got a game of indoor golf, printin'-press fer boys, am-engyne, a phoneygraff— ever sean such toys! he is tired of 'em all; d ruther come an' play y," or swing on our back gate en his ma goes away

in' when she leaves him with his nurse.

He slips acrost the street,
in' takes his shoes an' stockings off,
'Cause Fu in my bare feet.
in' asks fer 'lasses on his bread
To eat, the same as we.

Is ma don't know what's good to cat—
That's what he says to me.

—Marian

It likes my hat; so when we play
I always trade with him,
though his is new an' mine is just
A crown an' half a brim.
Is says he doesn't like his name.
He wishes he had one
ake mine. That's Rags. An' so I call
Him "Peanuts," just fer fun.

gs off,

ad

ad

bood to eat—

An' then she didn't hear,

An' then he puts his shoos back on

To fix up like he was,

Because he dassent play with us.

He dassent, but he does.

He dassent, but he does.

Kent Hurd, in Youth's Companion.

A PROMISE UNDER STRESS \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

How an Urgent Suitor Won a Widow in a Railway Train The Comtesse de Moncley-who | ing-it was a June evening, and the will soon change her name, as you shall see-is one of the most delicious widows imaginable, and also intoxicating one with their perfume one of the cleverest I have ever met. From the very first day she knew precisely how to avoid any exag-

extreme and making those who saw her in her widow's weeds think she must wear red satin under her crape. Early in April she had quietly left ber Paris apartment, where no male visitor had set foot since her husband's death, and it was only by accident that, a week later, I discovered the address she had so carefully concealed from every one. It was "Sycamore Villa, Chantilly." On the first of May there might have been again to myself: seen to arrive at a little bit of a house, situated at a convenient distance from Sycamore Villa, several sale! trunks, an English cart and pony, a saddle-horse, a bull-terrier, two ser-

vants and a man bordering on thirty.

That man was myself. I hasten to add that, in this circumstance, I acted solely at my own risk and peril, without any authori- sumed a bored air and calmly talked zation, any right whatever, and with of something else. Between ourno other motive than my love-my selves, I would rather she rang the profound love-to prompt me to hope that my change of domicile would ing: not be a dead loss. Ah, well-nothing venture, nothing win. And what did I venture? The Salon, the May you must confess that, in the solitude fetes, the Grand Prix, the mob in the Allee des Poteaux, a few balls-what were they in comparison with the charms of a most attractive neighborhood? I have known men to can talk of your affair." cross the seas and spend fortunes to follow to the ends of the world adventuresses whose whole body was have a score of admirers around her, not worth the tip of Mme. de Moneley's little finger.

Clarisse's pretty anger when I presented myself at her house, on the day of my arrival, was my first delightful recompense. In spite of her grand air, I saw that she was touched, and I doubt if ever lover experienced so much pleasure in "I sincerely hope," she added, in being shown the door by a pretty a severe tone, "that you do not think woman. She took her time about it, of accompanying me." too, and only pushed me into the street after a regulation philippie, to which I listened very humbly, reply- mission. "You leave ating only so much as was necessary to

"And now you will do me the fa- Ah, poor Paris!" leaves in an hour.

"That is hardly time to ship two horses and a carriage and throw up doors of the express train, which

You have presumed to-go, sir! What audacity! A lease! And, if you please, where is your house?" 'A long way from here." I hastened to reply; at the other end of

taken me fully three-quarters of an her in. hour to come here." To be precise, it had taken me

about five minutes. a poor woman, deprived of her pro-

friend! Poor Charles!"

talk together of him." 'Never!"

"Then let us talk of ourselves, that will be better still."

This suggestion shocked her so that it took me a long time to calm ment without quite knowing what her. Finally, she did not wish to let me got without having sworn never under way. We were alone. Mme. to set foot in her house again. It de Moneley seemed half dead with is needless to say that it took half fear, and I must confess I was vioan hour to persuade me to make this lently shaken, promise—which I broke the next "Did you se vale of tears there is no more happy. lot than that of such an unhappy lover as I was. Clarisse had the most adorable way of annihilating replied, me with a look from her blue eye es that were intended for quite another purpose than annihilatingwhenever she saw that I was going fall on my knees before her, and must confess she saw it at least out all that gymnastics. ten times during every visit I made her, still in despite of her express

grudge against "his best friend," eing that I had loved his wife mad- there." ly from the very first. "Not another word," she would say, severely; "you biaspheme against friendship! Poor Charles!"

And her white, dimpled hand And her white, dimpled hand would pitileasly stop my mouth, so that, if I had followed my inclination, I would have blasphemed from morning till night like the worst traiter to friendship in the world.

The day she left off crape, I profited by the occasion—naturally knough, it seems to me—to propose myself in set terms as a candidate

acacias made the most of the power which certain vegetables possess of -that evening, her hand did not stop my mouth at all, it reached for the bell. Clarisse did not threaten, this time; she acted. I saw that I peration that could be considered was on the point of being put out by bad taste in the expression of her her servants—who consisted of an old woman who had been her nurse sorrow, without falling into the other and whom I could have bowled over with a breath. However, it was no time for airy persiflage. Without waiting for Nancy to seize me by the

collar, I took my hat and fled. When day broke, I had not closed my eyes; not that the situation seemed desperate, for I had learned to read Clarisse's eyes. But, all night long, I had repeated over and over

"Heaven grant that the little hotel in the Avenue Friedland is still for We would be so comfortable there."

In spite of this, I was no further advanced when September came, the last month of my lease. I was no longer shown the door when I suggested my candidacy, but Clarisse asbell, for I divined that she was think-

"My dear friend, you do not displease me; quite the contrary. But of Chantilly I have scarcely had opportunity to enjoy my widowhood. Let me see if it is really worthy of its reputation. In a year or two we

In a year or two! Pretty and charming as she was, Clarisse would and adorers around the woman one wants to marry are like flies in milk; they may do no great harm, but they certainly do not improve the milk.

Early in September Mme. de Moneley informed me one day that she was going to Paris on the morrow to have a look at her apartment.

"How can you suggest such a thing?" said I, with apparent sub-

"At 8 in the evening, as I do not lengthen the lecture, which conclud- wish to be seen. I shall send Nancy in the afternoon to prepare my room.

vor to return to Paris. The train | She no longer said "Poor Charles!" I admit that this "Poor Paris! "An hour!" I objected, timidly, made me much more uneasy,

The next evening, at 8 o'clock, the stops hardly a minute, were already 'What is this!" she cried. "A closed. Clarisse had not appeared. She reached the station just as the bell rang.

"Quick, hurry up, madame!" cried the railroad official.

"Hurry!" I repeated, opening a the forest. I am sure it must have compartment at random and helping

But instead of getting in, she fell back, almost fainting, in my arms. Here is what she had seen, and what "To think," she exclaimed, "what I, too, had seen over her shoulder: The seats of the compartment were tector, is exposed to! You would unoccupied, and three men, perched not have dared to do this if my hus-like monkeys on the back of the band were still alive. And to think seats, held to their shoulders three that he considered you his best guns, whereof the barrels shone in the lamp-light like cannons. One He has never had any cause to of them, as we opened the door, had complain," I murmured. "Let us shouted in a terrible voice: "Don't

come in, for-I had closed the door so quickly that we had not heard the end of the sentence. Then Clarisse and I bundled ourselves in the next compartwe were doing. The train was already

promise—which I broke the next morning and as often as possible.

I pass over the months that followed, merely declaring that in this to kill each other! What terrible tragedy is to be enacted right beside

> "I don't understand it at all," I replied. "Only one explanation seems possible to me. They are hunters who have suddenly gone crazy. Otherwise, why should they climb the seats? If they simply wanted to kill each other, they could do it with-

"No." suggested Clarisse some dreadful American kind of duel. prohibition. And when I so far for- in such a case, it seems, they climb got myself as to tell her that, if the up on anything they can find. But intent were as good as the deed, the why didn't they stop them at Chan-fate lamented ought to have a heavy tilly?"

"The train itself scarcely stopped

"Did you hear how they called out 'Don't come in!'? The wretches. they don't want to be disturbed while

they don't want to be disturbed while they are killing themselves, Goodness! Just listen!"

The fusified had commenced right inside beside us. Several gunshots had sounded, dominated by a shrill, piercing cry, which still rings in my ears. Then a deathly silence ensued; they were all dead, however bad shots they might have been.

Though we were making about fifty miles an hour at the time, I made ready to get out upon the sten.

and find out what was going on in our neighbors' compartment. As I lowered the window, two arms seized me and a voice broken with anguish but which sounded very sweet, just the same—gasped behind me:

"Phillip, if you love me, do not go. They will kill you!"

It was precisely like the fourth act of "The Huguenots," except that my

name is not Raoul. I saw the advantage of my situa-tion, and I resolved to profit by it. I profited by it so well that, after a dialogue too intimate to be repeated here, I was in a position to sing-if I had a voice, which I haven't-"Thou-ou ha-ast said it."

For she had said it. Poor Charles was distanced now. She had said the sweet words: "I love you."

A prey to emotions bordering on the hysterical Clarisse sobbed and clung to me with all her strength, though I had not the faintest desire to intrude on the massacre next door. They could kill themselves at their Let every man tend to his own affairs. As for me, I was very much ecupied just then.

That is why, early the next morning, I hurried to my lawyer to speak to him about the little hotel in the Avenue Friedland, which was still for sale, but thank fortune, is now no longer in the market. Decorators and furnishers are at work in it, and when January comes, you will see it occupied by a certain young couple that I know of.

But let us not anticipate. When the train pulled into the city, my companion and I had quite forgotten our neighbors, or what was left of them; but now the authorities must be informed and the bodies removed. I had jumped out, and was looking about for a sergeant de ville, when I beheld the door of the famous compartment open and the three hunters calmly descend from it, carrying, rolled up in a rug, an inert mass which looked as if it might be the body of a young child. Without an instant's hesitation, I seized one of the assassins by the collar.

"Scoundrel!" I cried. "What have you got in that rug?"

"Don't make such a row," he replied, "or we'll have a hundred people at our backs. It is only my poor dog.'

"Dog!" I repeated, indignant at the man's coolness. "Come, come, you can not deceive me, I saw it all." My captive, whom I still held by the collar, opened a corner of the rug and showed me a setter's muzwith flecks of foam on it dappled with blood. I dropped my hold on the man's collar in the greatest confusion.

"Really, I scarcely know how to apologize," I said. "But, frankly, it is not astonishing that I should have been deceived-three men crouching on the seats of the carriage and shooting-

"Still, the explanation is very simple. My dog was bitten three weeks ago. I had the wound cauterized, and thought the animal was saved. We had been hunting all day near Creil, but, no sooner were we on the train than hydrophobia developed and the animal began to spap at To attempt to put the beast out was to tempt death, and there was nothing for it but for us to climb up on the seats and shoot the dog. We were not able to do so until after we left Chantilly, for the poor brute had taken refuge under the seat. Finally, by calling it, I persuaded it to put its head out, and then we shot it. I tell, you it's a trip I shall not soon forget.

"Nor shall I," I replied, and I rejoined Clarisse, who was walting for me at a little distance and whose curiosity was vastly excited to see ne thus politely take leave of the assassins

"Well, then," she said, making a little face when I had told her the story, "that doesn't count. I take back what I said."

But at the same time she softly squeezed my arm with her own, and I saw in her eyes that "that" did 'count."-Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Leon de Tinseau.

Horse is a Tobacco Chewer. Harry Ewan has a fine black horse, but it is addicted to bad habits. It is an inveterate tobacco chewer, and it is almost impossible to drive it past a hotel without treating it to a glass of

beer or a whisky. The horse seems to prefer the beer takes it from the pail without spilling a drop and licks out the pail. Mr. Ewan can't imagine where the horse learned its bad habits, and says it is often very embarrassing, especially when he has ladies in his carriage.

On his way to church this morn ing, accompanied by several ladies, the horse stopped in front of a hotel, and it took some time to convince him that he could not get a drink on Sunday .- Clayton (N. J.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Press.

His Idea of Equipment. The morning after the wreck of one of the fast trains running between New York and Chicago, an old farmer was standing on the bank of the river into which the train had plunged, intently watching the water. A stranger approached and naturally the conversation reverted to the wreck and the fortunate escape of all

the passengers. "It was the costlicat train in the world," informed the stranger. "Yes," grunted the other, still watching the stream.

"And also the best equipped," the newcomer continued "No doubt about it," assented the

old farmer. "I've fished a dozen botles out of the water already."-Harper's Weekly.

To Make a Razor Strop.

Razor strops are prepared from strips of linoleum of the usual length nd width, left for twenty-four hours in a one-eighth to one-fourth per cent. solution of harikhorn sait, to cent. solution of harithorn sait, to which one and one-half per cent. of alum has previously been added, at the ordinary temperature; the strips are then dried at the normal temperature, rubbed with soap and polished with pumice stone. They are finally fastened in the usual manned to wooden handles. Strops made in this way will give a smooth, sharp edge to the rator.—Scientific American.



To Keep Milk Sweet. If told that without the use of preservatives milk could be kept in ood condition two or three weeks, most persons would say they knew better. Cooling the milk quickly and keeping it cool and clean from first to last will accomplish this end. much. -Progressive Farmer.

Milk Cows Needed.

It is not to be supposed that the general farmer will make a leading specialty of dairying, but he should keep as many milk cows as can be taken care of well. With good management, the farm will produce practically all the feed needed to enable the cows to give a good quantity of milk and to improve the soil .-Progressive Farmer.

Profit in Fowls. Ducks do not continue as profit breeders much beyond the able third year. Very old geese cannot be made palatable for dressed poul-Ducks can be quickly fattened into palatable food at almost any age; if taken when quite thin in flesh and fed on rich, fattening foods they will fill up julcy, palatable meat in a few weeks and make fairly good market fowls .- Farmer's Home Jour-

Indigestion Due to Many Causes.

Indigestion may occur from many different causes, as costiveness, a too liberal supply of milk; too rich milk; the furnishing of the milk of a cow long after calving to a very young chickens, sometimes killing and eatcalf; allowing the calf to suck the ing newly hatched chicks. Like turfirst milk of a cow that has been hunted, driven by road, shipped by rall, or otherwise violently excited; size until two years old, and make allowing the calf too long times be- the best breeders after that age. tween meals, so that, impelled by hunger, it quickly overloads and April, and carries her young the en-clogs the stomach; feeding from a tire year. Pea fowls cannot be propail milk that has been held over fitably raised under hens, as they are that it is fermented and spoiled; feeding the milk of cows that have been kept on unwholesome food; keeping calves in cold, damp, dark, filthy or bad smelling pans. The licking of hair from themselves or others and the hen is ready for mating, along in ach will cause indigestion in the calf. -Dr. David Roberts, Wisconsin State Veterinarian.

Care of Ewes. own experience says that breeding ewes should be kept in good condition but not too fat, yet a well fleshed his mates, and remains in seclusion ewe, he says, will always give the best lamb and take care of it better after birth. In producing this flesh on the ewes care should be taken but the day when the brains of pea that they have plenty of exercise, for cocks was a favorite dish for royalif they are fed heavily and kept in close quarters, many cases of sterility fat wethers were bruised for gravy are apt to develop. Many sheep to make sauce for a single peacock' raisers prefer the custom of feeding is long since past. only twice a day, although at least a small amount of roughage should may be fed as other poultry. They be in the feed racks nearly all the are long-lived, instances being recordtime. Among the common foods, ed of pea fowls reaching the age of clover hay, corn fodder, oat hay and thirty years. millet can always be fed to advantage, although if the seed is pretty well developed in the latter it should not be fed in too great quantities. furnips, cabbage, or any other sucfactor in profitable sheep feeding, although their use can partially be Dairyman says: done away with where the silo is on the farm. Too much silage or any other succulent food is liable to produce weak lambs, but a small amount fed once a day will prove highly beneficial.-Indiana Farmer.

Silage From Dry Fodder.

One of the main advantages of silage is its palatability and the its value anyway, but hauled out as cleanness with which it is consumed fast as made, it wastes less than in by animals. There is practically no any other way. If piled in large waste. It is now found that sliage heaps under shelter, it wastes, accordcan be made from dry fodder as well as from green stuffs. "A number of per cent. If piled up in the open air, successful experiments have been it wastes 21.7 per cent. From spring made along this line," said one of the to fall we are obliged to let the madairymen of the Department of Agriculture, notably at the Delaware Experiment Station. The idea seems to have been suggested from the ex- times a week, ground phosphate cellent results which followed from rock. We want the phosphate in the packing out fodder in a box and moistening it with hot water, and then allowing it to stand for twenty- makes the phosphate more available four hours. With this, cottonseed than the fermentation of organic however, was too expensive for general feeding practices. The plan was time the cattle are stabled in the fall carried a step further, and a silo till the ground is too soft for wagon filled with cut dry fodder and then wet down, which induced subsequent fermentation. A rise in temperature to be plowed for corn. ensued, and the development of an aromatic odor as in the case of green silage. The cows preferred this artificial ensilage to the dry shredded fodder, and both old and young stock (3) We secure the least loss from ate it up clean. It is reported to be a better and safer mass to use in conjunction with cottonseed meal than find the largest value in hauling it is dry fodder, for the reason that the meal adheres to the damp fodder, fall, plowing it under at once. On no danger from impaction of the

The Composition of Eggs. If the poultry keeper knows the mposition of eggs he will better understand how to feed to furnish the proper food elements needed to produce them. Scientists have found, after many analyses, that eggs contain about fifty per cent. water,

tain about fifty per cent, water, seventeen per cent, protein and thirty-three per cent, carbohydrates.

There is only about twice as much carbohydrates as protein, while in most grain there are from six to ten times as much. Wheat brau, which is considered very rich in protein, contains more than three times as much carbohydrates as protein. Wheat contains marry seven times as much; oats, five times; corn, nine times, and barley, eight times. Oil

meal, on the other hand, contains nearly as much protein as carbohydrates; gluten meal, one and onethird times as much carbohydrates as protein; cottonseed meal, twice as much; cow's milk, nearly as much; dried blood, fifty-two times as much; meat meal, nearly thirty times as

When it is desired to make a ration of any of the grains for the production of eggs, it can be seen that it is necessary to mix with any of them some of the concentrated feeds which contain a great deal of protein. Thus, if wheat is fed, meat meal should be taken into the ration. If corn is made the bulk of the grain ration, a liberal amount of dried blood should also be fed. Since water makes up a half of the consumption of eggs, it is essential that the laying hens have an abundance of clean water at all times of the day .- Weekly Witness.

Pea Fowls For the Barn. In answer to a subscriber, Wallace's Farmer says:

The peacock has for so long been grown only for its beauty of plumage rather than for its table excellence that it is considered not a fowl for the farm but rather for the park and lawn. Pea fowls make very gentle pets, and if well cared for and well fed they will remain about the house and lawn: if neglected, they rove after the manner of turkeys. The cocks have been known to attack children, and both cocks and hens are very quarrelsome with keys, the cock is mated to from three to sit hens. They do not reach full The hen begins to lay in March or in unwashed (unscalded) buckets, so least ready for weaning when the chicken hen leaves them. The young chicks are raised on the same diet given to turkeys. They seem to require live animal food of some kind, worms, bugs, grasshoppers, etc. When February, she beats off her chicks. Owing to the immense quantity of feathers which the peacock has to renew at molting time, this season is very hard on him, and he requires abundant nourishment. The loss of A sheep breeder referring to his his beautiful plumage seems to humiliate his excellency greatly; he seeks secluded places out of sight of

> until the molt is over. A young pea fowl of either sex is more delicious eating than a turkey, ty, and when "The carcasses of three

Pea fowls will eat anything, and

Handling the Manure.

It has come to be understood very well that the manure on the farm is one of the things to be carefully looked after and properly handled. In referring to this matter Hoard's

Is it better to let manure remain

in the barnyard in large heaps and haul it out twice a year, spring and fall, or is it best to haul it as fast as made? What are the advantages of the latter system? We must remember that the manure is never so rich in fertilizing value as when first made. It must waste some of ing to recent experiments, eighteen nure accumulate in the barnyard. But to prevent as much as possible, soil, and we want to prevent evapomatter. So we accomplish three things in this way. But from the wheels in spring, the manure is hauled daily to the fields that are

The advantages of this system are: (1) The manure is hauled and spread when the labor will cost the least. fermentation and evaporation.

out on to alfalfa or clover sod in the this land we plant either corn or potatoes the next spring.

But the wise farmer will make generous provision for the keeping up of fertility in his land. He will not be afraid to buy commercial fertilizers like ground phosphate rock, or plow under in the fall a good stand of clover or alfulfa. Every dollar he spends in this way will bring ten

A Color Scheme. "What color did you paint your

'Yes. I live near a number of "Well, what has that to do with



Walter Scott's Stories. Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the tradition ary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his Waverly novels, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he as usual stoutly denied. "What!" exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"-Argonaut. 。通要

The Shirtwalst Suit.

"There were rumors afloat early in the season that the shirtwaist suit would not be in its usual high favor with this year's summer girl." writes Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home Companion. "Every one was proclaiming the universal vogue of the jumper dress.

'Now, however, the tide is turning, and the shirtwaist suit is again asserting itself. And there is no doubt that it is smarter than ever,

"Of course, the shirtwaist suit has had to look to its laurels, and perhaps that's why the new designs are so original and extremely attractive All sorts of materials are used, from the new voile in a worsted suiting pattern to an inexpensive striped gingham. Brown linen is also in high favor for a shirtwaist suit. Other materials which are in vogue are figured madras, p' ue, mercerized rep, cotton poplin, pongee and striped and checked silks."

The Art of Happiness. The art of happiness consists in being pleased with little things. People with great wealth or great power are seldom happy. The leaders of the world, great men or great women, are seldom satisfied. The social leader, with millions at her command and the homage of many men and women, rarely knows the happiness that comes unasked to the young wife or mother in humbler circles, says Home Chat.

The possession of money decreases the power of enjoyment. A child gets more pleasure out of a sixpenny toy than a millionaire does from a thousand-pound yacht. Sixpence has greater value to the child than a thousand has to the millionaire. The joys of life belong to the little people-the quiet men and women who are satisfied to live their own lives and make little mark on the lives of ever. others. It is in the power of the least of us to be happy and to make others so.

Uncle Henry's Experience.

"It's all nonsense and a waste of time," said Uncle Henry, "to tell a young man what kind of wife he ought to pick out when he gets ready to marry. Nine times out of ten he has picked her out already, and if he hasn't, he doesn't need anybody's help."

What do you know about it?" he was asked. "I know something about it by observation," he answered, "and a little by experience. When I had reached the age of twenty-five, with a fair income and good property in thought it was time for me to fair income and good prospects,

marry. I had almost decided to ask a certain Naomi Henthorne, but didn't altogether like the family, and was in an uncertain frame of mind about her, when some of my friends diately." began to take it upon themselves to assist me. They told me that Naomi was the very girl for me-that I couldn't find a better wife if I were to hunt all over the country, and so In short, they praised her so highly that I made up my mind I'd follow their advice. I began paying give liberally to the church." I 'popped the question.' '

"Well," said Uncle Henry, with some reluctance, "she said she wouldn't marry me if I was the last man on earth."-From Youth's Com-

Wearing Flowers. Not for several years has it been so much the thing to wear flowers on the street.

For a time the pretty custom was considered bad taste, due probably to Reddale. maidens making walking conservatories of themselves. Now the up-to-date tailor-made

girl wears pinned to her coat a single flower, or at most two, unless violets or lilies of the valley are the choice. What these flowers are depends upon the purse of the malden's best

young man, or perhaps on that of her fond papa, as girls buy flowers for themselves nowadays and do it open ly, without any pretense of sending them to a sick friend or taking them home to mother.

The smartest flower is a single denia, but its waxy whiteness is not only dreadfully high-priced, but it blackens at the first blast of air.

A single American Beauty rose or one chrysanthemum is the next choice, though nothing quite takes the place of violets for street wear. And the smart touch just here from Paris is to wear a small artificial flower with two or three leaves in the buttonhole of your severe coat suit .- New York Press.

Take George Eliot's Grave. There is a popular belief, especi-

ally prevalent in England and on the continent of Europe, that Americans nat striped wool and a plain cloth as a nation have little time or inclina-waist, tion to trouble themselves with thos who are dead and buried, however great their claims to consideration may have been while they meved among their fellows on earth, but Mrs. Lodge, wife of the Massachusetts Senator, tells a story which shows that sometimes even the orthodox English are no less forgetful and remiss. When in London recently she decided on a pilgrimage to the grave of George Eliot, and having primed herself carefully with all the available particulars as to the grave yard in which the illustrious noveling sleeps, she journeyed out to Highsleeps, she journeyed out to High- forms the only let of contras sate. But once there she soon found the solid color of the costume-

necessary to seek guidance, and chose a school teacher, walking with a line of pig-tailed girls, as most likely to prove a fund of useful information. But though the teacher obviously had heard of George Eliot, she had no idea where the novells had been buried, and Mrs. Lodge continued her search alone until she fell in with an aged grave digger, "George Ellot?" repeated the old man; "has he been buried lately? I have been away on my holiday for the last fortnight and I do not know much what has been going on while I was away."
It was the same with the casual tourists and old inhabitants, and Mrs. Lodge left Highgate without finding the tombstone that marks the grave she sought .- New York Press.

Individualism.

Mrs. Herman H. Birney, in the Na-

tional Congress of Mothers' Magazine, says that the literature of the present day, ephermeral as most of it is, reflects in a very real way many characteristics of modern life, and nothing more than its frank ma terialism. One of the many results of a materialistic conception of life is that individualism which is the most pronounced characteristic of American life at present. Authority, in religion has lost its force and in-dividual liberty has taken its place; in law and in social life the same prevails. Judge Thomas, of Chicago, recently gave it as his opinion that the enormous number of homi-cides in the United States (the percentage being fourteen times that of Japan and twenty-seven times that of Germany), is caused by "excessive individualism." The people are swayed not by social conscience, but by individual impulses and motives. He gives the great losses in our factories and our railroads, the wasting of our forests, the spoiling of our natural beauties as other instances of the same evil.

Don'ts For Conversation. Don't say "I was raised in New

England," but "I was reared in New England. Don't say "I rarely ever go anywhere," but "I rarely if ever go any

where." Don't say "I dislike her worse than ever," but "I dislike her more than

Don't say "This is the finest of

any," but "This is finer than any." Don't say "I am going to try an experiment," but "I am going to nake an experiment." Don't say "Between you and I,"

but "Between you and me." Don't say "I guess" for "I think." 'I suppose" for "I expect." Don't say "He is older than me,"

but "He is older than I." Don't say "Not as I know," but 'Not that I know." Don't say "He don't," but "He doesn't."

Don't say "She is some better," but "She is somewhat better ' Don't say "Where are you stop ping?" but "Where are you stay

ing? Don't say "You was," but "You were.

Don't say "Either of the three will do," but "Any of the three will do." Don't say "He is coming right away," but "He is coming imme-

"A lot of young ladies," but "A number of young ladies." Don't say "If I was you," but "H I were you." Don't say "He is one of those men

who gives liberally to the church, but "He is one of those men whe Don't say "Apples are healthy," but "Apples are healthful."

Don't say "This tree is not to be compared to that," but "This tree is not to be compared with that." Don't say "I fear that I shall discommode you," but "I fear that I shall incommode you."

Don't say "I am afraid I can't go," but "I fear I can't go." Don't say "I am kind of lazy," but "I am rather lazy,"

Don't say "He is well posted," but is well informed."-Frederic



If the blouse is of color, the centre knots match its shade. Some of the willow green hats are

lined with black or white under the The pleated "buckles" of velvet hold their own among the garnitures

Dotted or coin-spotted fabrics with trimmings the color of the spot remain in vogue. Little ties of silk like the waist

appear with the white linen collar on many silk morning waists. Some soft crowned hats are being

made of cretonne, and look very well with a costume so trimmed. Nothing fits more snugly, thereby

adding to the trim appearance of the waist, than the fine silk elastic belts. A tailormade just brought from London has a short jacket of diago-

Covert cloth is among the suitngs that wear extremely well, and in gray is less ordinary than the ubiquitous tan.

The special novelty of the season is the combination of a solid color cloth coat with skirt of striped or checked material.

Those who are slender will find hose dressing secques and morning ackets most becoming that are made on broad kimona lines.

White or butter color lace applique upon hats of dark velvet son