By Willis Emery

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ROMONONONONONONONONONONONONON ISS HELENA SARGENT possessed an artistic nature which made it easy for her to full in love, but she had had a rigid New England "bringing up." which made it painful for her to reflect that she and fallen in love with a man whom she had known only a week.

She had come to the city to study art. her heart full of ambitions and her cars ringing with wholesome warnings, and she had fallen in love when scarcely across the frontier of Robemia. She had permitted Mr. Charles Lamoine to whisper tender words into her ear, and, though she couldn't remember what she herself had said, she felt sure that It must have been weak and silly.

That was last evening, and now she was actually going to this young man's studio to face him in broad daylight. She blushed at the thought, but wild horses couldn't have held her from

The studio of Mr. Lamoine was in the Corot building, which, from its name and the color of the bricks in its wall, is generally known in Bohemia as the Carrot. When Miss Sar-

gent entered from the street, she encountered the janitor, whose name is Jim, and it was with considerable embarrassment that she inquired for Mr. Lamoine, There was a rack with electric buttons in the little office, and Jim was on the point of pressing one of them when he He whispered suddenly remembered



tender words. having seen Mr. Lamoine go out about

five minutes ago. Give Jim time enough, and he will always remember. It may be an hour or n week too late, but he never forgets. That is his boast upon those frequent necessions when the Bohemians of the Carrot becate him for getting them into acrapes.

"I never forget," he will say solemn-"A thing may slip my mind for a in." few minutes, but some time, some

And he will finish the sentence with a very impressive and self satisfied

Miss Sargent was surprised and grieved to learn that Mr. Lamoine had gone out when he should have been expecting her and that he had left no word.

"I understood," said she, "that some of his friends-both ladies and gentlemen, of course-were to be in his studio

Jim did not reply. There was a faraway look in his eyes. He seemed not to be interested.

"I think I will leave a note for him," she continued when it became evident that there was no party in the not to be shown up there.

"Yes'm," said Jim, as card. one in a trance.

Miss Sargent sat down by the desk in the office and wrote upon one of her cards: "I understood that you were to be in at this hour. It seems that I have made a mistake."

She had an impulse to underscore the last word, so that he might know that the mistake was not in the hour, but in her permitting the gentleman to whisper tales of love on the previous evening when he had escorted her home from a musicale, or, in the language of the Carrot, a "howl," in Walter Farnsworth's rooms.

"Please put this in Mr. Lamoine's studio," she said, giving the card to Jim.

The janitor took the card and thrust it into a side pocket of his jacket, Then he started as if some one had stuck a pin into him and began to nod his head like a restless horse. This is a sign with Jim that he has rememberedisomething, but Miss Sargent was not aware of it, for she had been only a

few weeks in Bohemia and was just beginning to get acquainted with the provinces and personages of that country.

Jim had remembered that another young lady had called a few minutes before and had given him a note on a card to be put in Mr. Farns-

worth's rooms. The act She wrote of putting the card into, upon one of his pocket reminded her cards. upon one of him, for that was just what he had

omonomomomomomomomomomom she came face to face with Mr. La. faultor must have given her card to moine.

> The gentleman bad just been to a barber's shop, and his checks were barber for four or live days in succession. It was characteristic of Bohemic and of Lamoine individually that he should get himself shaved on the morn- really meant for himself. ing after a social gathering, and not before that event.

On this occasion he looked very trim and bandsome, but he did not seem to appreciate the seriousness of the situation, and Helena was doubly offended with him. He was a young man who on the previous evening had pledged her his sacred honor as readily as he would have pawned his watch (and

that's as readily as words can say), and yet he bade her good morning as if nothing had happened. His manner was frank, hearty and boyish. It was so hard to be angry with him!

"Why didn't you wait for me?" he demanded. "I had to go out, and I studio. He bade her told Jim to let you into good mornthe studio. I thought

von wouldn't mind waiting there just a few minutes. I left word that it was a very important matter that had called me away."

As a matter of fact, he was going to borrow \$10.

"The janitor gave me no message," said Miss Sargent coldly. Lamoine raised both his clinched

hands above his head. "I'll break Jim's back!" he cried. "Often have I forgiven him, but this time he dies. Now please take my key

"But I thought other ladies were to be there," she objected. "I did not know you asked me alone."

"They may not have come yet," replied Lamoine glibly. "And, anyhow, it doesn't make the slightest difference. There's not a reason on this earth why you can't come to my studio."

And he proceeded to adduce the most unanswerable arguments with such elo-

quence that within five minutes the pretty little Puritan was tripping merrily toward the Carrot, with the latchkey clasped in Ler fingers. just remember,"

and let yourself in"

said Jim as she entered the building, "that Mr. Lamoine wanted you to wait. Anyway, he wanted somebody to wait, "I have the and I guess it was you.

I'm glad you came back. I'll let you

"I have the key," replied Helena as she stepped into the elevator. "I met Mr. Lamoine upon the street.'

It was not the first time that Helena had been in Lamoine's studio, but on the previous occasions there had been half a dozen people present, and she had really not had a chance to look around.

It was an elegant and an interesting apartment, but her inspection of it lasted only about a minute, for she found rself standing by the writing table and reading-without in the least meaning to do so-this, upon a dainty card: "Thursday, 11:30. I can't wait for you now. Come to Tessa's at half past 12. Don't fail. G. W."

It was the merest chance that she should recognize the writing of Miss Grace Withington, with whom she had the slightest possible acquaintance, but studio and that she was she had seen a page of the young lady's

manuscript from a story that Lamoine was illustrating.

"So this is the 'very important matter!" "said Helena. "And he expects me to wait here while he lunches with another girl. That's where he was going when I met him. This

She began to is perfectly funny!" And she began to cry. This was but momentary, however. A few minutes later, when she appeared in the lower hall, she did not look in the least like a young lady who had

been shedding tears. A messenger boy was just coming in with a note for one of the tenants. It struck Helena as a good idea to question this youth in order to find out whether Lamoine had really been going toward Tessa's when she had met him. She had heard of the restaurant as a favorite with Bohemians, but she did

not know where it was, "One block this way and two blocks that way," replied the boy to her question. And he indicated the directions

with his grimy hand. The evidence convicted Lamoine. Helena glanced at her watch. It was

12:35. "I'd like to go over there to lunch,"

she said to herself. "I wish I could meet some swell fellow

who would take me." This seemed like an unreasonable request. but she was not more than fifty yards from the building when she heard her name called.



him, for that was just what he had done with the other. When Miss Sargent hid come, taithful Jim ferried and, turning, she saw Walter Farnsworth hurbingelf up stairs in the elevator and put the cards into the rooms. He put "lo have just found "Cas block Join Sargent's card upon Mr. Farns worth a plane and Miss Grace Withing to have just found "Cas block this way." Is the worst possible thing to say, but I must confess that I had forgotten that able. The reason that he got them sized up was because he was Jim him farrent walked away from the larget feeling very much have. It was not it had so much to do last riding that Mr. Lamoine was a trilier of the composition of the state of the engagement.

Farnsworth instead of putting it into Lamoine's room, but it never occurred to her to suspect a similar error in the smooth and glowing. A razor always matter of Miss Withington's note. Her improved his appearance very much. mind performed a few rapid operations. but he had a habit of neglecting the In view of Lamoine's base perfidy she did not wish to tell Farnsworth the true facts. Perhaps it would be better to let him fancy that the message was

"It's of no consequence," she said. "I ran in just for a minute. I'm going to luncheon now."

"Let's go to Tessa's," said Farnsworth.

He was feeling sore because Miss Withington had broken an engagement with him, as he supposed, thanks to Jim, and he was glad to meet a pretty girl who would take the loneliness out of him and restore his self esteem by making the casual observer turn a: envious eye. The arrangement suited Helena like a special providence, for Farnsworth, the tenor, was eminently a swell young man to look at. So they strolled toward Tessa's, but upon the way they stopped at a piano man's, where Farnsworth made an elaborate complaint about the instrument in his

Meanwhile Lamoine found the \$10 which he needed and hurried back to the Carrot.

"Is Miss Sargent up in the studio?" he asked of Jim, whom he met in the

hall "No," said Jim. "She's gone out. I



guess she's gone to Tessa's. I heard her ask a messenger boy where it was. I guess you'll find ber and Mr. Farnsworthoverthere. "Her and Farus worth!" repeated Lamoine. "Well, I like

think so?" He made an But Jim was busy complaint. remembering some thing and made no reply.

"That man Farnsworth," said Lamoine as he took his way toward Tessa's, "ueeds correction. He is getting to be a pig."

When he reached the Bohemian restaurant, be met Miss Withington at the door. It happened that the young lady had no money, a circumstance of small consequence in Bohemia when one is invited to luncheon, but of pressing importance when the inviter fails to appear.

"Come in and lunch with me," cried Lamoine, delighted at this meeting. "I've got \$10, and we can spend it all If we want to."

Miss Withington laughed, for the regular luncheon costs 50 cents at Tessa's. But she accepted the invitation with avidity, hoping devoutly that Farnsworth would appear and find her in the company of the handsome and elegant

They had no sooner taken their seats in the restaurant than Farnsworth and Helena appeared. Here was the great

dramatic climax. You will perceive, gentle render, that everybody's suspicions were instantly confirmed. Everybody was false to everybody else—palpably false. There could be no other explanation of the obvious, visible facts.



Here was n Why, then, did not

this masterpiece of Janitor Jim's peculiar genius suffice to separate forever two pairs of loving hearts? Because in Bohemia everything is funny. To Helena the affair was a tragedy. Heart and conscience ached at the sight of Lamoine. She would never have spoken to him again ing. Even the waiter laughed, though he didn't know why.

"Come over here, you two!" cried Lamoine, and Farnsworth took Helena by the arm and led her over. Then they laughed some more, and presently Helena found herself seated beside Lamoine, lunching with him, the traitor. For a few minutes she felt worse about that than about letting him kiss ber hand on the previous evening, but she couldn't be cross in such cheerful com-

pany. Explanations began to fall in, and by the time that Tessa served the fried cat and the salad it was as clear as clear can be that nobody had ever been false to anybody for one single instant and that even Jim, the janitor, was a good fellow if one didn't expect too much of him.

Cleveland and the Porter.

Colonel A. B. Andrews, first president of the Southern railway, once lent his private car to Grover Cleveland to go on one of his periodical duck hunts. Colonel Andrews took great care to say "Mr. President" every time he addressed the Hon. Grover, and by the time the ex-president got into the car the negro had it down fine. "Walk in, Mr. President," was the first remark. "Have a seat, Mr. President," was the next. "Dinner is served Mr. President." was the third, "I will show you to your stateroom, Mr. President," followed. "This is Colonel Andrews' private room, Mr. President," said the porter.
"Nobody uses this room but Colonel
Andrews, Mr. President," said the negro in a patronizing way.

Mr. Cleveland, to humor him, per-haps, said, "Who in thunder is Colonel Andrews?" "You don't know Colonel Andrews?

said the porter.
"No. Who is he?" repiled Mr. Cler-

The negro collapsed, and during the



No. 100,-Triangle, 1. Art of public speaking. 2. To date again. 3. To receive as true. 4. Belongs to a horse. 5. Three-sevenths of

Ottoman. 6. One-half of read. 7. A No. 110.-Double Dockings.

tail a supplication and leave always. Auswer: Pr-aye-r.] 1. Doubly behead and curtail fixed

[Example: Doubly behead and cur-

and leave a unit. 2. Doubly behead and curtail a near

relative and leave a common article. 3. Doubly behead and curtail certain books to hold photographs and leave a bumming noise. 4. Doubly behead and curtail one who

5. Doubly behead and curtail aromat-

c flavorings and leave a cold sub-6. Doubly behead and curtail a near

carries and leave a common verb.

relative and leave a common word. When the six remaining little words are rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a place where many go one day in the week.

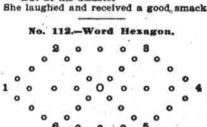
No. 111.—Easy Puzzle Poems,

There was a young damsel so good They made her a pretty — But a fierce cruel beast Of the dear made a feast, For he on politeness ne'er stood

Another, in story named —, Once went with her brother to fill Their ma's wooden bucket;

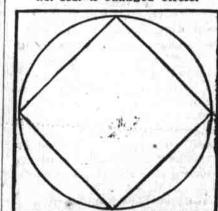
But at his disaster

Was spilt, and they rolled down the hill. Her comrade, familiarly -To his cranium got a sad crack, Requiring a plaster,



From 1 to 2, a salutation. From 2 to 3, an instrument of action or motion. From 3 to 4, belonging to ships. From 4 to 5, to release. From 5 to 6, the world. From 6 to 1, a place overgrown with shrubs. From 1 to 4, containing heresy. From 2 to 5, to trade beyond one's means. From 3 to 6, ordinal of

No. 113 .- A Changed Circle.



Very curious and interesting is the optical illusion consisting of a square drawn inside of a circle. You would think at first glance that the circle was figttened out at the four points where the corners of the square touch it.

In this you would be quite mistaken, nor to any of the others. She was on The circle, which is perfectly round the point of running away when, to her and drawn with a compass, exhibits amazement, they all burst out laugh- this peculiarity so soon as the square is drawn inside of it. Just try it and see.-New York Herald.

> No. 114.-Charade. My First may rhyme with pain; My second's made in rain Without another thing That flies, as if on wing, My WHOLE, if we look high We sometimes see across the sky.

No. 115 .- What Is It? What is it that names a fish, a bird, a boat, a double tripod, a block, a call and an animal?

No. 116.-Word Pussles. Changed words by the addition of a

1. Change a labyrioth to a species of

corn. 2. Change an island off the coast of Scotland into an animal or an unfeeling

3. Change an Island in the Mediterranean into faultfinding. 4. Change an outer covering into

quietness. 5. Change abstinence into plenty.

Mexican Politeness. Foreign Visitor (in Mexico)-What! Do you still have those barbarous bullfights in your country?

Native-Oh, yes; so many American travelers want to see them. you know, that we have to give one now and then.-Chicago Tribune.

Very, Dark.

Yeast-They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn.

Crimnonbeak—Yes. Well, I know when I've gone home in the morning and know my wife was walting for me things have looked unusually black—Yonkers Statesman.

DAINTY TRIFLES.

Art Nouveau Jewelry and Flower Neck Ruffles.

The art nouveau jewelry is charming and very low of price considering how artistic its designs are. It is particularly adapted to hatpins, must and chain bags and to those numerous little pendants and ornaments which deco rate up to date gowns. The enamels



this year are particularly beautiful and form worthy settings for jewels in the old French and Italian styles. Jewels of all the different colors are now being blended together in the most successful manner.

One of the latest neck ruffles consists of seven bunches of violets and their green leaves. Between each bunch there are tiny frillings, and there are two long accordion plaited cascades of pale lavender liberty silk.

The Louis XV. style is worn very much with decolette gowns, and a modwaist made of flowered silk with a long sash fastened to it, the sash being also made of the flowered silk. This is

worn with a ruffled lace or tulle skirt. The cut shows a bolero made of black chantilly and narrow black velvet ribbon. To make this buy chantilly or black lace of a pronounced design and pick out the design here and there with silver spangles. The collar is goods, which in turn is appliqued with bon. All around the lower edge of the narrow ribbons, each ending in a tiny rhinestone ornament.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

SMART MILLINERY.

Crase For White-Useful Tull Hats.

to be small and to be worn over the ry farmer. face.

Frenchwomen sometimes make the mistake of wearing their hats too far over the face, so that the best part of a hat should form some shade for the



TUCKED CHIFFON HAT.

face, but should also allow the softening effect of the hair to come over the forehead.

The craze for white is also noticeable in hats. White beaver or a mixture of straw and beaver ranks first, while also making their appearance. Demisaison hats of tulle and silk are now being offered for sale in a variety of attractive shapes. A black hat of this spring and fall description is always a useful addition to a woman's wardrobe. Hats of ecru lace and insertion trim-

med with pale blue and pink promise to be among the season's novelties.

This smart tulle hat may be carrie out by any clever woman. Both bring and crown are laid in tiny tucks. The brim is bent in little ripples. The crown is encircled with a narrow velvet ribbon passed through a long buckle and knotted so as to fall over the bair in the back. Over and under the brim on the left side it is trimmed with large pink roses without folia,

JUDIC CHOLLER

Cocoanut for cakes, ples, candy, etc. usually grated. This is not easily ecomplished and takes a long time case left over, no grated fingers, possible at all. And the flaky, snowy HOW TO BREATHE.

The Danger of Breathing Through the Mouth.

Every cold morning if you watch ten different men you will find that almost every one has his own method of breathing in cold air, says the New

York Journal. One man refrains from breathing through his nose at all and breathes through his mouth, warming the air before he takes it into his lungs, and that is a very bad plan. Another man will hold a handkerchief over his nose and mouth and feel happy because beis taking-in about one-quarter of the oxygen he needs. A third man dashes. out of his house, going from a very bot room into the freezing air and filling his lungs to their fullest capacity. H. is even more foolish than the others, as he runs the risk of a sudden and serious chill through contraction of the lung cells.

Each man of course must regulate for himself the amount of cold air which he can safely take into his lungs. No man should ever breathe through his mouth under any circumstances. The nose is wonderfully adapted to the breathing work which it has to do. It separates the air from its impurities, dust and so on, and can at will regulate the supply admitted to the lungs.

If you leave a hot room and go into the cold air, you can inhale little by little through the nostrils until you nolonger feel any extreme coldness. At the end of five minutes the lungs will have adjusted themselves to the lower temperature, and you can breathe as comfortably and as deeply as in warm weather.

Experiment with this on the next very cold day, and don't breathethrough your mouth anyhow. Breathing through the mouth brings all sorts of germs directly into contact with theunprotected mucous membrane, and it is largely responsible for colds, sore throat and consumption.

How to Judge Tobacco. Color, burn and texture are the three-

things which the grower of tobaccohas chiefly to consider, says Harper's Weekly. At present the trade calls for a light cinnamon brown shade, which must be uniform, not mottled. Theleaf when rolled on a cigar and smoked must have a white or light gray ification of this consists in having a hard ash, which does not flake off and fall into one's bosom or over his waistcoat, and it must not "coal"-f. e., have a black charred ring just behind the ash on the burning cigar. This is sure to give a bad flavor and taste. The leaf also must burn freely and when lighted hold firmly for a reasonable time. It must have a soft, silvery texture, glossy surface and the elasticity of a piece of kid, so that it may bemade with a bit of the black lace bor- drawn smoothly and closely about the dered with a strip of silver spangled cigar. Flavor is not wanted in Connecticut tobacco, for if there be much strappings of narrow black velvet rib- of it it is sure to be bad. Perfect burn. color and texture can be got in the holero there is also a fringe of these northern climate, but a delicate and agreeable flavor has not yet been obtained. Flavor is conditional upon soil and fertilizers. It is desirable, therefore, that the leaf be neutral, without taste as far as may be. We get the flavor wholly in the Cuban filler. Toobtain these problem of the grower, a much more The nats of the moment are inclined complicated one than meets the ordina-

How to Clean Furniture. Where a plece of furniture is very much soiled and requires to be cleaned the expression is lost. To be becoming and polished first wash it thoroughly with warm, soapy water, washing only a small surface at a time and drying it. quickly by rubbing it hard with a flannel. Mix together one pint of linseed oil and a half pint of kerosene, wet a fiannel with the oil mixture and rubthe cleaned furniture. Rest half an hour before taking a fresh piece of flannel, and then by vigorous rubbing pelish the wood until it shines Ukr glass. This will not injure the nicest wood and is an easy method of keeping furniture bright. The odor soon disappears if the windows are left. open.

How to Make French Pickles. To make a French pickle that is excellent with all kinds of meat slice one peck of green tomatoes and one-fourth as many white onions and let them remain in salt and water twenty-four hours; then drain and chop. Add three quarts of vinegar, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, three-fourths of a tablespoonful of ground cloves, onetablespoonful of allapice, three-fourthsof a tablespoonful of black pepper and: one pound of brown sugar. Let the soft straws mingled with chenille are mixture cook slowly for three hours. When it is cold, add one-half pound of white mustard seed.

> How to Make Whitewash To make whitewash that will not rub off, mix half a pail of lime and. water ready to put on the walls; then: take a quarter of a pint of flour, mix it with a little cold water and pour poiling water upon it in sufficient quantity to make it liquid. Pour this

to the wnitewash, stirring it well

while doing so, and it is ready for use. How to Keep the Buby Quiet. When keeping the baby amused, hiswhen keeping the baby amused, his-earctaker may save many steps by ty-ing a string to the ball or toy with which he is playing. Fasten one end of the string to the baby's chair, and when the child drops his toy a pull of the string will bring it up again or will keep the ball rolling and the baby