"Lady Fay, by all that's wonderful!"

he said. "Frank Derwent, by all that's-You see, I know my Sheridan." She stepped in daintily, a very little figure outrageously frilled and 'Shall we establish a new 'School for If we only could! nowadays scandal requires no school. rainy day." I knew you were here. You long to ask me how but you can't get a word ble this afternoon, and I freckle so nized you in the village-after ten. Really, maids have so many oppor-They are allowed out by themselves until ten once every week. And if they smile at the butler the go to Monte when the painters come. privilege is extended. I should go about grinning at him always. She 'The mysterious artist, Mr. Jones, at The Den, is Mr. Derwent.' Don't frown. No one else knows."

'But a woman and a secret"-"That's unworthy of you. Don't you know that we only tell secrets when they are to the disadvantage of other females? And I wanted to keep this, and Elise wants to keep her place. Oh the country gives me primitive impressions that it is improper. I come to see you in a studio-horribly untidy artless. Dinners open doors. place, Frank-alone. And you are re incognito. It's thrilling—and dear in its coolness. Lady Jane-have I told you I am staying with the Hollingtons? I am, it's my penance for a season wickedly de-lightful; my doctor said, 'You're run down' (which sounds like something to do with a motor car, which is absurd) go and be as dull as you can be. So So naturally I thought of dear Lady Jane I've been a thorn in her fiesh-she has so much that one has to be a huge thorn to be at all impressive-and now She will be she has her reward. shocked! Think of it, Frank! Isn' Cranfordish? Shocked! She will rmonize, and I shall be flippant, and Nonconformist conscience "But I am your cousin," Frank Der-

looking man, young to be an Associate. old enough to be interesting. said that he was handsome, ne that he was ugly, a difference of opinion which invariably suggests dan-"When was cousinship a bar to scan-

dal? Don't you want to know why I have come?

"No."

"Why not? That's a horrid remark." She pouted picturesuely. "I know." He looked at her stead-

away. Her hair, as light as spun silk, time-I grow to dislike you had brought a memory of sun into the studio. 'You don't!" she said, hastily.

We naturally gravitate toward each other. In other bodies it is called the law of attraction." He gave the sence a caressing finish. A smile flickered over her face. "Ever since you came out we have obeyed the law. have confessed to me as many of your sins as you could remember. I have invented as many peccadilloes as my imagination could compass to match your confessions. Each time you have en engaged I have been the first to experience desolation. How many times have you broken my heart? You have even criticised my work frankly. very frankly, and I have quarrelled with you over a frock."

"Yes, we've been chums, good chums for a long time," she said, pausing in front of the easel. "Don't you find painting monotonous, Frank? You are shocked. But I should get so tired of canvas-and oils smell like a garage Why don't you do things like Max? He's much funnier. I am sure his ricatures are lovely-when you know who they are. Did I tell you Lady Jane won't allow me out alone?

"Oh, I started with a girl. She's staying with Lady Jane, too. She (the girl, not Lady Jane) has a passion for views-one of those extraordinary beings who go to Davos Platz for the scenery and not tobogganing. I told her the view from the Beacon is love--it is, isn't it? It ought to be, it's such a steep hill. She went at it eagerly and I came on." She made one or two lunges with her parasol at a canvas standing with its face against wall. Derwent moved it out of

Then, when you go back alone Lady

"Oh, no. The girl will come on here I am afraid she thinks you are a wom I said I was going to see a friend.

'She does not know you very well.' "No." Lady Fay acknowledged very frankly. "She never would."

WALTER E. GROGAN.

"Then we may be interrupted at any

"Yes-and when Lady Jane knows that you are here-She is scandalized at the idea of your painting She says there is no excuse for a man in Burke doing such a thing, that Jezebel painted, and we all know what happened to her. So I shall not be able to see you again down here.'

She really was very pretty. Derwent moved slowly over to the couch on which she sat.
"Has it occurred to you, Fay, that

whenever we want to see each other one has to go in search of the other? flounced. It-it is a waste of time.

"There is the expectation." "There is always the danger of a

"Or a sunny day. The sun is terriin edgeways. My maid. She recog- easily. But I don't see how we can obviate the difficulty. You couldn't set up a studio at our place.

the question of models-and mother

loaths the smell of paint. We always

"No, Grosvenor Square is out of the question. There is only one way. She scratched meaningless ciphers on the floor with the point of her para-

sol, watching the operation intently. "Don't you think the 'only way' is always-well, heroic?"

"Every one has prophesied it," he suggested. She really was attractive and, after all, it would be eminently prudent and practical. It seemed in Why do I want to keep this secret? cumbent upon an Associate to be married. Much can be done in the interest of art by an interested wife, who is not

A lifted cheek showed an added glow

"It would be rather hard upon them to-to make them false prophets. On the other hand, if we establish them" . She paused suggestively.

"It certainly would be a compliment to their intelligence at once subtle and

"And later Lady Jane would be glad. feel that I owe Lady Jane much. She has been my skeleton at the feast so long. It is refreshing to be familiar with one's skeleton."

"But she-she hates me!" Derwent remonstrated.

"Yes. She has always prophesied a bad end for me. Think of her delight her droll, evil thinking heart will in the contemplation of an end outmarching her imagination. Don't frown. It really is a beautiful trait I am being unselfish in my character. went interposed. He was a tall lazy s that the wrong word? I always do say the wrong thing on these occasions. Never believe that experience eaches, Frank. Experience, when varied, muddles. But it does seem hopeless, doesn't it? Everybody has expect ed it for ages-and the worst of it is that I can't quite dislike you."

"No, that is hopeless-no one can. "I have never seen enough of you worst faults-that to discover your may be remedied. Oh, if it is, Frank, if, seeing so much of you-the Lollerts will insist upon lending us their counilv. half quizzically, and she looked try house. I know, they offer it every

"I think it will be impossible," he "But in any case we need never see too much of each other. Of course I could never see too much of youcela va sans dire-but for your own comfort I suggest calling to recollection the married couples we know. They are never bored with each other' society-the occasional times when hey meet must ever keep their fresh-There is not one circle in London, there are several; there is not one country house, but several; not one yacht, but many. 1 really think-I speak for your consolation-that we need never meet except possibly at our own functions and-er-Christmas I throw in the latter as a sop to Day. popular sentiment."

"You are so considerate, Frank. You understand more than any man I know. Whether you are considerat for me or for yourself I am not quite She spoke a little wistfully

which he did not notice. "As long as the end is reached l hardly see that that matters," he said cheerfully.

"And I suppose we have reached a real, definite, decisive end?"

"Yes-or a beginning. There is always a haziness about these matters." Then we have decided. It must be diamonds, Frank. I never accept any thing else-half-hoop, of course. You better get a few down to choose from. That is what I generally prefer And you must be very, very attentive

to me while we are engaged. "I insist upon a short engagement And you will dismiss your cavaliers."

"All of them, Frank? I have a sympathetic "I think all. heart, and I really could not bear to see them."

"There are sacrifices!" She sighed and then lifted smiling lips to him. A ap at the window startled them.

"Go round to the door, 'Sydney!" Lady Fay called out promptly, without "There's always some turning round. thing wrong with the catch of a French How like a woman who is fond of views to come blundering at a

window like that!" she added, as she footsteps retreat toward the

'Sydney?" Derwent inquired eagerly. He had not noticed the face of the woman at the window.

"The girl, you know. Oh, yes, it is an absurd name. But appropriate." "Sydney Egmont?"

Her voice had a surprised cadence. "Do you know her?" "I did—I saw a great deal of her at one time." Derwent spoke in a constrained manner, yet there was strange note in his tones. She looked

up at him quickly. "Ah!" she said, and then mused for while. "Can't you order tea? shall not want it, really-housekeeper tea is terrible. But I think I had beter explain. You see, naturally she will be surprised at finding that you

He jumped at the chance of escape quite eagerly, and Lady Fay smiled a ittle forlornly at his retreating back She smiled again, but quite brightly however, when Miss Egmont entered.

are not a woman.

"You are alone, Fay?" Miss Egmon demanded. She looked white. Lady Fay noticed that quickly.

"Yes—isn't it stupid? I waited for

you an eternity. I do hope you found

all the trees and fields and things lovely to look at?"

'You were with a man?" "I-I am afraid so, Sydney. It generally happens to be a man. I really don't know why-coincidence, I suppose. Frank has gone to order tea but I told him distinctly that we should not drink it.

"Frank!" "My cousin, Frank Derwent. He is a lucky man-he was made an Associate a few months ago and now"--- She roke off and waited.

"Then I am to understand" --- Miss Egmont murmured, perfunctorily. "How dear of you to guess!

afraid it is foolish of me, but every one said it would happen. I suppose it will be in the autumn-that will mean rushing off to town and Paris at once. "I-I am very glad, Fay," Miss Egmond said, unenthusiastically.

nope you will be very happy." 'Of course, there is always a chance And I love shopping. Mother doesn' -it tires her. I believe she is unique. Lady Fay watched her friend under her evelashes.

"But Fay-are you never serious?" Miss Egmont demanded.

"I sincerely hope not. Only the middle class are serious. It's what they eat, I think. I am told their cooking is atrocious, owing to the Education acts. I can't tell why it should be, but

A door opened and Frank Derwent

entered very stiffly.
"Oh, Frank," said Lady Fay, "this is Miss Egmont. She wants to congratulate you. I think she said you knew her?

"Some time ago. I dare say Miss Egmont hardly remembers me.' spoke as stiffly as he held himself. She gave him one quick glance. The little color left in her cheeks fled.

"Mr. Derwent, I believe?" His stiffess appeared to be communicated to "I think we met"

Three years ago. There was "Ah, yes. I have some recollection

of the river. You were painting, I He bit his lip. Her elaborate indefi-

niteness piqued him. Lady Fay sat watching both under the screen of a charming detachment.

"I was painting," Derwent assured her. "It was not my only occupation. I was dreaming of-more important

"Really! It's so long ago." The indifference was a trifle too obvious.

"Three years!" cried Lady Fay, "An eternity! shuddering. Time is a horrible monster-I am always killing him, and all the while I have the knowledge that he must turn the tables one day."

"Miss Egmont has found that time obliterates impressions," Derwent declared, with unnecessary pique. "Time's one redeeming feature," Miss

Egmont said, with conviction. "We are growing morbid," Lady Fay declared. "It is hardly a compliment to Frank's work. I told him he wasn't amusing, Sydney. He won't do nice black and white caricatures like Max -he won't even do portraits, which is nearly the same thing. Don't you ever

do portraits, Frank?" 'I tried once-it was never finished -it was not a success." He was look

ing at Miss Egmont, not at Lady Fay The beauty of portrait painting is that when the sitter is aggrieved all his or her friends rise up and call the picture lifelike," Lady Fay said, sagely She rose and wandered around the studio-a gay little figure like a stray-"Why is this canvas turned with its face to the wall? Is - She looked, raising eyebrows, at Derwent. "I believe it is-and shall be horribly shocked." She pick-

"Don't touch it!" Derwent cried, striding forward. He was to late to prevent her seeing it. A half finished study of a woman's face smiled out of he canvas. The woman's face had the

eatures of Sydney Egmont. "This is three years old, Frank?" he said quietly.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you finish it?" "The sitter went away."

"Why did the sitter go away, Syd-Miss Egmont, twisting a glove, looking out of the window at the broad sunlight and biting a tremulous lip, gave a shrug of the shoulders that was meant to convey indifference and was

merely pathetic Lady Fay smiled a little wry smile at her friend's back. Men were unobservant animals, so Frank did not count. Besides, people in love, what

did they ever see? Her left hand went straying to her left side. Her friends unanimously held that though charming she was heartless. Yet undoubtedly there was a pain there; a throb, a eatch, what you will, but certainly a

pain. "And you let her go, Frank? Why? It-it really is not a bad attempt. She looked at the canvas quizzically, and under cover of her little hand again pressed her side.

'She-she did not care-to finish it.' He found phrases hard of making. "She allowed me to commence-and Evidently, it was then went away." not the unfinished portrait that rank-He was watching the effect of his words upon the impassive back. There was a light, half hopeful, in his eyes, that Lady Fay had never before "I should never have missed it if I had not seen," she whispered to herself. "I shall always miss it now

If she had not "What a silly reason! cared she wouldn't have gone away. Oh, don't tell me. I know. I have had quite an extensive experience of such matters. You hardly remember now-I'm sure I am very hazy about all Of course I've had so many quarrels-and when there is only one it makes a difference-But you don't know-you're just two children quarrelling about something you are neither clear what, and sulking in two absurd, uncomfortable corners. Frank, you look diabolical when you frown." went turned away angrily. "But I'm glad I saw you like that; if it had come afterwards it would have been a shock. Like marrying a prince and finding him turned into the beast. You might smile at him, Sydney, encouragingly-anything to alter his expres-

- Miss Egmont was unable to keep joy entirely absent from her voice

"My dear child, I'm a sportswomannot a poacher. He's your bird. Of course, I'm glad to be able to add Frank to my list—though brief, it ounts one I believe you think-well, absurd things. I have discovered that Frank can be serious. Just imagine a butterfly being unequally yoked to a tortoise! Quite absurd. And we were agreeably and mutually accepting each other to be rid of each other-at least, we found out how very little we need ee of each other. And now I've chathaven't I?-and Frank completes the dozen and I'm off to sing comic songs to hymn tunes for the horrification of

Half an hour afterwards Frank Der vent, looking absurdly happy, said, Pshaw! Lady Fay! She has no feelng at all-shallow, quite shallow."

'I wonder!" mused Miss Egmont .-Black and White.

CHILDREN'S PARTY IN JAPAN. Dress of the Attendants-How They Are Received and Entertained.

It may be interesting to know how Japanese children's party is con- sank to their knees to gather the ducted. Formal invitations in honor of the house child are sent out. At p. m. the guests arrive, frequently attended by servants.

the top of the house steps, says a writer in Junior Toilettes, and con- their brilliant costumes flamed and ducts each to the reception room. The undulated like a field of silken pophair of the house child is drawn back, pies in the sun. raised in front and gathered into a twisted. Her face and throat are three points at the back of the neck, in the New York Post. which all the short hairs have been caremully extracted with pinc-Her lips are slightly touched with red paint, and her face looks

like that of a cheap doll. She wears a blue flowered kimono with sleeves touching the ground, a the monthly bill that comes to the blue girdle lined with scarlet, and a fold of the scarlet crape lies between her painted neck and her kimono. her tiny feet she wears white tabi (socks of cotton cloth), with a separate place for the great toe, so as to allow the scarlet covered thongs of the finely lacquered clogs to pass be

tween it and the smaller toes. All children are dressed about alike, looking like a lot of animated dolls. They are met by the house child with

formal, graceful bows. She and her mother squat before each guest and present tea and sweet meats on lacquered trays. After these are disposed of they play very quiet and polite games.

One of their plays is most amusing. It consists of one child feigning illness and another playing the doctor The pomposity and gravity of the lat ter and the distress and weakness o the former are most successfully imitated. Unfortunately the doctor kills his patient, who counterfeits the death sleep very effectively with her whitened face; then follows the funeral and mourning.

Before the guests leave tea and sweetmeats are again served, and as it is neither etiquette to refuse them nor to leave anything behind that one has once taken, several of the small ladies slip the residue into their canacious sleeves.

A Provisional Name.

A girl baby was brought to a Seattle clergyman to be baptized. asked the name of the baby.

"Dinah M.," the father responded. "But what does the M. stand for?" asked the minister.

"Well, I don't know yet. It depends upon how she turns out "Why, I do not understand you,"

said the minister. "Oh, if she turns out sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May. But if she has a fleey temper and bomb-shell disposition like mine, I shall call her Dinah Might"—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

GEISHAS OF KYOTO.

How Their Dainty Dancing Impressed

an American Visitor. When we arrived at Kyoto, drove from the station to the hotel in our first Japanese carriage, with a coachman in indigo tights and dres sing-jacket, white gloves, straw sandals, and mushroom hat. Just ahead of the stubby, peevish nimbly another man, literally a footman, clearing our way by shouting what sounded like "Git!" to the crowds, and now and then dexterously swinging an over-trustful baby out of harm's way, just like a Central

Park policeman. But that night, when I had sewed princessy-edges of ruching into my economy gown, and we went to the grand performance at the Geisha School, we trundled along as usual in our beloved 'richshaws, each with its glow-worm lantern swinging cheerily on the handle-bars.

On the floor, in little four-by-four boxes, people squatted on their heels, as at any Japanese theatre giving the effect of a human checkerboard, after the pattern of the Queen's Croquet-Ground land.' And all the tiny, honey-color ed people were marvellously a narrow, polished side, On each boardwalk (called the Flower Path) led from the rear of the theatre to

On one side sat the orchestra consisting of from two to six girls (according to the dance), playing their samisens, with a plaintive disre The notes were few gard of tune. and low, but made a certain throb, curiously persistent, and-after time-more suggestive to me than any "low music" I ever heard. Sometimes one of the girls recited, in a voice so strangely unnatural as, to suggest caterwauling; but I'm told this is the

acme of art. Just as the Japanese "supes" perform their tasks on the stage in a naively obvious manner, trusting as flour; lay thin slices of pork or bacon ostriches, in their black, cowled gowns, so here certain old women squatted calmly on the stage, helping the little performers slip in and out of their kimonas (numberless as the wrappings of a mummy), adjusting obis, and playing deus (or should I ex machina as frankly as say dea?) tered away all the awkwardness, the long-hidden will in an old-fashioned novel. There were many dances, of which

we, alas! saw but three. though I am a poor, ignorant foreigner, and haven't an esoteric mindthey gave me intense pleasure. The subtle symbolism passed innocently over my stupid head, but there was a seductive flexibility, especially of the hands and wrists, and a finish extraordinary in these little neophytes of fourteen (the most wonderful of all was only ten). The dancers sidled, with an alluring, sinuous motion snapped open and manipulated their fans in a dozen bewildering ways, fallen petals of the peach-blossom, shuddered at an erratic butterfly (quivering galvanically under the manipulation of one of the old fe-The house child receives them at males), and always with the lithe, instinctive grace of a kitten, while

Queer little exotics they were, double loop in which scarlet crape is trained to delight Oriental sybarites, but fantastically pretty even to our whitened, the paint terminating in alien eyes.-Constance G. Alexander

Curious Uses for Plumbers.

plumbers are robbers may be called upon to readjust their view. It is and a dressing-table. head of the family from the plumber's shop that makes him think that all the trade are either sadly inefficient or absurdly slow. He has the impression that for every five dollars' worth of work done he has paid a bill amounting to fifteen dollars at least. But that the discrepancy is not entirely due to the piratical instincts of the plumber has been discovered by an energetic and observant citizen, who recently got the boss of a plumbing establishment to talk about the business. This boss told of a woman who telephoned to his shop and asked that a plumber be sent up to her house right away. "What do you think she wanted?" asked the workman, when he returned half an hour later. "She

wanted me to wash her dog."
"Go back and wash him," said his employer, and he did. It took him all afternoon to scrub the canine. The woman cheerfully paid \$3. A woman -not the same woman-in an excited tone of voice asked that a plumber be sent to her house for three hours When the man arrived, the who is well known in society, brought out a box of her husband's best cigars the latest magazines-and a baby After minding the infant for three hours, while the mother shopping, he colected \$1.80, filled his pockets with good cigars, and returned to the shop. No wonder that in one city, at least, plumbing bills are large.-New York Post.

Richard's Reasoning.

Richard startled his mother one day by asking, "How does it come that Ned's papar is Mr. Artman through the week and Jesus on Sunday?"

"Why, Richard, he is always Mr. He isn't Jesus.' Artman. "Yes, he is.

On Sundays we sing 'Give your pennies all to Jesus,' and then Mr. Artman comes 'round and gets 'em."-Effle S. Black in Lippin.

The Arabs use camel's milk as 2 substitute for that of the cow.



Keep Sponges Clean.

By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a scoured sponge and rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will become as sweet as when new.

Bread Box Improvement.

There is an improvement in bread boxes. The up-to-date one has a slop ing top, fitted within which is a sliding lid. The box is well provided with ventilators, each screened with fine wire. The sliding lid is not only more convenient to raise, but it fits more tightly than the ordinary one and is therefore recommended as being secure against the inroads of insects.

Glass Teapots.

Glass teapots are gaining in vogue, and lovers of the beverage are rejoicing with the well-meaning persons who are forever on the lookout for germs. The pots are made of tempered glass and are trimmed delicately with bands of gold or silver. The charm of the crystal teapot lies not wholly in its beauty. There is the additional advantage that the teamaker can see just what quantity she has in the brew.

To Bake Fish.

In baking fish, use a special dripping pan. Place three or four thin slices of salt pork or bacon in the bottom of the pan, lay the fish on top with or without gashes across the fish at inch intervals, and put into these tiny strips of fat pork; dust with salt, pepper and on to the fish, or simply brush with pork drippings, olive oil, or butter; pour in a cupful of boiling water, cover closely and bake in a hot oven, basting often: allow about fifteen minutes to each pound of fish; when done lift carefully on to a hot platter, garnish with thin slices of lemon and parsley and serve with Hollandaise or sauce tartare.

Furniture for the Nursery.

The furniture should consist of closets and shelves within reach of short arms for toys and picture-books, so that at the earliest possible age the principles of neatness and order may be taught. There must be small chairs just to fit, a table for tea-parties and games, a rocking-chair or two for the small mother who still rocks dollbabies, and, possibly, if the room is large enough to permit, there may be a small sideboard to assist at the dinner-parties, a settle, a small desk, a couch, a bookcase, etc., etc., declares Harper's Bazar. There are diminutive pieces of almost every kind of furniture, although as yet neither Chippendale nor Sheraton chairs have been There are the Brownie chairs and tables in brown and green; Mission library sets upholstered in red leather; dainty drawing room sets in delicate cretonne; bedroom sets white enamel, Mission, or curly maple, fascinating wicker chairs in green, white or brown, just like mamma's on the piazza; bent wood chairs and tables warranted to endure through several generations; and the ordinary willow and pine chairs which are not as in teresting. If the nursery for day and Washington householders who have helped to spread the tradition that for night are the same there must be white iron or brass beds, chiffoniers,

Recipes. Grape Fruit Cocktail.-Allow one large fruit for four guests; remove the pulp and mix with it the pulp of three oranges, one banana, dried, four figs cut in bits, one cup ins seeded, and one-half cup Maraschina cherries. Sweeten with powered sugar to taste and add two spoonfuls of syrup from the cherries. Serve very cold in lemonade cups.

Meat and Potatoes.-Mine cold beef or lamb; if beef, put in a pinch of pulverized cloves; if lamb, a pinch summer savory to season, pepper and some salt, and put it in a baking dish. Mash potatoes, mix with cream, butter and a little salt, and spread over the meat. Beat up an egg with cream or milk-a very little -Spread over the potatoes, and bake a short time, sufficient to through and brown the potatoes.

Johnny Cake.—A real, old-time johnny cake calls for three cups of yellow cornmeal, three cups of sour milk, half a cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one beaten egg, a teaspoonful of salt and a liberal teaspoonful of soda in a very little milk. Soak the three cups of sour milk with the dian meal over night. In the morning add the other ingredients and pour the mixture into shallow, greased baking Bake it in a quick oven. should be only about an inch and half thick when done, and should hav a crisp crust.

Cream Candy-Put three cups granulated sugar in a saucepan with cup of water and three tablespoonfuis of vinegar. Stir a few moments until the sugar is dissolved, and then set over the fire. Do not stir after it reaches the boiling point. Cook until a spoonful dropped in cold water clicks like glass. Pour on buttered plates, and as soon as cool enough, pull over a hook. Just before pulling flavor with a few drops of lem milla or strawberry. It will work through the mass while pulling. Draw into sticks the size you wish and cut.

prese boun saw cash to a eashi ledge eashi "righ On

just over

valle

years Turni of a 1 pecul formi In wheel berlan the to wond a hid benea song is, nor

shaped is lost and e the ca the th that i At a neithe as it is

stance

ed that

worn t

"I ca

The

or thr

"Yes, haps so perience the sub The known present case?" was the "He'l

tist we

had the It's a

such a Well hange who hand y to

ss. I going int the outsi said to n need for " 'My y

I launche the entra the door t appropria It express unded d

the arena the back aughter, the thread and 'Pull' my text i