

THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"Ha!" he cried, pulling off his plumed hat and bowing low. "A scholar, I perceive! Let me serve you, sir. Here is the 'History of St. George'—and he picked out a thin brown quarto and held it up—'written by Master Peter Heylin; a ripe book, they tell me (though, to be sure, I never read beyond the title), and the price a poor two shillings.'"

Now, all this while I was considering what to do. So, as I put my hand in my pocket and drew out the shillings, I said very slowly, looking him in the eyes (but softly, so that the 'lucky' might not hear):

"So thus you feed your expenses at the dice; and my shilling, no doubt, is for Luke Settle, as well as the rest."

For the moment, under my look, he went white to the lips; then clapped his hand to his sword, withdrew it, and answered me, red as a turkey cock:

"Shall be a parson, yet, Master Scholar; but art in a great hurry, it seems."

Now, I had ever a quick temper, and as he turned on his heel, was like to have replied and raised a brawl. My own meddling tongue had brought the rebuff upon me; but yet my heart was hot as he walked away.

I was standing there and looking after him, turning over in my hand the 'Life of St. George,' when my fingers were aware of a slip of paper between the pages. Pulling it out, I saw 'twas scribbled over with writing and figures, as follows:

"Mr. Anthony Killigrew, his acct for Oct. 29th, MDCCLXII.—For herrings, 2d.; for cod, 4d.; for scowring my coat, 6d.; at bowls, 5s. 10d.; for bleeding me, 1s. 6d.; for ye King's speech, 3d.; for spiced wine (with Marjory), 2s. 4d.; for seeing ye Rhinoceros, 4d.; at ye Ranter-ground, 6d.; for a pair of silver buttons, 2s. 6d.; for apples, 2d.; for ale, 6d.; at ye dice, 47s. 6d.; for spiced wine (again), 4s. 6d.; and so on."

As I glanced my eye down this paper, my anger oozed away, and a great feeling of pity came over me, not only at the name of Anthony—the name I had heard spoken in the howling green last night—but also to see the monstrous item of 47 odd pence spent on the dice. 'Twas such a boy, too, after all, that I was angry with, that had spent fourpence to see the rhinoceros at a fair, and rode on the ranter-ground (with 'Marjory,' no doubt, as 'twas for her, no doubt, the silver buttons were bought). So that, with quick forgiveness, I hurried after him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

He stood by the entrance, counting up his money, and drew himself up very stiff.

"I think, sir, this paper is yours."

"I thank you," he answered, taking it, and eyeing me. "Is there anything, besides, you wished to say?"

"A great deal, maybe, if your name be Anthony."

"Master Anthony Killigrew is my name, sir; now serving under Lord Bernard Stewart in His Majesty's troop of guards."

"And mine is Jack Marvel," said I. "Of the Yorkshire Marvells?"

"Why, yes, though, but a shoot of that good stock, transplanted to Cumberland, and there shall withered."

"'Tis no matter, sir," said he politely; "I shall be proud to cross swords with you."

"Why, bless your heart!" I cried out, full of laughter at this childish pun: "I'll think I came to fight you?"

"If not, sir—and he grew colder than ever—"You are going a deuced roundabout way to avoid it."

Upon this finding no other way out of it, I began my tale at once; but hardly had come to the meeting of the two men on the bowling-green, when he interrupted me politely:

"I think, Master Marvel, as yours is like to be a story of some moment, I will send this fellow back to my lodgings. He's a long-eared dog that's been saving from the gallows so long as my conscience allows me. The shover is done, I see; so if you know of a red-hot spot, we will talk there more at our leisure."

He dismissed his lackey, and strolled off with me to the Trinity Grove, where, walking up and down, I told him all I had heard and seen the night before.

should loathe to see spoli'd by Master Settle's knife."

"Art not quick at friendship, Jack, but better at advising; only in this case fortune has prevented thy good offices. Hark ye," he leaned forward and glanced to right and left, "if these twain intend my hurt—as indeed twould seem—they lose their labor, for this very night I ride from Oxford."

"And why is that?"

"I'll tell thee, Jack, though I deserve to be shot. I am bound with a letter from His Majesty to the Army of the West, where I have friends, for my father's sake—Sir Deakim Killigrew of Gleys, in Cornwall. 'Tis a sweet country, they say, though I have never seen it."

"Not seen thy father's country?"

"Why, no—for he married a Frenchwoman, Jack, God rest her dear soul!"—he lifted his hat—"and settled in that country, near Morlaix, in Brittany, among my mother's kin; my grandfather refusing to see or speak with him for wedding a poor woman without his consent. And in France was I born and bred, and came to England two years ago; and this last July the old curmudgeon died. So that my father, who was an only son, is even now in England returning to his estates; and with him my only sister Delia. I shall meet them on the way. To think of it!" and I declare the tears sprang to his eyes. "Delia will be a woman grown, and all to see dear Cornwall together!"

"'Tis a ticklish business," said I after a minute, "to carry the King's letter. Not one in four of his messengers comes through, they say. But since it keeps you from the dice—"

"That's true. To-night I make an end."

"To-night?"

"Why, yes. To-night I go for my revenge, and ride straight from the inn door."

"Then I go with you to the 'Crown,'" I cried, very positive.

He dropped playing with his curl, and looked me in the face, his mouth twitching with a queer smile.

"And so thou shalt, Jack; but why?"

"I'll give no reason," said I, and knew I was blushing.

"Then be at the corner of All Hallows' Church in Tud street at seven to-night. I lodge over Master Simon's, the glover, and must be about my affairs. Jack—he came near and took my hand—'am sure thou lovest me.'"

He nodded, with another cordial smile, and went his way up the grove, his amber cloak flaunting like a belated butterfly under the leafless trees; and so passed out of my sight.

CHAPTER III.

I Find Myself in a Tavern Brawl; and Barely Escape.

It wanted, maybe, a quarter to 7 that evening when, passing out at the college gate on my way to All Hallows' Church, I saw under the lantern there a man loitering and talking with the porter. 'Twas Master Anthony's lackey; and as I came up he held out a note for me.

"Dear Jack—

"Wee goe to the 'Crown' at VI. o'clock. I having met with Captain Settle, who is on duty with the horse to-night, and must to Abendon by IX. I look for you."

"Your unfained loving A. K."

"The bearer has left by service, and his health concerns me not. Soe kikk him if he tarries."

This last advice I had no time to carry out with any thoroughness; but being put in a great dread by this change of hour, pelted off toward the Corn Market as fast as legs could carry me.

The windows of the 'Crown' were carefully lit before my red blinds. A few straggling grooms and troopers talked and spat in the brightness of the entrance, and outside in the street was a servant leading up and down a beautiful sorrel mare, ready saddled, that was marked on the near hind leg with a high white stocking. In the passage I met the host of the 'Crown,' Master John Davenant.

"Top of the stairs," says he, indicating my way, "and open the door ahead of you, if y'are the young gentleman Master Killigrew spoke of."

I had my foot on the bottom step, when from the room above comes the crash of a table upsetting, with a noise of broken glass, chairs thrust back, and a racket of outcries. Next moment the door was burst open, letting out a flood of light and curses; and down flies a drawer, three steps at a time, with a red stain of wine trickling down his white face.

"Murder!" he gasped out; and sitting down on a stair, fell to mopping his face, all sick and trembling.

I was dashing past him, with the landlord at my heels, when three men came tumbling out of the door, and noise of broken glass, chairs thrust back, and a racket of outcries. Next moment the door was burst open, letting out a flood of light and curses; and down flies a drawer, three steps at a time, with a red stain of wine trickling down his white face.

"Murder!" he gasped out; and sitting down on a stair, fell to mopping his face, all sick and trembling.

the ring of steel and was standing in the doorway.

There was now no light within but what was shed by the fire and two tallow candles that guttered on the mantelshelf. The remaining candlesticks lay in a pool of wine on the floor, amid broken glasses, bottles, scattered coins, dice boxes and pewter pots. In the corner to my right cowered a potboy, with tankard dangling in his hand, and the contents spilling into his shoes. His wide, terrified eyes were fixed on the far end of the room, where Anthony and the brute Settle stood, with a shattered chair between them. Their swords were crossed in tierce, and grating together as each sought occasion for a lunge; while the dog-faced trooper in a frowsy, black periwig, who, as I entered, was gathering a handful of coins from under the fallen table, and now ran across, sword in hand, to the captain's aid.

'Twas Anthony that faced me, with his heel against the wainscoting, and, catching my cry of alarm, he called out cheerfully over the captain's shoulder, but without lifting his eyes:

"Just in time, Jack! Take off the second cut, that's a sweet boy!"

Now, I carried no sword; but seizing the tankard from the potboy's hand, I hurled it at the dog-faced trooper. It struck him fair between the shoulder blades; and with a yell of pain he spun round and came toward me, his point glittering in a way that turned me cold. I gave him a pace, snatched up a chair (that luckily had a wooden seat) and with my back against the door, waited his charge.

'Twas in this posture that, flinging a glance across the room, I saw the Captain's sword describe a small circle of light, and next moment, with a sharp cry, Anthony caught at the blade, and staggered against the wall, pin'd through the chest to the wainscoting.

"Out with the lights, Dick!" bawled Settle, tugging out his point. "Quick, fool—the window!"

Dick, with a back sweep of his hand, sent the candles flying off the shelf, and save for the flicker of the hearth, we were in darkness. I felt, rather than saw, his rush toward me; leap'd aside; and brought down my chair with a crash on his skull. He went down like a ninny, but scrambled up in a trice, and was running for the window. There was a shout below as the Captain thrust the lattice open; another, and the two dark forms had clambered through the purple square of the casement, and dropp'd into the bowling-green below.

By this, I had made my way across the room, and found Anthony sunk against the wall, with his feet outstretched. There was something he held out toward me, groping for my hand and at the same time whispering in a thick, choking voice:

"Here, Jack, here; pocket it quick!"

'Twas a letter, and as my fingers closed on it they met a damp smear, the meaning of which was but too plain.

"Button it—sharp—in thy breast; now feel for my sword."

"First let me tend thy hurt, dear lad."

"Nay—quickly, my sword! 'Tis pretty, Jack, to hear thee say 'dear lad.' A cheat to die like this—could have laugh'd for years yet. The dice were cag'd—last found it!"

I groped beside him, found the hilt, and held it up.

"So—'tis thine, Jack, and my mare Molly, and the letter to take. Say to Delia—Hark! they are on the stairs. Say to—"

With a shout the door was flung wide, and on the threshold stood the Watch, their lanterns held high and shining in Anthony's white face, and on the black stain where the doubtless was thrown open.

In numbers they were six or eight, led by a small, wiry-necked man that held a long staff, and wore a gilt chain over his fur'd collar. Behind, in the doorway, were huddled half a dozen women, peering, and Master Davenant at the back of all, his great face looming over their shoulders like a moon.

"Now, speak up, Master Short!"

"Aye, that I will—that I will; but my head is considering of affairs," answered Master Short—he of the wiry neck. "One, two, three—" He look'd round the room, and finding but one capable of resisting (for the potboy was by this time in a fit), clear'd his throat, and spoke up:

"In the King's name, I arrest you all—so help me God! Now, what's the matter?"

"Murder," said I, looking up from my work of staunching Anthony's wound. "Then forbear, and don't do it."

"Sirs," said I, laying poor Anthony's head softly back, "you are too late; whilst ye were cackling my friend is dead."

"Then, young man, thou must come along."

"Come along?"

"The charge is homicidium, or manslaughter, with or without malice prepense."

"But—" I looked around. The potboy was insensible, and my eyes fell on Master Davenant, who slowly shook his head.



How She Keeps Young.

She eats three warm meals at regular hours.

She sleeps eight hours, and as often as possible two of them before midnight.

She takes fifteen quiet minutes in a darkened room after luncheon.

She begins each day with a cold bath, followed by a glass of cold or hot water.

She is careful to spend at least a half hour every day in the open air.

She never rides where she can walk the distance comfortably.

She doesn't waste her vitality in superfluous and energetic talking.

She is neither self-centred nor family-centred, but has a few fresh outside interests to keep her live and thoughtful.

She never lets herself moan over the past, nor worry about the future, but makes the best of the present and keeps sweet and cheerful.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

New Brooches Are Odd.

It is not enough for the American woman to have a dainty little brooch of pearls or diamonds, which she wears with her best frocks and her real laces, but she must have some odd pieces of jewelry, inexpensive, yet characteristic of herself and harmonizing with the rest of her costume. This year she will wear large gun metal beetles, heads of the quadrupeds carved in gold. Egyptian wings, crystals, and dragons in every imaginable conception, and all these set off by rhinestones, imitation opals, and amethysts, cat's eyes, the Scotch pebble in its reds and purples, and last, but decidedly not least, the all-pervading peacock eye.

Belt pins, made splendidly strong, and about four inches long, show one huge dragon fly, a darning needle or a pair of Egyptian wings. The bodies of the flies are of rhinestones or opals, with perhaps a tiny pearl in the wings. In one exclusive shop the bodies are of Scotch pebble, which polishes into the prettiest kind of a brick-red stone with stripes of white, or a deep purple stone with sparkles of gold. The Egyptian wings are attached to a long oval, below which on one side is a row of rhinestones. The latter are especially brilliant against the gun metal.

Oriental gold filigree is sprinkled with tiny stones in different, pale shades which are focused in one brilliant stone. This same filigree with vivid stones in greens and blues and reds is made into the old-fashioned long brooch with a flower in the center, and is known as Egyptian jewelry.

To fasten the dainty laces and ribbons for the neck, wallows small and in flight and various forms of flies and butterflies are used. The swallows have wings of imitation opal in blue and the body is in white. The butterflies' wings are in variegated enamel or opalescent porcelain with rhinestone bodies. One peacock feather in green and blue has a peacock eye among the fronds at the tip. A single peacock eye the size of a quarter, and the same size in cut amethyst or crystal, have gold snakes coiled around them.

To Model Sleeves.

With a radical change in all sleeve styles staring us in the face, it's comforting to realize that last year's sleeves can be "adapted" to this year's fashions in comparatively easy ways.

Rip your sleeves out (and the cuffs off) and turn them upside down, letting the fullest part come down about the wrist last year go up to the shoulder. Deeper cuffs are worn than last year, so if your cuffs can be lengthened it will make all the difference in the world in your waist. Or, if your sleeve is full enough at the top and too full at the wrist, lay the wristfulness into little box pleats, or tucks, and stitch them down flat, from three to five inches. That will give your sleeve the close, deep cuff effect, and yet give you the necessary fullness about the elbow.

If your sleeves are a bit soiled—and those huge pouches we wore last year were always dipping into undesirable places—cut off a little—about an inch will get rid of the worst—set your cuff in again, and lengthen by setting in a deep, tight pleating of soft batiste or lace, with a band of the same material as your waist or its trimming stitched down on it about half an inch from the cuff proper. The rest of the pleating will broaden out prettily into a frill about your hand.

But if you do this, touch up your collar to match. Very likely it will show signs of wear, too. Cut the top half off, and finish it off with a little batiste pleating, boning or stiffening to keep it from sinking down around your throat in ugly creases.

If you're a bodice with uniformly large sleeves, shift them in bunches of three or four rows at intervals, so as to make a series of puffs, something like a "Shakespeare sleeve." And then, if you're ribbon trimming on your bodice, tie it around the rows of shirring, letting the bows come on the outside of the sleeve.

Or sleeves with that wristfulness can be turned upside down, and shirred into puffs which will end at the elbow, and there be met by a long cuff of the material or of some soft, thin stuff. Or, shir the fullness straight down through the middle and turn the sleeve upside down, and the top will pull out on each side of the shirring like those

odd butterfly sleeves.—Indianapolis News.

Furs and Laces.

A combination of fur and lace, if rightly handled, is the most effective form of dressy street costume.

But to be really artistic and becoming, there must be some little thought put into the arrangement. Delicate lace must not be combined with coarse long-hair fur nor pure white lace with black fur, nor small patches of lace on long coats and deep capes.

And the use of lace at all should be restricted to furs to be worn for paying calls, for theatre, for afternoon receptions and teas. For morning wear, for church, for shopping, the plainer the furs are the better style.

The prettiest dressy furs, and fairly durable if treated with proper respect and kindness, are ermine, chinchilla, Japanese mink, fine baby lamb, soft-dressed broadtail and baby calf dyed black; and all these furs are really much more beautiful with the addition of creamy lace to neck, sleeves or in some beautifully designed applique form.

To actually trim furs with lace, that is, to put ruffles or insertion of lace on the fur is ineffective and inartistic. To get a good effect, the lace must be used merely as a finish. A Cavaliere frill for the sleeves, knotted about the neck with ends the full length of coat or stole, a Colonial jabot at the front of an Eton, with rich appliques embroidered on in elaborate Oriental colors—these are the smart effects shown for this season in the uses of lace garniture.

With long nap furs like sable, bear, deer, mink and squirrel, the most fashionable laces are the Irish wool crochet point d'Arabe, silk cluny, guipure, and imitation old Italian designs.

With the most delicate furs like ermine, caracul, baby calf or chinchilla, the finer point laces are used, and if you have a fine real Spanish lace, creamy with age, or a Houston necktie or even a bit of Duchess in ivory tint, you will need no other garniture to make the simplest fur coat very much grander mode.

And fur hats to match coat or tippet are more fashionable than ever. The most popular shapes are the Virot and torpedo turban; the Virot round and flat, and the torpedo, as one might suppose, with a sharp, aggressive peak at the front and decidedly narrow sides.

There are three ways of trimming these fur turbans—with a single spray of flowers, with a ruching of maline, or with a lace scarf knotted at the back in two bows and short ends. The lace decoration is the richest and most dressy, the tulie the newest and flowers the most practical.

If a fur hat is carefully selected as to its becomingness to hair and complexion—and few women realize the importance of trying on fur—and is adorned with the shade of lace or the tone of flowers that suit the wearer, there is really no millinery creation that can compare with it for richness and artistic effect. The fur some way seems to fit the hair as no other texture possibly can. It has no angles, no sharp edges, but is what the French call "carressing."

Pure white lace is not used at all on black fur or with ermine. With white hair-fur or fox or chinchilla it is not ineffective, but for all fur decoration the ivory or cream tones in lace are preferred.

On the other hand, old lace if actually soiled is very bad form indeed. And it is a bit of a puzzle to some women, who have not professional cleaners convenient, to know just what to do with their beautiful laces that are streaked or browned. Ordinary washing with soap and water is of no avail. Rubbing is out of the question and real laces should never be boiled. The best and simplest plan, and the least expensive because it cannot injure the lace, is to use warm borax water. First soak your laces for an hour in a bowl of warm water softened by a teaspoonful of borax. Then transfer them to a bowl of water that has been boiled with the same amount of borax and a little shaved castle soap, rub them very lightly in the hands, squeeze them up and down in the suds, rinse in clear warm water, and then in clear cold water made ivory color with coffee.

Squeeze the lace as dry as possible and then roll on a curtain pole or broom stick, pulling the lace out into perfect shape as you roll. When dry, it will look as though it had been in a cabinet all its life.

Gowned's "Amber Ear."

"Play the 'Amber Ear,'" said the waiter to the leader of the restaurant orchestra, while the people at nearby tables chuckled.

"You mean 'The Gondolier,'" corrected the leader, leaning over the edge of the little music balcony.

"No," persisted the waiter. "I asked her was that it, and she said 'No.' She wants you to play 'Amber Ear.'"

"You go back and ask her again," said the leader with a laugh, and he watched the waiter make his way across the room. In a moment he was back.

"I asked the lady, and she said she wanted you to play the 'Amber Ear,'" he said, with a touch of vexation. "She says you ought to know it if you're a musician!"—New York Press.

Humor of Today

Tips.
If you do not want to starve, if you wish your weight was greater, Here's a hint: To tip the waiter, You had better tip the waiter.
—New York Sun.

Grab Her.

Askington—"Quite a clever girl, isn't she?"

Sapsmith—"Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two!"

"Marry her, old fellow! Marry her, as quick as you can!"—Smart Set.

Worst Part of It at Home.

Neighbor—"How long did you stay at the club yesterday, Jones?"

Jones—"Oh, the best part of the evening."

Mrs. Jones—"Why, John; you came home in half an hour!"

Jones—"Well?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Different.

"Now, I can go into the village and come home again without getting drunk."

"Ah, meenister, but I'm sae popular!"—The Bystander.

Huckleberry Finn.

"What your nationality, pard?" asked the Baxter street bunco-steerer.

"Aa bin a Finn," replied the sailor-man.

"Then you're my huckleberry," chirruped the gleeful confidence man, as he took the jack tar into tow.—Houston Chronicle.

Too Much For Him.

Highwayman—"How much money have you got?"

Heldup—"I couldn't guess."

Highwayman—"You can't guess the amount?"

Heldup—"No."

Highwayman—"Then give it up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Distasteful.

"What sort of impression did the New York horse show make on you?"

"Why, it shocked me."

"What shocked you?"

"Coming face to face with those New York society women after seeing their lovely portraits in the New York papers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Accomplished More.

Towne—"Your wife has been telling my wife what a jewel your new cook is; says that with the same quantity of food she accomplishes twice as much as any other girl she ever had."

Brown—"So it seems; at any rate, I have twice as much dyspepsia as I used to have."—Philadelphia Press.

Not Disposed to Criticize.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that our minister is becoming somewhat recalcitrant?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied her hostess. "Josiah thinks so, but it don't seem to me that he weighs a pound more than he ought to for a man as tall as him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

All Of.

"What's the matter?" inquired As-cum. "What are you searching your pocket for?"

"I tied a knot in my handkerchief this morning," said the absentminded man, "to remind me of something I was to get for my wife. And now I can't find the handkerchief!"—Philadelphia Press.

Still In Service.

"Can't yer do a little-somethin' fer an old soldier?" whined Tired Timms.

"Well, I don't know," replied the portly citizen. "If you can show your discharge papers I may be able to do something for you."

"I hain't been discharged yet, boss," replied the hobo. "It's a soldier of fortune I am."—Pittsburg Post.

How the News Spread.

Patience—"What do you think?"

Patience—"I'm sure I don't know."

"Why, that Huggins girl was married nearly a year ago!"

"I never knew it!"

"No, nor I, either, until to-day."

"How did you find it out?"

"Why, I saw an announcement of her divorce in the papers."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Simple Truth.

Kadley—"Yes, I would really like to know what your age is."

Miss Pepprey—"Well, why don't you ask me?"

Kadley—"Oh! You wouldn't tell me the truth."

Miss Pepprey—"Oh! yes, I would."

Kadley—"Well, what is it?"

Miss Pepprey—"None of your business!"—Philadelphia Press.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A report to the Department of Commerce and Labor from Rio de Janeiro points out the warning afforded by Brazil, concerning the effects of forest denudation. Through the destruction of trees in Northern Brazil, the report says, large states have been brought to the verge of ruin. In Rio Grande do Norte and Ceara chronic droughts occur, causing famine and depopulation in regions which were once richly timbered and well watered. The Brazilians are beginning to call for the scientific replanting of their devastated forests.

The project of running a geodetic baseline between Cairo and the Cape of Good Hope calls attention to the strange hostility often shown by savage tribes to the operations of the engineers. In India it has been found that the erection of pillars and chains to mark the site of surveying stations almost inevitably attracts the attention of the tribespeople in the neighborhood, who subsequently destroy the monuments. Similar trouble is found in Africa, South America and elsewhere. For this reason it is suggested that the only way to safeguard the basal points of a great triangulation in uncivilized lands is to fix a large number of secondary points, scattered over the country, consisting of natural features which cannot be removed, and which will remain unknown to the natives.

The apparatus by which Dr. Arhur Korn, a German inventor, has succeeded in transmitting photographs about 500 miles over telegraph and telephone lines depends for its action upon the changing electric resistance of selenium under the influence of light of varying intensity. A ray of light, caused to pass systematically over the surface of a transparent film containing a photograph, falls upon a selenium cell whose electric resistance varies with the amount of light passing through different parts of the photograph. These variations are transmitted to the electric wire, and at the receiving end they vary the illumination of a small vacuum tube, which passes over a sensitized photographic paper synchronously with the ray of light moving over the film at the sending station. Thus a copy of the original photograph is produced.

That a body can acquire during the night a different temperature from that of the surrounding atmosphere has been demonstrated by Mr. Well, an English physician. If a thermometer is taken from a window, wrapped in cotton and placed on the ground, its mercury will descend seven or eight degrees. Vegetables similarly situated, and being bad conductors, may freeze at a time when the thermometer does not mark the freezing point—proof that the cold experienced by a plant may be entirely due to the temperature of the surrounding air. This low temperature of plants, however, only occurs when the night is clear, since at this time the plant sheds its heat throughout space and becomes chilled, whereas if the night is cloudy the phenomenon does not occur. This gives rise to the popular superstition that plants and buds are frozen by moonlight.

Luncheon by Suggestion.

Lots of women order their luncheons merely by force of suggestion. If you don't think so watch the wavering ones sit down, look on the card, glance at their neighbor's plate, and then order whatever the latter happens to be eating. In a crowded luncheon-room on matinee one little round table seating four women bore out this statement. Two of the women