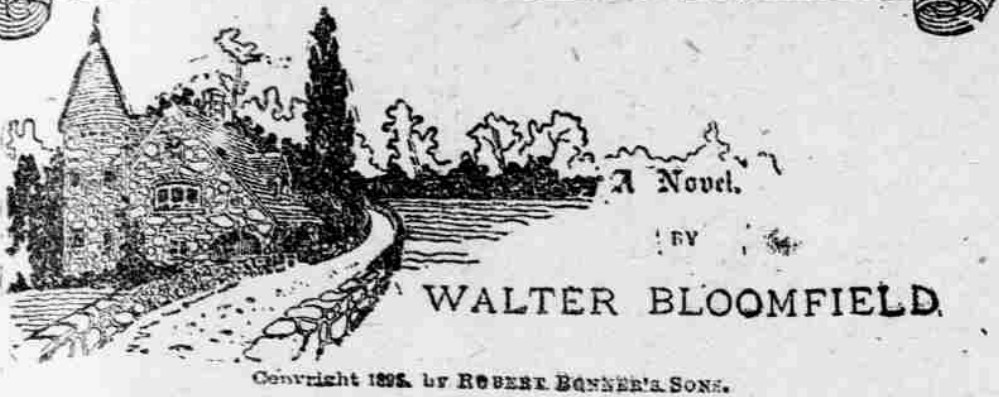


Holdenhurst Hall



WALTER BLOOMFIELD

CHAPTER XXXI.

Continued.

"So I thought," said uncle Sam; "but—breaking off suddenly and pursuing another line of thought—"marriage is the most discussed yet least understood of human institutions. Though women so greatly outnumber men, good wives are as scarce as good husbands. Of course nothing can counterbalance the want of good personal qualities in either husband or wife, but there can be no matrimonial paragon who is unfurnished with dollars. I remember in my salad days, soon after I settled in this country, Van Rensselaer and I once amused ourselves by making some investigations as to the condition of the marriage market."

"What do you mean, Sam?" asked aunt Gertrude, looking up from her work.

"About twenty years ago," continued my uncle, "there lived in Livingston street, New York, a matrimonial agent who used to advertise in the daily papers that he was prepared to supply wives of every desirable quality to gentlemen of unblemished honor and respectable means, while of course his usefulness to ladies weary of spinsterhood was equally great. To this professor's office Van Rensselaer and I one day betook ourselves, and each plunked down a fee of \$5, which the agent, with a grateful smile, made haste to appropriate."

"What induced you to be so foolish?" asked my aunt.

"Short, my dear Gertrude, sport; nothing more, I assure you," said uncle Sam.

"Well, what sport could you find in giving your money to a cheat?"

"Very much; my \$5 were well invested. Admission to the agent's office alone was worth the fee. Ha! ha! I remember the place to this day," and uncle Sam reclined his head on the back of his chair and chuckled.

"What was the place like?" I inquired.

"It was a fairly well-furnished office," said uncle Sam. "The walls were covered with shelves, on which stood letter cases and japanned tin boxes. In a corner of the office, on an elevated platform, a bald-headed old fellow of about sixty, the proprietor of the place, sat at a desk plentifully strewn with ledgers. Packets of letters, held together by rubber bands, and piles of photographs, lay about in confusion, while close to the door stood a large table strewn with writing materials and printed forms whereon clients might conceivably state their qualifications and requirements."

"Did the agent show you any of the photographs?" asked Constance.

"Dozens of them. One lady in particular I remember he recommended as a very suitable wife for me, his recommendation being based chiefly on the fact that she was an English woman, who, having passed the first blush of her youth (a statement which nobody who glanced at her photograph would for a moment question), was free of the frivolities which usually accompany girlhood, and having been for some years a member of the London musical hall profession, she was an accomplished vocalist, who could divert my leisure with charming songs of an amusing character, many of them unknown to the best musicians. These qualities, the agent argued, more than compensated for the lady's lack of property."

"Was that all the old man told you about her?" I inquired.

"I think it was," replied uncle Sam. "But I wrote to her the next day under the assumed name of Holdenhurst, and a day or so afterwards received her reply, dated from the Bowers, couched in orthography which I had not previously met with. One of her statements—that her dear pa had been killed some years before by a fall from a scaffold in the Old Bailey—impressed me as a very pleasant way of describing an unpleasant fact."

"At this point I interrupted uncle Sam with my immoderate laughter, much to the surprise of aunt Gertrude and Constance, who, being imperfectly acquainted with London, perceived nothing to laugh at."

"How about Mr. Van Rensselaer?" asked Constance, when my paroxysm of laughter had subsided sufficiently for her voice to be heard. "Did the agent recommend any of his clients as a suitable wife for that ugly old Dutchman?"

"Gently, Constance, please. Martin Van Rensselaer was a capital fellow, as good a judge of a railroad as was the Great Commodore himself; and his advice was always sound in matters where he was not personally interested. Poor old Martin is now beyond the veil against which I have been blinding beating."

"Yes, I know," persisted Constance; "but you have not answered my question. Did the agent recommend a wife for your friend as he did for you? If so, I would like to hear about her."

"I'm afraid I can't oblige you in that, Con; but of course the agent made a recommendation. It was his business to do so to everybody who consulted him."

"Mr. Van Rensselaer didn't wish his

wife by any such means as that, I am sure," said aunt Gertrude.

"So am I," added uncle Sam. "Do you think, Sam, any marriage was ever brought about by such horrid methods?" my aunt inquired.

"Without doubt, abundance of them," replied uncle Sam, unhesitatingly. "Nothing that was ever said is more true than that humankind are mostly fools. And it is well that such is the case. Were it otherwise, then probably, though no one would starve, nobody would be able to live well. It is in the follies of his fellow-creatures that a sharp man finds his chances of aggrandizement. The matrimonial agent of Livingston street transgressed no law that I know of, or that I would suspect of Solomon. He merely preyed upon fools—a perfectly legitimate process, sanctioned by the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Pass me the cigar-case, Gertrude, dear."

"Were you and your friends fools when you visited that office in Livingston street?" inquired Constance, with a mischievous smile.

"Unquestionably we were," admitted uncle Sam, with charming frankness, "and on many other occasions besides."

"Nothing can ever induce me to believe that it is right to use superior natural gifts or knowledge to entrap the inexperienced and unwary," said my aunt.

"Power is its own justification. That which a man can do he may do."

"That is not right," asserted aunt Gertrude boldly.

"Nothing is right, nor likely to be," agreed uncle Sam.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RURKHA.

What is time? The past has gone and cannot be recalled; the present is here, but imperfectly under our control; the future no man knows. Is there another subject which mankind regards in ways so numerous and diverse as time, the most generic and indefinite of terms? Only for the miserable wretch condemned to die on an appointed day do the fleeting hours expire with maddening rapidity; to the sufferer from any other form of torture they drag their course with most exasperating slowness. It is the privilege of the perfectly happy (if indeed there be any such) and the perfectly foolish (of whom everyone must surely know abundant examples) to disregard time.

The week which elapsed between my return to New York and my marriage to Constance seemed to me of superlatively long duration. Love is impatient and dressmakers and milliners monopolizing. Though living in the same house as my affianced wife, I saw very little of her; she was nearly always engaged in being measured, or fitted, or experimented upon in some way by a contingent of French modistes, who came every day to the house and disorganized all its customary arrangements. Of the numerous dresses being prepared for my wife, though I had heard a good deal about them, I was not for the present permitted to see one; but I would have endured that privation without murmuring if the companionship of my dear Constance had been spared to me.

However, all things come to those who wait—unless death comes first and captures the waiters, in which case the latter escape from their waiters. Man's comfort is not more dependent upon events than upon their convenient sequence, a course often difficult to secure.

At last the wedding morning came and I was almost happy. Ah, that word almost! Has the man yet lived of whom it can be truthfully said that he was quite happy? Long and varied experience makes me doubt it. With health, youth and strength; \$100,000 to my credit at Drexel's; and a beautiful girl, magnificently dowered, for my wife; for what more could I wish, you ask. Why, for my father's presence this day, and his approval of the life-long contract I was about to make. Somehow I could not keep from thinking of my father on this my wedding morning; and as I waited with uncle Sam and a small party of his friends in the Presbyterian Church on Fifth avenue, where the ceremony was to take place, the old church at Holdenhurst, its unlikeness to the sacred building wherein I was, my father's lonely life now that I had left him, and the probable effect of the recent tragedy upon him and my grandfather Wolsey, largely engaged my mind, despite all efforts I could make to disregard them; until the organ, pealing forth the soul-stirring strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, announced the arrival of the bridal party, and my dear Constance, almost completely hidden in white gossamer-like habiliments and attended by six maids, passed slowly up the church.

Of the events between that moment and the conclusion of the ceremony, when we all left the church, I for a long time retained only a confused and general recollection; but finally the particulars of the ceremony took shape in my mind, and now I can clearly recall the tall, commanding form and the clear, impressive voice

of the grand old Ulsterman, the officiating minister of the church; and my uneasy glances at uncle Sam (whom I had never seen in such a place before), and my fear lest he should create a diversion by some eccentric conduct.

Not until after the wedding party was assembled at breakfast did uncle Sam give rein to his usual pleasantry, and then to no very great extent. I remember he inquired, across the table, what my wife and I thought of the reverend gentleman's boots.

"Think of the reverend gentleman's boots?" I echoed in surprise. "Really I didn't observe them. Did you, Constance, dear?"

"Not very particularly," stammered my wife, ineffectually endeavoring to suppress a laugh.

"Why, how can you say that?" asked uncle Sam. "The reverend doctor wears the largest boots in New York, as many rash wagers know to their cost; and I observed you both intently contemplating their dimensions while he was exhorting you to be mindful of your new duties. I assure you I am very glad if I am mistaken, for there could be no better proof of your attention to his precepts."

There was a suppressed titter at this; but aunt Gertrude came to the rescue and protested against remarks of a personal nature generally, and particularly in the case of a gentleman highly esteemed by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. Uncle Sam agreed, and declared that he had not only complimented the minister by asserting, in other words, that he had a larger understanding than any other man in New York.

Several of my uncle's friends tendered their congratulations in the time-honored platitudes which have served in innumerable similar occasions, after which uncle Sam rose, and glass in hand, invited all present to drink to the health, prosperity and long life of the bride and bridegroom. "For the happy pair opposite, who with all the courage of inexperience and in defiance of sages and satirists have given those hostages to fortune which so many of us would like to redeem, I entertain a very special and real affection," said uncle Sam. "The bride is the only sister of my dear wife, and a daughter of my friend and benefactor. I have known her all her life, and I say of her that no truer or more amiable lady can be found between Maine and California. She was my ward; and my duty to her has also been my pleasure from the day I became her guardian until you saw me surrender her to her husband—and with her all that I held in trust for her, with something over and above. The bridegroom is the only son of one, who, in my youthful days in England before I entertained a thought of settling foot on this continent, had promised to become my wife—a promise she was forced to break—and of my only brother, whom I do not expect to see again. It is for these reasons chiefly that I am prejudiced in favor of the bridegroom—for he is no genius, and I don't suppose his unaided efforts would ever have burdened him with much property; he is a trifle sentimental, and lacks resolution and fixity of purpose. Nevertheless he has proved himself a faithful friend and a pupil of at least average aptitude. It is with much pleasure and confidence that I ask you to join me in wishing health, prosperity and long life to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Truman."

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, everybody standing. In my brief reply I unreservedly admitted the accuracy of my uncle's estimate of my powers, and congratulated myself on having won not only his good will but a wife the equal of his own in fortune and every personal grace, notwithstanding the natural defects to which he had called attention; a retort which, obvious as it was, seemed to put the company into great good humor.

By this the hour was reached when it was necessary that my wife should prepare for our departure to Saratoga, and the party left the tables to inspect the wedding gifts, which were exhibited in a large room devoted exclusively to that purpose—a valuable collection of jewels and fancy articles, at which I could not look without the painful thought that nothing from Holdenhurst was among them.

It wanted not more than half an hour of the time fixed for our departure when uncle Sam, with an air of mystery, beckoned me to follow him. I did so, wondering what his purpose could be. He led the way to his study, where aunt Gertrude and my wife awaited us, the latter now in a plain, tightly-fitting traveling dress, ready to depart. My uncle closed the door in a cautious way as soon as we had entered the room, which circumstance, as well as the serious looks of aunt Gertrude and my wife, filled me with alarm.

I was about to inquire the meaning of all this when uncle Sam spoke, my wife meanwhile observing me closely to note the effect of his words upon me. "A letter from England arrived for you this morning," he said, "and by good fortune it fell into my hands. I have kept it from you until now, for your benefit; for you would not have liked your marriage to have been again postponed. I don't know how it may prove, but I greatly fear that it contains bad news. However that may be, take courage for your wife's sake as well as your own. Remember my recent experience, and never let it be said that the old man was braver than the young one." And having spoken thus my uncle handed me a black-bordered letter bearing an English stamp and the postmark of Bury St. Edmund's.

To be continued.

When hollowness is all nonsense to a man honesty is apt to be all moonshine.

GOOD ROADS



Increasing Interest.

It is no period in the history of this country has the question of road improvement been so widely and enthusiastically discussed as at the present time. In the crystallization of public sentiment for the betterment of our highways, the office of Public Road Inquiries, at Washington, has proven a most important factor. This work is being accomplished by collating and disseminating information, publishing and distributing literature on the subject, testing road building materials, and in co-operating with other allied forces of construction of object lesson roads in various sections of the country. The interest manifested in this question is by no means confined to those within the rural districts, who are supposed to be the greater beneficiaries, but all classes of our citizens are directly or indirectly interested in this great movement, and therefore should be free to express their opinions and lend their assistance wherever opportunities present themselves.

In this age of enlightenment and progress all agree that it is necessary to adopt other and more modern methods of improving our highways than the primitive method of "warning out the hands"—male citizens forty-five years in proximity to the road to be improved. This has proven entirely too effective, especially with the rapidly increasing population of the country and the constantly increasing volume of traffic on the road. Were every person liable to duty to work with pick and shovel a few days annually, as required by law, but little more could be accomplished than to fill the worst chuck holes, and by so doing ease their conscience and relieve the overseers of the embarrassment of being indicted in the county court. No system of working roads is a just one if labor is compelled to bear the entire burden of the cost and at the same time property enjoy equal benefits by its enhancement in value.

As previously stated, money is the necessary requisite for the improvement of our common highways, the perplexing problem with our people is "how to get it." Day by day the public is becoming more enthusiastic upon the question as they study its various phases, and are of the opinion that, as the roads are a benefit to all, the burden of cost of their construction and maintenance should be born by all. There are various ways by which this may be done, but like the accomplishment of all great movements, the co-operation of all allied forces is essential. Within the past few years many States have enacted laws and appropriated money for the improvement of the common roads of the country, and many counties have issued bonds for the same purpose, with equally good results. Funds for this purpose have also been raised by direct taxation and by individual subscription, but the limited amount collected is generally too small to make a beginning on the great number of roads to be improved.

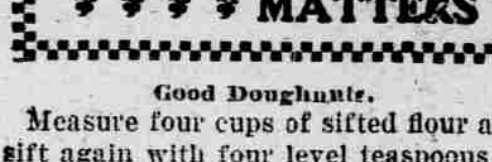
Macadam Roads.

In the construction of a road in any kind of soil it is essential to properly locate, grade and drain before surfacing and rolling, if the best results are to be obtained. Good materials are equally essential, but often, however, it pays better to use an inferior material found in the locality, if a more desirable quality cannot be secured from a distance. The system of constructing macadam roads upon modern and scientific principles is considered superior to others, although more expensive. The macadam road built of crushed chert, trap rock or good limestone, will endure the ordinary volume of traffic almost an indefinite period of time with but little additional cost of repairs, especially if only wide tires are used, as wide tires are road makers and narrow tires are road breakers. Any material that will resist wear, and has sufficient cementing qualities to render the roadbed impervious to water, is desirable. Either gravel, mixture of clay and sand, or mineral oil, when properly applied, make a less expensive and at the same time a most excellent road, when local conditions are favorable. The use of first-class machinery is also indispensable to successful road building. The county authorities could make no better investment than to purchase a complete plant of the very best road building machinery.

Popularity of National Aid.

No internal improvements would more materially benefit the country at large than good roads. No section of the country is more enthusiastic for good roads than the South, and as her people seldom receive assistance in any way from the National Treasury that method that might be adopted for general internal improvements. It is gratifying to know that this cause meets the approval of the Southern delegations in Congress, particularly the entire delegation from North Carolina. One of the best speeches made on the good roads question during the last session of Congress was by Representative Gidger, of the Tenth or mountain District of the Old North State. It is becoming quite evident to the minds of our solons that in order to secure re-election it behooves them to get in line for better roads. This gigantic movement for better roads is by the people, and the wishes of the people should, and must, be granted.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS



Good Doughnuts.

Measure four cups of sifted flour and sift again with four level teaspoons of baking powder; add one level teaspoon of spice. Add three-quarters cup of sugar, one beaten egg, a teaspoon of melted butter and one cup of milk. Roll out, cut in shape and fry in deep, hot fat.

Egg Sandwiches.

Cook eggs in boiling water for forty minutes, which will make them meaty. Press through a vegetable ricer and season highly with salt and a little red pepper. Add about one teaspoon of olive oil, or soft butter, to each egg and spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

Ham and Macaroni.

Break quarter pound of macaroni in three parts of boiling salted water. Cook until soft (about twenty minutes). Drain in a colander. To this add one cup white sauce, one cup minced ham, one saltspoon paprika. Put in baking dish and cover with one-half cup grated bread or rolled cracker crumbs blended in one tablespoon melted butter. Bake until a nice brown.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.

Soak two cups of stale bread in one quart of milk, scalded, for half an hour; melt two squares of a chocolate over hot water; add half a cup of sugar and enough milk to make it pour easily; add it to the bread with one-fourth cup of sugar, pinch of salt, one teaspoon of vanilla, and two eggs slightly beaten; turn into a buttered pudding-dish and bake one hour in a moderate oven; serve with hard sauce.

Caraway Cookies.

Cream one-third cup of butter, add one cup of sugar and beat well. Beat one egg, add to the first mixture and also two-thirds cup of milk. Sift four cups of flour and five level teaspoons of baking powder together and use as needed to make the dough soft enough to handle. Add two teaspoons of caraway seeds. Make little balls, lay on a buttered pan and press into little cakes. Bake in a moderate oven.

Kidney Stew.

Take a large beef kidney cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices, then let it lie in cold water with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes, wipe dry, and then put in the pot with three half-pints of cold water; let it boil two hours. Half an hour before it is done add one large onion sliced, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a very little grated nutmeg and pepper, and salt to season well. Serve hot with mashed potatoes.

Pear Marmalade.

Rare, core and quarter ripe pears and weigh them. To six pounds of pear put two cups of water and cook slowly until softened to a pulp. Add four and one-half pounds of sugar and cook until a thick marmalade is formed. Stir often and cook moderately long. Let the pear and sugar scorch, as there is very little liquid in the mixture to prevent burning. If gas is used for cooking, turn the burner very low and put something between the kettle and the burner.

A currycomb makes an excellent fish scaler.

A piece of camphor put into water will keep flowers for a long time.

Mud spots on silk can generally be removed by rubbing with a piece of linen dipped in benzine or alcohol.

If, when making jellies, the insides of the molds are well brushed with white of egg, the jellies will turn quite easily.

Finely-broken egg-shells shaken vigorously with a little warm water in clouded water bottles or vases will remove the deposit.

To obtain onion juice, pare and quarter a large, fresh onion. Put each quarter into a wooden lemon-squeezer and press out the juice.

Milk applied to ink spots will generally remove them. Melted tallow is said to have the same effect. After treatment cover with salt.

Thin slices of brown or green bread lightly buttered and then spread with cream cheese make delicious sandwiches to serve with lettuce and tomato salad.

When coffee has been split on a tablecloth, the stain can be removed by soaking the part in clear cold water, to which a little borax has been added, for twelve hours.

A good polish for stores is made of one teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with the store polish. The brilliancy that this polish will give to a store will last for a long time.

A bolt of cheese cloth should be as essential a feature of the young housekeeper's menage as the bolt of homespun line was of grandmother's. Nothing makes better dusters; it serves as glass and china toweling, and is an ideal fabric for the dish cloth.

Humor of Today



We All Do.

A sassy old gentleman when once tried to make love to a hen. She started to scold. And turned him down cold. We all get our bumps now and then. Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Bold Thing.

"Mannish! I should say she is!" "What has she been doing now?" "Getting off street cars facing the front."—Cleveland Leader.

Only Playing.

"Jimmie, Jimmie, don't you know it's awful to say those swear words?" "I was dus' playin' I was papa huntin' for his collar button."—Detroit Free Press.

Canned Goods.

Church—"Do you speak any foreign languages?" Goliath—"No, sir; the only foreign tongue I ever had any use for came in a tin box."—Yonkers Statesman.

Familiar Example.

"Now, little boys," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "I want you to tell me what faith is." "Goin' out on the pike early in the mornin' to catch a mess o' fish for breakfast."—Chicago Tribune.

Marked Advances.

"Tas Oldboy made any advances toward a reconciliation with his gay young wife?" "Yes, I think he has made an advance of several thousand dollars."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Before She Knew Him.

Wife—"Do you recollect that once when we had a tiff I said you were just as mean as you could be?" Husband—"Yes, darling."

Wife—"Oh, James, how little did I know you then."—Baltimore Sun.

He Knew Not.

"What is the luckiest day to be born on?" "Couldn't say. I only tried one."—New York Press.

In a Pet.

"That sparrow was in a blind rage a minute ago," said the first robin. "I guess that explains why he went off in a pet just now," replied the other. "How do you mean 'in a pet'?" "That Angora cat just caught him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Quickly Concocted.

"My boy," said the benevolent parson, "I hope you do not hide your light under a bushel?" "Light?" echoed the lad, who was learning to smoke in the barn. "Why, when I hear dad coming, I hide the whole cigar under a bushel."—Chicago News.

Accurately Informed.

"The mosquito must be a mighty intelligent animal," said the man who says foolish things. "What makes you think so?" "If he couldn't read and write, how could he manage to pick out all the summer resorts so accurately?"—Washington Star.

His Choice.

"What would you rather have—an auto or its equivalent in money?" "An auto."

"Why?" "Because your money goes fast and then you haven't got it, but an auto goes fast and you still have it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Wonder.

"What's the matter with Garbage's voice? It sounds like a fog horn." "Why, Garbage was out in the country with his auto yesterday, and some one stole his squawker. So all the way in he honked with his voice, and that's what's the matter with it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Water.

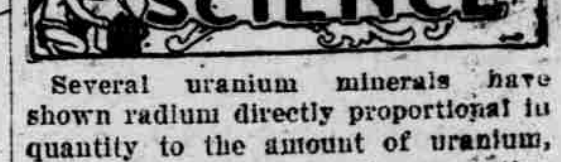
Hicks—"He hasn't been in Wall Street long, but he seems to be quite at home there." Wicks—"Yes, he takes to stock-jobbing like a duck."

Hicks—"You mean 'like a duck to water'?" Wicks—"Yes; but why be so tautological?"—Catholic Standard Times.

As He Expected It.

"I suppose you don't take much interest in ancestry and that sort of thing," said Count Fuchsi. "Oh, yes I do," answered the eminent mathematician. "I have the highest respect for a first-class ancestor. He is often the active numeral that is relied on to give potentiality to a long subsequent line of eiphers."—Washington Star.

POPULAR SCIENCE



Several uranium minerals have shown radium directly proportional in quantity to the amount of uranium, which tends to confirm the suggestion that radium is formed by the breaking down of the uranium atom.

The average height of man is found by A. Dastre to have continued the same for thousands of years, as shown in primitive man, prehistoric man, and historic man. The great size of ancient man is imaginary.

One of the most singular of the many curious fossils yielded by the famous opal fields at White Cliffs, N. S. W., is an opalized shark. It is three and a half feet long and eighteen inches in greatest circumference and is encircled from tip to tip with thin veins of purple opal.

Some plants go to sleep every night. The mimosa, or sensitive plant, in daylight opens its fragile leaves which are hard at work eating, absorbing the carbonic acid of the air into plant food. At night the mimosa sleeps and digests what it has eaten, and the leaves fold up double against each other, the stem droops and the leaf is limp and apparently dead.

Experimenting on the influence of metal containers on the fermentation of liquids, Leopold Nathan has shown that German silver, copper, zinc, brass and bronze have a decidedly strong inhibitory effect, while tin and lead have moderate action. Polished iron, silver, gold, polished tin, aluminum, nickel, as well as celluloid, glass and hard rubber, have little or no effect. The smoothness of the surface of metals seems to have decided influence.

A striking instance of the change which the cultivation of natural science is capable of causing in the face of the earth is afforded by a remark of Mr. Andrew Murray concerning the results achieved by horticulture in England. They have, he said, affected the appearance of all England. "Nowhere can a day's ride now be taken where the landscape is not beautified by some of the introductions of the Royal Horticultural Society."

Perfumes.

"The manufacture of perfume by natural processes, or from the natural flower," said Mr. James H. Callender, of New York, at the Renwick Art Museum, "is antiquated and practically out of commission. How wonderful is nature is indicated when I tell you that all our perfumes are made from the synthetic odors of coal tar, and that the retaining body is ambergris or civet—the first a foul, waxy secretion cast off from the stomach of the sperm whale, the second an equally offensive matter from the civet cat. These retaining bodies, by the way, have a high value, especially the ambergris, a piece of which, worth \$20,000, was found a few days ago by a fisherman off Cape Cod. Toilet waters, formerly secured by distillation, are now secured by percolation, and, in fact, the whole revolution of perfume making has been revolutionized. The genuine oil of roses from Bulgaria is now the only article now distilled from the fresh flowers. The artificial oils are the lily of the valley, heliotrope, for heliotrope; lilacine, for lilac, and so on, in every case being a perfect substitute for the natural odor."

"But what is the need of the substitute? Is it a question of economy?" "Not at all. The artificial perfumes are no cheaper, but the chemical processes saves time. When the pomades were used it was necessary to freeze and wash them early in the winter for the entire year's supply. Now we have our oils ready to hand and in forty-eight hours we can turn them out in the finished perfumes. It is purely a question of time and convenience."

The fancy basket is going out of style, according to Mr. Callender. "Instead," he said, "the square, round, octagonal and vari-form boxes, in Oriental colors and designs, is the popular thing for your perfume bottles. Here is one, for instance, a famous Byzantine plaque; here is a lot of boxes decorated in Japan and imported direct; here are some Grecian and Egyptian models. The entire tendency is toward the Oriental effects, and we are making no effort to maintain the old styles."—Baltimore News.

Talkings.

It is generally the woman with a fine carriage who is most willing to walk.

"While there's life there's hope" is not exactly the motto for an undertaker.

The girl of the period seldom comes to a full stop until she finds the young man of the interrogation point.

There is nothing so disadvantageous to women hold up to ridicule oftener than their lognettes.

The confidence man's road to success often seems to be paved with gold bricks.—Arthur L. Tubbs, in Everybody's Magazine.

Latest From Russia.

The imperial telephone jingled merrily. "Who is there?" demanded the Czar, wondering if it were possible for any one to shoot over the wire. "It's I," cried Kuropatkin. "What is the news?" "I had to run all night." "Bah! 'tis nothing. I had to walk all night." "You?" "Yes, I had to walk the baby up and down the hallway." And just then a tiny voice called "Poplasky!"—Baltimore Herald.