WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER IV. Continued. Alice roused herself, she tried to

"Aunt Martha is only too glad to get rid of me. She always looked on me as a burden, and

'And was glad to see you happily and well married," finished the other; course that was natural, was it

Afice's face was white now her hands clasped together, were cold with the humiliation she was enduring.

She knew how crue! was the woman opposite, and how powerless the was to fight her. The shame which sometimes overcame her fell on her heart

now like a heavy weight.

She saw herself as Valerie thought her a vulgar, common girl, the relative of people who were bought out of the viliage, out of the home they had lived in for years, so that their presenceshould not shock the eyes of the tastle, nor recall how low its master had sunk in mating with one of their

number.
None knew—none could ever know what an agony of pain and shame lived in the young heart of Roy Darrell's

She was utterly -completely alone! The man lor whose sake she bartered her freedom left his home two days after the funeral of his murdered

His mother still inhabited her rooms | do this, whatever happens. in the Castle, but there was a chasm between her son and her son's wife.

She treated the girl with ceremony and courtesy, her wishes were consulted in every way, but the older woman -the proud descendant of an ancient race-refused to eat or be familiar | night, and I must look well. with the girl, who, a few days before.

Occasionally the two Lady Darrells met, and the elder woman would always drop a deep courtesy to the shrinking timid form of the younger, but they exchanged no word.

Valerie Ross alone appeared to notice the girl thrown so suddenly into and happiness, this strange life, but though to the world her overtures of friendship seemed the essence of kindness and good nature, Alice knew to the contrary and always suffered torture dur-ing the visits from the beautiful

About a mouth after Roy's departture, news reached the Castle that the Earl of Darrell, his elder brother, a man who had been a wanderer from his home for many years, was dead, leaving no heir, and itoy Darrell suc-ceeded to the title and the estates.

The tidings were communicated to Alice in the most ceremonious manner, but the fact that now she was a countess, and moreover, entire mistress of the Castle, did not appear to touch her.

She was growing day by day more wretched as she saw how great a mis-take it had all been, and how wrecked her life must be, henceforth passed in the gloomy solitude that appeared to

Valerie Ross, standing by the fire, watched her face blanched with pain, and the smile on her lips deepened.

It was almost a pleasure to her to make this young heart suffer. She had gone through such tortures herself seemed to have killed all the tenderness and womanliness in her.

Alice roused herself at last Have you anything particular to tell me?" she asked, hurriedly, turning to open her book with trembling

"I bring an invitation from the Dowager Lady Darrell, to Margaret, Countess of Darrell-an invitation to dine in the Blue Chamber. You will refuse, of course, my Lady Alice. Anchorites like you never dine out, you

Alice met the merciless glance of those golden-brown eyes. "I accept with pleasure," she replied quietly. "Pray, convey my thanks to Lady Darrell. At what hour does the disas."

does she dine? Valerie drew herself up and frowned. She had come to torment and trouble this lowborn girl, and now found

could assume. Where did this girl get her manners

and ways of speech? queried Valerie, angrily. She was noordinary common creature, bu thore herself with a grace and ease that might well have become There will be guests," she observed.

in her glove. And you will pardon me, perhaps, but Lady Darrell is very particular about one's garment's so if

"Thank you." answerd the young countess, quietly: "I have my maid. The woman had obeyed him well. Davis: she will assist me. I could not Dresses and many numerous things

Valerie's brows met again. It was resented it now most bitterly.

Hitherto she had looked upon Alice but now she saw before her a woman, as beautiful as herself, and every whit samer material and rich lace.

Her masses of dead-gold hair were

As you like," she observed, indif-"I thought I might have ferently: "I thought I might have been able to give you some hints. The dinner-hour is eight; it is usually halfpast seven, but Lady Darrell has it ater to-night, on account of the Earl's

for support; a mist clouded her eyes. thought was alone in her mind the Earl was coming the Earl, her husband. All else was forgotten; lady, every whit as dainty, as beautiful, Vaferie, her stings, the long lonely and as proud as one of their own favmonths—all but the one thought, she should once more see that handsome face, hear that deep manly voice, clasp

A joy seemed to come to her so swift and sudden that it illuminated her countenance as with glorious sun-

over her pale face, and her heart grew still more hitter towards this girl—bit-ter, and then triumphant, for in that glance she had read Alice's secret, the secret that Alice herself as yet did not

comprehend, that Roy Darrell's ow

"He has not written to you?" she broke in. "Ah, that was remiss! I thought he would have fixed to dine with you instead of his mother. But I expect he forgot all about that at least, he said nothing touching it in the letter I received from him this morning.

Alice's joy died as suddenly as it had been born. She flinched as though a blow had been struck her, but she said nothing, and Valerie Ross walked gracefully from the room, feeling that

she had triumphed easily.

Left alone, Alice flung herself down by the chair and buried her face in her

"Forget me!" she whispered. Yes that is what she says; and she is right, He can do nothing but hate me. And -oh, what shame is on me! -I cannot help him. I must remain forever a burden and a tie. She rose and paced the room.

How cruel she is. What shall I do If I remain away she will triumph, and if I go But I mat go." She stood silent, her arms crossed over her breast: a struggle was tearing her young heart. 'I will go. I must be brave: better her stinging words than her contempt. If she thinks me afraid she will taunt me forever with it, and that would kill me. No; I will-I must

She rang the bell quickly, and Davis appeared. "Light the candles in my room Davis and unpack those dresses that

came the other day from London. dine with the Earl and his mother to The maid bowed and left the room

had consorted with farm-help and la- with a mind full of wonder and admiration. Never had she seen the young Countess look so beautiful, ye she was changed.

There was something different, some thing that told she had passed from a girl into a woman, that life had begun with all its storms and joys, its trials

In the Dowager Lady Darrell's apartment the waxen lights glimmered in bonor of presentation to your beautiful profusion from their silver stands, countess. and shed a soft roseate hue from be neath their silken shades.

Valerie Ross was alone, she was walking to and fro the whole length o: the room, her long train trailing on the ing on her neck and hair like fireflies in their brilliancy.

She had a frown on her brow, and her beautiful mouth was set and hard. She was thinking of Alice, and the thought brought vexation.
"But for her," she muttered, "how

was. But Eustace wove the veil round my eyes. Fool that I was to believe him and lose my chance with Roy terest in his dark eyes. Roy did love me, but does he still? Two months are not a lifetime. We mused. shall see. And that puny creature ful: And he has no eyes for any one shall yet learn the extent of my save Valerie how dangerous she

she was still musing. Valerie smoothed the frown from her face as she adlerie Ross. Boware!" vanced to meet the older woman.

"I have not heard the wheel on the gravel," said Roys mother, as she dinner. sank into her chair, "it is getting late nearly eight, and he has not come." You are over-anxious, dear,"

Yes; he will be accompanied by two gentlemen—one, Lord Radine. I think met in Italy, a Count Jura-from Roy's guests, otherwise the life here at first might prove too trying."

Valerie turned at the last words. The doors had opened, and a soft rustle told that someone had entered. It was the young countess. She had heard the last sentence from her husband's mother's lips, and her face whitened a little as she put her own construction on it.

Lady Darrell had been thinking of herself treated with almost as much hauteur and indifference as she herself the maddening anxiety that had come to Roy, when she spoke. She rose from her chair, and bent low before the girlish figure.

Countess," she said, "Welcome. haughtily, and coldly.

Alice courtesied low, while Valerie

gazed at her in speechless vexation.

Roy, before he took his departure. coldly, smoothing an imaginary wrinkle had given his wife to understand she laws, and had left instructions with Davis, a most experienced lady's maid, to have everything obtained as befitted her mistress position.

The woman had obeyed him w

think of giving you so much trouble on were sent down from London though my behalf." of these marvels, contenting herself the first time Alice had shown her with wearing none but the simplest spirit of determination, and Miss Ross and most inexpensive garments made

as a plaything, an amusement, an ob- Cinderilla robes, and stood before the of one Shubael Williams their h adject on which sac could pour out the cold unappreciative eyes of the two quarters. The t tality of the cellipse overflowing bitterness of her heart; women, a perfect vision of loveliness. draped from head to foot in black gos- and vicin ty, a fact which would make

coiled and gathered in picturesque profusion on her dainty hea.'; her shoulders rose white, fresh, and round

come by; but of course he wrote to tell inh - ited her grace, her natural refiner ent, her pure beauty? She was no farm-girl, as she stood before them, her figure drawn up to its graceful height, her tiny well-gloved hands holding her plumed fan: she was a lady, every whit as dainty, as beautiful,

Valerie bit her lip, and turned her back on the young countess.

Alice took no notice of this coldness;

Alice took no notice of this coldness; she was listening, listening, yet dreading the first sound of that step, the first glimpse of that tall well-built form and handrome debonair face.

"Will you not sit down?" asked Roy's mother of her son's wife.

Alice moved towards the chair she indicated, and sank into it, while Lady Darrell gazed at the young girl with astonishment and admiration.

Valerie was beautiful, but this girl was peerless in her strange young

In all her long life Lady Darrell never recollected a more purely pa-trician face, and she marveled at it.

"Have you any recollection of your childhood? she asked involuntarily. "Did you always live with your aunt? Which side are your relations Alice looked up, strangely sur-

"I can remember nothing clearly," she replied; "but I have a dim recollection of a large house, and a beautiful face that seemed to bend over me; then came the long years spent with Aunt Ma.tha, and all her angry

"What a pity you cannot remember anything!" drawled Valerie, who was watching the older woman's interest with jealous eyes. "We might have dis overed a secret or lost father - you might have developed into a queen; as

" As it is, I am only Alice -Alice the farm-girl." the young countess finished Lady Darrell's face clouded at the

name Hoy is late," she said again. "He is here, announced Valerie, and at that moment the door was thrown open, and Alice saw once more

the man who had stood beside her that

bygone morning and vowed his life to Roy kissed his mother and introneed the two guests, then turned to Valerie, and the girl standing by so quietly saw his eyes dilate as with a glow of unrestrained passion and hapsiness, and noticed their hands linger ed

as they were classed. heart seemed suddenly to row cold, but there was no sign on her air face, and the next moment Roy, Earl of Darrell, was before her, greet ng her with a low coremonious bow. Valerie was radiant, she was laughing and chatting to Lord Radine, but she was watching the husband and wife, and knew her triumph was yet

Roy uttered no word to Alice. After is bow he turned from her to his his journey.

The other guest joined in the chat, but while he talked his dark eyes were fixed on the girlish figure in the rich black dress standing so lone and de-

He turned to Roy. "I crave, milord, that I may have the

The Earl started, his face flushed. "I beg your pardon; of course, Countess, permit me to introduce to you the Count of Jura. Alice bowed again, and scarcely glanced at the man before her. She

was suffdring an agony of shame and pain. "He wishes me dead," said her heart over and over again; "dead, so that he may be free. Oh, why did I come? and t Why can I not leave it all? It is too tion.

"But for her," she muttered, "how much for me. Their scorn and cold changed it would be. How blind I contempt will kill me!"

terest in his dark eyes. "So this is the young wife." "But, mon Dieu, how beauti-The dowager came in slowly while Poor Lady Alice! She is your deadly

> So ran his thoughts as he spoke asily to the girl, and led her in

Roy followed with Valerie, and a sigh reached Alice's ear, telling plainer than words how bitter was his sorrow. plied Valerie. "Does Roy bring anyone with him? I fancy I heard you mention something about guests."

than words now ottler was his sorrow, and how great a burden she was to his life and happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An "Oh" That Was Answered.

In the far West, where the sun letters, a most delightful companion. habitually sets amid certain clouds I am glad, Valerie, he has brought of red; where distance between drug stores is often great and correspondingly irksome; where the buffalo wanders aimlessly and deplores the good old times; a young man twanged his guitar and sang blithely:

"Oh, that a breeze-" It was a tenor cantante of pure quality and the phrasing was im-

mense. - "would waft me to her side." Even as the words died away upon his lips a funnel-shaped cloud came cavorting from the northwest and the next thing he knew he was in the back yard of his prospective fa-

Muttering something about quick returns he rose and brushed the dust from his clothing.

America s First Recorded Eclipse.

The first observations of an eclipse of the sun taken by American astronomers wer made on Long Island, P nobscot Bay, on October 27, 1780. On that occasion a party from Harvard College, headed by Prof. S. W. Hollis, LLD, having obtained the cons at of the British general who was in command of Castine, landed by Davis' own fingers. was in command of Castine, landed To-night she had abandoned her at Bounty Cave and made the house was visible only at P nobscot Bay such an event one of the great import even to-day. It is but justice to add that the observations made by the Harvard scientists were very sucfrom her black gown, her fair young throat was encircled by gems.

Once again the question rushed to Valerie's mind: Where had this girl c ssful, notwithstanding the fact that their instruments were very crude

It is singular, in these days when explosions in air are thought to bring rain, that no one has spoken of a 16th century experiment to stop rain by the use of gunpowder. Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his memoirs that when Margares of Austria entered Rome it rained heavily. "I pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest, and whence deluge of water was already pouring; then, when I began to fire the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone

Ir the plumbers should strike this winter it will be the first instance where capital has struck.

THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing ! lowly, Old, familiar tune! Old, familiar tune!
Once it ran in dance and dimple.
Like a brook in June;
Now it sole along the measures.
With a sound of tears;
Dear old voices scho through it,
Vanished with the years.

Eipple, ripple goes the love sorg.
This in slowing time.
Sarly sweathers grows completeness.
Floods the every rhome;
Who to a ther learn the music.
Life and ceath unite d.
Know that love is old.

Play a slowly, it is hely As an evening hour; Merril of plain as his hed to sadness Fills it to the orim. Memories home within the music, Shealing through the bard. Thoughts within its quier spaces like and set "ke stars. The Catopus.

THE UNEXPECTED.

"I don't care-I am perfectly happy. Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day," said Frank.

"Yes. I am happy." 'And I am happy also," said Nellie. "Don't see how I could be

more so." Neither was looking at the other. Each tried to get absorbed in a book, but certainly neither was absorbed: for on an average, during the entire afternoon, they had made remarks similar to the foregoing at least every ten minutes.

"Did you say, Nellie," continued Frank, a trifle doubtfully. "that there was enough in the house for

supper and breakfast?" 'I'm quite sure, dear, that there is enough for supper, and pechaps for breakfast. But we shall not want much breakfast. You know that you have often said that you did not care for breakfast, and really I can get along on nothing at all

"I don't see what we have to worry about, then, do you?"

"Indeed I do not. I think we nother and began to converse about have every reason to be perfectly happy." " ure of supper to-day and break-

fist to-morrow-I should say we have every reason to be thankful." " es," added Nellie. "Think of the number of people in the world who are sure of neither supper to-day

nor breakfast to-morrow. Take the case of a cannibal "Just what I was thinking," broke in Frank. "He is depend at on the chance call of a missionary -surely a

precarious existence?" On, Frank, you a e joking". "Proof that I am perfectly happy,"

responded Frank. "White I am perfectly happy. I do wish that the firm had not failed, and that you had not lost your posi-

"Yes, and while I am perfectly happy, I do wish that our parents had not objected to our marriage."

'The idea that we, who are the child en of rich parents should both of us be left to the d sagreeable expedient of pawning the few wedding prese its that we received!"

"av rather the disagreeable expedient of pawning the last wedding pres nt that we received - now - now -now-you are going to cry, little

Indeed I am not," said Nellie, I think we are very lucky to have any presents to nawn.

'And so do I, added Frank," very

Just there he was interrupted. There is no better time than an interruption to explain the condition of affairs in a romance, so I will take advantage of the present one, which may be the only interruption in my story. Frank and Nellie Hayward had married against their parents' wishes Their parents', though rich. refused to help them in any way, or even to receive them in their homes. Frank was brave and Nellie was sensible. They determined to do for themselves, and at the very outset made a solemn compact with each other that, come what might, they would consider their love for each other compensation for all the ills of

For a time things went very well. Frank obtained a position that enabled them to live very comfortably in a furnished flat. But, as in the life of everyone else, the time came when luck turned against them. The firm that employed Frank failed, and he was unable to get another position. The little money that he had saved from his salary was soon exhausted. They were forced to the disagreeable expedient of pawning such things of value as they possessed, and finally they had come to the

end of even that resource. Never during all their trouble had either acknowledged to the other that they were anything but happy The crisis, however, had just been reached. They were in a quandary. It was a question whether they would be forgiven by their parents under any circumstances, and they were not at all willing to acknowledge they had made a mistake.

But there was an interruption: it was a knock at the door. Nellie rose from her seat, and Frank was about to do so, when it occurred to him that the chances were that it was a creditor, and he thought it hardly worth while to go to the door. He was rather surprised though, when at the invitation of his wife the door was opened by a queer old man who looked at each of them over the rim of his glasses for a full minute before he spoke.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, I believe?" he said at length. "Yes, sir," replied Nellie.

you take a chair?" "Ought to have been named Wayward, I suppose," he said, chuckling to himself, as he took the proceed chair. "I suppose my visit is rather unexpected?

"Decidedly," said Frank, curtix.
"Well, it is the unexpected that always happens," said the old gentle-man. "I was rather surprised to

hear you through the door, accidentally, of course, assuring yourselves that you were very lucky and very happy and all that sort of thing." May I inquire what business it is

of yours?" asked Frank. "None, except that it assured me that I had found the right place,"

answered the old centleman. "What place were you looking for? inquired Frank

The house of a happy married couple," said the old gentleman. You have found it," said Frank and Neilie together.

"An It is quite a curiosity. suppo-e you will pardon an old man like myself, if he asks a questions. I am a student of human nature, you know, and perhaps this visit may redound to your advantage." "Fire away," said Frank, who was

beginning to be interested. "In the first place, what was the

occasion of your saving just now that you were lucky?" "Be ause we had some wedding presents to pawn," replied the ingenuous Frank.

'No," gently corrected his wife: because we had had some wedding presents to pawn." 'Dear me?" said the old gentleman. "They are all pawned then?"

"Yes" answered Nellie, "but that does not make us unhappy." "I suppose you occu, y a good po-

sition?" said the old gentleman "I have lost my position, sir," the latter answered. You have plenty of money in the

bank: "None." ndoubtedly you have a wellstocked larder, though?

"It is about exhausted." "O) course, in case of real distress, you have your parents to rely on?" "On the contrary, we would not wish to ask them to help us under any

circumstances." "Well, young man," said the old gentleman, excitedly, "will you tell me what in the world you are going to doz

"I would much rather have you teil me what I am going to do," said Frank. "Nothing," answered the old gen-

tleman, solemnly. 'That's what I've been doing for quite a while." "The fact is, you are precisely what you were saying you were when I knocked on your door-you are lucky.

I am a man of whimsicalities. have been looking all my life for a never mind who, told me that you were the couple I was looking for. I did not believe it for a long time, but when I discovered that you were in hard luck, and still were not complaining, I began to believe it. My mis-ion on earth is to assist happy couples who are in hard luck. This is the first time I have ever had a chance to fulfil my mission. It is all the more to your advantage, though there is more money in the fund than th re would be if the world were stocked with happy couples.

propose to settle on you a little income of five hu dred a year. The old gentleman paused to

they would look at a curiosity. I suppose you think I am insane?"

he said angrily. 'No," replied Nellie, "but I think him and threw her arms about his

"Well, I am," said the old gentledisguise, and fra kly confess that for a long time I have had a disguised heart. I didn't want to help you until I thought you needed it, so I waited. But I will tell you this-if not happy. I would have given you

double the allowance I have." "I don't care," said Nellie. "I'm perfectly happy." "And so am I," said Frank Waverly's Magazine.

The Dutch Renaissance.

What the Dutch most appreciated were the faithful reproductions of the familiar scenes they loved. So we have the delightful r flections of that peaceful and industrious life which has scarcely altered appreciably at the present day. There was a quaicorner or a canal bridge, with the bright brass knockers on the house coffe prove that it is the most powdoors, the little mirrors at either side of the parior windows, and the hay barge lying at its moorings, with the bargeman smoking on the

cahouse There were the bustle in the openopen-air fish market. Then the from being generally licentious, but they were gross; the matrons were not given to b ushing, and the men would shake their sides at coarse buffoonery.

So we have the village Kirmess and the suburban fairs; the boors smoking and drinking in the wayside alchouses, and the troopers halting for refreshment and flirting with the rustic belles. Even Rembrandt, in his younger days, must be condemned as a flagrant offender against our notions of decency. There are sidescenes and byplay in some of the best of his works which would be pronounced most offensive now, were

they not sanctified by his memory. We doubt not that Teniers and Ostade and their confreres drew shricks of laughter by their grotes que studies of unsophistocated surgery; the boor having his tooth drawn by the blacksmith's forceps, and the patient being cut for the stone by the ra or of the village barber. - Black-

A GEORGIA SUGAR BOILING.

Simple Charms of & Rustic Treat Which

the Natives Find Full of Sweet Delight. When the frosts begin to tinge the leaves the young people of Southern Georgia are on the alert for news of the first sugar boiling. Many a gay straw ride is arranged and plantations far and near are visited, for no distance is too great and no roads too rough to deprive them of a pleasure so p cultarly their own.

To a No therner the scene has all the charm of novelty. Great stacks of sugar cane are piled round a grinding mill, which is propelled by horse power and fed by a couple of negroes who, with great rapidity, handle the long stalks, which are quickly crushed to pieces, the juice escaping through a narrow channel into large barrels prepared for it. This luice of a sickly greenish color and to a Yankee tastes as sickly as it looks, but the natives consider it nectar fit for the gods, and their liking for it is stongly in evidence as gobletful after gobletful disappears. A lew yards distant from the mili is an immense caldron, under which a great fire is kept ourning. Into this juice is noured, and after about three hours boiling it is run off into a trough, a rich brown

It is at might the scene assumes its most interesting aspect. The surrounding carkness is intensified by the deep glow of the oak fire, which throws funtastic shadows and gives a weird look to the figures of the negroes, who hover around like uncanny spirits.

The presiding genius of the caldron on one plantation was a coal black African, whose grotesque appearance was heightened by a peculiar headgear made of carpet. As, armed with a long handl d ladle, he stirred the foaming syrup, which spluttered and hissed and leaped in brown cataracts, one could almost imagine him a wirard of fairy lore, muttering flerce incantations over some deadly otion. A tor h, dimly seen through clouds of vapor, cast a feeble light on the boiter and lent an additional strangeness to the scene.

As soon as the syrup is run off the visitors cluster round the trough like bees round a honey pot. Each has a "paddie," which is a strip of cane bark, and all scoop up the rich yellow foam which floats on top of the syrup. Unlike the juice, the foam wins its way into favor at once, and very ridiculous it is to see the daintiest damsel contentedly sipping out happy married couple. Some one, of a trough with twenty or thirty people and enjoying every sip which finds its way to her little red mouth.

The skimmings of the syrup are put into a barrel. About the third day fermentation begins, and the result is cane beer, a very agreeable beverage.

A New Form of Hash.

How to get rid of scraps of meat and small amounts of food that will accumulate in the refrigerator, was solved by my John, when I was too ill to be out of my bed, and had no help. He brought me a small amount of a very appetizing dish, and when insisted on knowing what it was what effect this startling announce- he said, "Norwegian hash," and so struggling bravely with her tears, ment would have on the happy we have called it ever since. As the couple. The effect was not marked. receipt differs, according to what 1 They looked at him very much as have on hand, I tell vou how I made it last week. I had a little roast meat and some gravy, a mutton chop, a slice of fried liver, two links of smoked sausage one Hamburg meat you are my father with a wig and eye- bail, some potato that had been fried glasses and a very poor attempt at a raw, three boiled potatoes, one sweet disguised voice." And she ran to one about two do en Lima beans, and a tomato. I ground th m all through my meat grinder, adding an "Well, I am," said the old gentle-man, laughing, as he removed his Make it up in any shape you please round cakes, croquettes, cvl nders, Whatever I happen to have I use, but always trying to have some tomatoes and some smoked meat, such as a little ham or dried beef. If I you had ack owledged that you were do not have gravy, I make a little white sauce with butter and flour, and add enough to make them hold together. If I want them very nice I dip them in egg and bread crumbs, and fry them as I would croquettes. I have never had any one taste them and not like them, and they are never twice alike, as one never has just the same left-overs. Scraps are not inviting warmed over by themselves, but will make the foundation of a good meal if used in this way .-Housekeeper's Weekly.

Coffee as a Disinfectant.

Numerous experiments with roasted erful means not only for rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually d stroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantair bourse and the bargaining in the 1y deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through literally realistic turned to the real- it containing a pound of coffee n wly istically humorous. The Dutchmen roasted. In another room exposed to of the seventeenth century were far the effluvium occasioned by the cleaning out of the dung pit, so that sulphurated hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed in half a minute on the emplayment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, while the other parts of the house were prematurely cleared of the smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster, although the cleansing of the dung pit continued for several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound in a mortar and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is fit to use Then sprinkle it in sinks or ceas pools, or lay it on a plate in the which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities. - Merchants' Review.

PROPLE are so much alike, they

should be better friends.