

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, Nina, Gerard, her wealthy husband, Austin, and their numerous children. Eileen Erroll, ward of Nina and Austin, is part of their household. Selwyn has been divorced, without guilt 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, Gerard, despite the young man's neglect of her, makes friends with Selwyn III—Gerard is worried about young Erroll's mingling in the fast ways of the city. He is 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 past Alice. IV—Eileen's deceased father was an archaeologist, and she has inherited some of his scholarly qualities. Selwyn helps Gerard to settle a gambling debt and determines to undertake his reformation. V—Alice and Selwyn meet and discuss their 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 Gerard from gambling. VI—The friendship of Eileen and Selwyn progresses. VII—Gerard promises Selwyn he will stop gambling. Neergard discloses to Selwyn, who is interested in his office, a plan to control the Niowhita Country club by buying up farms essential to the club's existence. The plan does not appeal to Selwyn, and he insists that Austin, who disdains Neergard and his methods. VII—At night in his room Selwyn answers a knock at his door. VIII—The caller is Alice, who is very unhappy with Ruthven and wants to talk with Selwyn. For a moment their old love flashes up, but at the mention of Eileen he knows that it is not resurrection. IX—Rosamund distresses Eileen by telling her Alice is gossiping about who has again been seen with Selwyn. X—Alice and Selwyn. XI—Alice and Selwyn quarrel over the gambling by which he lives and she is determined to visit at night to her ex-husband's room. XII—Gerard's increasing intimacy with Neergard and Selwyn, who breaks with the real estate man over the Niowhita matter. Neergard is trying to break into society. XIII—Lansing invites Selwyn to dine at home with him in the modest house he has bought. Selwyn declares he will no longer let the past mar his chance of happiness, and Nina declares her belief that Eileen will be in love with him. Nina fears that Alice, restless and disgusted with Ruthven, will make mischief. XIV—Eileen asks Selwyn to remove Gerard from Neergard's influence. XV—Eileen forces herself a little way into society and tries to compel the slowhita to elect him. Gerard loses more and more at cards, but Selwyn, as well as his own. Trying to save him, Selwyn quarrels with him and then appeals in vain to Neergard. XVI—Eileen and Ruthven. He almost kills Ruthven, whose heart is weak, when the latter hints at a possible divorce suit, with Selwyn as correspondent. XVII—Eileen and Selwyn. Selwyn seems to confirm Nina's belief that Selwyn's ex-wife is, as her late father was, mentally of a sane mind. Selwyn makes up with Gerard and helps him out financially, seriously impairing his own resources. XVIII—At Silverside, the Gerard's country place, Eileen declares she can't marry him, but she will not say that she will marry him. Her brother is now turning over a new leaf. XIX—Eileen and Selwyn. Selwyn and Eileen's sentimental compact. XX—Gerard renounces his friendship with Neergard. Selwyn's experiments with chiosis make him promising. The younger set of girls becomes devoted to Philip, and Eileen has a touch of jealousy. XXI—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 more and more taking Selwyn's resistibility. Selwyn proposes to Eileen, but the girl is not sufficiently sure of herself to give him her promise. They agree to make him a friend. XXII—Gerard's reappearance in public with the fast set, among whom is Alice, angers his own people. Selwyn takes the boy away from them and tells him that he has quarreled with Neergard, to whom he owes much money, and with Ruthven, who has accused him unjustly of embezzling money from the latter. The boy has been helping Alice, abandoned financially by Ruthven, with money borrowed from Neergard and his desperate straits. Selwyn aids him again, leaving himself almost without money. XXIII—Alice is in a sanitarium, and Ruthven is in the clutches of Neergard. Selwyn informs Ruthven that Alice, for whom Selwyn assumes responsibility, is mentally very ill, having become childish, and threatens to kill Ruthven if he tries to cast her off. XXIV—Selwyn paying Alice's bills is in hard financial straits. There is no hope of Alice's recovery. Selwyn sees his own people's seldom. XXV—Lansing rescues Selwyn from squalid lodgings, compelling him to share his own home. XXVI—Selwyn sends a note to Alice, who is, they retreat being in a lonely place. Alice may live many years, her general health being very good, but her mind is permanently impaired. Selwyn tells Eileen, who is beginning to love him, the full story of Alice, declaring he feels himself bound to the woman who once bore his name. The two agree to part.

Chapter 28

RUTHVEN was after his divorce. That was what it all meant. His first check on the long trail came with the stupefying news of Gerald's runaway marriage to the young girl he was laying his own plans to marry some day in the future, and at first the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing his freedom.

But Ruthven instantly began to realize that what he had lost he might not have lost had he been free to shoulder aside the young fellow who had forestalled him. The chance had passed—that particular chance. But he'd never again allow himself to be caught in a position where such a chance could pass him by because he was not legally free to at least make the effort to seize it.

Fear in his soul had kept him from blazoning his wife's infirmity to the world as cause for an action against her, but he remembered Neergard's impudent cruise with her on the Niobrara, and he had temporarily settled on that as a means to extort revenue, not intending such an action should ever come to trial. And then he learned that Neergard had gone to pieces. That was the second check.

Ruthven needed money. He needed it because he meant to put the ocean between himself and Selwyn before commencing any suit, whatever ground he might choose for entering such a suit. He required capital on which to live abroad during the proceedings if that could be legally arranged. And meanwhile, preliminary to any plan of

campaign, he desired to know where his wife was and what might be her actual physical and mental condition.

But Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Mrs. Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, living in the country, maintaining a villa and staff of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a groom on the rumble and a companion beside her; that she seemed to be perfectly sane, healthy in body and mind, comfortable, happy and enjoying life under the protection of a certain Captain Selwyn, who paid all her bills and at certain times was seen entering or leaving her house at Edgewater.

Excited, incredulous, but hoping for the worst, Ruthven had posted off to his attorneys. To them he naively confessed his desire to be rid of Alice. He reported her misconduct with Neergard—which he knew was a lie—her pretense of mental prostration, her disappearance and his last interview with Selwyn in the card room. He also gave a vivid description of that gentleman's disgusting behavior and his threats of violence during that interview.

To all of which his attorneys listened very attentively, bade him have no fear of his life, requested him to make several affidavits and leave the rest to them for the present.

Which he did, without hearing from them until Mr. Hallam telegraphed him to come to Edgewater if he had nothing better to do.

Mr. Hallam was a very busy, very sanguine, very impetuous young man, and when he met Ruthven at the Edgewater station he told him promptly that he had the best case on earth; that he, Hallam, was going to New York on the next train, now almost due, and that Ruthven had better drive over and see for himself how gayly his wife maintained her household, for the Cossack sleigh, with its gray crimson tchug, had but just returned from the usual afternoon spin, and the young chateleine of Willow Villa was now on the snow covered lawn, romping with the coachman's huge white wolfhound. Ruthven drove to the villa.

There were clumps of evergreens about, tall cedars, a bit of bushy foreland and a stretch of snow. And across this open space of snow a young girl was moving, followed by a white wolfhound. Once she paused, hesitated, looked cautiously around her. Ruthven, hiding behind a bush, saw her thrust her arm into a low evergreen shrub and draw out a shining object that glittered like glass. Then she started toward the house again.

At first Ruthven thought she was his wife. Then he was not sure, and he cast his cigar away and followed, slinking forward among the evergreens. But the youthful, fur clad figure kept straight on to the veranda of the house, and Ruthven, curious and determined to find out whether it was Alice or not, left the semi-shelter of the evergreens and crossed the open space just as the woman's figure disappeared around an angle of the veranda.

Veiled, determined not to return without some definite discovery, Ruthven stepped upon the veranda. Just around the angle of the porch he heard a door opening, and he hurried forward, impatient and absolutely unafraid, anxious to get one good look at his wife and be off.

But when he turned the angle of the porch there was no one there. Only an open door confronted him, with a big, mild eyed wolfhound standing in the doorway looking steadily up at him.

Ruthven glanced somewhat dubiously at the dog; then as the animal made no offensive movement he craned his fleshy neck striving to see inside the house.

He did see—nothing very much, only the same young girl, still in her furs, emerging from an inner room, her arms full of dolls.

In his eagerness to see more Ruthven pushed past the great white dog, who withdrew his head disdainfully from the unceremonious contact, but quietly followed Ruthven into the house, standing beside him, watching him out of great, limpid, deerlike eyes.

But Ruthven no longer heeded the dog. His amused and slightly sneering gaze was fastened on the girl in furs who had entered what appeared to be a living room to the right and now, down on her knees beside a couch, smiling and talking confidentially and quite happily to herself, was placing her dolls against the wall.

Then the great white dog growled very low, and the girl in the fur jacket looked around and up quickly.

Alice! He realized it as she caught his pale eyes fixed on her, and she stared, sprang to her feet, still staring. Then into her eyes leaped terror, the living horror of recognition distorting her face. And as she saw he meant to speak she recoiled, shrinking away, turning in her fright like a hunted thing. The strange doll in her hand glittered. It was a revolver wrapped in a red rag.

"What's the matter?" he stam-



At the sound of his voice she screamed.

eyes and pulled the trigger. Something knocked her flat against the wall, but she heard no sound of a report, and she pulled the trigger again and felt another blow.

The second blow must have knocked her down, for she found herself rising to her knees, reaching for the table to aid her. But her hand was all red and slippery. She looked at it stupidly, fell forward, rose again, with the acrid smell of smoke choking her and her pretty fur jacket all soaked with the warm, wet stuff which now stained both hands.

Then she got to her knees once more, groped in the rushing darkness and swayed forward, falling loosely and flat. And this time she did not try to rise.

It was her way. It had always been her way out of trouble—the quickest, easiest escape from what she did not choose to endure.

As for the man, they finally contrived to drag the dog from him and lift him to the couch, where he lay twitching among the dolls for awhile, then stopped twitching.

Later in the night men came with lanterns, who carried him away. A doctor said that there was the usual chance for partial recovery. But it was the last excitement he could ever venture to indulge in.

Chapter 29

ONE day is the period of time allotted the human mind in which to wonder at anything. In New York the limit is much less. No tragedy can hold the boards as long as that where the bill must be renewed three times a day to hold even the passing attention of those who themselves are eternal undergrads in the continuous metropolitan performance.

As for Selwyn, a few people noticed his presence at the funeral. But even that episode was forgotten before he left the city six hours later under an invitation from Washington which admitted of no delay on the score of private business or of personal perplexity. For the summons was peremptory and his obedience so immediate that a telegram to Austin comprised and concluded the entire ceremony of his leave taking.

Later he wrote a great many letters to Eileen Erroll, not one of which he ever sent. But the formality of his silence was no mystery to her, and her response was silence as profound as the stillness in her soul. But deep into her young heart something new had been born.

In April the armored ships left the southern drill ground and began to move northward. A destroyer took Selwyn across to the great fortress inside the Virginia capes and left him there. During his stay there was almost constant firing. Later he continued northward as far as Washington, but it was not until June that he telegraphed Austin:

Government satisfied. Appropriation certain next session. Am on my way to New York.

Austin, in his house, which was now dismantled for the summer, telephoned Nina at Silverside that he had been detained and might not be able to grace the festivities which were to consist of a neighborhood dinner to the younger set in honor of Mrs. Gerald. But he said nothing about Selwyn, and Nina did not suspect that her brother's arrival in New York had anything to do with Austin's detention.

As Selwyn came leisurely up the front steps Austin, awaiting him feverishly, hastened to smooth the florid jocos mask over his features and walked into the room, big hand extended, large, bantering voice undisturbed by the tremor of a welcome which filled his heart and came near filling his eyes.

"So you've stuck the poor old government at last, have you? Took 'em all in—rats, feet and the marine cavalry?"

"Sure thing," said Selwyn, laughing in the crushing grasp of the big flat. "How are you, Austin? Everybody's in the country, I suppose," glancing around at the linen shrouded furniture. "How is Nina? And the kids? Good business? And Eileen?"

"She's all right," said Austin. "Gad! She's really a superb specimen this summer. Where's your luggage? Oh, is it all here? Enough, I mean, for us to catch a train for Silverside this afternoon?"

"Has Nina any room for me?" asked Selwyn.

"Room! Certainly! I didn't tell her you were coming, because if you hadn't the kids would have been horribly disappointed. She and Eileen are giving a shindy for Gladys—that's Gerald's new acquisition, you know. So if you don't mind butting into a baby show we'll run down. It's only the younger bunch from Hitherwood House and Brookminster. What do you say, Phil?"

Chapter 29

At dinner Drina and the younger Craig maiden also appeared to be bent upon self destruction, and Boots' eyes opened wider and wider in sheer amazement at the capacity of woman in embryo for rations sufficient to maintain a small garrison.

"There'll be a couple of reports," he said to himself, with a shudder, "like Selwyn's chiosis, and then there'll be no more Drina and Daisy. Hello!" (He broke off, astonished. "Well, upon my word of words! Phil Selwyn, or I'm a broker!")

"Phil!" exclaimed Nina. "Oh, Austin, and you never told us!"

"Train was late, as usual," observed Austin. "Philip and I don't mean to butt into this very grand function—Hello, Gerald! Hello, Gladys! Where's our obscure corner 'below the salt, Nina? Oh, over there!"

Selwyn had already caught sight of the table destined for him. A deeper color crept across his bronzed face as he stepped forward, and his firm hand closed over the slim hand offered.

For a moment neither spoke. She could not. He dared not.

Then Drina caught his hands, and Eileen's loosened in his clasp and fell away as the child said distinctly: "I'll kiss you after dinner. It can't be done here, can it, Eileen?"

Selwyn, beside Eileen, had ventured on the formalities, his voice unsteady and not yet his own.

Her loveliness had been a memory. He had supposed he realized it to himself, but the superb fresh beauty of the girl dazzled him. There was a strange new radiance, a living brightness, to her that seemed almost unreal. Exquisitely unreal her voice, too, and the slightly bent head, crowned with the splendor of her hair, and the slowly raised eyes, two deep blue miracles tinged with the hues of paradise.

"Are you remaining to smoke?" asked Eileen as Selwyn took her to the doorway after dinner. "Because if you are not I'll wait for you."

"On the lawn out there—farther out, in the starlight," he whispered, his voice broke, "my darling!"

She bent her head, passing slowly before him, turned, looked back, her answer in her eyes, her lips, in every limb, every line and contour of her, as she stood a moment looking back.

Austin and Boots were talking volubly when he returned to the tables now veiled in a fine haze of aromatic smoke. Gerald stuck close to him, happy, excited, shy by turns. Others came up on every side—young, frank, confident fellows, nice in bearing, of good speech and manner.

And outside waited their pretty partners of the younger set, gossiping in hall, on stairs and veranda in garrulous beavies, all filmy silks and laces and bright eyed expectancy.

The long windows were open to the veranda. Selwyn, with his arm through Gerald's, walked to the railing and looked out across the fragrant starlit waste. And very far away they heard the sea intoning the hymn of the four winds.

Then the elder man withdrew his arm and stood apart for awhile. A little later he descended to the lawn, crossed it and walked straight out into the waste.

Selwyn said that he would go, hesitating before consenting. A curious feeling of age and grayness had suddenly come over him, a hint of fatigue, of consciousness that much of life lay behind him.

So Austin went to the telephone and called up his house at Silverside, saying that he'd be down that evening with a guest.

Nina got the message just as she had arranged her tables, but woman is born to sorrow and hellish to all the unlooked for idiosyncrasies of man.

"Dear," she said to Eileen, the tears of uxorial vexation drying unshed in her pretty eyes, "Austin has thought fit to seize upon this moment to bring a man down to dinner. So if you are dressed would you kindly see that the tables are rearranged and then telephone somebody to fill in—two girls, you know? The oldest Craig girl might do for one. Beg her mother to let her come."

"Whom is Austin bringing?" Eileen asked.

"He didn't say. Can't you think of a second girl to get? Isn't it vexing? Of course there's nobody left—nobody ever fills in in the country. Do you know, I'll be driven into letting Drina sit up with us—for sheer lack of material. I suppose the little imp will have a fit if I suggest it and probably perish of indigestion tomorrow."

Eileen laughed. "Oh, Nina, do let Drina come this once! It can't hurt her."

And so it happened that, among the jolly throng which clustered around the little candle lighted tables in the dining room at Silverside, Drina, in ecstasy, curly hair just above the nap of her slim white neck and cheeks like pink fire, sat between Boots and a vacant chair reserved for her tardy father.

For Nina had waited as long as she dared. Then Boots had been summoned to take in Drina and the youthful Craig girl, and, as there were to have been six at a table, at that particular table sat Boots decorously facing Eileen, with the two children on either hand and two empty chairs flanking Eileen.

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Then the elder man withdrew his arm and stood apart for awhile. A little later he descended to the lawn, crossed it and walked straight out into the waste.

The song of the sea was rising now. In the strange little forest below, deep among the trees, elfin lights broke out

He halted to listen. She vanished. He halted to listen. He looked long and steadily into the darkness around him. Suddenly he saw her—a pale blur in the dusk.

"Eileen?"

"Is it you, Philip?"

She stood waiting as he came up through the purple gloom of the moorland, the stars' brilliancy silencing her—waiting—yielding in pallid silence to his arms, crushed in them, looking into his eyes, dumb, wordless.

Then slowly the pale sacrament changed as the wild rose tint crept into her face. Her arms clung to his shoulders, higher, tightened around his neck. And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body, guiltless as God gave it, to have and to hold beyond such incidents as death and the eternity that no man clings to save in the arms of such as she.

THE END.



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THE END.

FERTILIZER FROM ROOSTS.

Scientific Tests to Ascertain Value of Poultry Droppings.

The average farmer does not appreciate as he should the value of the fertilizer made by poultry. This may be mainly due to the fact that many times it is not properly stored, so that much of its chemical constituent material is lost.

Professor Morse of the New Hampshire experiment station, after referring to the loss of fertilizer value and answering the question how best to retain it, says the best materials for this purpose are gypsum or land plaster, acid phosphate and kainit, a cheap potash salt. Each of these chemicals has the power to form new compounds with the ammonia as fast as it is set free from the original combination. Wood ashes and slaked lime should never be used, because they cannot combine with ammonia, while they do force it out of its compounds and take its place. Plaster is apt to produce a dry, lumpy mixture when used in large quantities to arrest the ammonia, while kainit and acid phosphate produce the opposite effect of a moist, sticky mass.

Bulletin 98 of the Maine experiment station says that, using their results as a basis of calculation, the weekly droppings of a flock of twenty-five hens when scraped from the roosting platform should be mixed with about eight pounds of kainit or acid phosphate and a half peck of sawdust. If one desires a balanced fertilizer for corn and other hard crops a mixture of equal parts of kainit and acid phosphate could be used instead of either alone. The same authority tells us that "good dry meadow muck or peat would be equally as good as sawdust, if not better, to use as an absorbent."

Fresh poultry manure at the present values of fertilizers would be worth 60 cents per hundred pounds. Figures from different experiment stations would give the product of twenty-five hens for the winter season of six months as 375 pounds for the roost droppings only.

Poultry manure is especially adapted as a top dressing for grass because of its high content of nitrogen in the form of ammonia compounds, which are nearly as quick in their effect as nitrate of soda. A ton of the manure preserved with sawdust and chemicals would be sufficient for an acre when compared with a chemical formula for top dressing.

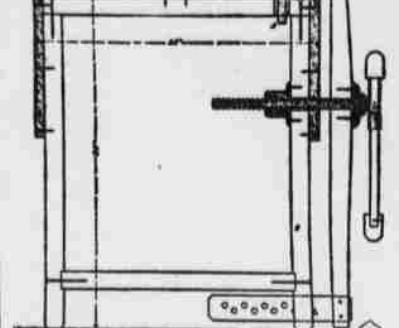
On the same basis of comparison 100 fowls running at large on an acre should in a summer season of six months have added to its fertility the equivalent of at least 200 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 100 pounds of high grade acid phosphate and sixty pounds of kainit.

Farm and Garden

FOR FARM EQUIPMENT.

Cheap and Efficient Helps For Country Life.

The successful management of a modern farm depends largely upon the efficiency of the equipment with which the work is performed. In addition to the outfit of tools obtainable from a hardware dealer, there are a number of special devices that may be made on the farm and that will prove of great assistance in general repair work. A workbench of some kind will probably be the first essential. For the construction of a workbench like that shown in the first cut there will be needed four boards seven-eighths inch thick, twelve to fourteen inches wide and about twelve feet in length. The length of the bench, however, will depend upon the size of the shop or other space that may be available for use as



CROSS SECTION WORKBENCH.

a workshop. Two pieces of 2 by 4 inch scantling, each sixteen feet long, will be sufficient to construct the framework of the bench. All lumber entering into the construction of the workbench should be thoroughly seasoned and dressed to uniform width and thickness.

A clamp for holding materials should be constructed from a piece of hard wood and attached by the aid of a carpenter's bench screw. This clamp should be provided with notches or pin holes at the lower end so that it can be set to hold materials of any thickness. Along the front of the bench two or three holes should be provided, into which pins may be set for supporting boards or other materials that are too long to be held rigid by the clamp alone.

A "stop" for holding materials that are to be planed can be inserted in the top of the bench, near the left hand end, as shown in the cut. If a regular stop is not employed its place may be taken by a small piece of notched board nailed on top of the bench.

A pair of trestles or sawhorses, each consisting of a piece of 2 by 4 inch or 2 by 6 inch timber, about four feet in length, supported upon four legs, as illustrated in the second figure, are very convenient for working upon while marking, sawing, boring or chiseling. The sawhorses are an accessory to the workbench and should be constructed at the same time. The cost of the materials with which to construct both the workbench and sawhorses should not exceed \$5. Among the accessories to the workbench there is no device that will give greater satisfaction than a good mitre box, to be used for sawing small wood materials either square or at an angle. For the construction of a mitre box three pieces of board one inch thick, six inches wide and three feet in length should be selected and nailed together in the form of a square trough, taking care that the nails are driven well out toward the edge of the boards. Vertical cuts are sawed through the sides to the bottom board to guide the saw when the box is in use. Near one end a cut is made at

the right angles with the length of the box to be used in making square cuts. For making bevel cuts for a right angled miter joint the sides of the box should be sawed down on oblique lines running at an angle of forty-five degrees with the length of the box.

For the benefit of those who contemplate the purchase of tools for use on the farm the following combinations are suggested:

For a two dollar and fifty cent outfit—a hatchet, a hand saw, a small square, a screwdriver and a pair of pliers.

For a ten dollar outfit—a hatchet, a hand ax, a twenty-six inch hand saw, a twenty-four inch steel square, a drawing knife, a brace and six bits (one-quarter, three-eighths, one-half, five-eighths, three-quarter and one inch), a pair of pliers, a screwdriver, a cold chisel, a twelve inch flat file, a monkey wrench, a jack plane, two chisels (one-half and one inch), a rivet punch, a riveting hammer, a leather punch and a small oil can.

Other outfits, according to the articles desired, can be had for from \$20 to \$25.

A Novelty at Cards.

Those who give card parties are always anxious to get new and clever methods of keeping individual scores. Everything that can be thought of has been done in the way of ingenious cards.

At a recent card party a novelty was introduced by giving each guest a wire bracelet. Every time a game was won a colored bead was strung on it. These made rather pretty souvenirs to take home.

As gold wire was used and vivid stones of large size were chosen, the bangles of the winners were quite gay ornaments before the evening was over.

Another hostess elaborated this idea by using tiny ten cent toys instead of beads. These were hooked on the bracelet with bits of gold wire. This idea was enthusiastically received, and it might make a good suggestion for hostesses of coming card parties.

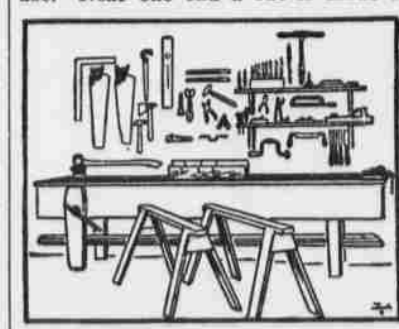
Her Specification.

He—So you think married life ought to be one grand, sweet song?
She—Yes.

He—What air would you prefer for this matrimonial song?
She—I think a millionaire.—Baltimore American.

Playing Safe.

Tom—I say, old man, are you superstitious about dining with thirteen at the table?
Jack—Well, that depends.
Tom—Depends upon what?
Jack—Whether the supply will equal the demand.—Chicago News.



INTERIOR OF WORKSHOP WITH TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR OUTFIT.