

Two Nights in June

From Black and White

"Some staid garden web with dew,"
The words echoed wildly in Brunton's mind as, escaping by favor of a French casement from the crowded reception room, he found himself in the pleasure room, soft, the thrill of the distant music rose and fell upon the still air, less tuneful sounded the nearer hum of conversation and laughter. Glancing back toward the lighted windows, the vague yearning for sympathy that had lain like a cord around his heart all day gripped him close. Then an affected laugh struck his ear and Brunton turned away toward solitude. Under his feet lay the smooth grass of the trim lawn. Overhead was the blue-black summer sky, star-strewn and cloudless. Lower the fairy lights, red, green and gold, twinkled like jewels among the dark foliage. About him hung the fragrance of the heliotrope.

Brunton was young; his soul, nevertheless, was immature, nebulous, and his emotions still of the crudest. Yet as he looked sky-wards his spirit sunk at the thought of leaving so much beauty and sweetness for—the knew not what. Tomorrow he would leave England to join his regiment and few seemed to know or care. For the first time he felt constrained to mourn the lack of near relatives to fuss and weep over his departure. His coming to Mrs. Derrick's "home" had been a mistake too. Having a few hours to fill in, he had come with the idea that it would pass the time pleasantly. Now he felt annoyed at his folly in so doing.

Taking out a cigar he lit a match, which a sportive zephyr playfully extinguished. Among the shadows hid a rustic arbor, and stepping inside the shelter of its doorway, he struck a fresh gleam. Flaring up brightly it revealed, huddled up, close to the wall of the arbor, a shivering girlish form.

For one startled moment his keen gray eyes looked amazed into frightened blue ones.

"Why by Jove, Oh! I say," he ejaculated innocently.

The girlish face, set in an aureole of golden hair, raised appeal to his eyes. "Oh, please, please, don't tell anybody. I only came out here to get away from the people."

"Did you?" Well, I say, that should be a bond of union between us, for so did I.

The dying flicker of the wax-match saw an expression of relief across the girl's face. "And you won't tell anybody about my coming here, will you?"

"Not a soul, honor bright. But surely you didn't leave the house to crouch up here in the dark?"

"Oh, no! It was lovely among the stars and flowers and things; then I heard some one coming, and ran in here till he should go past and so you caught me."

He could tell that she was smiling a little now, though there was still a little hesitating catch in her voice.

"Won't you come out and walk again?" He was longing to see her. The darkness of the summer house was tantalizing, and chivalry rebelled at the rudeness of striking another light.

"And you will smoke?" she asked, rising, in reply to his query, and walking to the door.

"No, thanks. I don't care to now. Suppose we stroll around."

The starlight revealed to Sylvia a soldierly form with short-cropped dark hair and a quite perceptible mustache, showed Brunton a petite figure, whose robe of shimmering white satin draped loosely from the old lace that outlined its square-cut bodice, a string of pearls around the slender neck the only ornament.

For a moment conversation triumphed and they were banal together. Thereafter, after the influence of the June night prevailed and they inclined to confidence. Beyond the long archway of the garden the lawn Sylvia knew that Brunton was a soldier, that tomorrow he would sail for India to join his regiment.

"P. and O. China, awfully jolly deck cabin to myself. And ere they emerged from the long archway of roses Brunton knew that this was Sylvia's first party, that she was an orphan and lived with her grandmamma; that at that moment her grandmamma was playing whist in Mrs. Derrick's ante-drawing room; that Sylvia herself passed endless evenings playing whist with grandmamma. Mrs. Dawson (the companion) and a dumpty. Also that a look in grandmamma's eye, which seemed to Sylvia to hold a suggestion that in the event of no better partner being forthcoming Sylvia might be called upon to make up a set, had led to Sylvia's taking refuge in the garden, thus showing that the more she told the more completely she was being deceived.

"And you have never been anywhere?" This pityingly, from the height of his experiences which were yet to come.

"No, never. We always go to Torquay in winter, but that's nearly just the same as being at home. Do you know, I've never, never once been out of doors at night before!"

"Not even to a theater?"

"No."

"Poor little girl! I say"—suddenly a sudden idea—"you, guardian, will be some time over whilst you're here?"

"Why, yes. The game has just begun, and they won't finish under a rubber."

"Well, suppose I take you somewhere for half an hour?—to a theater or music hall? My cab is waiting."

"Oh!" A gasp of delight followed by the inevitable "But would it not be wrong?" and "I can't go dressed like this."

Manlike, Brunton rode rough-shod over both scruples.

"Oh, nobody will know. Wait here a moment while I run to the house and fetch my wraps."

Leaving Sylvia in the safe confusion of the arbor, he vanished returning speedily clad in light top coat and crush hat and bearing a heavy cloak of velvet and furs.

"That!" breathed Sylvia in a horrified whisper, when she showed his spool. "Why, you've brought grandmamma's sable mantle!"

"Oh, that's all right, so long as it's big enough," replied her fellow-sinner, with a man's easy indifference to aught but utility.

To Sylvia the hansom was a chariot sent direct from fairyland for her convenience to some enchanted world. The anxiety and glitter of the London night delighted and amazed her. At Pledgeland circus Sylvia was entranced; in Leicester square she was in ecstasies, and when, having reached the seclusion of a curtained box, she could not resist the temptation of the smoke-wreathed figures, which the moving marvel of form and color defined as a ballet, she acted and moved as though in a dream world.

They witnessed need not be detailed. It is not written in the daily papers? Suffice it to tell that Sylvia remained oblivious to all Brunton's hints as to the lapse of time until he murmured that the hour neared 11.

Safely in the hansom speeding homeward Sylvia returned to earth, again and sighed at that she felt like Cinderella having to leave the ball at its height. And Brunton tentatively suggested that there had been no prince in the ball; whereupon Sylvia avowed hastily that of course he was the prince; then faltered and blushed. After that it must be confessed that the trees fringing Regent's park witnessed some callow lovemaking.

Yes, Sylvia was sorry, very, very, very sorry he was going, and perhaps when he returned in three years he would have forgotten her. And Brunton was equally convinced of his own faithfulness, but feared the strain of time and absence on hers.

Brunton thought he would like their next meeting to take place, as this one had, in a garden; and Sylvia remembered that a certain green door in the high wall encircling her grandmamma's grounds opened on a quite aside road. It was quite near; she could drive around that way and she would point it out.

Thereafter the stars witnessed a solemn compact that, that day three years later, at the same hour, Sylvia would walk the green door to give Brunton entrance.

They were very much in earnest. Two real tears glistened in Sylvia's eyes as she spoke of the years that the green door must remain closed. And Brunton's voice grew husky and he had difficulty in rendering his farewells as manly as he would have wished. So, as become young lovers, were the twin delightfully disconsolate.

Re-entering Mrs. Derrick's garden cautiously, the youths had scarcely gained the safe vantage of the shrubbery before encountering an emissary in search of Sylvia. Lady Martingale was going, had been going for ten minutes, and both her cloak and her granddaughter were to seek.

Atward the little green door the moonlight glistened softly, and Brunton, standing in the shadow of an ivy, would willingly have dropped the coming hour out of his life.

Since his return to England a few days before the memory of this approaching meeting has persistently occurred to him. As a man of honor he knew he dare not shirk it. An yet how painful to be forced to see Sylvia too look into those innocent truthful eyes, to speak to her, to have her doubt—and confess how he had changed, and to tell bodily that their meeting had been but an incident, of no moment in the ordering of his life.

He must deceive her as tenderly as possible, speak of Eleanor reverently, at least not let Sylvia guess how entirely happy their union was, or that she, Sylvia, had long ceased to be sought by a pretty, sentimental remembrance to him.

If the water which contaminated the germs may be introduced into the body while brushing the teeth or washing the face. Or, again, salads and fruits which are eaten raw may be contaminated by the water in which they are washed. Typhoid fever has sometimes spread in a city when water supply was above reproach by means of milk or ice.

Milk need not be introduced in order to become a vehicle for typhoid germs. The germs may be introduced into cans and bottles, their shells and so on, washed in water drawn from a contaminated well or brook, at the dairy. Although destroyed by boiling, typhoid germs will resist a freezing temperature for a long time, and have been found in ice cut from a pond poisoned with sewerage containing the bacilli of this disease.

Another means of the spread of typhoid has recently been discovered in oysters. Oystermen frequently place oysters in brackish water near the mouth of a creek, in order to fatten them before they are brought to market. If this place happens to be near the mouth of a sewer containing typhoid poison, or if the creek water be contaminated, the oysters will take the virus within their shells and so revenge themselves on those who eat their raw.

In some puzzling cases of typhoid it has been supposed that the food was infected by flies, which had carried the virus within their feet—a strong argument for the proper care of food in the fly season.

These are only a few ways in which this disease may be spread, but they are enough to show that, so far from being a rare and exotic disease, it is one that is common to our rather would that we are not all its victims.

THE SPINET.

Beneath the rafter, black and bare,
The spider's orb its yellow keys
Have stretched their filmy strands
Around its web and strutting frame
The airy cobwebs blow
In lieu of elken trophies
That moldered long ago.

But winy nights a quaint old tune
Comes stealing down the stair;
The wind who whistles through the eaves
A ghost with powdered hair
The mice go dancing in and out
To melodies he sings
When fashion's mad young
And Washington was young.

Around her on the garter floor
Her shining satin curls
A haunting sorrow dims her eyes;
Her face is proud and pale,
But when I climb the croaking stair,
The gusty moonlight falls
On nothing but the withered hair
That hangs along the walls.

And yet the spinet trembles still
To that forgotten tune
The ashes of a crumbled rose
From the keys are strung
And yonder chest below the eaves
Her gown of satin holds
With spindly fingers
Between its faded folds.

—Minnie Irving in the New England Magazine.

A REMARKABLE NEW PLANET.

One of the Asteroids That Has a Peculiar Orbit.

From the London Times.

Of the various departments of astronomical work "minor planet" discovery has seemed by far the least interesting and profitable. There seemed no end to their numbers—more than one hundred and fifty having been detected within the last ten years; they

are too small for any markings to be observed on their surfaces or to afford fields for delightful speculations as to their climates and inhabitants; they are just wandering bowlders, as numerous as the pebbles on the seashore, and with, for the most part, scarcely more individuality to raise the astronomer for the toll of keeping a watch on their motions, and of computing their orbits, so that it was with a decided feeling of satisfaction that most astronomers of the first half of the present year go by without a single fresh discovery.

The last two months, however, have each brought a new capture; the first, discovered by M. Charlois of the Nice observatory, on July 16, having no special claim to attention, but the second, discovered by Herr Witt, of the Urania Observatory, Berlin, on Aug. 14, seems to have some remarkable features.

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COMPLIMENTS FOR AMERICAN CONSULS

GOOD WORK DONE BY THEM IN EXTENDING TRADE.

Praise from an English Source. They Well Deserve to Be Called Ambassadors of Commerce, But We Ought Not to Change Them Every Four Years.

From the London Mail.

United States consuls are as thick as kings in Homer, or blackberries in the autumn. In nearly every city of the world—inland as well as maritime, and in many little towns—is to be found an official of the United States, armed with a commission from his president, fortified by an exequatur from the government to which he is accredited, and protected in his offices by the coat-of-arms of his country.

In sixty towns and cities of the United Kingdom with the American eagle, as noted by the observant traveler, somewhat rusted, no doubt, in our damp atmosphere, as he hangs suspended over the consular door, but none the less an evidence of the ubiquity of the people over whose broad—and now expanding—lands he soars. Of these sixty consular officers, about half are American citizens, the remainder being Englishmen, performing technical duties in the smaller places.

Chiefly American, and, though primarily appointed also for the execution of specified office duties, have become, through public demand and intelligent direction from Washington (as have their colleagues throughout the world), of the "advance agents" of foreign trade—"advance agents" of their manufacturers and shippers. I have been brought into contact with many of them in the course of the past ten years, and I have diligently noted their attitude of mind and heart, their views, and I may almost say, incidental duties. Something of what I have learned I set out here.

TRY TO BE PRACTICAL.

Said one consul to me, "Our people are not old enough yet to have learned the meaning of the 'bureaucrat' our officials at home and abroad do not understand the meaning of the word 'practical' and they do not seem to care to do more than to get the letter of the law, and to do it in the most literal sense of the word."

"For instance," he said, "I need the proprietor of a newspaper. He tells me he is using American paper in his machine. I ask if there are faults to be found with the paper or with the business methods of the shippers. He makes several complaints of a technical nature, the most important of which refers to improper packing, and consequent injury to the goods on voyage. I make a report that night, and in thirty days it is in print in our journals, and before six weeks have passed receive four letters from the paper manufacturer, asking further particulars and detailed information, which is duly sent."

"It was accident that you heard about this," I suggested.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

"In one sense, yes, in another, no. I try to know everybody. I subscribe to and attend the chamber of commerce, I live among the merchants. I get to know them and the sort of business they do, that I may know where to go for information that may be frankly asked and honestly given; and I am glad to think that I have received four letters from the manufacturer, and that he has been helped in his business by the information I have given him."

"In another town a very large dealer in iron told me that he had just had a call from the American consul, who asked him if he ever imported any American bolts and nuts. Upon his answering in the negative the suggestion was made that there was a possibility of business; but that as prices were cut so fine, the consul could not help matters unless he was supplied with samples. Detailed figures were ultimately supplied the consul, showing the exact prices paid to the German, French and English manufacturers; and these, with samples, were sent to the United States, with full particulars as to freight, custom house charges and trade terms. I do not know whether business was inaugurated through this action, but it was not the consul's fault if no result followed."

ASSIST OUR MANUFACTURERS.

"Calling on a provincial consul I found his table covered with little bits of manufactured rubber, marked with prices. He had received a letter from a manufacturer in his own county, he explained, which inclosed a sample of rubber, and asked if that sample could compete in England, and if so, whether it was necessary to send over a traveler; or whether other means of opening the business could be suggested. "I am sending him samples of English goods and prices," said the consul, "and can tell for himself what he can do."

"How did you get the samples?" I asked. "From the largest who here, and from another firm who do not manufacture. I showed the former the letter, and he sent me a sample, and if this is a class of goods that do not compete with you, please tell me about it. They answered that it did compete with them, but that their price lists were open to anybody, and they did not fear competition; so they gave me all the information I wanted. I find that large manufacturers rarely refuse information which may easily be obtained indirectly. They are too broad-minded to put petty obstacles in the way of their buyers."

"You had to go in person to get this information?" I asked.

"Yes, it is all personal. A clerk could not get it, and letters are not fruitful; but a consul who sits in his office all day is not much use as a commercial traveler."

"You admit you are a commercial traveler?" I asked.

AMBASSADORS OF COMMERCE.

"Of course, some call us ambassadors of commerce; but that is only high-fluting for the same thing. England and the United States are essentially commercial countries, and consuls have important duties in connection with their export business. Personal dignity need not be ruffled in performing those duties effectively. There is no more patriotic service an

AMERICAN CAN RENDER HIS COUNTRY AT THE PRESENT MOMENT THAN TO DISCOVER A NEW MARKET FOR HIS COMMODITY.

That is really achieving something; other consular duties are largely technical."

Those creditable sentiments animate many of the American consular officials. One I knew was extremely perturbed because his country was shipping fabulous numbers of sides of bacon each year to England, and receiving weight less than Canada and Denmark were receiving. He made an exhaustive inquiry into the subject, and finally sent a report to his country, telling the farmers what sort of pigs to breed from, how to feed them, when to kill them, how to cut them up and how to pack them, demonstrating that if his directions were followed, thousands of pounds would be added to the income of his country. He has since, he tells me, had a heavy correspondence on the subject, and expects to be making packing homes established which shall cure for the British market alone.

INTELLIGENT ASSISTANCE.

I could multiply examples illustrative of the initiative and alertness of these consuls, but the above will suffice to show that they are animated by a commendable national spirit of enterprise, which takes, like most Yankee enterprises, a very practical form. I think, however, their work in this direction is only beginning. It has only lately had intelligent supervision and guidance from Washington, for it is only a short time since a bureau of commerce was established in the department of state. That bureau has already exercised a perceptible influence on consular work, as is shown in increased volume and practicality of reports. The haphazard forwarding of these, according to the whims of consuls and mercantile knowledge of the consul, is gradually being systematized.

American manufacturers ready for export business now turn naturally to the bureau. They formulate with the exactitude of lawyers a series of questions covering precisely the points on which they desire information, and the bureau procures answers through the consuls. The useful, but hazy, "savage census" has not been thought too long a subject upon which to ask reports; leather has had attention, white lead has been examined, credit systems of different countries have been reported on, markets for manufactured iron have been diligently searched for. American proprietary medicines have been looked into, patents and markets for them have been explored—these are a few of the subjects, recalled at haphazard, that are dealt with by American consuls, under direction from headquarters.

THE ONE FAULT.

The bureau of commerce, besides initiating inquiries, publishing the results in its numbers and editing and controlling the usual monthly volume of reports, systematizes the department statistics and maintains and develops a sort of foreign intelligence bureau. I am told this latter feature is appreciated and commended by exporting inquiries.

The fault in the American system is, of course, in the changes made with each incoming administration; but I am told that opinion is working fast for permanent tenure; and when this reform is accomplished, the consuls will be, even more than now, active, alert and successful "forerunners of their country's foreign trade."

CONSIDER THE SPIDER.

His Wonderful Work Made Known by a Maryland Naturalist.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Dr. Henry Laney, of Cumberland, who does considerable experimenting along scientific lines for a pastime, has lately been studying the liphonides, a species of spider that builds its web over water along streams and rivers, with interesting results. His discoveries in some respects have been wonderful. The investigation was made for the purpose of getting photographs of the web for a lecture on entomology before a scientific club.

After experimenting Dr. Laney found the spider commonly known as the water spider to be a willing, obedient worker; that by changing the position of the insect to a point he wanted him to work in the spider would proceed with his labor in a most accommodating manner, as if nothing had happened. Dr. Laney made a small wooden frame work, and in this he coaxed the spider to spin his web. Naturally, the spider was not generally located conveniently for photographic purposes and Dr. Laney conceived the idea of a frame for the web that he could move to any place, so as to secure proper light and conditions for a photograph.

The willing worker Dr. Laney found along a stream in Cumberland where he carried on his investigations. After securing the web, which, in its natural state, is comparatively invisible for photographic purposes, Dr. Laney proceeded first to make it tenacious by spraying it with an alcoholic solution of shellac, and then with a solution of galleic acid, which made it appear as if frost had settled upon it. The web now seemed to be covered with the morning's dew. To complete the effect, Dr. Laney captured a spider, put him in the death box, and then coated him with galleic acid. Duly placing the insect in the web in a natural position, he was sprayed with galleic acid. Using black velvet as a background, Dr. Laney succeeded in photographing one of the most beautiful and delicate pictures in nature.

Dr. Laney says: "The spiders display wonderful intelligence and mechanical skill in making these webs. Their instinct is far above that of the ordinary animal kind. It is quite hard to get them to do anything they do not wish to do. When a large spider desires to make a web for himself and he has some distance to stretch it, he does not swing himself, as most people suppose, and let the wind or his momentum make him when it will. He begins his web by starting the first guy very close up to the corner of the angle. He attaches to the other side of the angle, making a short guy. Every guy increases in length, the spider always using the last guy made to carry the next one over until he attains the position in which he wishes to place his net. The last guy may be ten feet long and the first one only a few inches.

The last two guys bring the support of the net. These will be supported by at least six strands, all laid in the one cable, for the thorough support of the net. After this the spider travels to the point on the cable from which he wants to locate his net, and attaches the web to that point and draws it up to the next guy, thereby laying the first angle guy of the net. Then

ALTERATION AND REBUILDING SALE.

Scranton Store—124-126 Wyoming Ave.

Clippings from an Unusually Noteworthy Bargain List. Since Monday morning last there has been a conquest of money-saving chances in this store that has been looking for its equal since. Greater values than you ever dreamt of finding on any Bargain Monday you ever knew of are here every day this week and will continue during this entire sale. Lots that are closed in the course of the day are immediately replaced by others of even greater importance. Look in this space daily for new and profitable attractions.

\$1.00 kid gloves=49c

Ladies' kid gloves, of the finest leather, the kind we have always sold for one dollar, in sizes 5, 5½, 5¾ and 6, a rare bargain for those who can be fitted, while they last

forty-nine cents.

Alteration Sale of Ladies' Suits

One lot ladies suits, sizes 32 to 50, regular price \$9.98, alteration sale price..... \$5.98

One lot ladies suits in green, brown and black, regular price 6.98, alteration sale price..... 2.98

Eighteen serge suits extra quality, in colors, castor, grey, blue and black, plain and also trimmed with braid, regular price \$17, alteration sale price..... 9.98

We have just a few of our high class suits left, the prices of which have been from \$20 to \$25, alteration sale price..... 13.98

One lot ladies suits, slightly damaged, regular price \$12.98, alteration sale price..... 3.98

Alteration Sale of Ladies' Bicycle Suits

Six bicycle suits, including shopping bag and leggings, former price \$6.98, alteration sale price 2.98

Alteration Sale of Ladies' Capes

One lot ladies' double capes in blue, braid trimmed, former price \$1.50, alteration sale price 95c

One lot ladies' capes, among which are fur trimmed, braid and beaded garments, former prices from \$4 to \$6, alteration sale price..... 2.98

Fifty ladies' cheviot and boucle coats in blue and black, former price \$5, alteration sale price..... 3.75

1 lot ladies' fur trimmed capes, former price \$4.50, alteration sale price..... 1.49

Alteration Sale of Ladies' Skirts

1 lot ladies' all wool skirts in all colors, former price \$4.98, alteration sale price..... 1.49

1 lot ladies' skirts in plaids and checks, former price from \$2.50 to \$4, alteration sale price 1.59

1 lot ladies' moire silk skirts former price \$8.98, alteration sale price 5.98

Lebeck & Corin

He travels back over this same guy to the top again and repeats the act until he has spun eight strands, which make thirty-two angular divisions in the net. All spiders, as I have observed, make the same kind of a net, with the same number of strands and divisions.

"Now he proceeds to put in the net-work by starting from the center, where he attaches his web, then with a circular motion, traveling from guy to guy, spinning web as he goes, and by its natural moisture sticks it to each guy, carefully carrying the web within the radius of the circle. After the circle has been attained the same rotary motion is kept up until the net is finished to the center.

"Here comes the most comic feature of net building—the test of durability of the work by the spider himself. As soon as the net is finished he puts every guy through the severest test by sharp, brisk jerks, seemingly sufficient to tear the whole net to pieces. The spider's antics just then are certainly amusing. If the spider finds the web is not taut, he will go to the end of the guy rope, stretch it until it suits him, and retreat the guy. If the net still seems loose from the center the guy will be carried