

There are indications that the American woman is gradually growing taller and larger.

Is suicide hereditary? The father and grandfather of a recent suicide in Marcelline, Mo., died in the same manner before her.

Had Shakespeare been more modern he might not have written of the ridiculous excess of casting a perfume on the violet, for a French paper prints a picture and description of elaborate apparatus used in artificially perfuming flowers for the French market.

A ten-foot "wind-wheel" in Nebraska raises a thousand gallons of water daily to a height of seventy feet. These wind-wheels are coming more and more into use in the West, and it is thought that they will have a very important bearing on the industries of the future.

Mr. H. Benjafield, of Tasmania, in a recent address to the fruit-growers of that country, asserts that much of the illness in the world is due to a lack of fruit in the diet. The highest authorities on gout and rheumatism think that fruit helps to correct the tendency of these troubles.

The cooler regions of the globe are becoming depopulated, and everywhere, Dr. D. G. Brinton assures us, the arctic and sub arctic zones have fewer inhabitants than a half century ago. One cause is the destruction of native tribes by the introduction of new modes of life, new diseases, alcohol and idleness. Another influence is the fact that the arctic regions, like the mountains, were originally chosen as homes only by refugees of conquered and dispersed bands, and all who can return to less severe climates are now doing so. The centre of population tends more and more to fix itself between forty-five and fifty-five degrees of latitude.

A citizen of the United States who has recently been abroad says: "Imagine a city in which every street is well paved and every pavement kept in perfect repair; every street and alley in the city sprinkled and swept every day; all ashes and garbage removed every day; street railroads carrying passengers for two cents, and one line as low as one cent, and yet paying royalties to the city sufficient to maintain the pavements; gas furnished at such low rates that the poorest tenements are well lighted and many even heated with it. These things are so surprising that most of the people will think that they can only be had in the end of the next century, when the world has grown much wiser and new inventions have made all work easier and cheaper. Yet the city of Glasgow has them all now. The explanation is that the city has a good and progressive government, that the best men accept and hold office, and that the affairs of the city are administered for the public good and not for private gain, or for the promotion of political ends."

"Nothing can be more pernicious or corrupting," says the Chicago Times-Herald, "than the confinement of youthful offenders in the same prison with hardened criminals, where social intercourse cannot be prevented. From that moment nine out of ten boys are lost. Fascinated by tales of adventurous crime, and with little if any moral sense, their dream thenceforth is to emulate the career of the criminal heroes whose stories they have heard. As for young girls, to send them to the house of correction or to the jail, even for an hour, is to ruin them forever. There might be hope for a boy, were it not for the contamination received from men, but for girls there is none." And yet here in New York, adds Home and Country, some of our new city magistrates do not hesitate to send young persons of both sexes to prison on charges of but little consequence. A young woman of respectable connections took probably by accident an overdose of some deadly drug. She was removed to hospital, and afterwards arraigned before a magistrate on a charge of attempting suicide. She protested innocence, and even offered to deposit a large sum of money as bail, but was committed to jail in default of an amount that might justly have been exacted in a case of burglary or highway robbery. Jail may have meant ruin for this young woman, as it undoubtedly does for thousands of others, either innocent or guilty of minor offences, who are railroaded to prison every year in the city of New York. First offenders should be leniently treated, especially when they are young. The courts should be so conducted as to reform and not to manufacture criminals.

SYMPATHY.

A falling of dew in the night,
Which nature can never once miss;
And a flower that's yielding to blight
Gloweth brighter because of its kiss.
I fear shed for some breast in pain,
Which cannot impoverish one;
And a heart may take courage again,
And hope on till victory's won.
—Will T. Hale.

NELLY'S FORTUNE.



Two men were sitting in the smoking-room of the Lanes, the seat—as the guide books tell us—of Daniel Lane, Esq., whose ancestors owned the island of Scarsdale long before the English took over the Orkneys.

The house is an old, weather-worn, stone building that stands under the hill at the head of a little bay, and from the smoking-room window one looks across a well-kept though storm-driven garden to the line sea, and then to a cluster of distant islands.

The room was furnished as a smoking-room, yet there were signs of a woman's use, as there was a piano with a litter of music on it and a work-basket. The room, as well it might be, from the charm of its outlook, seemed to be the most lived in in the house.

"You need not tell me her story, Uncle Dan," said the younger of the two men, George Lane, a lieutenant in the navy and just the man one likes to think is typical of the service. "I know enough when I know that Nelly has promised to be my wife, and that I am the luckiest man on earth."

"That is true enough, young one," said the other, a gray-headed man of about sixty. "Still, you must hear her story. I wish I had told it to you before. But it is an ugly story to tell, though her life has been happy enough. You know that she is my adopted daughter, and that I brought her from Africa. You know that was her mother."

He pointed to a picture on the wall, an enlarged photograph crudely colored and unartistic, and yet evidently of a sweetly beautiful young woman. "When I knew her first she was living with her father, an Irish Australian digger, Tom O'Brien, one of a family of brothers who, from the earliest days of the diamond fields, were large claimholders in the Kimberly mine. It was a bad day for her when she fell in love with Dick Johnson, a young fellow who, like most of us, had come out to the diamond fields to seek his fortune, but he never did much to find it until he married Tom O'Brien's daughter."

"He managed to get over O'Brien, and got some claims in one of the mines for him. But that was no good. In a few years he was sold up. Then he persuaded his father-in-law to give him a billet under O'Brien Brothers. He was made secretary, and for some time was supposed to have turned over a new leaf; but he was always a bad lot, and in a year or two he and the floor manager of the company were caught stealing a big diamond, and they were both sentenced to seven years. Nelly knows nothing about this. She was a child at the time."

"Why should she ever know it? It will only pain her," answered George. "But, of course, it makes no difference to me. I would consider myself the luckiest man on earth to have gained her love, even if she had fifty convict fathers. By the bye, what happened to him? Will he give any more trouble?"

"He never will, but his story may. Two years after his sentence, there was a rising among the convicts on the breakwater at Cape Town, where he was sent. He was in it; in fact, he was the ringleader. It was an attempt to escape, and in the fight he killed a warder, and for this he was tried, sentenced and hung."

Lane looked curiously into his nephew's face as he said this, but if he were afraid that what he had told would make the other unwilling to marry the daughter of a man with such a history, he was at once reassured.

"Nelly knows nothing about this, I suppose. Well, she never need. Not that I think so much of it. However just a man's punishment is, one can understand his fighting for his liberty," he said.

"Well, that is the story," continued Lane. "The year that Johnson was hung his wife died. That year was the beginning of the depression on the diamond fields, which lasted for some time and ruined a great many men. The firm of O'Brien Bros. came to an end, the bank taking over their claims for money advanced on them. "Tom O'Brien died, more of the bad times than anything else. The other brothers sailed for Australia, and the ship they were in went down. Nelly, who had been born the granddaughter of the richest digger on the fields, was left an orphan, with no means and without a relation in the world that anyone knew of."

Now, I had been a boarder at the Johnsons, going there when they were hard up. I had taken a spell at the civil service about that time, but when my office was abolished, had gone down the river, putting the money the Government gave me into a digging spec. It came off pretty well. I don't suppose anyone ever found better in the bed of the river than I did. I worked a patch of ground right out, and by the time the river came down again, as it does in the summer, I had made some \$15,000 and everyone was talking about my good luck. I determined to go home, and as there seemed to be no one in

the world to look after little Nelly, I took her with me, and you know the rest."

"Yes; how she grew up the sweetest girl who ever lived, and how she has promised a fellow who is not half good enough for her, but who would give his life to make her happy, to be his wife," answered George Lane. "Yes, I suppose you were right to keep the story from her, and yet I hate a secret; there is always the chance that, like an old spent shot, it may explode."

"You are right," said Lane. "and the mischief of it is that I think the secret may come out soon. When I was down at the landing waiting for you this morning, I saw a stranger, who had come by the steamer yesterday, hanging about by the inn. They told me he said he was from the diamond fields, and he had been asking all about me. I had thought that I remembered his face, and when I heard that, it came across me that he was Sam Dredge, the floor manager of O'Brien Brothers, who was run in with Nelly's father. If he knew who Nelly was he might try and trade on his secret."

"He would be an infernal villain, and he would find the island of Scarsdale rather close quarters if he tried to get that game."

"Well, seeing him has made me feel uneasy, but let's forget him. There is one thing, in marrying Nelly you are taking a penniless bride. I have spent all I got out of the Vaal River in restoring the house, and in doing a bit of improvement about the place, building a seawall here and putting up some decent houses for the crofters there. The place comes to you, as it must; all my money has gone into it, but there is still a drain of debt and charges on it. You had better have married an heiress."

"I love the old place where our people have lived so long, but I love Nelly a thousand times more," replied George.

"I don't blame you, though I would like to have thought that there was a little money to go on the property," said Daniel.

Just then the door was opened, and a girl of about twenty came in, whose blue eyes and dark eyebrows bore witness to the strain of Irish blood in her veins, while her bright radiant beauty was out of keeping with the story that had just been told.

"What a lot of business you must have talked over," she said, with a blush, as she remembered what the business would be. "Tea is ready, and, dear, there is a man waiting at the gate who wants to see you."

"What is he like?" asked Lane.

"I have never seen him before on this island. He is a tallish man, with a red beard."

"He is the man I talked to you about," Lane said to his nephew. "I will see him here. I would like you to be present. Don't wait tea for us, Nelly, but go and have yours." Walking to the window, which opened to the ground, he went out, and soon came back followed by a tall man whose shaved face was set off by a red chin beard. He had rather a colored nose, and a pair of little eyes that wandered restlessly about the room, though after some time they fixed themselves on the picture of Nelly's mother.

"Well, what do you want?" said Daniel Lane. "I suppose you have come to see about something."

"Yer right, but I think it would be best for me to say what I've got to say alone—meaning no offense to this young gentleman, only we knew each other out yonder where they find diamonds."

"I have no secrets from this gentleman. If you have anything to say, you can say it before him. Who are you and what do you want?"

"You know who I am, mister—Sam Dredge, who was run in along with Dick Johnson, and who has done his seven years, and ain't ashamed to talk of it. Now, I say, hadn't you better listen to what I have to say without any going being present?"

"You can talk before this gentleman, or you can hold your tongue," answered Lane. "What have you come about?"

"I have come to have a little talk, about my mate, poor Dick Johnson, which ain't a very pleasant subject, and what I have to say relates to that." And he pointed with his thumb at the picture on the wall.

"Say what you have to say, or clear out without saying it," said Daniel Lane, as he faced round at the other, looking—for all his sixty years—very big and powerful.

"You're going to carry it off with a bounce, but I say now it's hard. I comes out of doing my seven year, and what do I hear? Why, that a month or two after Dick Johnson was run in, you goes to the river and finds £15,000 worth of stuff in the bed of the river. Ain't that a treat? Other poor beggars down the river live on mealy meal, and don't find nothing, but you get 'em all. Ain't I a right to something? Don't you think that if I was to open my mouth there'd be a deal of talk all over these blessed hills where you go in for being such a toff? Come! you know what I know, and if I hold my tongue I want it made up to me."

"Now, listen to me, Sam Dredge. I know what you know, and if you think you can do any good by talking and letting Dick Johnson's daughter know what you know, and if you think you can do any good by talking and letting Dick Johnson's daughter know of the shameful end of her father, you make a great mistake. I won't pay you blackmail, and this gentleman, who is going to marry her, never will. But if you ever do talk, I shall most likely hear of it before you have left the islands. If so, I will hammer you till you wish I would kill you outright; and if you have left these islands, we will find you out, wherever

you are, and thrash you. Ay! won't we, George, my lad?"

"Our friend here can depend on a thrashing from me," said George. "In fact, perhaps it would be as well if I gave him something on account."

There was no doubt that these speeches had a considerable effect on the respectable Mr. Sam Dredge, but they seemed rather to puzzle than to frighten him.

He started into Daniel Lane's face as if he were trying to read its expression.

"I want to tell Dick Johnson's daughter about her father's shameful end? Well, I never! Yes, of course; perhaps it would 'ardly be the thing. Well, yes, I will say good evening. The days lengthen out wonderful for the time of year in these hills, don't they, Mr. Daniel Lane? Oh, I am your way of thinking, only I have been misunderstood."

And Sam Dredge, with his wandering eye again and again coming to an anchor on the picture, bowed himself out of the room to the window.

When he got outside he walked very slowly, and kept taking furtive glances at the open window.

The steamer left that evening for Kirkwall, but Dredge did not leave by her. He was in comfortable quarters, he said, as he drank his whisky and water and talked to the landlord of the little inn.

"Yes," said the latter, in answer to something Dredge had said, "I think one might say that the people here are as well behaved as on any of the islands. I am an old man, but I never heard of any one from here being sent to prison. On the mainland of Orkney sometimes the fishermen will take a drop of grog, and then they will fight; and I once heard of a man on the mainland who got into a house at night and stole whisky. Here if people lock up their doors at night it is all they think of doing. There are no thieves on the island."

"No bolting or barring up of houses, ay," said Dredge. "It's to your credit, that is what I say."

In the mean time the Lanes had not wasted many thoughts about their visitor. From the way he behaved when he left they began to doubt whether he was quite right in his head. He had gone off like a man who was perfectly provoked and bewildered, and yet there was no denying that they had both expressed themselves very clearly.

George Lane, however, put him and the painful story with which he was associated out of his mind, and he determined that the past should throw no shadow over him.

Very often when he is at sea far away from all he loves best, will he think of that evening he spent at the old home of his race after Nelly had promised to be his wife.

When he got to his room he found he could not sleep, and after some time he gave up this attempt and sat at the open window smoking and looking out to sea.

It was that sort of twilight which is all the night one gets when the days are at their longest at Orkney. Everything was still, except the faint splash of the sea. After a while he saw the figure of a man walking on the path that led from the sea shore up to his house.

"A strange hour for a visitor," he thought, but even then the idea of a thief never occurred to him. The thing was so out of keeping with his surroundings.

But the man seemed to be coming up to the house, and he passed underneath his window. Walking stealthily on the grass, he went on till he got to the smoking-room window. Then George recognized the man. He was their friend of the afternoon, Sam Dredge. For some minutes he stood at the window which had been shut up, tumbling at the lock. It appeared to give way without much difficulty.

As the man went into the smoking-room George dropped from his window on to the grass—it was only a fall of a few feet—then he silently followed in the other's footsteps. But he came to a stop at the window. The man had lit a candle, and when George came up, he was in the act of taking down the picture of Nelly's mother that hung on the wall.

"Now what can his little game be?" thought George as he watched the eccentric burglar take the picture down and lay it face downwards on the table, and then proceeds with his knife to cut away the card board back. Then he stooped forward, and from the expression of his face George felt sure that he had found what he was looking for. Just then George sprang into the room. The man turned around fiercely, and with an oath rushed at him, making a stab at him with the knife.

But George was too quick for him, and got hold of his wrist with his left hand, while he let out with his right, hitting him on the point of his chin and sending him staggering into the corner of the room.

The knife had dropped out of his hand, and the first thing that George did was to secure it. Then he stood watching his prostrate foe, ready enough for him in case he should think fit to get up and recommence proceedings. As he began to rise, there was a sound of footsteps along the passage, and Daniel Lane came into the room.

"Hallo, George, my boy, what's the meaning of this? Why, here is our friend again."

"I don't know what it is, but what he came after is there," answered George, as he pointed at the picture on the table.

Daniel Lane took up the candle and walked to the picture, and as he did so he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"And enough to come after, too," he said. "Why by Jove, I never saw a nicer parcel of diamonds all the time I was on the fields."

Well he might say so, for the back of the photograph, from which the cardboard had been stripped off, was covered with rough diamonds, all of them from ten to twenty carats.

By this time Sam Dredge had got on his legs again. He made, however, no attempt to escape or interfere, but stood looking at the other two out of his ugly little eyes.

"Now, look here, let's be reasonable. That there parcel of stuff is mine by rights, 'cause Dick Johnson and I got 'em, and we hid 'em there; and Dick being out of it, I take his share. I have done my time for the diamonds, and ought to have 'em. When I heard, after I came out, how you'd found down the river, I made sure as the diamonds you got came from behind that picture, where we put all we took from O'Brien Brothers' floor. You wouldn't be the first by a long bit who went off to the river with the diamonds ready found. This afternoon, when I was here, it came over me all of a sudden that you knew nothing about the diamonds, and they still were where Dick Johnson and I had hid 'em behind the picture."

"Well, I came for 'em, but you've been too many for me. Whoever they belong to, they don't belong to you. Now I says, halves, or they go back to O'Brien Brothers' representative. Come, there is plenty for us both and I says halves."

"Halves, you rascal. Do you think I would go halves in plunder with you? Go back to their rightful owners, they shall," said Daniel Lane, and though the idea did force itself into his thoughts that the price of those diamonds he saw glittering on the table would help to pay off the debts on his property, he never, to do him justice, let it stay there.

"You are a fool, Dan Lane. A bigger fool than I thought you," said the disgusted Sam Dredge, "letting this parcel go to you don't know who."

"I don't care whose they are, they are not mine or yours," said Lane. "By the Lord Harry, though, I do know, George they are Nelly's. She is the only real descendant of the O'Brien Brothers left alive that I ever heard of. That is Nelly's fortune, and after all you will marry an heiress."

And so it turned out. Daniel Lane kicked Dredge out of door. The next day he wrote to the High Court at Kimberley, who had administered the estate of Tom O'Brien, telling how he had found a parcel of diamonds that belonged to the O'Brien Brothers. There were a good many difficulties and legal formalities, but in the end the diamonds were sold and the price went to Nelly as the heiress of her grandfather and great-uncles. They realized some twelve thousand pounds, for they were all picked stones.

Nelly never knew how they had been found. Her only trouble seems to be that her sailor husband has often to be away from her, and her life will not be darkened by the knowledge of her father's crimes and fate.—Illustrated Bits.

WISE WORDS.

A small tree may bear good fruit. What science says is man's best guess.

History is what character has written. If we knew more we could forgive more.

There is still a lion's den for every Daniel. Do to-day what you would do on your last day.

Weeds grow fast when a lazy man hoos the corn. An hour spent in bad company can never be blotted out.

Kill off the fools, and you will throw the lawyers out of work. A chorus in which many love to join—"Didn't I tell you so?"

Self-assertive men often do a large business on a small capital. The man who would go to heaven alone if he could, isn't fit to go.

So many people are not at home when a golden opportunity knocks. A civil tongue is a better protection than steel armor an inch thick.

Pray for your enemy, no matter whether he is trying to kill you with his tongue or a gun. The man who can pay his debts and won't do it, would steal, if he could do it without being locked up.

Some people show that they are not on the way to heaven by what they tell others they must do to get there. —Ram's Horn.

Stimulating Horses With Whisky.

"It has been the custom among cavalry troops to stimulate the horses with whisky," said Colonel A. D. Cate, "and I have always thought that it was a good thing to do. In fact, I have done it a great deal myself and with seemingly good results, but I have been reading some reports of experiments made in Germany, where the custom has been followed for a long time, and they seemed to prove that horses so stimulated are much more apt to die from over exertion than those that are not treated in any way. It is a fact that I have noticed myself that horses frequently become drunkards, the appetite growing until it becomes uncontrollable." —Boston Cultivator.

Never Used the Passes.

A gentleman called on President Lincoln and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well, said the President, 'I would be very happy to oblige you if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the last two years, given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet.'" —Louisville Courier-Journal.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

The Trouble with a Tutor. "Do you go to school, Willie?" inquired the visitor.

"No," said Willie, who has a tutor. "School comes to me. I wish it didn't, too. Some days are too wet for me to go out, but there ain't any too wet for Mr. Diggins."

Flower Ghosts. Any child who wishes to see the ghost of a flower has only to make a very simple experiment. Let him go up to a cluster of blossoms and look very intently for several minutes at one side of it. Then very suddenly he must turn his gaze upon the other side of the same cluster. He will at once distinctly see a faint and delicate circle of colored light around this second half of the cluster. The light is always in the hue which is "complementary" to that of the flower. The specter of the scarlet poppy is of a greenish white. The ghost of the primrose is purple. The ghost of the blue fringed gentian is of a pale gold tint. In these circles of color the shapes of the flower's petals are always faintly but clearly seen. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rover the Dude.



How Many Apples Did They Eat? "Can you tell me," said Will to Bob, "how many apples Adam and Eve ate in the garden of Eden?"

"That's a chestnut!" Bob answered. "Eve ate one and Adam ate, too; that makes three."

"You don't add correctly, Bob. The total is 163."

"How do you make that out?" "Why, as you said, Eve ate one (81) and Adam ate, too (82). Add 81 and 82 together, and you get 163, don't you?"

Bob thought a moment and then exclaimed: "I guess they ate more, afeel all. Eve ate, for one (841), and Adam ate, too (82). Total, 923."

"Oh, I can do better than that," said Will. "Eve, for one, ate one (4181), and Adam, too, ate one (281). That makes a total of 4,362. Can you beat that?"

"Yes, indeed! How is this? Eve ate one, for one (8,141), and Adam ate one, too (812). That is a total of 8,953. Now it's your turn."

"I'll quit," said Will. "They must have eaten the whole crop." —New York Recorder.

The Obedient Egg. Some curious tricks can be performed with eggs prepared in the following way: Pierce an egg with a pin, and empty the contents of the shell. When the interior is quite dry, pour into it some fine sand until a fourth of the shell is filled. Then seal the hole with a drop of white wax. You can then place the egg on the edge of a knife or the margin of the decanter, and it will stay where you put it. Take care to shake the egg well before placing it in any of these positions, and thus bring

of furniture. It can be made of two small boxes and one long box, or other equally good boxes of about these proportions, made of strong boards; the proportions should be carefully preserved. Remove one side from each small box, leaving the ends, top, bottom and one side; place them on the

floor a distance apart, with the open end at the front; between these place the long box, having a lid fastened on at the back with hinges; screw the sides of the end boxes fast to the sides of the middle box, and across the back of the three boxes fasten a board to act as a back to the seat.

Surprise All Around. There was grief in a South Side household one day when a careless servant allowed a valuable piece of statuary to fall and break in a dozen pieces.

The girl had a good cry and offered to pay for the marble, but this was out of the question.

The man servant, who was also coachman and landscape gardener, was instructed to take the fragments of the art treasure and dispose of them. It happened that he knew a thing or two.

Instead of dumping the pieces into an ash barrel he took them to a repair shop, where they were carefully glued together by an expert workman. When the job was completed the servant took the marble to a dealer in antiques and objects of art, explained how he came into possession of it and received an equivalent of two weeks' pay above the cost of repairs.

Some weeks later the original owner came upon the marble in the show window.

He could hardly believe his senses, as he had bought his marble as an original and here was another original.

He went into the shop and priced the figure.

"That's very cheap," he remarked. "I must explain to you," said the dealer, "that it has been broken and repaired."

He pointed out the faint lines showing where the pieces had been joined, and then the former owner recognized his property. He couldn't claim it, as he had once ordered it thrown away.

Neither could he accuse the servant of theft.

He bought the marble and took it home with him, and the man servant nearly fainted when he saw it in its old place on the mantel. —Chicago Recorder.

the mine. The footman at the bottom of the shaft told the miners to throw down their tools and get on the cage as quickly as possible.

By this time the flames had surrounded the engineer on all sides. He patiently awaited the signal to hoist the men to the surface. At last he got the signal and brought up the cage with lightning speed. Eighteen men were aboard. The carriage was then returned to the mine for the second load of human freight. On this trip ten men were brought up. The side of the building now collapsed, and the burning amber fell all around the brave engineer, who still held the lever. At last the remaining men got on the cage, and in a few minutes all were brought to the surface safely. The engineer was badly burned, but will recover.—Ram's Horn.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Handy and Convenient Seats Which Are Easily Made.

One of the most useful phases of furniture in a well-equipped bed room is a shoe box, a clothes box, or a receptacle for the children's toys. Every family has them. They're as popular as sofa cushions, and yet very few

business stores keep them, and the carpenter has to be looked to for their manufacture.

A simple and neat box is shown in the first picture. It is the size of an ordinary wooden shoe box, arranged with the lid on hinges and covered with some light, fancy material, such as cretonne, silkoline or denim. The sec-



BOX FOR SHOES.

ond illustration represents a box with the lid raised, showing on its under side a series of pockets for slippers, overshoes, etc., and also a pocket for button hook, shoe horn and other sundries pertaining to footwear.

Another suggestion for a combined shoe box and window seat is shown in picture number three, which makes a very attractive and comfortable piece



SHOE BOX AND WINDOW SEAT.

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