The department of agriculture has recently called attention to the backwardness of this country as a producer of the particular kind of crops that go to the making of perfumes, says the Washington Post, Swift in the development of other industries, we have been extremely neglectful of our opportunities in this particular, since, it is claimed, we can raise in one. part of the United States or another all of the plants needful for an innumerable variety of sweet odors, from ylang-ylang to attar or roses. This information doubtless is intended to serve as a timely spur to our industrial and commercial lethargy. And yet the news falls to carry with it any great sense of shame. It is difficult to assign the reason why the possibilities thus pointed out produce little or no enthusiasm, yet such is the case. It must be because the making of perfumes is not pre-eminently an indication of national vigor or greatness. Certain it is that their universal use by a people is not a sign of virility. Weak and effeminate nations have been given proverbially to the use of unguents and ointments, whereas soap and civilization have been inseparably conjoined. So long as we lead in soap, it matters little who manufactures the aromatics. A good bath is better than much volatile olls, while civet and musk may cov-

of omission.

The savings bank figures of the Comptroller of the Currency are impressive in their aggregate; they are less flattering to national thrift and prosperity when analyzed than is eastheir totals, says the Philadelpisa Re | a child, in sorrow. view. On the other hand, the comptroller's figures relate only to the institutions that bear the name of savings banks, while there are several other classes of institutions that do the same sort of business, and the savings of the people are far greater than the deposits reported by the savings banks alone. The comptroller reports an increase in the past fiscal year of 311,000 in the number of depositors, and aggregate deposits of something over \$4,000,000,000, an increase of rather more than \$300,000. 000 during the year. The average deposit per capita increased during the year from \$420 to \$445, but 3 per cent. interest on the sum due depositors a year ago would account for half of this gain; the small remainder is the excess of deposits over withdrawais. Roughly speaking, the depositors gain about 3 per cent, a year by interest and 3 per cent. by deposits in years the number of depositors has increased about 50 per cent., and the average deposit has increased but little more than 10 per cent., or 1 per cent. a year.

The brand of "S" figures in an extraordinary act passed by our parliament in 1547. Any able-bodied man or woman found lottering and not seeking work for the space of three days could be seized and brought before two justices of the peace, who, upon confession or on the proof of two witnesses, "shall immediately cause the said laborer to be marked with a hot fron in the breast the mark of 'V' and adjudge the said person living so idly to the presentor. to be his slave for two years. The said slave shall be made to work by beating, chaining or otherwise," says the London Chronicle. If convicted of running away during this period. the justices could cause him to be branded on the forehead or the cheek with the letter "S" and then adjudged to his master as a slave forever. For running away a second time the penalty was death.

It would be futile to deny the grayity of the landslides along the Culebra cut. Utterly stupid, on the other hand, it would be to overrate their importance. The descent of five hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards of loose earth recently was an impressive disaster, but the current issue of the Canal Record states that this slide, added to those which have occurred since last July, does not exceed the total of 6,104,000 cubic yards allowed for slides in the central division in the revised estimates made at that time, nor will the added excavation increase the estimate of cost of excavation in the central division made in October, 1908.

Automobile journals are now looking for a \$500 four-cylinder car of twenty or twenty-five horse-powerall this to come in 1915. A car of this character now costs about a thousand dollars. By that time, automobile dealers believe, there will be a million and a half machines in use, and people who cross the street will have their work cut out.

A Virginia judge has decided that a man must make the best of a motherin-law if he elects to take one. Solomon might justifiably have patted himself on the back for such a decision.

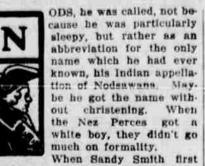
Perhaps the horse isn't really worried because the motor truck is supplanting him as a draught animal.

Perhaps if the Ten Commandments can be shortened sufficiently they will se more easily remembered.

NODSA WANA ...

By ROY NORTON

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When Sandy Smith first saw him, he was about three years old and was in trouble. He was about as dirty as any member of the tribe which harbored him, and save for occasional light spots, where his skin accidentally broke through the crust, and save for his top shock of straw-colored hair, it would have been rather difficult to recognize him as white. He was standing outside a teepee at a safe distance-where things couldn't be thrown at him-gritting his teeth. sobbing and kneading his eyes with two very dirty, very pudgy fists.

Sandy had been on a kind of vacation, the kind that suited him best. By selling some timberland in the Olympics and reinvesting in a mining claim, he stood in a pretty fair way to get rich. That is, almost everybody in the district thought so. So he'd been making a little trip over into Idaho. er a multitude of sins, especially those | But that hasn't much to do with Nods. Coming back to him-Sandy happened to ride through this camp just at the time when Nods was feeling pretty bad.

If the angel Trouble had a job on hand, he must have felt like pulling a gun when Sandy Smith came around: because that was Sandy's weak point. fly assumed from a casual glance at | Couldn't bear to see anybody, let alone

Seeing Nods crying, out in front of the teepee, Sandy pulled up his horse, swung over into the side of his saddle, and took a look at such an amazing thing as a little white boy in an Indian village a hundred or so miles from anywhere; and, naturally, Nods reciprocated the attention.

The pudgy fists came away about a foot from the tear-stained face and then stopped. The eyes, which looked just like gentian flowers, opened wide, and Nods sized Sandy up for all he was worth. Then, either because he hadn't forgotten white folks or because there was something about Sandy that went to his baby heart, he twisted his face into a smile that was like a big burst

of sunshine over a rain-swept meadow. Now all this time Sandy had been watching him with kind of a paralyzed look. When Nods gave him that smile, he couldn't help giving it back. Sandy's face, with its long, straggling musthat seldom changed; but if any one ever saw him laugh, it was sure to be excess of the sums taken out. In 10 a surprise. It was so unexpected, and made you think there were things in Sandy that you never knew be-

> Nods saw this, and without delay trudged up alongside the pony and held up both hands. Wanted to be taken up and away from that village; to go to some place with some one who had a kind word instead of a kick for him. Sandy fairly fell off his horse, dropped down on his knees, and put his big, long arms around Nods, and that's how it began. How Sandy and Nods became acquainted.

> Nods gave a sigh big enough for a full-grown man, and, soon as he could get room, put his two little arms around Sandy's neck, smuggled his face right up against Sandy's, and held it there. And from that on Sandy could have died for him. It wasn't anything he was used to. He had, in his time, loved and been loved by lots of things, but not by a small chap like this

So Sandy was crying and laughing, when he felt something looking at him. turned round, and saw three or four blanketed bucks. But in all the crowd there wasn't anything white. They didn't look as though they liked Sandy much.

A powwow brought out the fact that this youngster had been left with an old squaw by a man who claimed to be his daddy. Said he was coming back in a week, but a year had slid off into the nowhere. The squaw was too old to do much camp work; but she wasn't too old to think a heap of Nodsawana. And probably about all the kindness the little shaver ever knew in all that year had been from her. The old woman, being not much use, had to subsist off the camp pickings. so there may have been times when both she and Nods went pretty hungry. It was easier for her to stand abuse, though, than it was for Nods. She was more used to it, having lived

longer. The minute Sandy showed signs of wanting Nods, the chief valued him highly. It took a day and a night's trading to get him, but Sandy won out. being the kind of a fellow that never gults. Once or twice he decided he'd end the difficulty by going to war with the whole Nez Perces nation, grabbing Nods and riding off, trusting to God and his Winchester to pull him through.

As he was getting ready to go and Nods was waiting, Sandy heard a kind of moaning noise in the tepee where Nods lived, so took a look inside. There, with her blanket over her head and rocking to and fro with her hands clenched in front of her, him? Come for him? For Nods?

ODS, he was called, not be | was Nod's foster-mother. All the cause he was particularly | time that the trading was going on, no one had paid any attention to her. She didn't count. Nods bossed this job, too. He acted as if he had forgotten something besides the bow and arrows, and about three yards of string, which he had already brought out in the way of baggage. He crawled between Sandy's legs, where the latter stood in the door of the tepee, put his arms around the old woman's neck, and she made one quick grab and held him close to her breast. Some folks have an idea squaws aren't like other women when you get clear down below their outer skin. Well, they are. Sandy was up against it again, because he understood how she felt.

> Then he argued with himself in this fashion: "Although I do know how to care for mules and dogs, I ain't much up on kids. Onc't when I made a shirt out of buckskin for a kid, it took me six months. This old dame would be mighty handy. So she's in the play. She's goin' to be Nod's little nursery maid, because he likes her; even if she is a hundred and fifty years old."

> The chief didn't care. It meant one mouth less to feed, and saved somebody from knocking her on the head. And she, poor wretch, divided between affection for her tribe, distrust of the white man, and love for Nods, finally gave in to the latter, and went along.

Well, in the course of time, they all landed in Canada gulch, and settled down into the happiest little parly you ever saw. Before they came, the only partner Sandy had was a three-legged dog. Before they came, an eight-by-ten shack had been big enough. Now all this was changed.

Sandy had the finest cabin on the gulch. The biggest in all the district. Had three rooms and a big porch, and some store furniture. Quit using tin plates and tin cups and tin spoons. Swore off on tin, and got so that real china, a half-inch thick, the real, fine kind they use in restaurants

in big cities, wasn't any too good. Nods brought an addition into the family, not being satisfied with loaf ing around with the dog and Rebecky. It was a shaggy little burro. He called it Pete, although Sandy thought Jane would be more appropriate, because it wasn't a "Pete' kind of burro.

Sandy, wanting to give Nods an eddication," used to come in at night and labortously teach him his A B C's, until the little yellow head would get the droops, and the eyes would lose their velvety brightness. Then any one passing the cabin the glow of a pipe, and, if he took the trouble to walk up the path be tween the sweet-smelling flowers, he would find a big, lank man sitting on a bench in the darkness of his porch, looking far out over the hills and the lights of other cabins, and either telling stories or holding tight a tired little boy who had gone asleep very faut asleep. 'Most always at their feet was curled a three-legged dog, ready to fight for them both if harm offered. If you looked farther, where the lamp shone through the cabin door, you would probably see a bent old squaw, squatted on the

floor, making something out of beads. When one is happier than ever before in all his life, and has everything he wants, and all the love he has starved for through all the years, the heels of Time's moccasins are greased. Then Time is young and travels fast. The fellow who first pictured him as a slow, dragging old man, with a gait like a turtle, and toting a scythe, must have known him only in trouble. That's when he goes slow. Two years, which didn't seem more than an hour long, had passed over before Time went slow in Canada gulch, then stopped and made each day a month, each week an age. and a lifetime a pack too heavy for the shoulders.

Sandy had a piece of pipe to mend. and came up to the cabin, on the point of the hill, when he heard steps. He turned round inquiringly to see a man as big as himself. And he wasn't the sort of man you like. One of those bull-necked, thick-lipped, coarse-looking fellows, who leers instead of smiles, and brags when he talks.

"I've come to get my boy-the one you call Nods," he said. The wrench dropped from Sandy's clay-covered hands. A minute be fore the birds had sung, the flowers bloomed, and the sun shone. Now the birds were voiceless, the posies without color, and the sun had slipped from sight. It was very still, and all the world was unreal and full of bloom. A blow in Sandy's face would have brought instant response, but this stranger, in a dozen words, had bit full in the heart, so that it almost stopped beating, and, for the first time in all his life, Sandy trembled and was afrald, and couldn't strike back. He looked at the stranger, at the cabin, and then up into

could be so unkind! This was something he had never thought of. He swallowed several times before he could get speech, then said, in a dazed way: "Your boy! Nods your boy? And you've come for

the sky. It didn't seem that God

To take him away from me-to take | "or I'll put it in you clear up to the |

The man didn't really know Sandy, you see, or he wouldn't have broken it so confidently. Most men would have sooner gone against a Kansas cyclone, or a nest of rattlers, or a band of Apaches, than to stir up Sandy Smitn. But this fellow didn't know him, and, to tell the truth, for once Sandy was taken off his feet.

Nobody knows what would have happened next, but just then, around the corner of the cabin, with the dog and Pete following, came Nods, talking to Rebecky. The stranger turned, took a look at the squaw, knew her, and triumphantly waved his hand at her. "I can prove it," he said. "She knows it. I left him with her three years ago-over in Idaho. She'll tell you so. She has to tell you-it's the

Sandy turned and looked at Rebecky, and she looked at this stranger. But her face never changed a muscle. They all looked at her quite a while; then Sandy woke up. For the first time he was rough with her. He made three quick steps, leaned over and grabbed her so tightly by the arm that she winced, in spite of her Indian blood, and said: "Rebecky, for God's sake, tell me!

Did ye ever see this man before?" Everything was quiet for what seemed another long time. The man grinned at her, as if pleased over all the trouble he was making, and she looked him straight in the eyes, and, as she looked, her eyes changed. Instead of having a quiet, contented look, like happy old folk have, they grew narrow and black and sharp and young. Then she turned to Sandy:

"Heap lie. Never saw this white man before." Without waiting to say | company with them an old squaw

The stranger ran away, but in this last move Sandy had practically admitted his own defeat. Had practically admitted that he knew the man was within his rights. Otherwise, why Rebecky's denial, and then her attempt to decide the question at the point of the knife? That was convincing.

He turned into the cabin, an old, old man; dropped on his knees over Nods, who was looking at a picturebook, gathered him into his arms, and sobbed in the way a fellow of that kind does when he goes all to pieces -the big, dry, shaky kind, where the heart jumps and jerks, and tries to hammer its way out of the body. The next day the sheriff came-

alone. He knew Sandy and loved him, and dreaded the trip. He knew that to bring a posse would mean a fight in which many men would die. He knew that old Sandy Smith, unless influenced by reason alone, would unflinchingly fight a regiment of officers to hold the thing he loved. But Sandy and the sheriff were friends, so it didn't come to that.

"Sandy, old friend," he said, when Sandy had shut down the hydraulic's roaring mouth. "Sandy, God knows I hate this trip. I'd rather not be sheriff than to have to tell you. But you've got to give the boy to his father. The man's got the proof and the order of court for his child. You might kill me, or a dozen other better men who come after, but you can't kill the law. You know that! It's the one thing that follows a man in open fight, and is unwhippable."

So it was that the big tamaracks moaned that night, and the flowers around the cabin drooped, while in

feared. Rebecky understood, and she, | square, He seems to run things prettoo, feared. Perhaps it wasn't fear she felt, but rather the old call of the Indian blood. But, anyway, on the morning when Sandy dragged down the dusty Winchester from the wall, oiled it up, and filled the chambers, she showed sense. He was just starting from the door with it in the crook of his arm, his eyes fixed toward the other gulch, when she stopped him, and said in Indian, which they sometimes used when talking together: "Not that way, brother. It would do the boy no good, nor bring him back to you and me. Peacepipes and the Great Spirit can make smooth rough trail." He didn't resist when she took the rifle from his hands, and stood quietly thinking, as cartridge after cartridge was ejected by her hand, to rattle, unheeded, on

the cabin floor. Sandy finally went down across the guich and up to the brow of the opposite hill, where he could look on that other cabin. He was hungry for a sight of his boy. On the door-step, dirty, unkempt, and dejected, sat little Nods, while at his feet, cowering in fear of something, sat a threelegged dog, which had already found the way across the hills.

Nod's father didn't seem to like the dog's presence. He was puttering around at something, when Sandy, sprawled on top of the ridge and peering over, first saw him, then he came over to Nods, shook him, and, when the dog bristled, gave him a kick. The dog wanted to fight, but the man beat him off to a safe distance, while Nods apparently cried. Nod's father then slapped him.

And the man came pretty near go ing out of the game about that min ute. On top of the ridge, a long, red baired fellow had shut his teeth ty well, after all. Keeps us from doing a heap of things we shouldn't do. Now, about this time the Lord noticed that Sandy was going to make a mighty big mistake, so took a hand.

"Daddy Sands," a little voice said, 'why don't you take me in your arms? 'I do so want your arms!" Sandy, naturally, couldn't kill a man and hold Nods at the same time, and when he grabbed up the boy, the Lord, having interrupted at the right minute, kind of took him out of his madness, and led him into sanity. The red things quit floating around in front of his eyes. His brain so weary and so tired for all the sleepless nights since Nods had gone, grew clear again, and he saw what a big mistake he was about to make.

Sandy finally put Nods down on the ground. When he did so, he saw three black-and-blue welts on the bare skin. There the unbuttoned blouse was open. Well-be would have a little satisfaction for that, anyway, He made one quick jump to where the man stood, his arm shot out with terrific force, and Nod's father fairly flew up into the air.

Before he could realize what had happened. Sandy was on him, one hand on his throat and the other battering his face.

"I came here to kill you," he rasped between his teeth. "You've been beating Nods. Take this as a promise that I'm coming here now every day, and if ever I find another mark on him, by God. I'll tear your heart out of your body, as sure as my name's Smith!"

It seemed there wouldn't be any necessity for a return trip, the way Sandy's arm was working. His blood was bolling again, and the desire to kill so strong that, unless the Lord had interfered again, it would have ended differently. It must have been the Lord who put it into Nods' father's mouth to say: "Let me go! Let me go! If you want the kid so bad, why don't you buy him?"

Sandy's fingers released their hold. Buy Nods? Buy Nods? He had never thought of that before. It seemed so incomprehensible that anybody would offer to sell anything as dear as Nods; that of all the ways he had contemplated in these last weary days, this had been the one way overlooked.

Slowly he climbed to his feet, and Nods' father, shrinking and battered and cowed, but hopeful for his craven, worthless life, also arose. Cupidity was in the man's every look. He was: eaching the very end for which he came, and for which-alone-he had claimed the boy. This was his hance.

"Give me your claim," he said, and I'll deed you all my right, now and forever-to him."

"It's done!" said Sandy, without a moment's hesitation. His claim, the richest in all this land, the thing that could produce the gold which would buy a king's ransom, could go as a ransom for this boy. Gold? What was gold? Nothing! A paltry metal, which, though all of it in the world were within his reach, couldn't pay for one clasp of those little arms that again hugged him around his feet, and were soon after transferred to his sun-tanned throat.

They went into the cabin, where Sandy, on a sheet of paper, wrote:

"Know all men by these here documents-that one William Martin does hereby sell to one Smith, known to most folks as Sandy Smith, one white boy named Nodsawana, And this here thing calling himself a manaforesaid, and whereas known as Martin-takes as full pay number four claim on Canada gulch, and it's agreed by one of the aforesaid named Sandy-that he will kill this man Martin if he ever speaks to or claims this aforesaid boy Nodsawanna again, So help me God.

to the aforesaid boy, and just the same as a bill of sale for a pony or anything else a lawyer might write ransferring the boy to Sandy Smith." They signed it in several places. Sandy wanting to make dead sure. and Martin, who was mighty pleased at the deal, being perfectly willing.

"P. S .- This is also a quit-claim deed

There had been a time when a paying claim, a big cabin, a heap of furniture, and a field of flowers, would have seemed just about all in life that Sandy wanted. But the boys on the guich know, and will tell you that all these things were passed up like a pawn and without thought, when on the following day Sandy and his family rode away.

They got up to that point you can see on the very brow of the hill. where the trail dips off toward the sunrise, the morning after. In the lead was Sandy Smith, holding Nods on the pommel of his saddle. Next came two pack-ponies with an outfit, another pony with old Rebecky, and then Pete, on whose back was packed a big basket, in which a three-legged dog could ride.

Right up on that point they stopped and looked back, most of us hope and believe without regret, on the cabin, and the claim, and the flowers. Somehow it was like the thing you remember out of the Bible. long after you've forgotten the words: perhaps you know the place-where a man named Joseph and a woman named Mary, and a tender, smiling little boy, rode off and out into the big world, with none but God to care for them, and right sure in the knowledge that He looks after His own.

little boy, the old woman behind was happy, and old Pete and the threelegged dog were willing to go along after, knowing that green pastures can be found for all things which are somehow or another, if you're on the faithful to the end.

The man's arms closed around the



KNIFE INTO HER, WHY DON'T YOU?

wearied, heart-stricken old man sat

clutched through his hair-robbed-

desolated and alone. And away over

across a ridge, in a dirty little shack,

on a worthless claim purchased for a

cuffed a tired little boy for sobbing

Of course, Sandy and Rebecky

knew, within a day or so, where Nods

had been taken. There was just one

ridge-a low divide-between Canada

gulch and Poor Man's gulch, where

Nod's father had taken his claim. But

it was several days before either

Sandy or Rebecky tried to see the

In the meantime, Sandy didn't

work. He was kinder to Rebecky

than usual, because he knew how the

old woman suffered. He thought more

of her for it, because it was per-

fectly natural that he should love

wandered aimlessly around the cabin,

or out among the flowers, where Nods

had dug holes. He gulped when he

picked up the little A B C books,

and when he was alone, out under

the big, sympathizing trees, had long

talks with the Lord, begging him to

show the way so the little feet might

Then his thoughts took a new turn.

and he was the grim Sandy that men

patter into the cabin again.

anything which had loved Nods.

and gloated over a triumph.

had gone from Sandy's life.

moaned upon the floor, and a bent, | pulled a heavy Colt's from his pocket

song, a big, coarse man brutally if it cost him his own life, his hope

Nods

He

more, she stooped over Nods, who | had stood curiously looking at all of hem, flercely gathered him into her on the door-step with his fingers arms, and trudged through the cabin

"You see, you're mistaken, stranger." Sandy drawled gently, with a big sigh of relief. "She don't know you. You cain't have the boy."

The stranger began to argue, in a peaceable sort of way, and he and Sandy sat down on a log. Then Sandy heard something "slip-slipping" over the grass behind him, and turned round in time to see Rebecky with a hunting knife, about ready to end the stranger's claim on Nods, or anything else in the world. She was all Indian again, and was there to kill. Sandy grabbed her, and, although she was withered, old, bent, and small, and he a giant in strength, it was about all he could do to hold her off. She fought like a wildcat trying to get at this intruder.

Sandy got the knife away from her and turned to the man. The fellow sneered, and said: "Put

the knife into her, why don't you? She's nothin' but a lyin' old squaw." That started Sandy to boiling, and he moved toward him with that kind of a stealthy, deadly way that panthers have when slipping up on some thing. The fellow saw he had gone too far, and began to back off.

"Now you hike, and be damned quick," Sandy said between his teeth,

canon, or at least before the elevation." But while it seems to have been

two in larger candlesticks at the side At Chichester in the thirteenth cen-

the parochial or high mass during the beam above it and two on the altar step; and on ordinary days three on the altar and two on the step. know also that in the chapel of Henry VIII., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, there were ten golden candle-

> With regard to the universal custom of burning candles before shrines and images it would be impossible to enumerate examples of a practice so beloved by the faithful. But in England in the thirteenth century there was a curious devotion very common

having a candle made too the exact height of the person offering it. The petitioner then spent the whole night before the shrine holding the votive taper in his or her hands all the time.

and was taking very careful aim.

Things he drew a bead on didn't live

long, as a rule. Then he decided the

distance was too far. Decided some

thing else, also; and that was that

he would go down and kill this brute

of the hereafter, and Nods. That

boy should never be cuffed again.

He would see to that, he muttered.

as he crashed down into the clearing.

but got a good square look into

Sandy's flaming eyes, and decided this

wasn't his hour to talk. Nods looked

up, and with cries of "Daddy Sands!

Dear Daddy Sands! I knew you'd

rushed frantically over and clasped

his arms tightly around Sandy's legs.

For once he was not taken into arms

Sandy had an errand to perform.

He wasn't the quiet Sandy of the last

two years, but the old Sandy of the

Geronimo and other border days. He

And Nod's father read it and grew

white, and lost his deflant grin. There

in front of him stood Death, Just

waiting a few minutes to do its work

And it would be done the glint of

the white-hot steel shone in the eyes,

The Lord mayn't always work

things out the way we like best, but,

For once there was no reply.

had a mission.

and told him so.

come. I knew you would find me,'

The man started to say something

Not a Lost Art. en who write letters in that store to spell correctly the names of the goods. Above each writing desk in the corre-

at that period which consisted in spondence room is a typewritten list of words containing the names of popular materials, colors and styles, with the Anglicized pronunciation of the most recently imported foreign terms.

Wife-Darling, I want a new gown

Husband-But you had a new one mly a short time ago.

LIGHTS USED AT THE MASS

Candles Were Placed Near the Altar in the Early Days, Not Upon It.

It would seem that in very early days, though lights were prescribed at mass, "they were placed not upon but near the altar." Sometimes the number of lights at a solemn mass was

were invariably made of wax. Anglo-Saxon writers, such as Aelfric in his "Tenth Canon," give reasons for these lights. "The acolytes," he says, "light candles at mass not so much to dispel darkness as in honor of Christ, who is our light."

Even when later on it became the general practice to have two candles lighted upon the altar, "two others," very great and the candles then used | we are told, "were often lighted at

usual at high mass on Sunday and feast days to have even in smaller churches two candles on the altar and

the number was much greater in abbeys and cathedrals. tury it was the custom on great festivals to place seven tapers of two pounds each on the altar, eight on the

sticks on the altar.

In one New York department store pelling is not a lost art. Ample measures have been taken to enable wom-

Wife-Yes, but my friend Ellen in to be married and I can't wear the same dress as I wore at her last wedding."