of rudimentary language, a flock of birds would be at the mercy of every enemy, and they are legion.

Suggestives in every flock of birds were legion.

Among the many business men who are good natured enough to let me hang about their shops and offices and study human nature as it comes along, is a druggist. He is a very good fellow, and answers all sorts of idiotic questions that stupid people ask him, as if he were paid by the city to run a public information bureau. A day or two ago, though, he told me that he had been made very cross the night before. He was roused by a violent ring at his night bell just after midnight. Putting his head out of the window, he asked: "Who' there?" "Me," answered a child's voice.

"Well, what do you want?" "Our baby's got an awful stomach-ache," was the reply, "and mother wants 3 cents" worth of paregorie."

"Oh, she does, eh? Well, do you think I'm going to get up for 3 cents?" "I dunno," piped the young one, "but I had to git up for nothin'." She got the paregoria.

Human Nature and Medicines. This same anothecary tells me that there

are a great many people that would rather take a patent medicine that they don't know anything about than be prescribed for without charge by the best doctor living, and that they'll believe any yarn that patent medicine owners can make up. Two drummers for new quack medicines dropped in on my friend at the same time one day and wanted him to take a lot of their stuff on wanted him to take a lot of their stunon sale. Of course each medicine was warranted to cure anything, from headache to consumption, and they had written testimonials to back them up. One of them read off the following:

DEAR SIR—Six months ago I had the misfortune to fall from the top of a five-story
house, breaking most of the bones in my
body and injuring myself internally in
many distressing ways. I was under the
care of distinguished physicians for some
time, but got no relief until a friend sent me
a bottle of your invaluable medicine. I lelt
better from the first day after taking it, and
within a fortnight was as good as new.

Went Him Several Points Bettes.

Went Him Several Points Better. The drummer thought that letter printed in circulars would be a catching advertisement, and the apothecary agreed with him, saying that the bigger the yarn the more likely people would be to swallow it.
"Just what I think," said the other drum-

mer, getting out his documents, "so just listen to this one, it's a daisy that leaves all the rest of the garden a howling wilderness. Get onto it now:

DEAR SIR—I had the misfortune to be born without either lights or liver, and often experienced great discomfort from the lack of one or the other of these useful organs. A sample bottle of your medicine was left at my house one day, and the first two or three doses made me feel like a new man. I went on taking it, and now I have a 10-pound liver—and electric lights.

The first drummer was so used up by this certificate that he went out of the business and joined the church.

though; there was one sweet young thing at the flower show who went into raptures over almost every thing that the orchestre played, so the young man who was warming himself by the light of her eyes began to talk to her about music.
"How do you like Wagner?" he asked.

(This is always a safe question to ask when you want to get up a long talk with anybody who cares for music.)

"Oh, not a bit," said the sweet thing. "I never take Wagner when I can get a Pull-

Then that young man retired within him-self for the space of five minntes, and the band did not play "Annie Laurie."

A Lesson in Stock Dealing. I happen to know a lot of young fellows who thought they knew just how the stock market was going during the recent awak-ening, and most of them were so far off that they don't know how they are going to get out with enough money to see them through the winter. They fell to falking about it at breakfast a day or two ago at a pleasant little restaurant where I frequently take my rations, and finally one of them did me my rations, and finally one of them did me the honor to ask my advice. As the only stock I ever put any money into is that which is in the soup I take at dinner I couldn't give them any points about the street, but I told a little story that a lot of fellows who hang about Wall street will have to lay to heart before long.

A lively youth was playing baseball one day and his father had gone out to see the game. The youngster was making a run, and was half way between first and second hase when the nither came for him with a

base when the pitcher came for him with a ball. The boy yelled: "Father, what shall I do?" "Compromise, my son, compromise," replied the old man.

The Man Who Went Out West. If some of the fellows who have been down in "the street" don't take this advice their visible surplus will be in the condition of the mortal part of Mr. John Jones, who went out West to look at some mining property, and whose family afterward were informed by telegraph that he was dead. "Please send on the remains," the sorrow-

ful relatives wired, but back came the mes-

sage, "There aint no remains. He met a bear." bear."

There's been a great deal of growling in political circles here about the way some things went at the last election, and each side has been telling about men of their own party who made the mischief. They're in the state of mind of a colored gentleman who one evening freed his mind at a poker table. He and several friends had met every Wednesday night for years, for a quiet little game; they'd all played squarely and cautiously, so no one was much ahead or behind, in the long run. When they took a one-eyed man into the crowd, however, everybody began to lose—everybody

believe that no cure is possible.

CATARRH IS A SYSTEMIC DISEASE, and therefore requires persistent internal treatment, sometimes for many months, before a permanent cure is effected. The mucous lining of the cavities of the head, throat, lungs, etc., are made of a network of minute blood vessels called capillaries. The capillaries are very small elastic tubes which, in all cases of chronic catarrh, are congested or bulged out with blood so long that the elasticity of the tubes is entirely destroyed. The nerves which supply these capillaries with vitality are called the "yasa-motor" nerves. Any medicine to ever, everybody began to lose-everybody but the man with only one eye.

The Myst-ry of the Game.

Finally they skinned their eyes and found out that the one-eyed man was wearing cards inside his sleeve. "And the same with intent to deceive," as truthful James remarked in a familiar poem. They talked it over among themselves, and finally one evening, after they were so thoroughly cleaned out that there wasn't the price of a beer in the crowd, one of the members re-The Mystery of the Game. beer in the crowd, one of the members re-

marked:

"Gen'lmen, things aint as dey used to be, nor as dey ort to be. We used to end dese here seances about even, an' hab enough here scances about even, an' hab enough left to open de pot nex' time, but now we'ze nebber able to light ourselbes home with a seegyah. It's all come about because ob one man. I aint a namin' no names, an' I don't want to make no bad feelin', 'specially 'mong gen'imen, but all I'ze got to say is, ef dat man don't see de error of his ways, an' stop makin trouble 'mongst friends, why—why, we'll shoot his other eye out."

Merrily yours,
MARSHALL P. WILDER NEW YORK, November, 1891.

HOW TO HIDE THE YEARS

Petticoat for the Chandeller Will Take Off Ten Years at a Time. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

How many women know that there is one little tell-tale in her drawing room that will number her years as accurately as the family Bible? Let her light the gas in the upper chandeliers and standing directly under it, look into the mirror. She will

under it, look into the mirror. She will see every sharp line in her face accentuated, every hollow in her cheeks, every line under her eyes graven deeper. The unshaded light from the chandelier falling directly on her face is what does it.

Not long ago an ingenious woman put the the globes in her drawing room in what she called "petticoats" of pale pink silk and saw ten years slip away as she stood under them for the first trial. Sewing the ends of a long straight piece



of the silk together she ran a narrow pink ribbon through it at the top and bottom, leaving a tiny ruffle at the top. Putting the the silk upon the globe she drew it close above (fortunately the globe had a slight flaring edge at the top, making a neck about which to tie the ribbon) and then gathering which to the the ribbon) and then gathering it smoothly she brought the lower part down not only to the lower part of the globe, but clear down to the brass bracket, and tied it closely just above the stop-cock. This is the trick. It is the unshaded light that comes down through the open circle at the lower part of the clobe that works the mislower part of the globe that works the mis-chief in a woman's face.

## A CRAZE ON ARTIFICIAL EGGS.

The Product of a Man Now at Washington Gives Great Satisfaction.

There has been quite a sensation in Wishington during the last month on the subject ington during the last month on the subject of artificial eggs. A person who claims to have invented a process for making them—patent newly applied for—has been exhibiting examples, and giving them away about town. Some dozens have been served in the clubs, boiled, fried, poached and scrambled, and the general verdict is that it would be impossible for anybody to distinguish them from real ones. Externally they look exactly like the sort laid by heus. Break the shell of a raw specimen, and the Break the shell of a raw specimen, and the contents flop into a glass in as natural a manner as possible, the yolk and white unmingled. It has been claimed that no imi-

mingled. It has been claimed that no imitation eggs could ever be made to "beat up" or cake, but these do perfectly.

The inventor says that his eggs are, chemically speaking, a precise reproduction of nature. Cornmeal is the basis of their material. The white is pure albumen, of course, while the yolk is a more complicated mixture of albumen and several other elements. Inside the shell is a lining of what looks something like the delicate, filmy membrane formed by the hen, while the shell itself is stated to be made in two halves, stuck together so a rifully that no halves, stuck together so a tfully that no eye can discover the joining. The very cerm of the chicken, with unnecessary faith-fulness of imitation as one might think is counterfeited. The eggs are made of various shapes and tints. One will be able to and joined the church.

At the Chrysunthemum Show.

The big crysanthemum show last week was the biggest thing of the kind ever held in the world—so I am told by men who know all about such things. "Twas the biggest kind of a beauty show, too; I didn't need anybody to tell me that, for I was there myself. [P. S.—I was not one of the exhibita.] Women have a heap more sense than some men give them credit for, and one point of it is that a pretty face never looks prettier than when it is bending over a lot of flowers.

A good many young women played hearts at that show, and the young men lost every time. Girls don't know everything, there we have the week of the church was a state of the content of the con

# A JUDGE GIVING TESTIMONY.

AN IMPORTANT CASE SUMMED UP AS FOLLOWS.

Chronic Catarrh-Twenty Years-Settled on Lungs-Could Get No Reilef-Permanent Cure at Last.

NEW VIENNA, CLINTON Co. O. Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co.-Gents: I take pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am a new man. Have had the estarrh about 20 years. Before I knew what it was it had settled on my lungs and breast, but can now say I am well. Was in the army; could get no medicine that would

relieve me.

Yours truly,

W. D. WILLIAMS,

Clinton count

Probate Judge of Clinton county.
While it is a fact that Pe-ru-na can be re While it is a fact that Peru-na can be re-lied on to cure chronic catarrh in all stages and varieties, yet it is not often that it will so quickly cure a case of long-standing as the above. Hence it is that so many pa-tients fail in finding a cure because of their unwillingness to continue treatment long enough. Many people who have had chronic catarrh for five, ten, and even fifteen chronic catarrh for five, ten, and even fifteen years, will follow treatment for a few weeks and then, because they are not cured, give up in despair and try something else. These patients never follow any one treatment long enough to test its merits, and consequently never find a cure. It is a well-known law of disease that the longer it has run the more tenaciously it becomes fastened to its victim.

tened to its victim.

The difficulty with which catarrh is cured has led to the invention of a host of remedies which produce temporary relief only. The unthinking masses expect to find some remedy which will cure them in a few days, and to take advantage of this false hope many compounds which have instant but transient effect have been devised. The people try these cetarrh cures one after ple try these catarrh cures one after another, but disappointment is the in-variable result, until very many sincerely believe that no cure is possible.

that the elasticity of the tubes is entirely destroyed. The nerves which supply these capillaries with vitality are called the "vasa-motor" nerves. Any medicine to reach the real difficulty and exert the slightest curative action in any case of catarrh must operate directly on the vasa-motor system of the nerves. As soon as these nerves become strengthened and stimulated by the action of a proper remedy they restore to the capillary vessels of the various mucous membranes of the body their normal elasticity. Then, and only then, will the catarrh be permanently cured. Thus it will be seen that catarrh is not a blood disease, as many suppose, but rather

Thus it will be seen that catarrh is not a blood disease, as many suppose, but rather a disease of the mucous blood vessels. This explains why it is that so many excellent blood medicines utterly fail to cure catarrh. Colds, winter coughs, bronchitis, sore throat and pleurisy are all catarrhal affections, and consequently are quickly curable by Pe-ru-na. Each bottle of Pe-ru-na is accompanied by full directions for use, and is kept by most druggists. Get your druggist to order it for you if he does not already keep it.

A pamphlet on the cause and cure of all catarrhal diseases and consumption sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY EDGAR FAWCETT

Author of "The House at High Bridge," "Romance and Reverie," "The Adventures of a Widow," numerous songs and poems and several plays.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

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The story opens with a ball Alonzo Lispenard has given in his palatial residence in honor of his betrothed, Kathleen Kennaird, the daughter of a cold and calculating mother. In the midst of the festivities, Alonzo's Uncle Crawford arrives and informs him that by the rascality of a member of his firm who has just committed suicide, his immense fortune has been swept away. After the ball Alonzo informs his sister, Mrs. Van Santvoord, a frivolous society woman who has set apartan allowance for her husband on condition that he leave her free to enjoy society without his company. The news almost prostrates Mrs. Van Santvoord. At her home, Alonzo and her husband, Hector, quarrel, the latter claiming Alonzo's neelect of the business made the defalcation possible. Mrs. Van Santvoord restores peace and Alonzo goes back to his home to meditate. After learning the worst Alonzo visits Kathleen and thinks he observes a coldness in her manner. A few days later he requests his clo-e friend, Philip Lexington, to ask Kathleen her real feelings. Philip turns on him, and Alonzo discovers that all Philip's recard for him vanished with his fortune. Desperate, he visits Kathleen. Mrs. Kennaird meets him and says Kathleen is ill, and, furthermore, that the engagement must be broken. In a raze Alonzo calls Kathleen, who comes to him, avowing love and constancy. But Mrs. Kennaird exercises a kind of mesmerism over her daughter and forces her to repulse Alonzo. When affairs are finally adjusted it is found that Alonzo and his sister have \$5,001 a year each. Alonzo sets apars half of his for his sister. Just at this point Alonzo's friend, Eric Thaxter, confidant of the King of Saltravia, offers him the position of art superintendent for the reaim. Alonzo accepts and goes to Saltravia. Meanwhile Kathleen, disgusted with herself for repulsing Alonzo, with her mother for her mercenary motives, and with society for its hyporisy, resolves to sell her Jewels to pay off her mother's debts and then take her to Stu

left the balcony Eric again joined them.
"If you will kindly wait just there by the "If you will kindly wait just there by the fountain," he said, pointing toward a charming aquatic design in bronze whose spirts of water had caught the slant sunrays and turned to liquid gold, "I will at once cause you and Monsieur to meet. And remember, please, we call him 'monsieur'—he prefers it."

"And I am to speak with him in French?"

"And I am to speak with him in French?"

bly exiled, and you allow the last, like one of your ancestors' court-jesters, to do all the genial things that it pleases."

Clarimond laughed. "No, mademoiselle," he replied, "you overrate my powers of dominion. I'm more sensible than that far-away English King who commanded the sea to obey him, or that Persian one who whipped it with rods."

For the first time Kathleen looked full into his face. Let it be forgiven her when

asked Kathleen, somewhat nervously, "If you wish. I suppose you do not speak Saltravian?"

"Heavens, no!" she exclaimed still more ervously, and not noting the dry twinkle

CHAPTER IX.

Kathleen obeyed. After the ladies had already sure, monsieur, "she added, "that la pline et le beau temps are subjects whom you control at pleasure; you keep the first amia-bly exiled, and you allow the last, like one

for the first time Kathleen looked full into his face. Let it be forgiven her when recorded that the curious complexity which we call a woman's heart throbbed strangely. No woman was ever the lover of two men at the same time; but many a woman has believed that she could have

in Eric's eyes.

"The King will probably address you then in French. But if you prefer English he will accommedate you. It is one of the great self-delusions of bis reign that he speaks English at all reputably."

Here Mrs Kennaird broke in with her blithest laugh: "Oh, my dear child speaks French very prettily," and as Eric departed with a bow she turned to Mrs. Madison, who had just rejoined her, and said in a voice made purposely loud enough for him to hear:

Litherful man this Mr. Thaxter

loved (and passionately loved) some and whom she has known while still loving the object of her first allegiance. Perhaps it was this way with Kathleen; perhaps the fact of Clarimond's great rank wrought with her more than she would have wished to tell. Women are shaped from self-contradictions, not because they are in the main weaker than men (it will some day be accentifically disclosed, no doubt, that they are strong where men are strong), but because millions of years have lapsed in which they have served as slaves to the alleged lords of creating the contradictions of years have lapsed in which they have served as slaves to the alleged lords of creating the contradictions of years have lapsed in which they have served as slaves to the alleged lords of creating the contradictions. is! No wonder the King likes him so!"

Clarimond, who did everything with sophic view of things, and is not a stern



IT IS SHE, HE EXCLAIMED.

grrce, soon had himself presented to Kath-leen and her mother precisely as if he were some ordinary friend of Eric's, with whom the latter had chanced to be moving among

the paths.
"And it all went off so easily!" as Mra.
"Refore Kennaird afterward remarked. "Before we knew it, Kathleen, he had shaken hands with both of you, and had asked you if you didn't want to go with him and see the carp fed in the great marble basin of the grandes eaux."
Kathleen and the King walked side by

side, it is true, but they only paused for a moment to watch the carp dine, afterward passing on to where the terraces of the pal-ace dropped grandly down to an artificial lake, and a hundred windows blazed like huge diamonds or rubies where the western sun smote them. Above, on the long mar-ble balustrades, two or three peacocks were perched, one pure white as the sculptured stone itself; and below, half-way between the lilypads and the rustic landings, floated a few stately swans.

Somewhere behind one of those radiant first time had she a moment of real, vivid

Somewhere behind one of those radiant windows the Princess of Brindisi sat, and near her was Bianca d'Este. It was quite probable that the King knew he risked maternal observation during his present saunter with the young American lady he had sought to know. Since the arrival of his mother he had not presumed thus publicly to associate himself with any new foreign acquaintance. If Kathleen had been a man, her disrelish might have had its limits. At present, there in her palatial ambuscade, with her cherished Bianca to share the humiliation, whether real or fancied, this disrelish became a boundless disgust.

Social distraction.

"I resent this rebellion, monsieur," she such this rebellion, monsieur, she said a moment of real, vivid social distraction.

"I resent this rebellion, monsieur, she said your Saltravian weather. Still, as vet, I've no personal grudge against it. When a rainy day comes I shall ask you to give me some parliamentary edict, that I may read it to the insurgent elements, signed with your royal sen!"

"Have you as much faith in my power as that, mademoiselle?" he asked, drawing closer to fier. "I assure you I am a very small sort of king."

"You're the first time had she a moment of real, vivid social distraction.

"I resent this rebellion, monsieur," she said distraction.

funcied, this disrelish became a boundless disgust.

"It pleases me greatly, mademolselle," the King was meanwhile saying, in his flexible and almost native French, "that you should so care for Saltravia after so brief a stay here."

"How can one help caring for it?" returned Kathleen, as they paused on one of the relvet-swarded terraces. Looking side ways, across her shoulder, she perceived that the same group which had accompanied the King before they met were following him now at a distance respectful and discreet. She perceived, too, that her mother and Mrs. Madison were also not far behind them. This was possibly what her companion wished. It struck her that he was a gentleman, this comely and fascinating monarch, who wished many things most decisively, and who had the art of making his desires operative with the same coolease that helpers to the touching of a stay here and his voice grew."

"Ausia?" he said, his sunny face clouding a little. "Do you care for that country?"

"It's so far away, monsieur, and so—"

"Barbarous," he supplied a little harshly.

"Yes, being the most uncivilized of European countries, Russia is hence the most romantic. Her very patronymics, with their bristling thickets of consonants, seem like lairs for the imps of assussination; and one need only hear the words 'Moscow' and 'Odessa' and 'Yolga' to feel as if one had been assisting at a conspiracy of Nihilitis."

He ended these words almost steraly, but at once his face lightened and his voice grew his desires operative with the same cool ease that belongs to the touching of an electric bell and the summoning of a needed

lacquey.

"The weather here," she continued, "is always so enchanting." And then she looked into Clarimond's face with one of those smiles that his dislike of commonplace women had even thus quickly caused him to feel was the harbinger of something

wrong done to Kathleen when we assert of her that she felt one whit more disarrayed than a like environment would have rend-ered one of the other sex, this nearness of ered one of the other sex, this nearness of sovereignty being feminine, not misculine? Few men, if history does not err, have resisted the blandishments of queens. And Clarimond, if he dealt in no blandishments, bore himself at all times with that magnetic demeanor which would have made his greatness quite secondary in the eyes of not a few women on whom he might have chosen benignly to beam.

Lightly he now pursued, with his gaze fixed upon Kathleen's face in a way that somehow helied the levity of his wordst "Oh, yes, the weather here is my only rebel and my only traitor. I've an idea about it: I've decided that it is only endurable when we don't think of discussing it. Am

then we don't think of discussing I not right, and do we not respect it most when, like Cæsar's wife, it is above sus-picion?"

He ended these words almost sternly, but at once his face lightened and his voice grew kind.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he pursued.
"I try to be without rancors. Usually I succeed in showing none. Of all times, this is the last when I should remember them.

Shall I tell you why?"
"If you wish, monsieur."
"Then, my reason is this: That I read in your face, in your manner will you parden