

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,
Author of "THE FIGHTING CHANCE," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHAP. I.—Returning from Manila, Captain Selwyn, formerly of the army, is welcomed home by his sister, Alice, and their numerous children. Eileen Erroll, ward of Nina and Austin, is part of their household. Selwyn, who has been divorced, writes on his part, by his wife, Alice, who is now the wife of Jack Ruthven, with whom she ran away from Selwyn. II.—Eileen, who is very fond of her brother, Gerald, despite the young man's neglect of her, makes friends with Selwyn. III.—Gerald is worried about young Selwyn, mingling in the fast set. Gerald is employed by Julius Neergard, a real estate operator in a large way. Selwyn promises Eileen he will look after her brother. He tells her about Boots Lansing, his army chum in Manila, who is coming to New York in the park. Eileen and Selwyn ride out. Alice, IV.—Eileen's deceased father was an archaeologist, and she has inherited some of his scholarly qualities. Selwyn helps Gerald to settle a gambling debt and determines to undertake his reformation. V.—Alice and Selwyn meet and discuss the altered relations. He is introduced to Mrs. Rosamund Fane, leader of the fast set and Alice's closest friend. He appeals to Alice to help him keep Gerald from gambling. VI.—The friendship of Eileen and Selwyn progresses. VII.—Gerald promises Selwyn he will stop gambling. Neergard discloses to Selwyn who is interested in his office, a plan to control the Slowthwaite country club by buying up farms essential to the club's existence. The plan does not appeal to Selwyn, and he consults Austin, who denounces Neergard and his methods. VIII.—At night in his room Selwyn answers a knock at his door. IX.—The caller is Alice, who is very unhappy with Ruthven and wants to talk with Selwyn. For a moment their love flashes, but Selwyn's remembrance of Eileen he knows that it is past resurrection. X.—Rosamund distresses Eileen by telling her society is gossiping about Alice and Selwyn. Alice gets from Gerald, who has again lost heavily, a promise not to play again at her house. XI.—Alice and Ruthven quarrel over the gambling by which he lives, and he reveals his knowledge of her visit at night to her ex-husband's room. XII.—Gerald's increasing intimacy with Neergard displeases Selwyn, who breaks with the real estate man over the Slowthwaite matter. Neergard is trying to break into the club. XIII.—Lansing invites Selwyn to make his home with him in the modest house he has bought. Selwyn declares he will not do so until the past man's chance of business, and Nina declares her belief that Eileen has fallen in love with him. Nina fears that Alice, restless and disgusted with Ruthven, will make mischief. Selwyn is experimenting with chaotic, his discovery is explosive. XIV.—Eileen asks Selwyn to remove her from Neergard's influence. XV.—Through Ruthven and the Fanes, Neergard forces himself a little way into society and tries to tempt Selwyn to enter the club. He loses more and more at cards, sinking Eileen money as well as his own. Trying to save him, Selwyn quarrels with him, and then appeals in vain to Neergard, Rosamund and Ruthven. He almost kills Ruthven, whose heart is weak, and the latter has to be sent to a sanitarium, with Selwyn's correspondence. XVI.—Correspondence between Alice and Selwyn seems to confirm Nina's belief that Selwyn is in love with her. Selwyn, however, was mentally unbalanced. Selwyn makes up with Gerald and helps him out financially, seriously impairing his own resources. XVII.—At Silverdale, the Gerards' country place, Eileen declares she cares for Selwyn, but she will not say that she will marry him. Her brother is not turning over a new leaf. XVIII.—Eileen and Selwyn make a "fifelong and anti-sentimental compact." XIX.—Gerald and Selwyn's friendship with Neergard, Selwyn's experiments with chaotic are very promising. The younger set of girls becomes devoted to Philip, and Eileen has a touch of jealousy. XX.—The reckless behavior of Alice, who has left Ruthven and is cruising with the Fanes and others on Neergard's yacht, furnishes gossip for society. Nina and her brother are now convinced of Alice's irresponsibility. Selwyn proposes to Eileen, but the girl is not sufficiently sure of herself to give him her promise. They agree to remain friends. XXI.—Gerald's reappearance in public with the fast set, which Selwyn has long since angers his own people. Selwyn takes the boy away from them and learns that he has quarreled with Neergard, to whom he has lost money, and with Ruthven, who has accused him unjustly of undue friendship with Alice. The boy has been helping Alice, abandoned financially by Ruthven, when money borrowed from Neergard and is in desperate straits. Selwyn aids him again, leaving himself almost without money. XXII.—Alice is in a sanitarium, and Ruthven is in the clutches of Neergard. Selwyn informs Ruthven that Alice, for whom Selwyn assumes a responsibility, is mentally very ill, having become childish, and threatens to kill Ruthven if he tries to cast her off. XXIII.—Selwyn paying Alice's bills in many financial straits. There is no hope of Alice's recovery. Selwyn sees his own people very seldom. XXIV.—Lansing rescues Selwyn from financial straits, compelling him to share his own home. XXV.—Selwyn sends a revolver to Alice's nurse, their retreat being in a lonely place. Alice may live many years, but her mind remains very good, but her mind permanently clouded. Selwyn tells Eileen, who is beginning to love him, that the story of Alice's death is a self-imposed bound to the woman who once bore his name. The two agree to part.

Chapter 26

NEERGARD had already begun to make mistakes. The first was in thinking that, among those whose only distinction was their wealth, his own wealth permitted him the same insolence and ruthlessness that so frequently characterized them. He had sneeringly dispensed with Gerald; he had shouldered Fane and Harmon out of his way when they objected to the purchase of Neergard's acreage adjoining the Slowthwaite preserve and its incorporation as an integral portion of the club tract; thus he was preparing to rid himself of Ruthven for another reason. But he was not yet quite ready to spurn Ruthven, because he wanted a little more out of him, just enough to place him on a secure footing among those of the younger set where Ruthven, as hack cottion leader, was regarded by the young with wide eyed awe. Why Neergard, who had forced himself into the Slowthwaite, ever came to commit so gross a blunder as to drag on or even permit the club to acquire the acreage, the exploiting of which had threatened their existence, is not very clear. Already the familiarity of his appearance and his name seemed to sanction his presence. Two minor clubs, but good ones—in need of dues—had strained at this social camel and swallowed him. Card rooms welcomed him—not the rooms once flung open contemptuously for his plucking, but rooms where play was fiercer and where those who faced him expected battle to the limit. And they got it, for he no longer

felt obliged to lose. And that again was a mistake. He could not yet afford to win.

George Fane, unpleasantly involved in Block Copper, angry, but not very much frightened, turned in casual good faith to Neergard to ease matters until he could cover. And Neergard locked him in the tighter and shouldered his way through Rosamund's drawing room to the sill of Sanxon Orchl's outer office, treading brutally on Harmon's heels.

Harmon in disgust, wrath and fear went to Craig; Craig to Maxwell Hunt; Hunt wired Mottly; Mottly, cold and sleek in his contempt, came from Palm Beach.

The cohesive power of caste is an unknown element to the outsider. That he had unwittingly and prematurely aroused some unsuspected force on which he had not counted and of which he had no definite knowledge was revealed to Neergard when he desired Rosamund to obtain for him an invitation to the Orchl's ball.

It appeared that she could not do so—that even the threatened tendency of Block Copper could not sharpen her wits to devise a way for him. Very innocently she told him that Jack Ruthven was leading the Chinese cottillon with Mrs. Delmour-Carnes from one end, Gerald Erroll with Gladys from the other—a hint that a card ought to be easy enough to obtain in spite of the strangely forgetful Orchl's.

Long since he had fixed upon Gladys Orchl as the most suitable silent partner for the unbuilt house of Neergard, unconcerned that rumor was already sending her abroad for the double purpose of getting rid of Gerald and of giving deserving aristocracy a look in at the fresh youth of her and her selling price.

He had come on various occasions close to the unruffled skirts of this young girl—not yet, however, in her own house. But Sanxon Orchl had recently condescended to turn around in his office chair and leave his amusing railroad combinations long enough to divide with Neergard a quarter of a million copper profits, and there was another turn to be expected when Neergard gave the word.

Therefore it puzzled and confused Neergard to be overlooked where the gay world had been summoned with an accompanying blast from the public press; therefore he had gone to Rosamund with the curtest of hints that he would like to have a card to the Orchl affair.

"There is no use in speaking to George," she said, shaking her head. "Try it," returned Neergard, with a hint of a snarl. And he took his leave and his hat from the man in waiting, who looked after him with the slightest twitching of his shaven upper lip, for the lifting of an eyebrow in the drawing rooms becomes warrant for a tip that runs very swiftly below stairs.

That afternoon, alone in his office, Neergard remembered Gerald, and for the first time he understood the mistake of making an enemy out of what he had known only as a friendly fool.

But it was a detail, after all—merely a slight error in assuming too early an arrogance he could have afforded to wait for. He had waited a long, long while for some things.

As for Fane, he had him locked up with his short account. No doubt he'd hear from the Orchl's through the Fanes. However, to clinch the matter he thought he might as well step in to see Ruthven.

So that afternoon he took a hansom at Broad and Wall streets and rolled smoothly uptown, not seriously concerned, but willing to have a brief understanding with Ruthven on one or two subjects.

As his cab drove up to the intricately ornamental little house of gray stone a big touring limousine wheeled out from the curb, and he caught sight of Sanxon Orchl and Phoenix Mottly inside, evidently just leaving Ruthven. His smiling and very cordial bow was returned coolly by Orchl and apparently not observed at all by Mottly. He sat a second in his cab motionless, the obsequious smile still stenciled on his flushed face. Then the flush darkened. He got out of his cab and, bidding the man wait, rang at the house of Ruthven.

Ruthven in a lounging suit of lilac silk, sashed in with flexible silver, stood with his back to the door as Neergard was announced, and even after he was announced Ruthven took his time to turn and stare and nod with a deliberate negligence that accented the affront.

Neergard sat down. Ruthven gazed out of the window, then, soft thumbs hooked in his sash, turned leisurely in impudent interrogation.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Neergard. "I see there's some trouble somewhere. What is it? What's the matter with Orchl and that hatchet faced beagle pup, Mottly? Is there anything the matter, Jack?"

"Nothing important," said Ruthven, with an intonation which troubled Neergard. "Did you come here to ask anything of me? Very glad to do anything, I'm sure."

"Are you? Well, then, I want a card to the Orchl's."

"Awfully sorry."

"You mean you won't?"

"Well, if you really insist, they—ah—don't want you, Neergard."

"Who—why—how do you happen to know that they don't? Is this some petty spite of that young cub, Gerald, or—and he almost looked at Ruthven—'Is this some childish whim of yours?'"

"Oh, really now?"

"Yes, really now," sneered Neergard. "You'd better tell me. And you'd better understand now, once for all, just exactly what I've outlined for myself so you can steer clear of the territory I operate in. I need a little backing, but I can get along without it. And what I'm going to do is to marry Miss Orchl. Now you know; now you understand. I don't care a hang about the Erroll boy, and I think I'll discount right now any intentions of any married man to bother Miss Orchl after some Dakota decree frees him from the woman whom he's driven into an asylum."

Ruthven looked at him curiously.

"So that is discounted, is it?"

"I think so," nodded Neergard. "I don't think that man will try to obtain a divorce until I say the word."

"Oh, why not?"

"Because of my knowledge concerning that man's crooked methods in obtaining for me certain options that meant ruin to his own country club," said Neergard coolly.

"I see. How extraordinary! But the club has bought in all that land, hasn't it?"

"Yes, but the stench of your treachery remains, my friend."

"Not treachery, only temptation," observed Ruthven blandly. "I've talked

"Nothing important," said Ruthven, it all over with Orchl and Mottly. I told Orchl what you persuaded me to do."

"You—you?"

"Not at all; not at all!" protested Ruthven, languidly settling himself once more among the cushions. "And, by the way," he added, "there's a law—bylaw, something or other—that I understand may interest you"—he looked up at Neergard, who had sunk back in his chair—"about unpaid assessments."

Neergard now for the first time was looking directly at him.

"Unpaid assessments," repeated Ruthven. "It's a detail—a law—never enforced unless we—ah—find it convenient to rid ourselves of a member."

"Thought it just as well to mention it," said Ruthven blandly, "as they've seen fit to take advantage of the—ah—opportunity—under legal advice. You'll hear from the secretary, I fancy—Mottly, you know. Is there anything more, Neergard?"

He looked at Ruthven, scarcely seeing him. Finally he gathered his thick legs under to support him as he rose, stupidly, looking about for his hat.

Ruthven rang for a servant. When he came, Neergard followed him without a word, small eyes vacant, the moisture visible on the ridge of his nose, his red, blunt hands dangling as he walked. Behind him a lackey laughed.

In due time Neergard, who still spent his penny on a morning paper, read about the Orchl ball. There were three columns and several pictures. He read every item, every name, to the last imbecile period.

Then he rose wearily and started downtown to see what his lawyers could do toward reinstating him in a club that had expelled him—to find out if there remained the slightest trace of a chance in the matter. But even as he went he knew there could be none.

There was a new pressure which he was beginning to feel vaguely hostile to him in his business enterprises—hitches in the negotiations of loans, delays, perhaps accidental, but annoying; changes of policy in certain firms who no longer cared to consider acreage as investment, and a curiously veiled antagonism to him in a certain railroad, the reorganization of which he had dared once to aspire to.

And one day, sitting alone in his office, a clerk brought him a morning paper with one column marked in a big blue penciled oval.

It was only about Gerald Erroll and Gladys Orchl; who had run away and married because they happened to be in love, although their relatives had prepared other plans for their separate disposal. The column was a full one, the heading in big type—a good deal of pother about a boy and a girl, after all, particularly as it appeared that their respective families had determined to make the best of it.

It took Neergard all day to read that column. Then he went home with a mental lassitude that depressed him and left him drowsy in his great armchair before the grate—too drowsy and apathetic to examine the letters and documents laid out for him by his secretary, although one of them seemed to be important—something about alienation of affections, something about a yacht and Mrs. Ruthven, and a heavy suit to be brought unless other settlement was suggested as a balm to Mr. Ruthven.

To dress for dinner was an effort—

a purely mechanical operation which was only partly successful, although his man aided him. But he was too tired to continue the effort, and at last it was his man alone who disembarrassed him of his heavy clothing and who laid him among the bed-clothes, where he sank back, relaxed, breathing loudly in the dreadful, depressed stupor of utter physical and neurotic prostration.

Chapter 27

EVEN before Neergard's illness Ruthven's domestic and financial affairs were in a villainous mess. Ridden of Neergard, he had meant to deal him a crushing blow at the breakaway which would settle him forever and incidentally bring to a crisis his own status in regard to his wife.

Whether or not his wife was mentally competent he did not know. He did not know anything about her. But he meant to.

That she had been and probably now was under Selwyn's protection he believed. What she and Selwyn intended to do he did not know. But he wanted to know. He dared not ask Selwyn—dared not because he was horribly afraid of Selwyn—dared not yet make a legal issue of their relations, of her sequestration or of her probable continued infirmity because of his physical fear of the man.

But there was, or he thought that there had been, one way to begin the matter, because the matter must sooner or later be begun, and that was to pretend to assume Neergard responsible and on the strength of his wife's summer sojourn aboard the Niobrara turn on Neergard and demand a reckoning which he believed Selwyn would never hear of.

Ruthven was too deadly afraid of Selwyn to begin suit at that stage of the proceedings. All he could do was to start, through his attorneys, a search for his wife and meanwhile try to formulate some sort of definite plan in regard to Gladys Orchl.

This, in brief, was Ruthven's general scheme of campaign, and the entire affair had taken some sort of shape and was slowly beginning to move when Neergard's illness came as an absolute check. Just as the first papers were about to be served on him.

There was nothing to do but wait until Neergard got well, because his attorneys simply scoffed at any suggestion of settlement out of court, and Ruthven didn't want a suit involving his wife's name while he and Selwyn were in the same hemisphere.

But he could still continue an unobtrusive search for the whereabouts of his wife, which he did. And the chances were that his attorneys would find her without great difficulty, because Selwyn had not the slightest suspicion that he was being followed.

In these days Selwyn's life was methodical and colorless in its routine to the verge of dreariness.

When he was not at the government proving grounds on Sandy Hook he remained in his room at Lansing's, doggedly forcing himself into the only alternate occupation sufficient to dull the sadness of his mind—the preparation of a history of British military organization in India and its possible application to present conditions in the Philippines.

He had given up going out—made no further pretense—and Boots let him alone.

Once a week he called at the Gerards', spending most of his time while there with the children. Sometimes he saw Nina and Eileen, usually just returned or about to depart for some function, and his visit, as a rule, ended with a cup of tea alone with Austin and a quiet cigar in the library.

The elopement of Gerald and Gladys made a splash in the social puddle.

Eileen, loyal, but sorrowfully amazed at her brother's exclusion of her in such a crisis, became slowly overwhelmed with the realization of her loneliness and took to the seclusion of her own room, feeling tearful and abandoned and very much like a very little girl whose heart was becoming far too full of all sorts of sorrows.

Nina misunderstood her, finding her lying on her bed, her pale face pillowed in her hair.

"Only horribly ordinary people will believe that Gerald wanted her money," said Nina, "as though an Erroll considered such matters at all or needed to. Boots is a dear. Do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Eileen listlessly, raising the back of her slender hand from her eyes to peer at Nina through the glimmer of tears.

"Well, he and Phil have moved out of Boots' house, and Boots has wired Gerald and Gladys that the house is ready for them until they can find a place of their own. Of course they'll both come here. In fact, their luggage is upstairs now. Boots takes the blue room and Phil his old quarters. But don't you think it is perfectly sweet of Boots? And isn't it good to have Philip back again?"

"Yes," said Eileen faintly.

Nina laid a cool, smooth hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair, a light caress sensitive as an unasked question.

But there was no response, and presently the elder woman rose and went out along the landing, and Eileen heard her laughingly greeting Boots, who had arrived posthaste on learning that Drina was indisposed.

"Don't be frightened. The little wretch carried tons of indigestible stuff to her room and sat up half the night eating it. Where's Philip?"

"I don't know. Here's a special delivery for him. I signed for it and brought it from the house. He'll be here from the Hook soon, I fancy."

Half an hour later Drina was asleep, holding fast to Boots' sleeve, and that young gentleman sat in a chair beside her discussing with her pretty mother the plans made for Gladys and Gerald on their expected arrival.

Eileen, pale and heavily lidded, looked in on her way to some afternoon affair, nodding unsmiling at Boots.

"Have you been rifling the pantry, too?" he whispered. "You lack your usual chromatic symphony."

"No, I'm just very tired. If I wasn't physically afraid of Drina I'd get you to run off with me—anywhere. What is that letter, Nina? For me?"

"It's for Phil. Boots brought it around. Leave it on the library table, dear, when you go down."

Eileen took the letter and turned away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

And slowly the inevitable question took shape within her.

How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close, and looked up into his steady eyes—and knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down, for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought specter had fled.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering by the table.

"N-nothing—a little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you—and I—out-lawed—tongued—Don't look at me; don't wait. I—I am going out."

He went to the window, stood a moment, came back to the table, took his letter and walked slowly again to the window.

After awhile he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

It was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Mrs. Ruthven is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were during the day intervals that seemed perfectly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realized something of the conditions surrounding her. Once, too, she seemed astonished when I brought her a doll and asked me, 'Is there a child here, or is it for a charity bazaar?'"

"Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it unfinished when she went to drive, a mere scrap. I thought it best to inclose it, which I do herewith."

The inclosed he opened:

"Phil, dear, though I have been very ill, I know you are my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream of terror."

And that was all, only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He studied it for a moment or two, then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if he was not speaking to Mrs. Ruthven. I was a trifle worried and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me."

"That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison; the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business address."

"When I found that they had come without your knowledge and authority I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and the one who said his name was Hallam spoke rather peremptorily and in a way that made me think he might be a lawyer."

"They got nothing out of me, and they left when I made it plain that I had nothing to tell them."

"I thought it best to let you know about this, though I personally cannot guess what it might mean."

Selwyn turned the page:

"One other matter worries Miss Bond and myself. The revolver you sent us at my request has disappeared. We are nearly sure Mrs. Ruthven has it—you know she once dressed it as a doll, calling it her army doll—but now we can't find it. She has hidden it somewhere—out of doors in the shrubbery, we think—and Miss Bond and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn party.'"

"Dr. Wesson says there is no danger of her doing any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the first opportunity."

He turned the last page. On the other side were merely the formula of leave taking and Miss Casson's signature.

For awhile he stood in the center of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he folded the letter, pocketed it and walked to the table where a directory lay.

He found the name, Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Eoyd & Hallam. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven. He knew that.

Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island. What was Ruthven after?

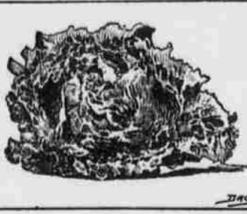
Farm and Garden

THE EARLY GARDEN.

First Dainties of the Year For Home Table and Market.
By FRANK DEVON.

Novelties may come and go, fads and fancies wax and wane, but when early gardening time arrives a few items there are that are sure of a place on the programme. The earliest tyro in gardening feels that radishes and lettuces are never better than when pulled in the dewy freshness of a late spring or early summer morning and used at once. Both are hardy and thrive best in cool weather. Therefore the earlier they are safely grown the more satisfaction in them.

To secure radishes in their ideal state they should be sown in rich, well tilled soil. The secret of tender, crisp qual-



EARLY LETTUCE, MIGNONETTE.

ty in a radish is rapid growth and pulling it just to the minute when ready for use, no later. And the source of the rapid growth is a "quick," mellow soil.

While lettuce may be sown very early in the open, every ambitious gardener nowadays recognizes the value of indoor germination and transplanting. For tomatoes we use plants that were started inside as a matter of course, and by waiting for lettuce till it grows from seed outside we lose a large part of a possible season.

For an early crop lettuce seeds may be sown in a window box, hotbed, frame or greenhouse and the young plants transplanted to stand 2 by 2 inches apart as soon as the seed leaves are well expanded. When they begin to crowd they are transferred to their permanent places in the open, if the weather will permit.

Varieties of lettuce, many of pretty equal merit, number up into the hundreds. Somewhat unique in this extensive collection is the hardy Mignonette, a very delicious "first early" kind of comparatively recent introduction. Distinguished quality recommends Mignonette, for it is exceedingly sweet, tender and crisp. Its small size and dark outer leaves do not present any particular attraction as far as appearance goes. But it is a quick and reliable grower for earliest spring and for fall sowing.

May King, one of the newer lettuces recommended for cold frame and earliest outdoor growth, will produce splendid globular heads of unexcelled flavor. Tender Heart, another newcomer, is introduced as very early, very hardy, of extra fine quality and attractive and appetizing appearance.

Golden Queen, a small "first early" variety, is a "butter" lettuce, color a beautiful rich golden green, quality excellent, a favorite variety, especially valuable to market gardeners.

Black Seeded Tennis Ball, one of the "old reliables," succeeds everywhere and at all seasons. Hardy and extremely early, small, hard heading and of delicious flavor, it is one of the most popular of lettuces in both private and market gardens.

Shape seems to classify the radishes under the varieties of globe, round or turnip shaped, olive and oval shaped and long or half long, with the first two divisions rather in the ascendant for popular use at present.

French Breakfast has long been a standard among the best of extra early



FRENCH BREAKFAST RADISH.

kinds. Rocket radishes are recent variations in this type. French Breakfast is the familiar olive shaped, red or pink radish with white tip.

The little dark red, round radishes under various names find great favor, and Golden Yellow is a new olive shape of fine quality.

Long Scarlet Short Top and Bright-Scarlet White Tipped excellently represent the long variety.

Any and all of these appetizing radishes of the well regulated table are so easily grown that it is a pity not to have them fresh from the garden.

A Convenient Disinfectant. A handy disinfectant for household use is made of chlorate of lime moistened with vinegar and water in equal parts. It may be kept in the cellar all the time, and in case of sickness a few drops scattered about will purify the air in the room.