# THE DOUBLE DEALING OF MRS. SMITH.

, mansamment in the same

When my dear husband died two ears ago, leaving me with little mony and an invilid daughter, it was as years ago, leaving me with little mon-ey and an invilid daughter, it was as if a warm, protecting wall between me and the north wind had been sud-

denly removed.

Fortunately, our house, with its pretty garden at the back, and decent neighbors was left us; and there was a steady demand for our front and back parlors, and the little room off, that answered for a library, or dressing room. Lodgers came and went, and very cheerfully added their sovereigns to the fine growing sum which I kept where do you think?-in an empty

tea-caddy.
Well, in the very biggest rush of visitors they came. The young man came first—a good looking boy of 24 of so—who was willing to pay any reasonable price for a comfortable, quiet room all to himself, where he could sleep in the day—he being employed on a blg moming paper during ployed on a big morning paper during the week, and until a late hour on Saturday upon a Sunday paper.

The next morning he came, bag and baggage; and I must say the little storeroom was not bad, with its clean matting and fresh curtains at the one window that looked on the garden.

Mr. Ivry—that was his name—said it was all very nice, and he drew a long breath as if quite weary; and I noticed his eyes looked tired and a little sad. I always feel sorry for young people with sad eyes.

I told him I truly hoped he would be suited, and showed him a cupboard at the end of the hall where he could keep his housekeeping supplies. There were two divisions, with a key to each, and I gave him the right-hand Then, thinking of his sad eyes -and maybe also of the tea-caddy I offered to furnish cream and butter

very reasonably.

Well, Mr. Ivry had been under my roof for two weeks, and giving me no more trouble than a mouse-and not near so much, for I am mortally afraid of a mouse-when she came. She came in the evening, when, luckily, I had just finished setting Mr. Ivry's little room in order.
She wanted a room, and the privilege

of preparing her own breakfasts and suppers, and she would be always at her work at a big milliner's during the

Now every cranny of my house was full, unless—and here the wild plan which led to such constant watchfulness and frightful anxiety jumped in-

I told here I feared the only room I had would be too small and too plain to suit, but if she would like to look at it-and I led the way to Mr. Ivry's room.

There was still a faint odor of coffee, and a pair of very manly looking boots peeped from under the bureau. I caught them up and held them be-hind me while we talked.

"I will take the room," she said, with a little sigh of resignation over my flinty price, "and I will come tomorrow evening at about seven."

"And at what time will you be going

"And at what time will you be going away in the morning?" I asked, as casually as possible.

"Oh, dreadfully early! I must breakfast at six, and be at my place at seven sharp. Will you kindly let your maid call me at half past five, for sometimes I am so sleave." sometimes I am so sleepy."

I assured her that I would gladly waken her myself, being always an early riser. And if she would like home-made bread and things of that sort, with fresh cream and butter, I thought I could make it convenient to supply them-at a reasonable price.

She came, and four whole days passed before the awful possibilities of Sunday dawned upon me. I felt that I had already a sufficiently harrowing time—remodelling the room, so to speak, in the morning for Mr. Ivry, and clearing it up in the evening for Miss Hardy. More than once I what my dear husband would have called a close shave. Miss Hardy fell asleep again one morning, after being awakened and had hardly dashed down the front steps, without her breakfast-except for a glass of milk, which I almost poured down her throat—before Mr. Ivry came up them; and I made him wait in the lower hall while, with some excuse, I hustled Miss Hardy's numerous belongings into my clothes press.

And one afternoon, Mr. Ivry lingered so long over his refreshments-prob-ably reading or writing, for I heard rustle of paper, and the occasional movement of his coffee cup-that nearly fainted with fear as I whisked his possessions away and brought out and arranged the Hardy properties in their accustomed order. Then Mr. Ivry their accustomed order. Then Mr. Ivry left his side of the hall cup-board ajar on the third evening, showing plainly a piece of cheese and the remnants of sandwiches, for she asked me next morning if there were other lodgers on our floor, and I was obliged to vaguely prevaricate. What with falsehood and hard work and weary ing watchfulness, my nerves were al-ready becoming shaky.

And now Sunday was coming! How to keep Miss Hardy out of her room from half-past six to half-past five, or longer, was the question. I thought of several things. I had a dear married niece living out in the suburbs in a pretty little house. I telephoned her, sking her as a special favor to take my gnest for Saturday night and Sun-day. She answered "With pleasure!" But when I proposed the delightful out.ng to Miss Hardy that young lady thanked me most sweetly. and

Then I set about contriving how to then I set about contriving now to keep Mr. Ivry away. It isn't pleasant to tell a downright fib, so I couldn't invent some dreadful happening that would make the room uninhabitable for a day or two. I couldn't ask him to change rooms, for there none to change to. And it was already

Sunday morning.

A friend was coming—and was she not a friend—to stay until Monday morning, and I must give her a corner, hoping he would not be greatly inconvenienced. Mr. Ivry looked surprised, but answered very kindly, Oh, yes, he would make some arrange-ment for that little time. And I carried up for his luncheon a nice cut of broiled chicken. I felt so relieved and grateful, and I am sure he realized how sorry I was to trouble him.

But there were more Sundayshaps a whole summer of them-to follow, and hardly was his first one over, and Miss Hardy off to her work, be-

fore the next one began to loom up.

I tried to send Mr. Ivry out to my niece for Sunday, telling him of the quiet, the refreshing lake breeze, and the benefit of even a brief respite from the heat and uproar of the city. And, almost to Miss Hardy's words, he replied that the only respite he needed was a few hours of solid sleep, and he could sleep at home, and he pleasantly

Then I resolved to cast myself on Miss Hardy's compassion. I told her that a friend of mine was coming to spend Sunday with me—a person very much in need of rest—and I had no quiet corner-nothing, in fact, but my bedroom, and the kitchen-and would she mind giving up her room just for the day—and as early in the morning as possible—as a special favor to me?

Miss Hardy promptly answered "Yes."

I felt myself grow red with shame, thinking of my deception, but I con-fess I was greatly relieved, with no conflicting Sunday to consider for 12

days to come.

However, I had a sufficiency of scares during that time. One morning Miss Hardy, running back for a handkerchief, and finding me wildly re-moving her effects as if engaged in a fire drill, and only able to stammer something about "sweeping day;" and one evening catching me just outside her door with the last armful of Mr. Ivry's things (fortunately the evening was dark and rainy, and the hall lamp not lighted and Mr. Ivry finding a thimble and a hat pin which I had clumsily overlooked, politely handed them to me, without even a thought of

The time fled swiftly, and soon an other unarranged Sunday confronted was Mr. Ivry's turn to be diverted from the room.

Now I would take a bold stand, and say to him that, owing to our cramped quarters, my daughter's illness, and the fact that we were to have a guest every Sunday-and weren't we?-he would be conferring a great favor if he would find some other room forjust that day, and I would gladly make a suitable reduction in his rent, and be much obliged.

I made the suggestion to him with fear and trembling-for there was the chance that he might take leave altogether-and my voice faltered, and the tears came into my eyes, in spite of my effort to be calm and business The dear boy! He had nothing for me but instant compassion and ready compliance. He said he could manage somehow, he was sure; and his room, which had began to seem like home to him, would seem all the pleasanter for these brief absences.

The next Saturday afternoon, at a quarter to six, Mr. Ivry went away with a handbag and umbrella and a smiling good-by, and I flew to my work of reconstruction with a light heart. No more threatening, dreadful Sundays, and only the little minor risks of week-days to look out for! No wonder I hummed as I placed Miss Hardy's lamp and books and workbasket and fans, and slippers dressing case, and calendars, in their

usual places. I was sitting in our own little room one evening when the blow fell. Latchkeys had already admitted the first people, and so, when I heard the hall door open and close, and a quick step came bounding up the stairs, I knew the end had come.

Evidently Mr. Ivry has hastily returned for some important forgotten thing, and, thinking that my guest was not to arrive until the next day, had returned to unlock the door. I heard Miss Hardy utter an exclama-tion, and bound to the Goor, which she must have opened quite violently, for it banged against the table and mage the plates rattle.

The hall was dimly lighted- for I cannot afford a dazzling outlay of

gas. "What do you mean?" cried Miss Hardy's voice in startled intensity. "I beg your pardon, but I left"— be

"You are mastaken! This is my\_" "Excuse me, it is my room

"If you don't go away this minute I'll call Mrs. Smith!"
"Will you listen a moment? I left
some papers here—"
"Mrs. Smith!"

"In the side pocket of my mackin-

"Mrs. Smith!"

gan Mr. Ivry.

"That hangs—or did hang an bour

1 got to my feet, but weakly sank into my chair again. By this time they must have taken a look at each other, and there came a little cry from Miss Hardy.

"Philip-Mr. Ivry!" Then there was such a confusion of exclamations that I could distinguish nothing for a few moments. Finally came a few sentences in Miss Hardy's clear, but slightly trembling voice:

"I am here because I am at work. Papa died a year ago. He lost all his money, and he couldn't get over it. 1 am as poor as you are now." "Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Ivry very

fervently.
"At the last papa was very sorry for—for everything. He told me to see you. But you had gone—I did not know where, and I—" "Oh, this is splendid! I"-began Mr.

Ivry.
"Don't you mind now, mamma,"
whispered my daughter. "They're so
happy they'll forgive you everything."
And so they did.—Waverly Magazine.

THE SCENT OF THE ONION.

By Any Other Name It Would Be as Far

from Sweet.

It is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is simply due to the presence in some quality of another mineral matter in the bulb—sulphur. It is this sulphur that gives the onion its germ-killing property and makes the bulb so very useful a medicinal agent at all times, but especially in spring, which used to be-and still is in many places-the season for taking brimstone and treacle in old-fash-ioned houses before sulphur tablets

came into vogue.

Now, sulphur, when united in hydrogen, one of the gases of water, forms sulphurated hydrogen and then becomes a foul-smelling, well nigh a fetid, compound. The onion, being so juicy, has a very large percentage of water in its tissues, and this, combin-ing with the sulphur, forms the strongly scented and offensive substance called sulphuret of allyle, which is formed in all the alliums. This sulphuret of allyle mingles more especially with the volatile or aromatic oil of the onion: it is identified with the malodorant principle found in asafoetida, which is almost the symbol of all smells that are nasty. The horse radish, so much liked with roast beef for its keen and biting property, and the ordinary mustard of our tables both owe their strongly stimulative properties to this same sulphuret of allyle, which gives them heat and acridity, but not an offensive smell, owing to the different arrangements of the atoms in their volatile oils.

This brings us to a most curious fact in nature, that most strangely, yet most certainly constructs all vege-table volatile oils in exactly the same way-composes them all, whether they are the aromatic essences of cloves, oranges, lemons, cinnamon, thyme, rose, verbena, turpentine or onion, of exactly the same proportions, which are \$1% of carbon to 11% of hydrogen, and obtains all the vast seeming diversities that our nostrils detect in their scent simply by a different arrangement of the atoms in each vege-table oil. Oxygen alters some of the hydro-carbons; sulphur others.—Chambers's Journal.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Adoption is so general in Japan that it is no uncommon thing to find half a dozen children in a family who are no relation, to each other or to the father or mother.

Singular coincidences always are interesting, and here is one from England: At Cross Keys, near Abercarn, Monmouthshire, Elizabeth Jones, land lady of a local hostelry, died suddenly at her daughter's wedding breakfast. The wedding had previously been postponed for a month owing to the similar sudden death of the bride's brother just before the time fixed for the marriage ceremony.

and the bull was a powerful beast rising five years old. Amid the deli-Romulus succeeded in bringing his four-footed antagonist to the earth.

Morocco has the smallest navy in the world. It consists of just one sel—the Hassani. Until recently peculiar feature of this warship that it had no guns; but the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, has now purchased at Cadiz four of the lightest pieces of ord-nance left to Spain by the United States at the close of the war, and has had them mounted. He is thoroughly satisfied that in the event of a war with any of the Powers the "reorganized" navy would be able to sweep the seas.

The towering Washington monu-ment, solid as it is, cannot resist the beat of the sun, poured on its southout a slight bending of the gigantic which is rendered perceptible by is of a copper wire, 174 feet long, means of a copper wire, hanging in the centre of the structure and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 500 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate viprations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unmerceived, are registered by it.



# THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

picture effects are a feature of the season and are attractive in the ex-treme. The charming May Manton



FANCY WAIST WITH FICHU DRAPERY.

model illustrated exemplifies one ex cellent style and is singularly wel suited to all soft stuffs, such as cash mere, Henrietta, veiling, wool crepons, albatross and the like. As shown, the material is cashmere in brilliant Oxford red, with the dots embroidered in white silk, and vest and undersleeves in white mousseline and cream lace. The fichu drapes the figure with singular grace, and the double sleeves add a touch of quaintness that greatly adds to the whole. The design will be found adaptable for stout as well as slender figures, as the drapery ta-pers sufficiently to apparently reduce

New York City.—House gowns in closed the front of the gown. When closed the buttons serve to ornament the front, and may be of cut steel, in

cameo or any handsome sort preferred.

The back of the blouse is smooth, without fulness at any point. The fronts fit snugly at the upper portion, but are slightly full and pouched over the belt. There are no darts, the fit-ting bein accomplished by shoulder and under-arm seams. The capes and the collar close at the centre front, the edges of the latter being concealed when the blouse is worn open. The sleeves are two-seamed, and fit stylish-The belt curves slightly to fit the figure, and may be stitched onto or worn over the blouse.

Although a great variety of shapes are seen in the new hats, some posi-tively eccentric in their blazarre outthere is little doubt that the model with sweeping circular brim, set on a broad, extremely low crown, has the palm of "grand chie." If you notice such things you become aware that the shape of such a hat is exactly right for showing off the long, curling ostrich feather and the demiwreath of roses, which are the two conspicuous favorite modes of decor-ating millinery in the present season. For a mid-season hat choose one with a broad, low crown.

### Variety in Coats

Every possible shape of coat, from the short, tight Eton to the long, loose arriage ulster, finds favor in feminine sight. However, the bigger and looser one's broad-tail or Persian wraps may be the smarter it is. or, more properly speaking, cloaks, that drop nearly to the knees, are the most fashionable shape, and very few cling to the figure.

Girl's Box Reefer. The box reefer has certain advan-



full enough to become bulky. As shown, the frills are of the material cut blas and edged with narrow black velvet, which clings to the figure, sufficiently shaped to be graceful and sufficiently shaped to be graceful and while the color tends to an effect of

The foundation for the waist is a this are arranged the parts of the waist proper, the yoke and the full from. The two latter are joined and smoked pearl buttons, but covert cloth, with the two latter are joined and smoked pearl buttons, but covert cloth, dark blue and red and brown cloth. attached permanently to the right side There has taken place according to the lining and hooked into place at the left, the lining closing at the censular transfer of the lining and hooked into place at the left, the lining closing at the censular transfer of the lining and hooked into place at the left, the lining closing at the censular transfer of the lining and hooked into place at the left, the lining closing at the censular transfer of the lining and hooked into place at the left, the lining closing at the censular transfer of the lining and hooked into place at the left, the lining closing at the censular transfer of the last is somewhat odd in its effect, and nothing is tree front. The next is can be substituted. The last is somewhat odd in its effect, and nothing is tree front, being attached to its free edges. The sleeves are arranged even of the lining at the censular transfer of the lining closing at the censular transfer of the li ion Spanish athlete named Romulus, are arranged over a fitted lining which and is fitted with shoulder and undercan also be used for the sleeve proper, if preferred. As shown, however, the edge and again at the elbow, where meets the upper sleeve that is cut in one piece.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size five yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and onehalf yards twenty-seven inches or two and three-quarter yards fortyfour inches wide, with one yard seline and one yard of lace, wifl be required.

Blouse Kton Jacket With Double Cape. All variations of the blouse are much worn for outdoor wraps. The stylish May Manton model reproduced in the large drawing includes all the latest features and is essentially comfort able as well as smart. For immediate wear it is excellent in Venetian, broadcloth velvet, and materials of similar weight; later it can be either inter-lined or made from header cloaking cloth. As illustrated, 3 of satinfaced Venetian in castor color, with collar and cuffs of taffeta, and makes a part of a costume, but the design is perfectly suited to the general wrap, and will be popular for all-round service the season through. The little capes give additional warmth, and the straight turn-over collar, with the the very latest designs. As shown in years of age one and one-quarter ye the small drawing the fronts can be of material fifty-four inches wide, or turned back, when the weather allows, to form tapering revers that relinches wide, will be required.

the size of the waist and is nowhere tages over models of every other sort trim, at the same time that it allows perfect freedom and falls in the sig-ple lines that are so becoming to unismoked pearl buttons, but covert cloth, dark blue, and red and brown cloth

arm seams that curve well back. The collar is joined to the neck, and is lace cuff is faced on and the full faced with velvet, then turned back, mousseline is attached to its upper with the self-faced fronts that form revers. The edges and seams are all stitched, and pockets are inserted in each front. The coat is lapped over in double-breasted fashion, and closed with buttons and buttonholes. sleeves are two-seamed and fit stylish-

To cut this reefer for a girl of eight



BOX REEFER.

### THE GREAT DESTROYER.

THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

An Object Lesson From Maine—The Effect Upon the Rising Generation of Next to No Intoxication is Tremendous—Inebriety Made Unfamiliar.

Next to No Intoxication is Tremendous-Inebriety Made Unfamiliar.

Drunkenness in London is said to be on the increase—especially among women. The second installment of Bashkirtseff memoirs is summed up by more than one critic as the work not of an inebriate herself, perhaps, but as the natural hysteria of a scion of a race of inebriates. Literature and ethics join hands in declaring that the future welfare of art no less than humanity depends largely upon less liquor being introduced into the individual. In face of all this it is interesting to read that Maine is considering the repeal of her far-famed Prohibition law. Well, however impotent and insincere this law may be it has worked wonders in the simple matter of making inebriety unfamiliar to that State. Men may object to not being able to procure a glass of wine at dinner on a steamship off the coast of Maine; women may declare that the effect of a law which may be evaded by paying a fine instead is, morally, just as bad as drunkenness. But the influence of next to no saloons and, virtually, no intoxication, is not to be gainsaid. Upon a rising generation the effect of such a state of things must be tremendous. To put liquor out of reach is one thing; to throw the high light of the unusual upon the effects of liquor is better than the "awful example" that any temperance lecturer ever felt obliged to keep tipsy, "Why, a drunken man's a curiosity here, said a Maine native. "I dunno when I've seep are 'round,' not since the last circus, I guess, an' that was a good many years ago. You oughter have seen the folks stare at him. The boys and girls whose memories couldn't go as far back as the last drunken man as a curiosity, great deal more than the elephant and the bearded lady and the was one o' the sights. So he was. Everybody was assayin' to everybody else, 'Did you see the drunken man,' an' Look at the drunken man.' He was a curiosity, great deal more than the elephant and the bearded lady and the was one o' the sights. So he was a say of man, and a roving

### A Tragedy of Drink

A Tragedy of Drink.

It is amazing to what depths strong drink and a roving instinct will bring a man. There walked into my town the other day a tramp printer who secured employment at his trade. He is a young fellow under thirty, but he tells a remarkable tale of his ups and downs, giving ample confirmation of all his story, which he related in a modest manner after some questioning. This common tramp, now working daily at the case, is the son of a wealthy printer and publisher, and has a luxurious home, if he would but go to it. He is a graduate of Yale College, and has worked on nearly all the New York papers as a reporter. He was once the editor of a prosperous small town daily; he is a machine operator, and understanding German, French and Spanish, can operate the machines in those languages, and besides this he knows the printing business from top to bottom. However, with all his talents, strong drink has mastered him, and he has degenerated into a tramp. It seems a pity.

The other day I met aim just as he was recovering from a spree. "Why don't you trace up and be a man?" said I. "Brace up," answered he, "why, how can I when every one says: (Come and have a drink, and a saloon confronts me at every step. I know I was once a top-notcher, and I have the mental capacity to be so again, but I lack the strength; perhaps you call it the moral courage."—The Journalist.

## A Pail That is Always Full.

A Pail That is Always Full.

There is one pail that is perpetually full. That is the beer bucket, and its full-ness means emptiness for others, means seanty wage and pitiful fare, even for the workingman who never drinks, because the money that should go to make a demand for the product of his strength and skill, goes instead to the till of the salononkeeper. The fullness of the beer pail means gaunt famine in the homes of drinking men-starving, half-clad, half-frozen-hildren and despairing women, means scrimped living and harassing scantiness in the home of the honest and sober laborer, because of the economic waste of more than a billion dollars every year.

American labor will never be fully employed and well paid until the beer pail is empty and the door of the den where it is filled closed fast, and the political party that prates loudly of "prosperity" and as well its chief opponent whose stock in trade is usually believed to be "calamity," both lovingly agree to keep the beer pail full and the saloon wide open.—New Voice.

"The Meanest Business on Earth."

## "The Meanest Business on Earth.

In one of our large cities there is a man who keeps a first-class restaurant, and his two children, one of them an interesting who keeps a trest-class restaurant, and his two children, one of them an interesting boy of about ten years of age, wait on the table. A friend who was much attracted by the manliness and gentleness of the lad, said: "You have a splendid waiter." Yes," said the proprietor. "he is my son. I used to sell liquor. The boy came home one day and said: 'Papa, we fellows at school had a discussion to-day about the business in which our parents were engaged, and the question was asked: What does your father do?" One of them said: My father is a merchant.' Another said, 'My father is a lawyer.' I said, 'My father sells liquor.' And then one of the bfys spoke up and said, 'That is the meanest business on earth.' And then he looked around and asked. 'Father, is that am going to get out of it. God helping me I will get out of it."

## A Congestion of Public Houses.

A Congestion of Public Houses.

In Ireland in 1896 the total number of licensed houses was 18,751. In that country the congestion of public houses was terrible. In one city (Tralee) in one street, forty yards long, so narrow that two carts cannot pass in it, there are twelve public houses. In another town there are ten to a population of 179, in another one house in three, in another one to every thirty persons.

Barred From the Order.

In the Modern Woodmen Society the official organ announces: "A camp clerk has no right to receive dues and assessments from a person who has engaged in the lauor business. When the member engages in the liquor business he voida his Gritineate, and the local clerk does not take his certificate valid by receiving dues and assessments from him."

## The Crusade in Brief.

re are fifty-two official temperance ittees in Russia, each receiving a subvention of \$25,000. s personal influence and personal ex-; that count, and the moderate drink-es not reach the highest level of lood.

war ood.

Russian Government is grappling the question of the restriction of the restriction of the or traffic, and is showing some success smethods.

is reported from Liverpool that, ownothe improvement in the tenement houses in that city there has been a marked falling off in drunkenness.