

A CONQUEST.



DEAR little Stephanie, I am so delighted that you have come! I wish I could have been here when you arrived, but George promised to look after you, and see that everything was comfortable for you.

Your husband has been a perfect angel, Beatrice! I don't know what I should have done without him; these people in Brittany are delightfully picturesque and all that, but somehow my French does not seem to penetrate beneath their caps! I can hardly make them understand a thing I want.

Mrs. Merdith laughed. "I don't think George has ever been credited with celestial qualities before; but now tell me, how do you like this place?"

"Charming! Exquisite, and so romantic!"

"What enthusiasm! I hardly expected such raptures, though to be sure they are well-deserved," and Mrs. Merdith glanced appreciatively round the long, low, oak-paneled room, with its old-fashioned *chaises*, its quaint pictures, and heavily-carved chairs.

"The whole adventure is so delightful! Fancy Aunt Felicia leaving me a sweet, little old-fashioned house in Brittany all to myself, on condition that I lived in it for three months every year. There is something so charmingly unreasonable about it all! Anyhow, here I am, ready to fulfill everything to the letter. What a lovely situation that you and your husband should be settled here too!"

"We have spent several springs at Marvaux. George likes the scenery, and he finds he can work better here than anywhere."

"Yes—it must be very nice to be married to some one clever and learned and all that; only if my husband wrote novels and plays, I should always be afraid he'd put me in one of them! There's no fear of that with poor Leslie, however."

"Mr. Travers will join you here, of course," asked Mrs. Merdith.

"Leslie? Certainly not! My dear Beatrice, everybody can't go in for the ultra-matrimonial like you and George! My husband and I are the best of friends; and we think the less wear and tear we give our conjugal bliss the longer it is likely to last; so while I am fulfilling the conditions of my aunt's will, and cultivating my complexion at Marvaux, my lord and master is devoting himself to *rouge et noir* at Monte Carlo."

Mrs. Merdith knew her friend too well to be astonished at this *sortie*; from her earliest youth Stephanie had, in virtue of a pair of innocent blue eyes and a quantity of rebellious bright hair, been allowed a certain irresponsibility of speech and manner. Few people—herself included—had ever dreamt of taking little Mrs. Travers seriously. Perhaps mothers with marriageable daughters, and elderly wives with volatile husbands, were the only ones who regarded her otherwise than indulgently.

"You'll have some tea, Beatrice?" asked Stephanie, as she moved towards the old-fashioned bell-ropes.

"Tea? You don't mean to say you have made them get you tea here?"

"Certainly, my dear! I imported the teapot and the tea, and your good husband made them realize the hot water and the tray."

"You're a marvel!" laughed Mrs. Merdith, as she pulled off her gloves and drew one of the heavy oaken chairs up to the small table which stood by the couch on which her friend had seated herself.

Meantime a neat tea-tray had made its appearance, and Mrs. Travers cast a triumphant glance at her companion.

"Not bad after a ten-days' stay, is it?"

"You've done wonders, Stephanie! It's quite like being at home. Have you made friends with anyone here yet?"

"I haven't spoken to a soul but your husband and the old women in the market."

"I only hope you won't find the place terribly dull."

Stephanie gave her pretty head a toss.

"I don't think so."

"There are not many people here you would care about, I'm afraid. I go out very little even among the few English who are here."

"My dear Beatrice, we all know that so long as you can cut your husband's quills and keep his ink-wells filled, you are happy; if you hadn't been my friend, I'm not sure I shouldn't have volunteered to take your place while you were in England." Mrs. Merdith laughed indulgently. "Only, as I say, I'm afraid of clever men. Your husband always seems to be trying to find one out, to dissect one's moral nature. No, you needn't be afraid, Beatrice. I shall not flirt with George."

"My poor Stephanie, I'm afraid you won't find anybody else to flirt with."

"Oh, really."

"There was a world of meaning in the two words, and Mrs. Merdith's eyes lighted with curiosity.

"What do you mean, Stephanie?"

"Nothing—except that the evenings here are very warm, and that it is very pleasant to sit in the twilight with the windows open."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"I've made a conquest, dear."

"Nonsense! I mean how is it possible? You say you haven't been anywhere, that you haven't spoken to anybody."

"Oh, but *cela n'empêche pas les sentiments!* Wouldn't you adore a man who called you his star and his queen?"

"What do you mean?"

"Listen. I had been here about three days, when one evening, about this time, I threw the window open and was standing looking out over the trees, when suddenly I heard a man's voice speaking very softly; everything was so still that I couldn't hear his name."

"Well—?"

"I never was made love to so beautifully before, Beatrice. I didn't think it was meant for me at first, until I heard him talking about 'golden hair shining aureole-like round my fair face'—wasn't that lovely?"

"But who is the man? What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything at all. I was rather startled, and I shut the window very softly. The next night, though, exactly the same thing happened."

"Did you tell George?"

"Certainly not—men are so absurd; and I didn't want my Romeo interfering with me. He comes every evening; he is awfully in love with me, Beatrice; says that he can't live without my love, that I must speak to him, and all that sort of thing. Last night he got so terribly excited that he almost shrieked to me to answer him. I was quite frightened."

"How comically impertinent. Of course you haven't spoken to the creature?"

"I haven't seen him, except very dimly. I only stand at the window and smile down at him pityingly."

Mrs. Merdith laughed outright.

"You are too absurd, Stephanie. It's lucky I came back. George must get rid of this romantic young gentleman for you."

"I don't want him to be got rid of, thank you. He interests me."

"But Leslie—"

"My dear Beatrice, Leslie has nothing to do with the matter. He is only my husband—not my keeper. Besides, I am so sorry for my poor lover; I want to be an 'aching void' in his life, as somebody says, somewhere. I think it must be rather nice—"

"Do be serious, Stephanie! The whole affair is simply ridiculous; but you must promise me not to go to the window again."

Mrs. Travers sprang up with a merry ripple of laughter and softly unlatched the long window, stepping on to the small balcony. Her friend followed her quickly and tried to draw her back.

"Hush!" whispered Stephanie, craning her neck forward, and then from among the darkening trees, still



"I'VE MADE A CONQUEST, DEAR,"

flushing from the rays of the dying sunset, rose a passionate, thrilling voice:

"Love you? Could a man see you and not be your slave? Having seen you, could he live without your love? Sweetheart! darling! Speak to me, answer me—oh, answer—"

A woman's laugh rang sharply through the silence, and Mrs. Merdith sank against the open window, quivering with mirth. Stephanie, agitated and amazed, stared at her friend.

"Beatrice, what is the matter?"

"Your lover, oh, Stephanie—how absurd, how ridiculous!" And she made her way back to the room, still shaking with merriment.

"My dear child," she continued, recovering herself, "your Romeo is my husband's new play; he is staying with us and that is the grand trade! Oh, Stephanie, Stephanie—how absurd!"

Mrs. Travers drew herself up a little stiffly, but the comedy of the situation was too much for her, and through the pauses of the women's laughter came still the passionate "Answer—oh, answer me!"—Black and White.

Timely Warning.

The attitude of England toward the fox is a very serious one; that animal, sacred to the chase, must be killed in the regulation manner or not at all. A little lesson on the subject was given, in his youth, to Sir Robert Adair, a once famous diplomatist.

He had been educated in the University of Gottingen, and on returning to England visited his uncle, Lord Keppel, at Euston. On one occasion he went to shoot pheasants in Fakenham wood, and there he became acquainted with his celebrated cousin, Charles James Fox.

Mr. Fox, the best-natured of men, seeing that he was a shy youth, did everything in his power to set him at ease.

"Well, young'un," said he, "where do you spring from?"

"From Gottingen."

"Not much shooting there, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we used to shoot foxes," replied the lad, innocently.

"Hush!" said Fox; "never pronounce that word again, at least in this house, for if the duke were to hear you had killed one of my namesakes, he would swear it belonged to Fakenham wood!"—Youth's Companion.

—A timid person is frightened before a danger; a coward during the time; and a courageous person afterward.—Richier.

A WELCOME PRESENT.

For any young man with a taste for pretty personal belongings, a collar and cuff box, like the one illustrated in Fig. 1, would make a useful and ornamental gift. The round box has a padded lining of shell pink satin, fitted in the usual manner, and in the center a standing tube, satin covered, over which the cuffs are dropped. But first the outside is covered with pale green chambray smoothly applied and secured by thin glue along the edges, aided by a few stitches here and there. The sketch shows how the box is closely bound around with two bands of satin

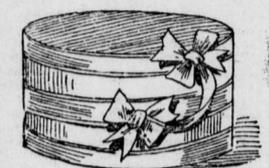


FIG. 1.—COLLAR AND CUFF BOX COMPLETE.

ribbon, of any harmonious shade, and how the cover—bound in the same way with one band of ribbon—is attached to the box by a short, loose strap of the ribbon, the ends of which are fastened and concealed beneath smart little bows of the same.

The decorative design for the top of the box is shown separately in Fig. 2. The inscription, "Neatly collared and smartly cuffed," and the little sketch, illustrative of a rather different application of the same idea, is painted in shades of brown touched up with liquid gold. This sketch, however, is only a suggestion to the artist. Doubtless other sketches equally applicable will suggest themselves to the imagination; such as the sketched photograph of a little dude almost hidden in collar and cuffs; a saucy young girl with curls and flying ribbons decking herself with a young man's cuffs and neckwear; or a mother cat cuffing her kitten while holding it fast by its ribbon collar. The more odd and artistic the design the better, provided it plainly illustrates the double meaning of the inscription.

For young men whose masculine dignity will not allow them to tolerate among their possessions anything so feminine as ribbons and bows, the boxes might be covered with thin, smooth canvas or cork, and soft russet leather straps, fastened with little buckles might be bound around them.—American Agriculturist.

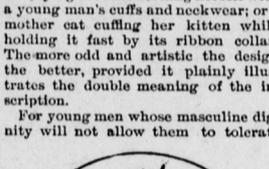


FIG. 2.—COVER OF BOX.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Marvelous Effects Produced by Washing Dress Gowns in Chicago River Water.

An Ohio editor recently printed a column of "Home Pointers," clipped from a Chicago paper. One of the recipes read as follows:

"Ink stains may be removed from colored table covers by dissolving a teaspoonful of boiling water and rubbing the stained part well with the solution."

An Akron lady gave a fair trial to this remarkably lucid piece of advice, and then set herself down and wrote a letter to the editor of her favorite paper, in which she says:

"I have been looking for a long time for something which would remove ink stains, and I noticed in Saturday's paper a recipe which I gladly tried, but it doesn't seem to work properly. After dissolving the water I have nothing left but the spoon, and have nearly melted that in my repeated attempts. Is it the water that gives the trouble? I thought, of course, you meant our Akron water. There should certainly be a large amount of residue in that; or did you mean the water we get after they tap Summit's lake? If that is what you mean, I have no doubt but what that would do, but will wait before I am convinced. Perhaps if you had a professor he might enlighten me, but I doubt it."

The professor, kind Akron lady, may not be able to give you the desired information, but we can—and will. The author of the recipe, being a dweller in the modern Gomorrah at the foot of Lake Michigan, conducted all his experiments with Chicago river water, a mysterious fluid whose chemical properties are simply marvelous. A single immersion will turn any white or colored fabric into a fast black. Careful rinsing has been known to produce a charming terra cotta effect, but in either case ink spots in the material are obliterated effectively and forever.

Reforms in the Bedroom.

We will be a healthier and happier race when the double bed is banished. The light iron or brass bedstead, with a mattress that can be easily aired and kept clean, is the bed that ought to be generally used. And the heavy comforter ought to be banished with the double bed, for it belongs to the log cabin and the back woods. The bed covering par excellence is a light weight blanket that can be frequently washed and kept soft and white. Tucking the bedclothes tightly in is another custom handed down by dwellers in arctic wilds. The practice of making up a bed and making it almost airtight is as unhealthy as it is unclean.—Womankind.

Electric Cooking in a Palace.

It is said that an electrical apparatus for cooking purposes has been installed at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and that by its aid the more delicate dishes will be prepared for Queen Victoria.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

Passie This in Your Scrapbook, You Will Want It Frequently.

Here are receipts for removing various kinds of stains:

Coffee, Tea and Wines.—If these stains on the table linen are of long standing, and have been washed with soap, it is rather difficult to get rid of them. But javelle water—which can be made at home or bought of a druggist—is generally most successful. Put about half a pint of javelle water and a quart of clean water into an earthen bowl; let the stained article soak in this for several hours. Then rinse thoroughly in three waters. It is only white goods that can be treated in this manner, as the javelle water bleaches out the color.

Sewing Machine Oil Stains.—To remove these stains rub the stain with sweet oil or lard and let it stand for several hours. Then wash it in soap and cold water.

Pitch and Tar Stains.—Rub lard on the stain and let it stand for a few hours. Squeeze with spirits of turpentine until the stain is removed. If the color of the fabric be changed sponge it with chloroform and the color will be restored.

Ink Stains.—Tear blotting paper in pieces and hold the rough edge on the ink when it is freshly spilled, or cover the spot with Indian meal; or the liquid ink may be absorbed by cotton batting. If the ink be spilled on a carpet, cut a lemon in two, remove a part of the rind and rub the lemon on the stain. If the ink-stained article be washed immediately in several waters and then in milk, letting it soak in the milk for several hours, the stain will disappear. Washing the article immediately in vinegar and water and then in soap and water is another remedy which will remove all ordinary ink stains. No matter what substance be used to remove ink the stain must be rubbed well. If the article stained be a carpet, blot the stain with a brush.

Grass Stains.—If the article stained with alcohol, then wash in clean water.

HINTS FOR THE TABLE.

RAPID eating is slow suicide.

PLENTY of time should be taken.

FISH and oysters are easily digested.

An hour or two of rest should be taken after the meal.

MERE gratification of the appetite is very likely to shorten life.

DINNER should be of a lighter nature in summer than in winter.

A QUART of wheat contains more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers.

THERE is a happy mean between eating everything and being squeamish.

It is not good to dine when in a state of mental or physical weakness.

TWO POUNDS of potatoes contain as much nutriment as thirteen pounds of turnips.

LIGHT soups, light desserts and light meats should have the preference in warm weather.

ABUSE of the stomach at dinner will be repaid sooner or later by that punishment which comes to the glutton.

VEGETABLES and fruits are to be used most generously at that season of the year in which they naturally mature.

BEGINNING the dinner with soup is the very best way to get the whole system in condition for assimilating a hearty meal.

HANGING WINDOW GARDEN.

A Simple Affair That Can Be Constructed for a Few Cents.

Many people are so situated that their gardens, if they have any, must be on a platform on the outside of some sunny window. Such hanging gardens are capable of affording a great deal of enjoyment. Many, however, are deterred from enjoying such miniature garden from the fact that the ordinary frame work that is used for the purpose is too expensive to construct, and is applied much too permanently to



FOR A WINDOW GARDEN.

make it applicable to a rented house, and many flower lovers are to be found. The illustration shows how a simple affair can be constructed, and how easily and simply it may be attached and detached from the outside of a window. It is a shallow box, with the inner side left off, the outside being as elaborate or as simple as one may elect. The inner edge of the box is attached to the window frame by hooks and hook eyes, while the chains on either side end in rings that are supported by hooks at the top. Beautiful flowers, and not a few of them, are capable of being grown in such a hanging garden.—American Gardener.

The Latest in Hairdressing.

In the present mode of hairdressing a little or no false hair is worn. The undulating style is the thing, and to produce this the hair is waved all through its thickness, gathered up loosely at the back and made to form a soft knot, somewhat in the shape of the figure 8. It is drawn out a little at each side so as to cover the top of the ear and to produce a wide outline. The "bang" or "fringe" has been almost entirely discarded and only a few soft loose rings of hair are allowed to stray over the forehead. Some hairdressers use small cushions at the back of the head ever each ear, and this gives the wide outline which seems so desirable. Some very smart women wear their hair parted in the middle, with very fluffy curls at the side and waved in the back. The coil drawn to the top of the head is surrounded by a braid.

DEATH OF A TERROR.

Passing Away of a Twenty-Two Foot Rattlesnake.

Made Its Home in an Indiana Swamp and It Was Believed That It Escaped from a Circus—Cowardice of the Monster.

It is announced by John Noland, one of the best known farmers in the county, that the famous snake, the Madison county terror, that is known over eastern Indiana, is dead, or at least there is evidence to substantiate such an assertion. It will be remembered that several weeks ago a Lafayette township farmer, who was cutting his hay, ran into his snakeship with his mower, and the result was that six feet of tail parted company with the terror. Several farmers were summoned and the rest of the field cut, but despite all precautions, his snakeship made good his escape, says a dispatch from Snyder, Ind.

The part of the tail cut off was brought to this city and put on exhibition. It was almost six feet long, and at the place where the mowers-blade had got in its work it was almost six inches in diameter. Putrefaction made it necessary to bury the remnant, but there are many who will make affidavit to having seen it. The snake disappeared and has not been found. Thursday afternoon John Noland and his hands were clearing out a thicket in the Dismal swamp and getting some of the land ready for drainage and cultivation. They suddenly came upon what seems to be the skeleton of a snake. The flesh was all dried and in many places worn away by the elements.

The thicket was cleared and it was found that the skeleton measured a few inches over fifteen feet. The tail was missing entirely, it being severed at a place where the bones would indicate his snakeship had been about five inches through. This, together with the fact that the thicket is less than a mile from the place where the Madison county terror collided with the mower, in his sorrow, leads to the belief that this is the last remains of the noted reptile, which had a name all over the gas belt. Mr. Noland has the bones to bear out his assertions, and many have gone out to see them. They are of a size that would indicate that the reptile was a monster, and, if not the

famous snake, was one that had never been seen, as it was much larger, evidently, than the ordinary Indiana creeper.

"The Madison county terror" has been known as a reality for at least eight years, and probably longer. It made its home in the Dismal swamp, a stretch of land lying between this city and Pendleton, which is just now, for the first time, being drained and made ready for cultivation.

He was a monster, many who have seen him in this and the immediate adjoining counties estimating his length at thirty feet, his width at one foot. The skeleton would indicate that he was about twenty-two feet long and about eight inches in diameter at the largest point. Those who have seen his tracks in crossing a newly-plowed field state that it looked like a sack of grain had been dragged along. He was notorious for his cowardice, and this probably served him well in preserving his life. He had wonderful speed, and always made his escape when cornered in preference to fighting. He lived upon small beasts and other dainties he could get hold of without running any risk.



FINDING OF THE SKELETON.

David Croan, who was probably the best posted on the vicissitudes of this reptile, used to state that he happened in Indiana by accident. It was his opinion that he made his escape from a circus. He was not a native of this state, it is certain, as he was ten or twelve times the size of the common Indiana reptile. The famous Forepaugh circus had a wreck in this county a few years before the terror made his appearance, and it is thought that he escaped then. He had no mate and always seemed lonely. The bones, which have been found, will be boiled and cleaned, then wired together and presented to the Madison County Historical society, to be placed in the museum. The tail is also to be unearthed and cleaned in a similar manner, so that it will be complete.

Tied His Cow to a Freight Car.

A few days ago, at Albany, N. Y., a little son of John Bethune was leading a cow to pasture, and when he reached the wooden mills he tied the cow to the coupling pin of a freight car while he went inside to speak to his father. Unfortunately for the cow, the Lebanon engine backed up on the switch while the boy was inside, and, not seeing the cow, coupled on to the car and started up the track. The bovine was not noted as a sprinter, but she was forced up the track at a 2:17 1/2 gate. A farmer who was passing saw the predicament and managed to signal the engineer to stop, otherwise there must have been a spurt of speed on the part of the cow unheard of before by any bovine, or a broken neck, for the boy had tied her securely with a stout rope. As it is, she is alive and well, and holds the record of the town for that sort of a race.

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