THE popular woman need not care whether she is pretty or ugly. She need not query whether she is brilliant or stupid, but simply revel in the fact that everybody likes her whether she likes them or not. And that is the secret of this extraordinary popularity. She does not try for it, for if she did the effort would be discovered and her object at once shattered into the smallest of small atoms. No, the popular woman is so because she cannot help it. Nature has endowed her with an amount of personal magnetism that attracts people to her without the slightest volition of her own, and once thus attracted they swear by her, come what will, whether she be kind to them or inclined to show the cloven foot in the gentle feminine style known to the wilful woman. From observation one would say that the popular woman is the one who smiles as pleasantly upon the elevator boy as upon the owner of the building in which the elevator is run. The smiles are not studied; they come spontaneously. It is just as easy for the popular woman to be kind as to be cross, therefore some one will say it is not to her credit to be popular, and no more it is. Nature has made her so. Her own sweet, sunny temperament garners friends as certainly as molasses attracts flies. It is all nonsense to give a woman advice how to be popular. Unless her own inner nature is such that it calls all the world friend there is no earthly use in endeavoring to smooth off the rough edges and acquire the manners that mean so much to the woman who possesses it. Popularity is a gift, a rare one, it is true, and one that once owned cannot, like other treasures, be lost, for owning it honestly it follows the possessor as persistently as a bad reputation, and we all know that that cannot be lost, try however hard we may.

Bustles Once More.

Women who study fashions in a far-sighted way have prophesied for some time that the days of the bustle were about to return. They have said that organ-plaited backs presaged the advent of the bustle and that widely flaring skirts lined with stiffening would inevitably lead to the readoption of that clumsy article of attire which women gave up so gladly a few years ago. The lingerie department in the shops would seem to bear out this prophecy. The bustle has made its reappearance there, tentatively so far, but still with the air of having come to stay. It is not the monstrous article which was banished when clinging skirts became fashionable. It is rather small and is made of haircloth, sometimes black, sometimes gray and sometimes white. It consists of three vertical puffs which look like the abbreviated lining to an organ-plait skirt, and it is finished by a frill of hair-cloth. Its main object is to give the skirt a start in the right direction. A well-lined skirt will flare at the bottom with the aid of a very small bustle. Of course, this slight reappearance of the bustle may be followed by a bustle revival on a large scale which will make camel-like humps once more the style.

The Sensible Wife.

"Another way of getting one's self unpleasantly associated is to introduce painful topics, like bills and depleted wardrobes, at improper times," says a woman writer in the Washington Star, discussing the subject of "how to manage a husband." "Men are creatures of moods and have, as a result, their amiable and unamiable periods. The unamiable epoch, according to my researches, is, with the most of them, early in the morning, and yet that is the very time that untactful woman (with her hair quite probably in curl papers) takes to prefer her monetary claims, thereby getting herself confused in his mind with house rent, gas bills, shabby cloaks and other distasteful things; whereas, had she possessed her soul in patience till that night after dinner, and then stated her wants with a rose in her hair, she would quite as fully have achieved her purpose, and at the same time have maintained her reputation with him as a wingless angel. I think it is Scripture, isn't it, which says there is a time and a place for all things? At all events, the saying is true as Scripture."

Divorce in Olden Times.

There has been a very general misconception that during pagan times the position of women was practically that of slaves. It will, perhaps, surprise many to learn that the legislation regarding marriage and divorce was in Iceland and Norway far more mindful of the wife's interest than it has ever been during the Christian era. The old Icelandic law stipulated, for instance, that if a man were divorced from his wife (even though she were the offending party) he had to return her dowry intact.

The Winter Girl.

Away with the girl who's so fond of the wheel;
Who boasts of a century run.
Her bloomers and jackets no longer appeal—
Who cares for the races she's won?
The weather's suggestive of ice and of snow—
It's been rather chilly of late—
And homage we pay just at present, you know,
To the maiden who knows how to skate.

Away with the girl who would imitate man—
The season's not suited to her—
And now we want girls of a different plan;
For who would make bloomers of fur?
The bicycle girl was all right for a while,
But now she is quite out of date;
The bicycle face is eclipsed by the smile
Of the maiden who knows how to skate.

Oh, here's to the girl whom in winter we prize;
Whose cheeks are as red as the rose,
Who captivates all with her bright, sparkling eyes
As gracefully gliding she goes.
Oh, here's to the girl who in winter holds sway,
Who havoc in hearts will create,
Who dresses to-day in a womanly way—
The maiden who knows how to skate.
—Chicago Evening Post.

For Thin Women.

Thin women should dress to conceal their angles and to keep their bones in the background. Plain bodices which permit the collar bones to reveal their presence, tight sleeves which announce the existence of sharp elbows and backs calling attention to conspicuous shoulder blades are all to be avoided. In order to give herself the appearance of gracious roundness of figure the thin woman should have skirts that flare as much as fashion will permit. Scant skirts make her look like an exclamation point. She should wear bodices shirred at the neck and at the waist, allowing fullness over the bust. The sleeves should be full to a point below the elbow in order to avoid a display of sharpness at that crucial point. If wrist bones are prominent, long cuffs or frills of lace should help to conceal the painful fact. Collars should not be plain, but they should be gathered or laid in folds.

THE WAY SHE MANAGES HER SKIRTS.

BOSTON. PHILADELPHIA. CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PARIS.

The Art of Eating.

We must insist on the necessity of teaching children daintiness in table manners. The young person is to be sincerely pitied who has no careful mother, nurse or governess to attend to this in childhood—that golden time when learning is so easy. Men and women are judged by trifles. After a rugged backwoodsman has hewn his way to a high place in the councils of the country, or, perhaps, saves it in hour of peril, one may well forgive him if he forgets the right way to shake hands or doff his hat or enter a drawing-room. But even he will be unforgiven if his table manners are untidy and offensive. Just here the most amiable of men—Thackeray—drew a sharp line. "Oh," he sighs, "if only the dear American girls would not strip the corn with their white teeth!" And, again: "How could I breakfast with five women eating with their knives! I could have stood one—but five, all at once!"

Braided Hats.

Braided chenille and braided felt are used extensively this season in the making of hats. Sometimes a velvet crown has a braided brim, sometimes a brim of shirred velvet is used with a braided crown and sometimes the entire hat is of the braided goods. A pretty affair in black chenille braid had a crown of sailor shape and a brim turning up all around in points. It was trimmed with golden brown velvet in folds and rosettes. A black owl's head with glittering golden brown eyes looked out over the face, a little to the left of the center and a bunch of black quills was fastened on the same side.

Green the Season's Color.

This appears to be the green season, all shades of that color being in vogue. Green gloves are a novelty, and are seen in three different tints; the new chameleon silks invariably show a touch of green in their changing colors; many of the new wool fabrics have green as the predominating shade; the boucle cloths show threads of green, and the most fashionable crepons are in green and black; varying green tints are seen everywhere in the new jeweled trimmings; and green wings adorn many of the new hats.

Rights of Married Women in Georgia.

The Legislature of Georgia has passed a bill which makes the earnings of a married woman her personal property and not liable for the debts or in any way belonging to her husband.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Quartermaster had been shocked at the confession which he had forced from his wife's lips. Indignation lent him eloquence, and as in forcible terms he expressed his scorn for her dereliction from straightforward dealing, she literally cowered before his wrath.

The following morning dawned brightly; but Jane thought it the dreariest day-break on which her eyes had ever rested. All night long she had been awake, grieving, but toward morning had sunk into an uneasy sleep of short duration.

Her night's rest had restored to Mrs. Knox her usual self-assertion and her tongue. She was scolding the servants vigorously as Jane emerged from her room; but her volubility came to a sudden end as she saw her daughter. The shabby black frock, of which she intuitively felt the full significance, touched her strangely, and a lump rose in her throat. Her face became crimson, and yearning for love and sympathy, held out her hands.

Mrs. Knox caught her in her arms and cried over her, reproaching herself bitterly for the share she had in her misfortune. What might have been a barrier between them Jane's sweet, forgiving disposition had broken down, and mother and child understood each other better than they had ever done before.

The Quartermaster came in and was pleased to see the reconciliation, though he thought it best to take no notice of it in words, only smoothing his daughter's bright hair tenderly as he passed her.

A week later, when the Sergeant came and asked to see Jane, he found himself confronted with the Quartermaster instead.

"I wish to see Jane," he stammered out with an awkward salute.

"If it is anything important for her to know, I can take the message."

"Why should I not be allowed to speak for myself? Jane has promised to be my wife, and I have a right to see her when I choose. From the first I never had fair play. Mrs. Knox forbade me the house first, then she tampered with my letters."

The Quartermaster had been standing all this time, nor had he offered his visitor a seat, wishing the interview to be a brief one. With this object still before him, he went straight to the subject he wished to impress upon the Sergeant once and for all.

"One other thing it would be better you should credit—that your claim upon my daughter is at an end. I forbid the engagement."

"You mean to say that you withdraw your consent?" leaning forward with an angry light in his eyes.

The Quartermaster nodded.

The Sergeant sunk into a chair and passed his hand across his brow. Although the evil habit he had lately contracted had made him oftentimes despondent, he was naturally of a hopeful disposition, and had in his heart of hearts cherished the idea that Jane would become his wife. His love for her was the one strong impulse of his life, and like all weak natures, he supposed that could he win his desire he would be a better man.

With a quiet hand-shake the two men parted shortly after, and the Quartermaster immediately repaired to the drawing-room to tell his daughter what he had done.

"Jenny, darling," said her father, gently, "I have been doing something for you without your permission."

"Have you?" she answered, listlessly. "I dare say I shall not be very angry."

"But I want you to be pleased."

"I don't know that I can promise that"—with a smile.

"I have spoken to Jacob Lynn, forbidding your engagement, and he has submitted to my authority. So, Jenny, I shall expect equal obedience from you."

"Then I am free!" she cried, excitedly, disregarding his attempt to jest.

After that she grew a little brighter. Perhaps—for she was very young and unused to sorrow—hope had unconsciously revived; but if so, it was destined soon to fade again.

One morning her mother came in with something to say, which she evidently feared might give her pain. She fidgeted about the room rearranging several ornaments and books, then finally took up her position behind Jane's chair.

"I don't know, Jenny," she began, nervously, "what passed between you and Colonel Prinsep the—that day. I have always felt that I had no right to ask. But, child, will you tell your mother whether you expected he would come to you again?"

"I—I had no reason to expect so," was the stammered reply. Then, as the silence grew oppressive and full of nameless fears, Jane added in a constrained voice: "Why do you ask?"

"Because he started yesterday for England, and I thought——"

Jenny never heard the conclusion of her words, for she swooned away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

That summer was a very hot one at Alipore. Even Mrs. Knox, who had been through so many hot seasons, felt weak and languid; and Jane, who had never been through one since she was a child, grew really ill. Often she dreamed of the summer days in England, and pictured Stephen Prinsep wandering through leafy glades, or by a mountain stream. He had described to her his home so often that she seemed to know every nook and corner of it. And now he had gone there alone. Brooding over her sorrow became a luxury to her at last, and she grew impatient when her reverie was disturbed.

It was fortunate that at this juncture Mrs. Dene, who had with her parents taken a house at Simla, wrote and asked Jane to stay with them for the next three months.

The meeting was at first fraught with painful memories to both; Jane thought of all that happened since their last talk together at Alipore; and Mrs. Dene recalled the pleasant plans that she and her husband had made for them all, spending that hot weather at Cashmere.

She, too, was greatly altered. After her husband's death, she had had a low fever for several weeks, which had robbed her of her strength and made her very slim and pale. Yet she looked younger than she had done during the earlier portion of her married life, when the shame of having been jilted by one man and having been married by another for pity's sake had weighed so heavily upon her. Now all that past time troubled her no more, and mourning for a husband, who she knew loved her, was a healthier if more pungent grief.

It was July when Jane arrived, one of the quietest months at Simla, so she had a little leisure to recover her good looks, about which Mrs. Dene could not have been more anxious had she been the most scheming of Belgravian dames.

A fancy-dress ball was to be given on the 1st of August by the Viceroy, and at this it was decided that Jane should make her debut in Simla society. At first she had demurred, partly on account of the expense, but every objection was overruled, and when the big card of invitation was put into her hand she felt glad that she had been persuaded.

She had told the outline of her story to Mrs. Dene, only suppressing the facts of her mother's deceit and Colonel Prinsep's complicity. But Mrs. Dene, knowing only part, and consequently not seeing sufficient motive for the breaking off of the marriage, jumped to the conclusion that, though she might have been deeply hurt and distressed at the notoriety involved, Jane had never really loved the Colonel. Mrs. Dene felt a momentary regret that she herself was not accompanying Jane, when she saw how lovely the girl looked.

"The prettiest maid that ever went a-milking," smiled Mrs. Mainet, as she noted Jane's appearance before she left for the ball.

"I foretell that you will be the belle of the ball," added her daughter. "Hitherto Diana Knollys has reigned supreme; but her day is over now."

That Jane enjoyed herself was a matter of course. She looked the very incarnation of youth and pleasure as she moved about, the color coming and going fitfully in her face, her hazel eyes aglow with soft delight.

Government House to her seemed a palace of splendor; but that she was the Cinderella of the scene, who had been almost unanimously declared its fairest queen, she did not guess. In her own mind she set down Miss Knollys as the most beautiful woman there.

Major Larron had gone to Cashmere for his six months' leave, and spent most of his time shikarring; but when he heard where the Quartermaster's daughter had gone he lost no time in following her there, bringing as propitiatory gifts some red bearskins for Mrs. Dene, and for Jane a magnificent snow leopard skin, to use as a rug for her jampan, the usual mode of conveyance in the hills.

Valentine Graeme came up also for the last two months, and having made known the opinion he had always held as to her histrionic powers, prepared the way for her to another triumph.

Sometimes the girl could scarcely believe that she had ever been the Sergeant Major's daughter, and engaged to Jacob Lynn; yet in one thing she was unchanged. Never for an instant did her love for Stephen Prinsep falter.

The season drew to an end, and with many regrets Jane left Mrs. Dene's hospitable roof to return to Alipore. She traveled down with Miss Knollys, with whom latterly she had become better acquainted. The Commissioner's daughter had begun by affecting a friendship for diplomacy's sake; but afterward what Colonel Prinsep had foretold her came to pass, she grew to really like her for her own sake, and Jane returned the liking.

It was not to be supposed that any one so handsome as Diana Knollys should remain without an admirer. She had several, but only one of them had actually declared himself, and that was Colonel Grey, who commanded the —th Hussars.

Mrs. Knox was delighted to have her daughter back, and had rejoiced in the several accounts of her successes which she had received from the good-natured Adjutant and Mrs. Dene.

CHAPTER XXV.

Colonel Prinsep had by no means enjoyed his continental tour. He had met friends, been bored by them, and gone on to meet other acquaintances and be bored anew.

Toward the end of the six months, however, he became his usual insouciant self. Say what one will of constancy, absence is more likely to engender forgetfulness than deepen love.

All the while he was away from Alipore he had never heard any news of the Quartermaster's daughter, his correspondents thinking it an unpleasant topic to introduce; consequently he had no idea when he returned to Alipore whether she had married the Sergeant or not.

As he neared the station his thoughts, which had wandered and had been half disloyal to the love which so lately he had professed and felt, reconcentrated themselves; the last few miles he saw and heard nothing that did not remind him of Jane.

In the distance he saw the winding road he had traversed with her the day that she had broken her arm, and supported by him she had lain half fainting with the pain, yet scarcely uttering a cry. Ah, and there was the Quartermaster's bungalow—he wondered if she lived there still, and there the church!

All his bitterness revived at sight of the sacred edifice where he had waited in vain for his bride. He thought that were he to remain in Alipore a hundred years he would never enter its doors again! On the platform of the station was Valentine Graeme, peering into each carriage as it passed him, and he uttered a delighted exclamation when he recognized the Colonel.

He had brought the Colonel's own horse and dog-cart, of which he had been left in charge, and as they drove back to his bungalow together, he gave him several items of news. About Colonel Grey having proposed to and been refused by Diana Knollys, Colonel Prinsep had already heard.

"I cannot imagine Lennox Grey going courting," he said. "I only wish I had been here to see."

"You will find Miss Knox much changed, I fancy," said the Adjutant presently.

"How?" asked the Colonel, quietly; and Mr. Graeme hesitated, not knowing exactly how to explain.

"I think she is grown," he blurted out at length, and feeling that he had made a ridiculous remark, was the first to laugh. The Colonel laughed, too.

"Scarcely that, I should think," he said, carelessly, "seeing that she was eighteen when I left Alipore."

On the following morning, at the time appointed, the Colonel called for Valentine Graeme, and together they repaired to the Quartermaster's house.

How strange it seemed, the Colonel thought, that he should be going up the well-known drive again! Formerly it had been as Jane's lover he had gone, and Jane, herself radiant with delight, had come half-way to meet him. Now he was going as an ordinary visitor to make a morning call.

Coming in from out of the sunlight, the room seemed a little dark, but clearly enough across the intervening space Jane and Stephen Prinsep recognized each other.

He had thought she might blush—she had blushed so easily when he knew her last—perhaps even look confused, rendering it the more imperative for him to retain his self-possession. But as far as he could see in the dimly lighted room, she did neither.

She was standing by the window in an attitude of easy grace he thought he had never seen her adopt before. He could interpret now Val Graeme's clumsy attempt at explanation of the change that six months had worked in her. The change was the great one from girl to woman.

Beside her was Blount of the Rifles, talking to her with his most dandified air—"the A. D. C. swagger," Valentine Graeme contemptuously named it in his own mind.

Mrs. Knox was also in the room, talking to Barry Larron, and she rose instantly, murmuring some unintelligible wards of greeting. She knew he had returned, and that he might show his displeasure by avoidance of them, or that he might, in spite of what occurred, still love and wish to win her daughter, but for this friendly visit she was not prepared.

"It is the Colonel, Jane," she said, after a short, uncomfortable pause. Jane moved forward with outstretched hand.

"We heard you had come," she observed, smiling, "but had not expected to have seen you so soon."

He looked down at her gravely, reproachfully almost. Had she indeed become so heartless that she could utterly ignore what had been between them, and meet and speak to him thus without embarrassment? On the third finger of her left hand was a massive silver ring she had never worn before. It was the sort of a ring a man in Sergeant Lynn's rank of life might give as a token of betrothal. Could it be that she was bound to him still?

"It was natural," he answered, coldly, at last, "that my first visits should be paid to those in the regiment."

"Then we are not to suppose that it was a wish to see us, personally, that brought you?" she asked—impertinently, her mother thought.

"However badly I expressed myself, I hope you will believe it was a pleasure as well as a duty," he returned, bowing, with what Val Graeme, who had a name for everything, called his grand seigneur manner.

(To be continued.)

A Fraudulent Banker.

The other evening a stylish and gentlemanly looking individual stepped into one of the leading restaurants of Paris, took his seat at a table and ordered a very fine dinner. When it was served up, he tackled the dishes with the placid delight of a genuine epicure. When he was half through the dessert, a closed cab drew up at the door of the establishment, and a grave looking gentleman requested permission to look through the premises, as he expected to find there a fraudulent banker, whom he as a detective was instructed to take into custody. Of course his demand was complied with, and no sooner had he entered the dining-room than he pointed to the luxurious reveller and whispered in the landlord's ear:

"You see, our information was correct. There he is. But for your own sake we prefer to avoid a row. Please tell the gentleman that his friend, Baron L., is outside and wishes to speak to him for a minute."

On receiving the message our gastronomist immediately rose from the table and went out on the boulevard, where he was taken possession of by the detective, who put him in the cab and drove off with him. Next day the restaurant keeper went to the nearest police office to recover payment for the fraudulent banker's dinner, amounting to about sixty francs. But neither the commissary nor his subordinates knew anything of the supposed capture. In the end it turned out to be nothing more nor less than a clever bit of comedy got up for the purpose of enabling one of the actors to have a "good blowout."

Contortionists.

The dexterity of a skilled performer is due solely to practice. Contortionists are generally taught at an early age, beginning with some simple motions, like bending backward until the head touches the floor, and rising again without the aid of the hands. From this more difficult feats are learned, until the muscles and joints become so supple that the whole frame can be twisted to any angle without discomfort and with apparent ease.

Truth may languish, but it can never perish.

Various Odds and Ends.

In making gravy, always stir the flour into a lump of butter, or the grease from the meat, taking care, if the latter is used, that there is no water left in it, or liquor from the meat. When the lumps are all stirred out, thin with cold water or meat stock; this will prevent the formation of lumps, and do away with the necessity of straining.

In making mush, stir the meal into boiling salted water until it floats and then stop. If this rule is carefully followed, it will always be of the right consistency, and this is the only sure rule, as the meal varies so that no definite measure can be given.

When fruit is high, try this receipt. Take the best evaporated apples to be had, put them in an earthen dish, which should be two-thirds full; cover with warm (not hot) water and cook in a steamer; or better, a steam cooker, six or seven hours. At the end of the first hour, add sugar to taste, dissolve in hot water, being careful not to break or muss the apples, and all hot water from time to time as it cooks away. When cold, slip carefully into a fruit dish. It will be very pretty and palatable, but it cannot be hurried, or prepared carelessly.

To dress a chicken, try placing two or three thicknesses of paper on the table when removing the entrails, and then take all up together. It is much easier.

To practice economy, ask the grocer for crushed Java and Mocha when buying coffee; it is the broken beans, and can be had in the large cities for nineteen cents per pound, because it is broken, but it is strong and as good as that costing twice as much. Broken rice can also be had very cheaply.

From a cracker factory, broken crackers and cookies may be bought very cheaply. They are the ones that happen to be bent over in the baking, or broken in packing the boxes, and are more fresh and crisp than those to be had at the grocer's. Often nearly whole ones can be picked out to put on the table once or twice, and the others, if one does not wish to use them broken on the table, are delicious for puddings.

In using milk for gravy or any similar preparation where it must be heated, place it in a separate dish and heat slowly until scalded, being careful not to boil, as the boiling will often cause curdling when the milk just scalded tastes sweet. Of course if thickening is to be added, that must be prepared separately with a little fresh milk or water, and added carefully to the scalded milk after it is cooked. This will sometimes save the cream gravy to peas or string beans when the ordinary way would spoil them.

Never salt an omelette or eggs in any form until they are cooked; it makes them tough; and by the same token, as Pat would say, never boil a pot roast; simmer it instead, as boiling renders it tough.—Good Housekeeping.

Ferns for the House.

In the craze there is for ferns for indoor growing some are taking up clumps of those to be found in the woods, and, by the way, expecting them to return thanks for the shelter from the winter weather in luxurious growth. "But," says one who knows, in the Philadelphia Ledger, "they shouldn't take them up now, but should wait until they've had at least one good freeze. Then take them by using a hatchet to cut the earth several inches around each plant, then shovel it up, dirt and all. Put into a cool, dark place, cover with leaves or a blanket, and let it thaw out at its leisure, shake away the earth, pot and bring to a warm room gradually. The thing to do now is to go to the woods and select such as are to be taken up. Perennials, native of the temperate zone, need the frosts to ripen them."

Calfsfoot Jelly.

Take two calf's feet, break the bones, wash well, and put on the fire in one quart of cold water. After it begins to boil move to the side of the range and let cook slowly about four hours. Strain and let stand until cold, then remove all the fat. Mix with the jelly one pound of sugar, the juice of six lemons, the rind of one cut in small pieces, and one small stick of cinnamon broken fine. Let this heat very slowly; then add the whites of two eggs, beaten well with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Stir until it begins to boil, then add one-half pint of sherry. Allow it to simmer ten minutes. Strain through a fine cloth. If not perfectly clear the first time, strain again. Pour into molds to harden. This is a jelly that almost any invalid would relish.

Arrowroot Pudding.

Beat a dessert spoonful of arrowroot with the yelks of two eggs, one spoonful of sweet milk, and one teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Stir until perfectly smooth. Put one-half pint of milk on the fire; as soon as it boils pour slowly on the arrowroot mixture, stirring all the time so as to have it very smooth. Whip the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth and stir lightly together. Put in a buttered dish and cook in a hot oven ten minutes.

To Make Fig Pudding.

Chop half a pound of figs and mix with a teacup of grated breadcrumbs, a teacupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four beaten eggs, and five ounces of candied orange and lemon peel; turn into a greased mould; steam two hours and a half. Serve with pudding sauce.—Ladies' Home Journal.