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LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck,
Author of the "The Stone-Cutter of Lisbon," Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

Continued.

"Don't strike me, Luke Hammond—don't! I'm old enough to be your mother, you know—a poor, weak, half-mad old wretch—my children—did you know I had two?—of course not—who knows anything about me—nobody, nobody—but the dead—but my children made me what I am, Luke Hammond—"

"Curse your children!" roared he, unable to jerk his arm free without dragging the old wretch down, for Fan had grown feeble and tottering ever since she saw the falling of James Greene.

"Good—curse them for me, Luke Hammond," laughed Fan, now grasping his arm with both hands. "Curse them—how often I have cursed them—son and daughter—cursed them on land and sea, in field and town—cursed them everywhere and always! If it wa'n't for the pleasure it gives me to curse them, I'd cut my withered old throat—I would. But about my dream—I saw him—he came in a cloud—black, grand cloud—the cloud grew small and then he said something—I didn't hear it, but it meant that I was near my death—that I had been very wicked, but that I would have been pardoned if I hadn't had a hand in murder—you made me do it. He told me I was going to die, but that I should see my children and know them first. Now here's what I'm going to do—I won't go out of this house—I might meet my children—I don't want to die—I won't. I'll stay in this house and they'll never see me, and—ha! ha! I'll live forever—live forever!"

With a howl of rage and terror Hammond darted away, and pale, panting, breathless, sank into his library chair, exclaiming, in a voice of horror:

"There is no doubt of it! That old hag is my mother!"

Then placing the brandy decanter to his parched and quivering lips, he drank long and greedily.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he drew a long breath, "this business over, and once more rich, I will fly where no one of my kindred shall ever meet me—no, not even Nancy Harker. I must see her."

He pulled the bell-cord and shouted through the tube.

"Mrs. Harker! Come! Important! How is Catharine?"

The answer came after a pause:

"Bad! delirious."

"Delirious!" said Hammond, and he shouted back: "Stay! I will come to you."

He drank again from the decanter, and departed, saying:

"Delirious! I expected it. I will let Henry Elgin see her thus. The sight may move his heart to my wishes."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PHANTOM-NAME!

Hammond hurried to the white and gold chamber.

He found Kate Elgin pacing the floor with rapid steps, and Nancy Harker watching her as a cat watches a mouse.

Hammond saw by the wildness of Kate's countenance, her feverish look and unnatural agitation that she was not conscious of her actions.

"Are you ill, Miss Elgin?" he asked.

Kate glanced toward him as he spoke, and the sound of his voice seemed to curdle her blood, for she grew pale and shivered as if with cold.

"I thought I heard his voice," said Kate.

"Whose voice, Miss Elgin?"

"Luke Hammond's voice,' said Kate, with a vacant look and leaning against the wall.

"I am Luke Hammond," said he.

"You! Ah, no! Luke Hammond is not a man, he is a devil. Who are you! Have you seen James Greene? I am to meet him at seven—is it seven?"

Poor Kate continued to talk in wild delirium, sometimes walking, sometimes leaning against the wall.

"Why do you not persuade her to lie down? Why did you let her rise?" demanded Luke.

"If I go near her," said Nancy, "she screams and seems about to fall into convulsions. She was sleeping nicely a time back, when some one rushed through the hall—you, I think—making a great to-do, and she awoke as you see—out of her head. She got right up, and will not lie down. It is nothing serious. You needn't look so grave. It won't last very long, and will end in a fit of tears."

"You are sure of that?" asked Hammond, and after a few moments of keen observation of Kate's appearance he added: "You are right, Nancy. A good flood of tears will relieve her. Where's Fan?"

He turned around and started as he saw the old creature squatted in the doorway, eyeing him and his sister with a sharper gaze than he had ever seen in those twisted orbs before.

"I am here, Luke Hammond," said Fan, not moving, but rolling her eyes from him to Nancy, and from Nancy to him unceasingly, "I am thinking—thinking—"

"A plague take your thoughts!" said Hammond. "Get up and go tell Daniel to roll Henry Elgin's bed hither. Go, old simpleton."

"Yes, I will," said Fan, crawling up the side of the door until on her feet. "You don't know how weak and shaky I am now. Yesterday—why this morning I lifted the big tub of water easier than I can a cupful now. But I was thinking, you know what a pair of gay fiends you two be—you and Mrs. Harker—gay fiends! You ought to be kin—close kin—you look alike about the eyes and mouth—hard, cruel—"

"Silence?" said Luke, fiercely. "Go do as I ordered."

"Yes, yes—more devil'ry," said Fan, turning away, and muttering as she passed through the ante-chamber into the hall, "Two gay devils! Devil burn me if you ain't the gayest pair I ever knew—but one pair—my boy and girl—they were a pair—gay fiends—gay!"

"Nancy," said Luke, looking at his sister, half stupefied, "what are you thinking about?"

"About Fan," said Nancy.

"You must not do it, Nancy Harker," said Luke. "We are uneasy enough now in suspecting—we would be miserable in knowing."

"Luke," said Nancy, sternly, "you do know it, or believe it. She let slip that there were twelve letters in the name of some one whom she loved. It may be only a coincidence, but taken with other things, it looks like — fatality. See."

Nancy Harker stooped and wrote with red chalk upon the white matting this name:

NICHOLAS DUNN.

"That is a name, Luke, that you and I have not spoken aloud for years—the name of our father. Count the letters."

"Twelve!" said Hammond, uneasily. "But it is nothing more than a coincidence. Let the matter alone, Nancy."

"Suppose she, old Fan, is as we think," said Nancy."

"But she is not, confound your curiosity," said Hammond. "She is not—she shall not be."

"Luke," said Nancy, speaking very low, although poor Kate seemed far from understanding or listening. "Luke, if it should be true that Fan was the wife of the man whose name I have written there, and whose children we are, and she should discover the truth!"

Hammond turned deadly pale.

"Luke," continued Nancy, "she would avenge the death of her husband as sure as you are standing trembling there!"

"Trembling! Do I tremble? So do you," said Hammond.

"I do—I know it," said Nancy. "I tremble for two reasons. First, because in Fan, as we call her, we may find an enemy no less ferociously vindictive than Harriet Foss. Besides, Fan is half crazy, and her vengeance, hate or whatever feeling may urge her to our destruction if she finds out who we are, and if she is the person we think she is, urge her to our destruction with means which would be all the more dangerous to us because she will not pause to sacrifice her own life in her fury."

"She may have a feeling—the feeling of a mother, Nancy, for her offspring."

"Our mother," said Nncy, "never loved us. She was devoted to her husband alone—you know it. Her soul was with him. Was it our desertion that made our mother a lunatic? No, our desertion killed our father, and that crazed our mother."

"Well, let's hear the other reason for your trembling."

"If Fan is our mother," said Nancy, "she is a deadly enemy. How do we deal with deadly enemies?"

"But if it comes to a question of her life or our death, Nancy, what then?"

"It must not come to that," said Nancy. "That would be horrible. We must get rid of her—send her away—not harm her."

"Too late," said Hammond, clenching his fists; "too late, Nancy."

"Why too late, Luke? Is it ever too late to prevent a crime, which we fear we may be forced to perpetrate for our own preservation?"

"Yes, it is too late," continued Luke. "Fan is not the same woman she was. I intended that she should perish with James Greene, but her cunning baffled me. Since then she thinks she must tell of the scene to all who know nothing of it. That desire is increasing in her heart. If we send her away she might tell of the affairs of Luke Hammond, and then—ruin to us! Besides, we should need another in her place, and already we have too many accomplices. Let that name that you have written remain upon the floor. Watch Fan when she reads it."

"She will not understand it," said Nancy; "she has often told me she has forgotten how to write and read."

"She may have been lying."

"If so," said Nancy, "seeing that name there she will connect it with our presence here, suspect and leap to a conclusion at once."

"You talk as if she was in the full swing and sway of her reason. You forget she is half crazy, and though 'tis said crazy people are extremely cunning, they cannot reason, or, if they do, not long in a single, connected train of argument. Besides, if she asks of it we are not to see it—let her think it a vision of her own."

"And if she proves to be our mother?"

"Proof is impossible. We can only conclude, imagine, suppose, unless she avows that she is Ellen Elizabeth, once the wife of—"

He pointed at the name written on the white matting in blood red lines.

"And then, Luke?"

"And then—and then—well, we will talk about that afterwards," said Luke, placing a piece of gold in the centre of the great D of the name.

"Why put that money there?"

"That she may find the name and not be told to look for it," said Hammond, with a grim smile of cunning. "Old Fan can smell gold as a rat smells cheese."

"You are lavish with your money."

"My money!" laughed Luke. "Henry Elgin's money, and I use it to gain the whole!"

Here Kate Elgin advanced and said in a plaintive voice:

"Please tell me if James Greene has called. I am sick and cannot meet him. When he comes let me see him."

"Certainly," said Hammond. "Would you like to see your father?"

"He is in heaven, with my mother," said poor Kate. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know me, Catharine? I am your uncle, Luke Hammond."

"You're a man, are you not, sir?" asked Kate, but combing her long curls with her fingers, and looking at the celling.

"Yes, I am a man."

"Then you are not Luke Hammond, for he is a serpent!" screamed Kate, fiercely, and again pacing the room.

"She is quite crazy just now," remarked Nancy.

"So much the better," said Hammond. "But I hear Daniel rolling Henry Elgin hither. Remember that I cannot have my eye on old Fan; watch her yourself."

"I will," said Nancy, as Daniel rolled the invalid's bed before the door of the ante-chamber.

Henry Elgin was lying upon it with an expression of scornful apathy upon his pale and wasted features, but when his bed was halted so that his eyes could sweep through the ante-chamber into the white and gold, and as he saw his beloved child sitting in a chair facing him he utter a cry of mingled joy and anguish.

"Kate; my darling! dear daughter!" said he, as Hammond held a lamp near Kate Elgin's face to show the father the beloved features, all wan, worn and wasted. She raised her eyes to his for a second only, then said to Hammond, but looking at old Fan, who stood behind her father:

"I thought you were leading James Greene to me."

Old Fan shuddered, and looked behind her, as if she expected to see James Greene rushing at her from the deep, dark well.

"Merciful powers!" cried Elgin, "my child does not know me! She is mad!"

Kate began to sing a sad and mournful song, but laughed wildly ere she finished, and said:

"This is too sad for a bride to sing."

"Luke Hammond!" cried Elgin, raising himself upon his elbow, "may heaven blast your soul for this work!"

"Henry Elgin," said Hammond, "blame your own obstinacy. You are the cause of this, and I tell you that until you obey my desires Catharine Elgin shall suffer."

"Oh, merciful heaven!" groaned the unhappy father, "take me — let Thy wrath fall upon my head—the sins of my youth merit Thy punishment—but spare my child!"

"Of what use are your prayers?" sneered Luke. "Your own hand can end all this punishment you speak of."

"I pray you let me embrace my child," said Henry Elgin.

His voice, so sad, low and mournful, seemed to touch some chord of remembrance in poor Kate's mind, for she suddenly burst into tears.

Hammond hesitated, for old Fan was creeping into the white and gold apartment, and he longed to watch her. He glanced towards Nancy Harker.

Nancy sat near the bed, her hand hiding her eyes, but Luke knew those eyes were riveted upon the movements and features of old Fan.

"I pray you to suffer me to embrace my child," repeated Elgin.

Hammond took Kate by the hand and led her towards her father.

"Daniel," said Hammond, fearing the scene might soften even the stony heart of his accomplice, "go to my library—here is the key—get writing materials ready, and when I call for them bring them hither."

Daniel nodded, took the key and departed. Hammond had made a good selection of a villain, for Daniel's heart was as hard as his own.

"My child, my Katy—my poor girl!" said Elgin, taking the cold, damp hand of his daughter in his own and pressing it to his lips, "do you not recognize your beloved father?"

Kate seemed deaf, blind and dumb to all around her. She shed many tears, but her eyes were fixed upon vacancy.

"She does not know you," said Luke. "Blame yourself, Henry Elgin."

"Liar! Monster!" said Elgin.

He gazed with tearful eyes upon his child, who stood passively by the bed, while Luke Hammond turned his head aside to watch old Fan.

Fan had reached the doorway of the white and gold chamber, had crouched down near the door.

Suddenly she spied the coin on the floor, laughed gleefully, and reached her hand forth to pick it up. As suddenly, and with a sharp cry, she started back and stood as erect as she could.

Luke moved from the doorway of the hall eager to watch.

To be continued.

Drag in Making Dirt Roads.

By the word "drag" we do not mean a harrow, but an implement such as that used by Mr. King in illustrating his lectures, in connection with the Northwestern good roads train, on the subject of how to make good roads out of just dirt, or any other kind of dirt except sand. Those drags are sometimes made after the arrival of the car with the split log, sometimes from plank of either hard or soft wood. Anybody can make the drag, and the boy is likely to make a better drag than his father.

The question we discuss now is definitely and specifically how to use it. Make your drag at once so it will be ready. After the first rain hitch on to your drag so as to give it an angle of about forty-five degrees and go down one wheel track. The best way is to go from your own front gate to the next neighbor's front gate on the way to town, then turn around and come back on the other track, smoothing down the rough places, filling up the ruts, and throwing a little dirt to the centre of the road. It is better to have the ground quite muddy and slushy the first time. (Two horses may not be able to pull the drag if it is a heavy one, so if necessary, put on the four-horse evener and hitch up four.) Then stop. You will have made a smooth passageway some twelve or fourteen feet wide, a little higher in the middle than at the sides, which will shed water fairly well. Then when it dries off partially, put on your two horses and go over it again— perhaps that afternoon or the next day—then wait until after the next rain, and when it is drying off (a little experience will show you just when it is right) do it again. Passing teams in the meantime will have puddled the earth and made it so that it is partially impervious to water. Teams will not be obliged for comfort to follow one track. There will be no ruts for them to follow and you will find that they will beat down and compact the whole of this twelve or fourteen feet. Then wait until after the next rain, and do it again, always throwing a little dirt to the middle of the road and gradually grading it up and filling up any holes or other unevenness.

This is a very simple method—so simple that you will not believe in it until you try it. You will wonder that you did not think of this long ago; that it never occurred to you that the tougher the mud the better the road it will make. If you want to get your road a little wider, wait until the next rain and plow a very shallow furrow down one side and up the other, then take your drag and move this into the middle of the road and still further build it up.

Now, if every reader of Wallace's Farmer will make the drag and go at it as above stated, he will do more toward making good roads in the neighborhood than has been done by the road supervisors in the last ten years, and do it with very little expense. Is it not worth while taking all this trouble to have a piece of good road in front of your farm? Is it not worth while to set an example to your neighbors between you and town so that they will be ashamed of themselves if they do not follow it, and thus have good roads to town during the greater portion of the year?

A road treated in this way will shed water off into the ditch. Water always seeks the easiest way toward the centre of the earth, and finds it is a good deal easier to slide off into the ditch than it is to get down through, especially through puddled and almost waterproof earth.

It is then up to you to get it out of the ditch. This can be done only by drainage, either natural or artificial. Bear in mind that the drag will not take water out of the ditch. Bear in mind that it will not work on a road-bed of pure sand because sand will not stick together. If, however, you can drag a good soil out of the ditch and mix it with the sand, it will make a very decent road. Neither will the drag work in a mire hole where water stands during the summer season. You will have a culvert for that, or otherwise drain it out.

Do not understand us to say that this drag is a paneaca for all the ills of bad roads. It will simply make, if properly used, a good road out of a very bad earth road. A good road must be hard and smooth and oval—all three at the same time. The drag will make it smooth and in time make it oval. The tramping of the horses on earth which has any considerable percentage of clay in it will in time make it hard.

Bear in mind further that you cannot make a first class road by dragging the first time, the second time, nor the third. It will, however, make it a little better every time. It will be better the second time than the first, the fifth than the second, and the tenth than the fifth.—Wallace's Farmer.

Coming Snares.

Most men like women in quite plain simple clothes. I suppose, on the whole, says a writer in the London World, more conquests have been made by girls in simple white frocks than have even been made by those in elaborate confections; and a garden hat well managed, however old it may be, or, better still, the sunbonnet, which is said to be coming back to favor, can be made a most dangerous snare.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS.

Opportunities For Self-Betterment in Our Prisons.

The man behind the bars, as well as the man behind the gun, has a great deal depending upon his position, but more depends upon his aim. It is his business to get into action against what is in front of him, not to worry over what has passed. What is before is living; what is gone is already dying.

The press of the country foresees what the people want to read, and, like skilled physicians, anticipates the "longings" of its patients. In metropolitan journals, just now, tales of prison experiences have some fashion. Truth matures slowly, and has to be "aged" and colored a bit to suit the demands of the up-to-the-hour reader. Clever pictures of men with striped suits and cropped heads, moving in line like an enormous centipede, carrying cell-buckets in one hand and dinner plates in the other, marching from noisome cells to degrading work, targets for brutality and curses, intimidated, cruel punishments and despair—all this, no doubt, is interesting, and only a few are sufficiently informed to identify it as fiction and not as record; to know that none of these things now exist in any good prison. Morbid curiosity is everywhere. Some have the idea that a prison is a living grave of crime, and would have the walls made transparent so they can see the worms gnaw.

Prison walls do not enclose the Happy Valley of Rasselas, they are needed more to retain those within than exclude those without. Strict discipline, steady work, plain food, and no friends, make a life of Wagnerian simplicity devoid of the luxury of being able to talk about it; and yet it is not degrading. No more abrupt surprise ever faces a thinking man who finds himself in a prison, than the discovery that he is in a place where he can start right in and do something for himself, and that he has only to behave himself to be well treated.

Connecticut is quick at figures. She knows that approximately 125 men leave her prison every year. Each man is just so much floating, productive capital of either vice or good. Her returns from it are sure. She will have a stated income in kind; the difference between a man who does a thousand dollars' worth of damage and the man who does a thousand dollars' worth of honest work is just twice that sum. The aggregate is enormous. The State sees the point; and for this reason, and because the law of humanity is part of the law of Connecticut, and because the career of some men is determined by their treatment while ino prison, she is modifying her prison conditions.

Behavior while in prison is not the sole index of fitness for release; knowledge of what a man is, not a record of what for a short time he has done, must decide. That knowledge can be gained only by continual observation.

To some, it is far less bitter to suffer punishment than to deserve it. Some want only time to forget and opportunity to make amends. Others want time to be forgotten and opportunities for new offenses. Immigrants often import those home habits which require long reflection in suitable surroundings to eradicate.—Monthly Record, Wethersfield Prison.

People and Their Weight.

"I believe that nearly everybody is sensitive about his weight," said a cigar dealer on Walnut street who has a penny weighing machine out in front of his place of business yesterday. "The thin people think they do not weigh enough and the fat people think they weigh too much. I have a lot of fun watching people who use that weighing machine. Usually before a person drops in his penny he will make sure that no one is near enough to read the figures on the dial. If anybody approaches before the hand has stopped a sensitive person will sometimes get off the scale. Women are more sensitive about their weight than men. Few women will weigh themselves while anybody is looking. They seem to guard their weight as closely as they do their ages. Here's a little advice: If you want to be popular with thin women exaggerate when guessing their weight. If you would have fat women like you guess below what you think they weigh."—Kansas City Times.

Diamond Production.

Everybody knows that the productivity of the diamond mines of South Africa is, comparatively speaking, enormous. The output of the Kimberley and De Beers mines is restricted to 200,000 carats a month, but statistics published by De Launay show that by June, 1896, India had produced, as far as was known, 10,000,000 carats, Brazil 12,000,000 carats and South Africa (in less than thirty years) 57,000,000 carats, or more than twice the other two places—indeed, than all others—put together. He estimated, then, that all the diamonds in the world would form, if uncut and packed tight, a cube measuring forty-five metres (just fourteen feet nine inches) each way, and be worth about £108,000,000 sterling!—Cornhill Magazine.

The Russian Admiral's Name.

A correspondent writes: "As there has been a controversy in the Times about the pronunciation of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's name, which is said to present such insuperable difficulties to Englishmen, perhaps I may mention that the difficulty is not so very great, after all. The accent lies on the second syllable. The name is pronounced Rush-dest-vensky. The nickname shortening it into 'Roj.' (abbreviations like 'Pam.' for Palmerston, 'Dizzy' for Disraeli, etc., being so dear to Englishmen) is certainly wrong. It could at most be 'Rosch.'"—London Pall Mall Gazette.

Woman's Realm

Marry Not Too Young.

An ancient writer gives this excellent advice on matrimony to those who contemplate it. It is so pithy, so all wise, that modern maids might well appreciate it:

"Marry not too young. Let thy liking ripen before thy love, let thy love advise before you choose, and let thy choice be fixed before you marry. Remember that the whole happiness or unhappiness of thy life depends upon this one act. Remember nothing but death can dissolve this knot, and he that he repents of his own act either is or was a fool by confession."

Not Used For Mourning.

For women in mourning there are no prettier blouses than black silk net, built over China silk. These have pleats held down with black feather stitching, ending in padded crow's feet. There is a small, transparent yoke of the net and stock to match, and the sleeves are laid in pleats to fit the arm from wrist to shoulder.

While messaline is beautiful, and has been widely advocated, it is not always a wise choice, because it wrinkles so badly. It will stand formal wear without a coat, but for skirts it is a failure.

Taffeta shows no signs of revival for a separate shirt waist. Of course, one sees plenty of taffeta shirt waists, but they are not in first style unless worn with a skirt to match. They are sold cheaper than ever for that reason; they are too warm for summer, because they must be lined, and they are not durable because the moisture makes the silk crack.—Indianapolis News.

Wedding Gowns.

The princesse model is always a favorite one to choose, and, now that it is in fashion to have the front of the waist draped, it is far more becoming. No trimming is necessary on either silk or satin—that is, on the skirt—while a lace yoke and dainty, cobwebby lace ruffles on the sleeves are all-sufficient. If a more elaborate effect is desired, then an embroidered design worked out in silk with seedpearls or rhinestones is effective on a wide band around the hem of the skirt, but somehow the plain, rather severe style that relies only upon the beauty of the material and the graceful folds seems smarter and more attractive.

Pleated white chiffon wedding gowns are charmingly soft in effect, and for a wedding there can be nothing daintier, while the same gown covered with flounces of lace is exquisitely soft in effect and finish. Sheer white organdie and silk mull are used also for seasonable wedding gowns with most satisfactory results. In fact, almost any white material is thought possible.—Harper's Bazar.

A Remarkable Woman.

Recent English newspapers record the death in her ninety-first year, at Coventry, of Mrs. Charles Bray, a remarkable woman in more ways than one. In literature she achieved a considerable measure of success with her "Physiology and the Laws of Health," "The British Empire: A Sketch of the Geography, Growth, etc., of the United Kingdom," "Our Duty to Animals," "The Elements of Morality," and three short stories—"Richard Barton," "Paul Bradley" and "Little Mop." Moreover, she was a pioneer worker in the cause of the prevention of cruelty to animals, and was the founder of a society for that purpose in Coventry. Socially she enjoyed for many years the reputation of being one of the most fascinating hostesses of her time. But she will be remembered chiefly, perhaps, for her close intimacy with George Eliot—an intimacy shared by her husband and her sister, Sarah Hennell—which was maintained for forty years. The writer of "Adam Bede" used to say that Mrs. Bray was the most guileless woman soul with whom she had ever been brought into contact.—New York Evening Post.

Our Children.

The growing number of children with a tendency to curvature of the spine is attributed by Dr. Luther H. Gulick, director of physical training in the New York public schools, to the constant carrying of heavy books to and from school.

The trouble usually begins in the seventh grade, when the average number of books carried home for study is four, with a weight of five or six pounds. These are ordinarily carried on the left arm by sixty-three per cent. of both boys and girls, with the result that the carriage of the body is bent to one side, in direct proportion to weight of books carried.

The children most likely to be affected by this custom are those of weak musculation; the proud, ambitious nervous girl being specially susceptible. To counteract this unfortunate tendency Dr. Gulick advises that children be taught and watched to see that they carry books on each side alternately, or else to follow the practice of European schools, where pupils carry their books home in a modified form of knapsacks, the weight of which rests on the back.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Thrifty Girl's Tact.

When once a girl of limited income realizes what great variety may be given to her one or two evening gowns by the use of artificial flowers as trimmings she will straightway get the credit among her friends of having more frocks than is really the case. For, by having detachable flower decorations and several sets of them, extraordinary variety is arrived at. Moreover, now that flowers are so much in vogue as a trimming, this economical arrangement is especially happy.

The flowers themselves need not be expensive at all, for they are always to be found upon bargain tables in the big shops, and it is a good thing to be on the lookout for them. Do not wait until you need a set, but buy it when you see something pretty and cheap.

To tell precisely how to handle the flowers for a frock is impossible beyond giving a few general hints. The line should always be graceful, and if the neck has hollows it is quite possible to so arrange the blossoms of foliage that the bones shall be concealed. This is best done by putting on the frock and pinning on the flowers before sewing them; indeed, the trimming will never be so successful if it is put on with the frock on a dummy.

Whatever color is used, a certain amount of foliage should be introduced. The green breaks the sameness of the general color, and is in itself pretty.

Advice to Would-Be Stenographers.

I called on the principal of a most flourishing business school. I wanted a stenographer for some special work.

"I could not recommend one girl on our list to-day. Not that these girls are incompetent stenographers," he added, hastily, "but I know that for general dictation like yours they lack the knowlege of English."

"Then what are they fitted for?"

"Oh, they take what we call cheap positions, for five or six dollars a week. They learn by experience. At first they are given copying and unimportant dictation. If they are under the right sort of man or woman, some one who is patient, they gradually acquire a knowledge of their own language, or at least as much of it as bears on their employer's business. The great trouble is that girls try to build a knowledge of stenography on wabbly foundations of English. After having wasted their time in the public schools, they expect us to make up all their deficiencies while teaching them stenography. Girls are pushed into business at too early an age. They should have at least one year in the high school before studying stenography."—Woman's Home Companion.

Quaint Effect in Gowns.

All things make for the quaint effect, and unless there is a decided change in fabrics and modes the picturesque will still reign in the summer fashions. While the costume de style is unquestionably the sartorial privilege of the rich woman, she who has a more limited dress allowance may avail herself of certain odd touches in gown or accessories which will carry her some distance from the tailor-made.

Among the high-priced fabrics which lend themselves readily to these quaint effects may be mentioned the fancy velvets and brocades, stiff enough to stand alone. Very quaint and old-fashioned are the striped velvets, in which velvets and a corded silk alternate. These are offered in all the popular dahlia shades, and for the stately dowager there comes the most beautiful amethyst.

Brocades come in self-tone and the most violent contrasts, including realistic flowers on white cream or very pale tinted ground. A variant of the brocade is a very wide silk, woven in imitation of pompadour ribbon. Plain silks continue to gain in luster, but the old, stiff satins have given place to a more supple weave. Faille, which has not been seen on the market for many years, is given in evidence, but in a more soft and lustrous guise.—Newark Advertiser.

The sleeves of the boleros are practically all short, and many of them are draped.

Two styles in street suits are available; the short, loose box coat, and the redingote.

There are tight fitting, three-quarter coats. It would seem as though all figures were provided for.

An old pink chiffon cloth gown had a skirt with a centre seam, on either side of which was an inverted pleat.

The boleros are the slightest little affairs, many of them hardly more than capes, and the effects are all loose and informal.

The blouses worn with these suits may be of taffeta or some other silk of a matching color, or thin white silk, linen or lawn.

A pretty example of a short waist suit was seen in a yellow and cream-colored taffeta, with a brown hair stripe through it.

An example of the cape-like boleros was seen in an almond-green voile, made with a princess skirt, pin-tucked all around at the hips.

The lingerie waist of lawn or handkerchief linen will doubtless be the favorite, the short sleeves giving a chance for the lace-trimmed blouse sleeves to show to advantage.