The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 Per Year.
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXVI. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1904. NO. 26.

The Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion	$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.50

For Larger Advertisements Liberal Contracts will be made.

A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Continued.

"'Tell your friend to stay,' he pleaded in the lawyer's ear, but not so low I could not hear him. 'He makes me think of the brother I lost years ago—a brother I loved. I cannot bear to see him go away. He makes me remember the days of my youth.'

"'He is only going for a physician. You need a stimulant and whatever help a practitioner can give you. He will not be absent long. There must be a doctor in the neighborhood.'

"'Yes, yes, across the street, but I do not like him, he is stern and unfeeling. Let another one come; but don't let this gentleman go for one. I should hate to die before he comes back.'

"Touched by this mark of feeling in my behalf, I started quickly for the door.

"'I will not be gone ten minutes,' I declared, and was rewarded by a smile, the sweetness of which I have not yet forgotten.

"When I returned with the eminent physician, Doctor Downe, I noticed that the countenance of both the sick man and the lawyer wore a changed air. The former was excited, even more than when I left him, while the latter cast upon me very peculiar looks. As the doctor moved toward the bed, I asked the meaning of these looks, whereupon my friend whispered:

"'He has been asking the longest string of questions about you. He wanted to know how you lived, what were your characteristics, and whether you had a name for uprightness and honor. We have talked of nothing else but yourself since you have been gone, and I should certainly think he contemplated leaving you a legacy if he had not shown such satisfaction at hearing you had a fine fortune of your own.'

"'Bah!' was all my reply to this; but I began to feel uncomfortable and wish I had not been tempted to accompany my friend.

"'He must make some sort of a will or there will be an endless litigation,' the lawyer now remarked. 'I wish he had relatives. What is a man to do with a fortune who owns no human tie and has no time left in which to make one.'

"'There are the charities.'

"The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. Evidently he was not of a decidedly philanthropic turn.

"At this point the doctor joined us.

"'Well?' asked the lawyer, with some anxiety.

"'He has only about two hours to live.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SURPRISES OF AN HOUR.

"'At this verdict of the doctor,' resumed Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, 'an exclamation of sympathy left our lips. Only two hours in which to enjoy the possession of a fortune, after years of wearing penury and want! Only two hours in which to gauge his new responsibilities, and determine upon whom or what he would lay this burden of wealth otherwise useless to him. It seemed like mockery, and it awoke in me a feeling almost akin to fear. Though I laughed at the surmises of the lawyer, I knew that the mind of the man, thus driven into action at its weakest ebb and under the pressure of death, would be and must be necessarily influenced by the minds of those about him, and I refused such responsibility, and longed to escape from the scene and its possible consequences.

"But when I turned to look at the dying man, I felt that it would be cruelty for me to leave one who manifestly clung to me with such desperate and unreasoning persistence. He would not, in all probability, refuse my request if I entreated permission to go; would not, perhaps, lift his hand to stop me if he saw me turn again toward the door, but I should never forget his look for it, or feel comfortable at its remembrance. Whatever the result might be I must linger till he bidding it said good-bye, for since we could not give him the peaceful and comfortable surroundings which he craved, we must at least grant him the sympathy and interest which might serve to make him forget his surroundings.

"I had bought a great bunch of white roses while I was out, and these I now brought forward and placed on his breast, with the remark that I thought he would like something beautiful to look at.

"Instantly the tears welled in his eyes, and he raised his hands feebly and buried them among the blossoms.

"'My mother's garden used to be famous for its roses,' said he. 'Fragrant and I u[illegible] each other with them. You [illegible] have been to me anything [illegible] would make me happier than these.'

"His pleasure was gratifying, and yet I [illegible] I had done a thing [illegible] of Influenza, so called [illegible].

"Mr. De[illegible] had only spread out my fe[illegible] for to save me a [illegible] as he [illegible] protest [illegible].

"[illegible] said, s[illegible] dying man, 'but a lawyer and a citizen I feel it incumbent upon me to suggest that you should make a will, Mr. Delancy. If you do not, there will be more wrangling and litigation after your death than before it, and this, I have no doubt, you wish to avoid.'

"'Yes, yes.'

"'Shall I listen to your wishes, then? Have you decided to what friend or friends you would like to leave this money?'

"'I have decided,' said the sick man. 'I wish it all to go to one person.'

"'No matter how large the sum may be?'

"'No matter how large the sum is; the larger the better, I say. Ah! this is a delight after years of vain desire and want.'

"The lawyer drew up a small table, placed upon it writing materials, and began to fill in the draft of a will which he had brought with him. While he was doing this I talked with the doctor, and lent such assistance as was necessary to make the dying man comfortable and keep up his strength. When it came time for him to name the person to whom he wished to leave his money I withdrew as far from him as possible, but the room was too small for me to escape hearing the eager whisper that left Mr. Delancy's lips, even if the words had not been the familiar ones:

"'Hamilton Degraw.'

"'You wish—' the lawyer stammered, as much taken back as I was myself.

"'To leave all my property, real and personal, to this gentleman, whose name you say is Hamilton Degraw.'

"'But,' I now cried, with an embarrassment easily to be understood, 'I am a stranger to you; as much of a stranger as either of these gentlemen. I pray you to reconsider this matter. I do not need your wealth. Besides—'

"'Don't waste the precious moments,' he entreated, with a burst of his ominous cough. 'You are a stranger, but you have a face like my mother. Frank. He was the most loyal soul alive, and so I believe are you. And that is what I want; loyalty and truth in my heir. They will both be needed, I forewarn you. Write down the name,' he now commanded the lawyer, 'and be sure you make the will legal or I will rise from my grave to reproach you.'

"There was no use in trying further discussion. He was in full possession of his faculties, as even the doctor was ready to swear, but he was growing very weak, and opposition robbed him of even the slight remains of strength which were still left him. Mr. Cutting, who was pale as the paper on which he wrote, put down my name, as requested, and then, asking the doctor to call in his man from the buggy before the door he put the pen in the dying man's fingers and watched him breathlessly, as we all did. I no more than the rest—while he scrawled those few lines which in one moment raised me from a gentleman of respectable means into a man of fortune.

"The sigh of relief which followed the completion of his signature came from his breast—not mine. I was in a daze, and realized little of the importance of the moment. I did not even fully comprehend the looks of pardonable astonishment and good-natured sympathy that passed between the two professionals present, or notice when or how the witnesses affixed their names to this most hurried and remarkable of wills. I was only conscious of a great oppression, as if a burden under which I felt unable to stagger had just fallen upon my shoulders, and was greatly relieved when the sick man called me by name and said:

"'Now I am going to tell you what I wish you to do with this money if these gentlemen will only leave us alone.'

"The lawyer, who had just stepped forward to offer me his hand in congratulation, stopped and looked as if he did not know whether to continue this ceremony or not. But when he observed my relieved countenance he grew quite cheerful, and warmly wringing my hand whispered:

"'It is a matter of three million, Degraw; so be careful what you promise.'

"I stared; I could not take in the figures at first, but when I did I felt actually chilled as if a dash of cold water had been thrown upon me. Three million! I hardly dared to look the reckless giver of this fortune in the eye. Three million! And two hours before I had neither heard his name nor he mine. 'What mystery,' thought I; 'I hope he will tell me what he wants me to do with all this money.'

"The two gentlemen had by this time withdrawn from the hall, the doctor with reluctant[illegible] as he passed me:

"'Make your voices if you see him [illegible] there is nothing more we can do for him now but close his eyes.'

"A look which I seemed for the moment [illegible] if we should not be called upon to witness, for when I turned toward him he already lay like one in the last rest, save that his hands still moved among the blossoms I had given him. The [illegible] left me near he raised his [illegible] and beckoned upon me with an inexplicable smile that was at once sad and searching.

"'Will it be a great disappointment to you to lose the use of the money I have just put into your hands?'

"My cheeks flushed; it was a little hard to see the prospect of so much wealth dissolve into nothing, with a suddenness equal to its coming, but my tone, I am sure, showed no real regret as I answered:

"'It is your wealth, and I have not the shadow of a claim upon it. Whatever you wish me to do with it I will do; that you may rely upon.'

"'Even if it involves trouble and sacrifice?'

"'Most decidedly.'

"'Ah, providence is kind to send me just the man I need in my extremity. Receive my thanks, and forgive me that I seemed to give you personally what I only meant to give you in trust for another. Why I felt it necessary to do this you will understand when I tell you that my real heir is as yet a person unknown—a person for whom I have not time to seek, and for whom you yourself must look as soon as opportunity offers.'

"'But—'

"'I will tell you exactly what she must be. She must be young, beautiful, charming and good. She must be a resident of New York, and she must have for her name the simple one of Jenny Rogers. That is all I ask. When you find such a girl, and have studied her character enough to know that she will do me credit as my heir, then I ask you to hand over to her, by deed of gift, all the fortune which for so many years has been without benefit to man or woman.'

"I stood aghast. What sort of a proposition was this? Was not the man in sound mind, after all? Some girl, any girl, who bore a certain name and fulfilled certain conditions, was to reap the benefit of three million dollars, and I was to be the man to choose this girl?

"He saw my perplexity and shook his head in seeming trouble.

"'You shrink from the task?' he exclaimed. 'You cannot understand why I impose upon you the burden of such a responsibility. But whom shall I ask to bear it if not you? I have not a friend; I am dying, and my only hope of peace lies in the thought that this wealth, which has come so late, shall adorn the life and elicit the gratitude of some one bearing the name that is so dear to me.'

"'It is the name then,' I cried, 'which is of importance. You do not care so much for her station in life, though, of course, this must be respectable.'

"'I only care that she shall be lovely to look at, pure of soul and kindly in spirit. I had rather she were not otherwise favored by fortune. I should like to have her raised suddenly into prosperity. If she is the girl I see in my mind's eye, she will not be spoiled by it.'

"'But "Jenny Rogers?" It is a common name; I shall run across a dozen or more in a great city like New York.'

"'You will know my heiress when you see her; real worth always shows in the face. Besides, you will have ample opportunity to choose among them. I give you a year, Mr. Degraw, and as this understanding between us is never to no one need ever know the reason of your interest in these girls till you result to make the deed I request. Oh, it is a dream of mine! May I live to see it fulfilled?'

"I felt like saying 'No;' I felt like tearing up the will he had just signed, and so shirk a task that at this moment seemed too bizarre for any quiet man's performance. But the expression of his eyes stopped me. I could not refuse what was so dear to this dying man. Though trouble and annoyance must follow, I resolved to make the promise which would send him out of the world in peace.

"'I will do what you wish,' I declared. 'I will visit New York, make the acquaintance of such girls as are known to bear this name, and when I have found one that in my judgment is worthy to become the possessor of three million I will make your fortune over to her. Is that all you require?'

"'Yes, yes, but three million!'

"'That is the amount, I am told.'

"A radiant delight overspread his pallid countenance.

"'Ah, it will make a queen of the girl you choose. In my grave I shall feel her pleasure. Though I could not do this for thee, sweet Jenny,' he exclaimed, lifting one hand to heaven with an energy that surprised me. 'I can, at least, do it for one who shall mirror thy rare nature and bear thy beloved name!'

This look and the accompanying gesture were a revelation.

"'It is, then, for the sake of a Jenny Rogers you once knew that you desire this disposition of your money?' I ventured, anxious to learn if the crime which influenced him to this action was a natural one.

"'Yes, yes,' he cried. 'Oh, if my strength would only last till I could tell you of her gentle beauty, her lovely pity, the sweetness of her looks and the comfort of her words to me in the days when I was such an invalid that I could not answer her back or even smile wh[illegible] she handed me in a flower at my broken window!'

To be continued.

Manufacturing Butterflies.

Collectors of butterflies have discovered a science ill than the "breaking on the wheel" of their favorites.

Men with much ingenuity and no conscience make butterflies to order. That is to say, they take the commonest specimen, venerable over with a thin paste, and then so deftly apply delicate metallic powders of various colors that the mother of that same common or garden butterfly would not know it from a real and wonderful red admiral or other choice specimen.

There is a great flutter among the museums and private collections.—London Express.

AGRICULTURAL.

To Clean Harness.

It seems like quite an undertaking to clean a harness, and it cannot be done in a few minutes, but if one knows just how to go about it, it is not an unpleasant piece of work. It must first be taken to pieces, every strap unbuckled, and if an amateur is doing the work he should pay particular attention to the peculiar way in which backstrap and checkrein are buckled. If the harness is dry and stiff, give it a good soaking in warm water, using white castile soap and a brush to clean off the dirt. Hang it up to drain, and before quite dry apply neatsfoot oil with a paint brush. Let it dry till the next day. Then, if the harness still seems hard, apply another coat of oil. When the oil has soaked in, soap it all over with white castile soap, having sponge or rag moistened and very soapy. After this treatment, an occasional soaping will keep the harness in order for a long time. Before the harness is put together, any broken places should be mended. Use a needle and put shoemaker's wax on the thread. An awl is necessary in some places.—Indiana Farmer.

Profitable Poultry.

Those who raise poultry for eggs have probably selected the young stock for winter laying, and they should be located where they are getting all the green food they need, yet not running over too much area. After spending all the summer on a range of considerable size, it is a good plan to bring the pullets in nearer the house and give them a smaller range; room enough to get plenty of exercise, but not enough so that they will run off the muscle and weight gained during the summer. They must not go into winter quarters fat, but they should be plump and with enough vitality to stand the confinement. If any are ailing, separate from the rest of the flock, and if they are not readily killed by simple remedies, kill them and burn the carcasses, bearing in mind that one cannot afford to take an ailing bird into winter quarters. Provide a place for the surplus cockerels, so that they will not trouble the pullets or hens, and as soon as they can be put in proper shape sell them for what they will bring. Be certain, however, the best specimens have been selected for keeping up the strain. Use these selected cockerels for mating with the older hens at breeding season, and the pullets of last spring mate to a two-year old cock.

Beardless Wheat.

Those who have had the most experience in combatting the Hessian fly are the strongest believers in the late sowing of wheat wherever it can be done. Some varieties are better for late sowing than others, and the two shown in the illustration seem to be especially well suited for late sowing. The centre head of the illustration shows a beardless sort known as the Clawson Longberry. The variety is a strong grower and stools prolifically, the straw being strong and wiry. The heads are full and long and wide. The chaff, which is brown, is free from beards.

The grain, which is of true Longberry type, is dark amber in color, large and long and of the finest quality. The other heads shown are of the bearded sort, Sheat Longberry Red, and claimed to be the most perfect Longberry Red wheat grown. It is one of the hardiest varieties, a strong healthy grower, and especially desirable for late sowing. The straw is strong, though only medium tall. The chaff is thin and of a pearly white. The grain is dark and flinty, and nearly as large as rye kernels. This variety is much prized as a fancy milling wheat.

BEARDLESS WHEAT.

Harness For the Hen.

When a hen gets a notion into her diminutive brain that it is her mission to lead a bunch of downy-covered chicks over the garden it is a very difficult thing to convince her otherwise. There may be many excellent reasons advanced by the farmer why it is not desired that she should take upon herself this unselfish duty; but no matter how many or excellent are his reasons they carry no weight with the hen. If chased from one nest, she will take her place on another, and in the shape of eggs she will set on anything from a load of cabbages up to a watermelon. Foiled at one point, she will mate quietly and then, in the pride of her manhood, with a pride worthy of a great conqueror, and the gravest of farmers is almost ready to wring her neck.

The means of preventing a hen from setting seems like a very humble problem to occupy the throbbing brain of an inventor, but the matter has been recently attacked by a genius of British Honduras, who is so sure that he has found the solution of this mighty matter, that he has gone to the trouble of taking out patent papers in this and other countries. The device certainly has the recommendation of simplicity, and is built on the well-grounded assumption that a hen cannot afford to "set" while in a standing position, and, therefore, by keeping her on her feet she can be effectually frustrated in her purpose of preventing race suicide.

The apparatus consists merely of a loop of wire adapted to fasten to her leg and encircle the limb in such a

TO PREVENT HEN FROM SETTING.

manner that the fowl's freedom of foot is not interfered with in her ordinary ramble about the barnyard in search of food; but the moment she tries to locate herself on a nest she finds a yawning chasm between them. She may hover around and over the nest, but it refuses to receive her rotund form. This is because the wire loop which has been fastened to her prevents her from bending her leg, as is necessary to assume the setting posture. It is said that after repeated efforts to find a hospitable nest she gives up her task and forgets her dream of maternity.

Dairy Notes.

Ounces of feed do not bring pounds of butter. Feed well if you would get full milk pails.

Some men spend a great deal of time and strength educating their cows, when all the time it is the men themselves who need educating the worst way.

One of the surest ways in the world to make butter smooth and greasy is to overheat the cream while ripening it. And that is the kind of butter that will not keep very long.

No man ever learned how to scrub a cow and not have the cow catch him at it. She may be a fool, but she is too smart for any man who thinks he can cheat her that way.

The man who says dirt will strain out does not know what he is talking about. The strainer that will take filth out of milk has never been invented. It can not be invented.

It is the man who understands each one of his cows that gets most out of them. That calls for patient study, not for a day, but for years. But it is studying that pays in dairying, after all.

We never had butter keep better than when we used the good, old-fashioned oak tub. Nothing better in the way of a package will ever be discovered, either, than that same old-fashioned oak tub.

The hands must come into use all the way in butter making, but they never should come in direct contact with the butter itself. Take it out with a ladle, work it with a ladle and put it into the package with a ladle.

The cow's bag is not made of India rubber. Some of us act as if we thought it was, and that the cow has no feeling in it. But she has. She is the most sensitive of creatures and no doubt suffers much at the hands of her milkers.

About the poorest way to make the butter come that I know of is to pour hot water into the cream or set the churn by the stove for an hour or two. Cream that has been properly ripened will come all right without any such doctoring, and doctored cream makes poor butter every time.

The cow which is a famous milker for one man may be nothing but an old scrub for another. It depends on the feed and treatment from start to finish. Of course, the cow that is well bred will always show her breeding; but the man has more to do with her success than most of us admit.

The cow is not like the threshing machine, which can take in bundles of grain mixed with weeds and thistles, and turn out at the spout only the clean wheat. She must make her milk and butter from what she eats, and only clean, sweet grasses and grains will make pure butter that will "stand off" always and everywhere.

Nobody ever has exactly figured out just what is the relation between feeding the cow all "pulled up" at milking time and a decided falling off in the quality of her milk, but it is a fixed fact that the man who allows his cows to be excited and wrought up at that time does poorer butter by several scores than if he treated his cows kindly.

Peanuts cost more gold than do other foods, but some of the peanuts put in market in gold rock in the form of goods is less costly than the time and care of time for the same purpose.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

A New Material.

A new silk material is called iron crepe, and resembles crepe de chine. It is said to wear well, and to wash perfectly. Such a fabric ought to become very popular. If it retains its beauty after washing it would be an ideal material for infants' coats and bonnets.

The Latest Fads in Hair Ornaments.

Today the fashionable girl coils her hair low on her neck, and it is especially with this style of coiffure that she needs some dainty ornament as a finishing touch for the top of the coil. The very latest novelty of the moment is a graceful feathery spray in the form of an open pond lily and a bud. At one side of the coil the lily and the bud are caught, while at the other side is a smaller bud and a leaf.

Another odd little hair ornament which is pretty and original in effect, yet very simple to make, is of braided strands of satin ribbon, wide enough to make a two-inch band, which is only long enough to just outline the top of the coil, while at either side it is finished with a little silk tassel.

Hair nets are being worn again, and the girl who has light hair has her net studded with bits of shining jet, while for evening wear the clever dark haired girl has some threads of gold interwoven with the mesh of her net.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Tip to Young Wives.

The wife who tries to keep alive her husband's love for his mother, not only in his heart, but in outward observance as well, in the end serves her own interests better than theirs. The boy who loves his mother and sisters, and who is always thoughtful and tender with them, will be a good husband nine times out of ten. The love of the many comes with the love of one, and just as truly as he loves his sweetheart better because of his mother and sisters, he may love them better because of her.

The poor, heart hungry mother who stands by with brimming eyes, fearful that the joy of her life may be taken from her, will be content with a little if she may but keep it for her own. It is only a little while, at the longest, for the end of the journey is soon, but sunset and afterglow would have some of the rapture of dawn if her son's wife opened the door of her thoughtless young heart and said, with true sincerity and wells of tenderness, "Mother—come!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Exercise For the Busy Housewife.

If a woman is too busy to take a daily walk outdoors she should seek to get as much fresh air and healthful exercise in her home as possible.

Hold the body erect, the weight resting upon the balls of the feet, the chest active and thrown back, before an open window or door, while inhaling deep draughts of fresh air. This should be done several times a day.

In sitting at the sewing, table or desk incline the body from the waist. Do not hunch the shoulders or bow the back.

If the eyes become tired rest them for a few seconds either by closing easily or changing the direction and angle of vision by looking off from the work.

A swaying of the body from the waists backward and forward and to the right and left will rest the muscles of the waist and back.

For a few minutes lie flat upon the back, relax the entire body, become passive in mind and calm in spirit, and you will rise a renovated woman.—Woman's Home Companion.

Smart Touches For Gloves and Scarfs.

That there is no problem in dressing that the smart girl cannot solve is illustrated by the latest evening glove. Every girl has been tormented by her glove clinging down just when she didn't wish it to, for the too wide at the top glove is an old, old cause of worry. But it does not exist any more. The smart girl cuts a deep V in the top of her long evening glove, sews little silk eyelets in either side, and then proceeds to lace it up. Sometimes she uses silk cord of just the same shade as the glove, and then again silver or gold cord, the ends of the cord are usually finished with little tassels, and they may be of silk, silk or gold beads.

The same trick in this way is sure to stay in its proper place and the lacing adds to rather than detracts from its good looks.

The new fibre scarfs of shaded chiffon are most beautiful, and will be worn a lot this winter. The pale blue, pinkish and white are sold to cost at a reasonable price for a fine, heavy fabric having two ends. They are about 60 inches in length over the shoulders, and are wide enough so that one is not startled by seeing in all the hundred shades you can imagine. Some are plain, and some are flower-embroidered, while the embroidery on the shaded ones is very pretty.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Children Get Poor.

That Mrs. A. D. Ayres and other professional artists are responsible for the anxious measures adopted by young women" was the theory propounded by Mrs. Ayres, a professor in the University of Syracuse, being the second lecture of Madison in that city. "It will be the course of anxious mothers and anxious women," she added, "who make the girls [illegible] to the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible]."

Even anxious expectations have much seem to be [illegible] this movement. Real "Gibson girls" are impossible and will be until women grow eight feet tall, but no one can look into a photographer's showcase without noting there, caught by the camera, an irritating insolence of pose assumed by many young women in the silly effort to look as much like "Gibson girls" as they can. If character can be unfavorably affected by the reflex action of unlovely expression, these women are on the road that leads to snobbery, which is rather a parvenu than an "aristocratic" trait, besides pitilessly distorting their bodies.

But is not Mrs. Ayres mistaking cause for effect? Women cannot become eight feet tall merely because an artist so represents them. As for the "kangaroo walk" and that insolent droop of eye and upthrust chin, are these assumed because Mr. Gibson draws them so, or does he not rather draw them because they happen to be the fashion of the moment? More than that they cannot be, for a modest and unswaggering talent will never permanently "go out of style."—New York World.

Girls and College.

I heard Mrs. Robbins commended the other day as a remarkably fine woman. Her great merit had been demonstrated, her laudator said, by her making Charles Robbins such a good wife. That means, of course, that she had made a fairly good husband out of Charles. When you hear of women being good wives it is worth while to remember that the usual proof of a good wife is a good husband.

It was no great trick to make a good husband out of Charles, for he was always a man with proclivities towards righteousness, but he is an important man with great opportunities of influence and usefulness, and she is in truth an admirable wife for him, wise, handsome, devoted and harmonious. I respect her opinion about girls and their education because she is an exceedingly good example of her kind of American woman. Charles has got rich, so she has the opportunities that come with money, as well as those that come with brains, but she would have been just as valuable a partner to a man with $1500 a year as to a rich man. Mrs. Robbins went to a girls' college, and she holds that girls who can ought to go to college. Sending a girl to college, she says, should be at least as much a matter of course as sending a boy to college. She thinks that, of the two, the girls need it more, because a woman's life tends to be narrower and more secluded than a man's, and ordinarily she has less opportunity for intellectual growth after she marries. Mrs. Robbins complains that people who plan from the first to send their boys to college will leave the college question open as to their girls.—E. S. Martin in Harper's Bazar.

A Waste of Energy.

There is nothing more detrimental to beauty in woman than worry, declares a woman who never worries. The worrying woman does nobody any good. She slowly invites the hand of Time, which writes plenty of wrinkles on her brow, around her eyes and mouth, paints her face a yellow, and takes for a dark lustre the fire in her eyes.

It is quite unnecessary to worry, and it is a total waste of energy which could be better employed in doing something useful. The man who said he must have been a man "to do his work but worry first kills" knew something. He had a wife, or a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt who worried him by the hour, and so killed him by inches. That is the worst of a worrying woman. She not only worries, but she worries you.

You know a worrying woman the moment you see her. Her character is written in her face in wrinkles which you would think nothing short of a miracle would obliterate.

Powerful influence is a heavy price to have to pay for the possession of a bad habit, but there it is, and not only does worry directly influence the nerve force for evil, its more remote effects are no less potent in robbing the face of the peachblooms tints which are the admiration of the poet, the painter and the general public. Worry offends the entire nervous system, and through it the liver and organs of digestion and the heart. The things a woman eats have more than anything else the power to make or mar her beauty, so let her be aware of worrying overmuch, lest she lose that greatest of all the gifts of the good fairies.

Needle Work Notes.

At weddings the brides stockings are being embroidered with her favorite flower, they good luck being interpreted between the silk work.

Red cushion covers in Arabic Oriental patterns and designs are shown, and in place for all furnishings and the [illegible] of embroidered pillows.

A [illegible] gift is mounted the old way, sewed in [illegible] and shirt bosoms which are usually sewed with silk are covered with silk and are delicately fully sprinkled with [illegible] jewels.

A beautiful table cover of [illegible] linen had for its embroidery a very rich [illegible] and [illegible] design. The [illegible] was [illegible] in [illegible] with [illegible] of green and the fruit in dull plums purples.

A lovely table cloth and [illegible] the ordinary was made of assortment of old rose linen, lined with pale [illegible] silk of the quality. Over the surface of the silk were scattered creamy lilies, feel stitch, wrought in running stitches, as were also the green leaves.

A beautiful focus of needlework not very well known is Prussian embroidery. The stitches the apparent. Of very [illegible] at [illegible]. The stitches are [illegible] on [illegible] and [illegible]. The [illegible] material is a rich, loosely [illegible] silk in [illegible], and the canvas is a fine lined called toilered canvas.