

the concert; by Jove, I will!"

row's the concert night.

And who was making the concert dress?

hidden in a cloud of muslin, sitting in the

"Dorry, you'll hart your eyes, child. Let

late, anyway; and we burn such a lot of oil

The eventful night found Nora a pic-

ture: the frail, girlish figure, under mid-

like a child dressed up as a woman for the

bunch of pink resebuds -the only colored

yet a child). Tall, and dark as an Ital

ian, with superb black eyes, even in her

CHAPTER VL

Not far from her stands Elizabeth,

looking rather well to-night, with her

pale face slightly flushed, her eyes bright

with excitement and her long hair hang-

lips, as usual, are quite colorless, and

eyes. But from underneath the little

her face. She has a pink shawl thrown

about her shoulders, and Nora whispers

Where will you sit, mother?"

"Up in the gallery, behind a pillar. I

"Cheerful-we are at liberty to choose

"I shall sit a little further back, as I

the hall, to hear what the people say.

We'll sit near people who won't know we're sisters. Now listen. We must

tell you something. You do the same to

What a blaze of light!" (This as they

With which eminently comforting con-

spectators swim before the eyes of three

breathlessly forward in the front row.

Up and down went her hands. Buttons

broke, seams burst, palms ached; still

What were the people laughing at?

Elizabeth were alone belaboring their

"Tom," said Dorry, "mind you clap for

this gentleman as much as for the mu-

sician. Keep my place, dear, whilst take a run over to Lizbeth."
"What is it, Betty?"

"I only wanted to ask you, do you see

"He struck the ground with his cane

when the artist played, and said some

thing to the lady. I shouldn't be sur-

"Hush! the gentleman beside us is niling. Why, he's the gentleman we

incess, and the artist has just come or

again, and bows to her especially. Isn't it wonderful how she thinks of things?

I wonder if the prince will go up and shake hands with her. No; I suppose he's going to wait till afterward. I think she looks decidedly distingues, don't you?"

"You see over there, five seats from us

's clapping. He told me he'd clap if he ted the way Nora played."
Enddonly he remarked that Dorry's es-

cidedly distingues, don't you?

smiling. Why, he's the gentleman we saw looking at Nora's program, Elizabeth

"Won't you clap, Dorry?" "I should think I will, Tom?"

It was the singer's turn now.

that gentleman over there?

"I see. What about him?"

prised if he were some grandee.'

Speak quite in a whisper.

Dorry returned to Tom. "How do you like it, Tom?"

What?

"The concert? Not much." Buddenly Tom cried, "Dorry!"

"My teeth are clattering!

the grandest numbered seats in the hall

fauteuil. And you. Dorry

looks!"

we're sisters.

"That's Dorry's color; how pretty she

CHAPTER IV -Continued.

With the utmost calmness she began ry. I should think, now, that would be talking of herself in the third person, interesting. feigning to be her own maid. As such she behaved, remaining quietly where she was, for politoness is not a characteristic soliloquized, "Funny little girls! I'll go to of the servents of Ecks.

"No, sir: I'm sorry, sir, she isn't at home, the fraulein, but if there's any- Not Nora. The little, dark figure, half thing I can do, sir-

The gentieman looked up disappointed. window to profit by the last daylight, as

"I wanted it done at once." she runs her needle defrly in and out, Poor Elizabeth! Work to be done at holding her work at arm's length-nebody once, and if it should now slip out of her can mistake her.

"Couldn't you leave the work with me, me light a lamp."

"You have to sit up "No, no, mother; we'll have to sit up sir?" she said.

trust in me, she does." "Well, it's only a copy, after all," mur- as it is. I can see quite well still, and I mured her visitor, half aloud. "She may must go on sewing. Think only, to-morbe able to do it, and I must have it. I'd

fike to have seen her, though. It's hardly a ludy's work. He was going to say something more. dle height; the pretty face, with the great when the girl silenced him, saying sharp-lay: "All right: I'll give it to her, sir. white dress, that made her look almost

You'll find your way out, I suppose? The German took the hint and went, nonce; the long, golden-brown hair, fastmuttering some remark on this rudest of ened back by a white ribbon, and a tiny

"Well!" said Elizabeth, indignantly, as thing about her. Beside her stood her

she looked after him, "that's the first time | mother. None of the Denbigh girls could I ever had a gentleman leave me without compare externally with their mother, even raising his hat;" then, amused at not even the pretty child in white (for, herself for so soon forgetting her role, despite her eighteen years, Nora looked she burst out laughing. The work was done by evening and laid

Elizabeth on a table among several shabby black dress Mrs. Denbigh could other papers which had, she thought, a not fail to attract notice. legal appearance. "Here he is!" cried Dorry, as the hall

door bell rung. "I'll let him in."

The gentleman had evideptly dressed himself with extreme care, being now in the lightest of kids, in honor, no doubt, of the English lady, who, as he probably gathered from her maid's account, must ing down in a great plait. Stooping down be still very young. He was himself extremely youthful, as Elizabeth now ob- Dorry. Her face is paler than usual, her

served for the first time. As he entered the room he smiled, looking at the two sisters, who had both risen: then began talking English:
"Who of the misses is the versionist?"

replied Elizabeth.

I haf left a pepper of judg- to the mother; ments with your she-servant this morn-

"Yes, here they are," said Elizabeth, handing him a scroll. "They are all are characteristic as they reach the green right, I think '

She then sat down and wrote out an

account for 10 marks, saying, as she did know a place, where nobody ever sits."

"You are the Herr Widmann, I suppose.

mentioned in this paper?" "No. miss," was the answer. "The I mean to sit in the first row, number five. Mr. Widmann in that pepper is an old; which is immediately behind the prin-V should say, his nephew. He did ask me to come because I am knowing English, think we ought to spread ourselves over

and can examine the popper. He is sehr eigen, my unele-very quizzieal, as you Elizabeth approached the piano, and, agree on a few signs. If I fold my arms, smiling, folded up her mother's prospectus. I am satisfied all is going well. If I put This she then presented to her visitor, my hand up to my right ear, I want to

"As you like English, it may interest me. But mind you speak of Nora as "the you to know that my mother gives Eng- artist, in case any one should overhear,

lish lessons. The gentieman took the paper, with a entered the concert hall.) "Do you feel lightly scornful expression.

nervous, Elizabeth?"

slightly scornful expression.

"Lessons," he said, "them I have never "Well, yes; I'm quaking in my shoes. daken. Your language, miss, is so fa- And you?" cile that, with a perfunctory information of French (how I possess him) and a profound knowledge of the speech of the fessions the sisters part; Elizabeth to sit Fatherland, it is possible to teach it to immediately behind the princess, or, rathone self. The grammar, which I know to er, behind the princess' chair, that lady the base, is to smile at-no genders, for having not yet arrived. Dorry and Tim instance, who form the cliffs in French. sitting somewhat further back. Then at Fruit, that German must be a noodle who last a little white figure enters, looks annot instruct himself in so simple a around, courtesys deep, and sits down language, with to his aid a grammar and before the hall of people. She then be the plays to that gross poet Shakspeare. gins taking off her gloves, and plays serve how the word 'gross,' he is a while she, the piano, and all the crowd of Your language is but a German word. botch-hotch of French and German." present; the dark figure concealed behind

Having said which, Herr Widmann, a pillar in the gallery, the girl leaning with German courtesy, bowed to the little professional woman as if she were a and the curly headed child in the middle princess, and begged to recommend him- of the audience. Then a panse; the first elf, which is the German form of taking piece is over. leave. At the door he turned, however, and said, after a moment's hesitation:

"I think, miss, it is but right to tell you your she-servant is extremely unpolite, though I doubt not an honest maiden. She she clapped. And Elizabeth, behind the did receive me in the kitchen this morn- princess' chair, followed her example. ing, and stepped not down from a pinnawas monuted, and did for the most part speak to me turning to me tser back. I wish not to complain as re sards me, but I think him my duty to inform you thereof in regard to other visiters who may come when you are gally-

Having thus crowned all his former malapropos. Herr Widmann, blissfully mnaware of having conched his friendly warning in any but the gost studiously polite words, a second after begged to recommend himself, and this time really de parted, leaving Elizabeth speechiess with

## CHAPTER V.

Nora was going to give a concept. This was the present excitement. You had ealy to pass the chief music shop in Ecks He see a large printed announcement of the concert; and I herdly think you would have passed said shop at any hour in the day that you would not have seen one or other of Nora's family studying said other of Nora's family studying said announcement. Mrs. Denbigh, from the other side of the road, with a terrified expression; Tom, planted boldly right in face of it (you cannot imagine how strange it was to him to see Nora's name printed in fat black letters on rellow paper); Elizabeth and Dorry sauntering slowly past and looking at it furtively from the cerests of their eyes.

Cone indeed, seeing a decidedly English indices man standing before it, Elizabeth and College and their eyes.

had seen an old lady fast asleep. Well, far was it from Darry to grudge old age a not in the proper place; but to fall asleep and snore-positively snore-in Nora's concert, that was too much. Tom followed the direction of Dorry's eyes. saw-and sympathized. At last it struck en and the assembly broke up.

"Quite unusual for the princess to sit out a whole concert," said a lady to an-

ther, passing Dorry. beamed and blushed; and the

ady looking surprised and interested. When they all reached home the wearled little artist flong herself into a chair. The roses had fallen from her hair, and the ribbon that tied it, loosened. All the bright curls tossed and falling about her

face, she looked up.
"Oh, I'm so glad it's all-all over. I don't think I was born for this. It was so hard to bear up and play before so many.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Ah, an English concert, you see, Dor-If the reader has no objection to losing sight of the Misses Denbigh for some ten minutes, I should now like to introduce to him a lady of their acquaintance, Miss Smythe-Smythe, aunt to Tom Thomson.

It has been said that Tom Thomson was the tallest man in Ecks; no doubt height was a feature of the family, for his aunt, Miss Smythe-Smythe, was the tallwoman in Ecks.

Miss Smythe-Smythe was a most architectural lady; hers was the Gothic In speaking of her you found style yourself instinctively using the language of art and architecture. You would catch yourself talking of her figure as the "draped column" (not that columns are usually draped), of her head as "the pointed cone," or "the apex to this pillar," as naturally as, in alluding to her arms and neck, you would find yourself making use of such ridiculous words as "flut-"spiral," etc. Add to this peculiarity of build that Miss Smythe-Smythe wore a black silk dress, a black silk cap and a black silk apron, and you will understand how extremely strange her appearance must have been.

Miss Smythe-Smythe was an acquaint ance of the Denbighs. Mrs. Denbigh had just received a letter from her folded in three-corner shape, closed by a wafer and written in a hand falling at right angles. It ran as follows:

"Miss Smythe-Smythe presents her compliments to Mrs. and the Misses Denbigh, and requests the pleasure of their company to a cup of tea on Wedne R. S. V. P. at 7 p. m.

This letter arrived on Saturday. "Quite formal," said Nora. "We'll have o dress, mother; not full dress, of course, but handsome visiting dress. What are you laughing at, Dorry?"

"Nothing; I was only thinking we'll to put a finishing touch on Tom stands have to drive, of course; not in separate carriages; but in the family coach. "Yes, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and I'll

tell you what, girls! We won't make a there are telltale margins under her black display of jewelry, but a few of our aucestral diamonds will not be out of place." brown cap her pretty dark curls fall over "Very witty," said Nora, with the expression of keen appreciation which commonly comes over our faces at the exer-

cise of wit at our own expense. "Seriously, Lizbeth," she continued, "what are you going to wear? You can't At last the family start. Their remarks

wear that dress "Can't 1? Then I think I must stay

at home," said Elizabeth, smiling.
"Nonsense! That'd look poor!" cried Meanwhile Nora, with a calmness which was rapidly leading her mother to fear that she was suffering from momen-

tary insanity, repeated, "Yes, she must have a new dress," this, looking at the lank girl with an eye, the expression of which was gradually changing from the pensive to the "I have it!"
Finally the "I have it!" look spreading

all over her face, she walked quickly tothe cloth, and began holding up the latter critically to the light. "Yes; not an ugly green, and green

rather becomes Lizbeth-ink spots don't matter, can be hid in the puffing. Just enough for a polonaise. I think. Table, after all, mahogany. Come here, Elizaboth. Yes, the color is really charming. Mother, this'll make Lizbeth a dress.

So it was arranged, and, clad in the table cloth, metamorphosed into the most fashionable dress, with rosettes on her very shabby boots, and a "wisp" grace fully enveloping her neck, Elizabeth made her appearance at Miss Smythe Smythe's house on Wednesday, Tom Thomson do ing the honors; for his aunt was extreme-

## CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Smythe-Smythe was charmed to see Mrs. Denbigh and her daughters looking so well-would she (Mrs. Deabigh) excuse her telling her that she had a hairpin threatening to fall? Such charm ing girls, her daughters-would Miss Denbigh mind looking if that was a pin just before her foot on the carpet; so terribly dangerous to have pins lying about the floor. Did not Miss Eliza, or (what was her name?) Elizabeth (ah, charming name!), did not she look rather pale? She had a hair just hanging over her eyes. so liable to give one a squint—she hoped she was not offended at her telling her-Why, dear me! yes, every one had ceased clapping, and Tom and Dorry and and Miss Theodora ("Miss Theodora" had buried her face in her handkerchief, being only, after all, "naughty 14")-ah, laugh ing as usual, such a charmingly gay girl; but never giddy, she hoped, never giddy. What did they do with their time? Learned and taught! Ah, indeed! so very praise worthy in young women to learn and teach. Would Miss Nora play something?

"Do, Miss Nora," said Tom earnestly, evidently ill-pleased at his sunt's patronizing manner; for Tom was a gentleman. "Will you sing us something, if I do?" said Nora, gayly, sitting down at the

"I will do anything you ask," was the

gallant reply.

Nora played a nocturne. She did not usher it in by an impromptn of her own, a dashing series of chords, in the now accepted style; nor did she play it as if it came from her backbone. it very softly, very slowly, and with ex-

quisite delicacy.

Then the tea was passed round. Miss Smythe-Smythe said nothing; she was not a talkative woman. Tom Thomson said nothing; he did not know anything to say. At last a bright idea struck him; the weather was still an untouched subject of conversation.
"And how do you find this weather

agree with your flowers, Miss Nors?" "Oh, very well," was the answer. "Every weather agrees with geraniums. Do you like geraniums, Mr. Thomson?"
"Yes, I'm very faund of that one youn-c." said Mr. Thomson, pointing to a

vacion had become thunderous. The flower of the genus geranacece standing on the window siz

cason of this was that, on looking down he row where she was seated. Dorry "It's a beauty," said Nora, "Do you think so? I caul it-but, perhaps, I should not acknowledge that and Mr. Thomson blushed slightly). "Ob, that's not fair," exclaimed Nora,

laughing. "You must confess now." Do you aurder me to, Miss Denbigh?" "Yes," in a decided tone.

"Well, then, I caul-that exceedingly pretty geranium 'Miss-Miss Denbigh." There, now, is a confession! Is it not hauridly rude of me?"
"Not a bit," said Nora, her merry eyes

dancing; "I think it is a very pretty idea; but, confess, do you call it 'Miss Denbigh exactly?"

What are you talking about, Tom?" asked Miss Smythe-Smythe. "Bautony," was the answer her truth-

ful nephew made. "Indeed! That reminds me, are the

saucers all right?" Here Dorry, who had not yet opened

her lips, thinking this would be a good occasion to show that she was not "shy" fourteen to be shyl), replied at the top of

"Yes, thank you, Miss Smythe. Mine has a crack in it, but nothing goes

Mr. Thomson smiled as he explained that his aunt meant the saucers under

Poor little Dorry could say no more Will you play us something more, Miss. Nora?" asked Tom.

When she had ended his eyes were fixed on her, the great, meaningless, bine eyes she had so often laughed at. They were very kind eyes, as she now noticed

for the first time.
"Do you like the aupera, Miss Nora?"
"Yes, very much," and Nora's eyes sparkled.

Why, I never see you there, and I go almost every night with my aunt. Though she does not hear, she is faund of the aup-era as a spectacle. Will you go with her sometimes?" asked Tom Thomson suddealy, as if recollecting something. "She is very kind, and-and-might be useful to you, Miss Denbigh. Ladies can be useful to each other sometimes, can they

Thus it came that Tom Thomson gave up his seat in the "aupera" to the little artist, and the tall Scotchman, with the languishing blue eyes and the invariable flower in his buttonhole, answered ali queries as to why he had abandoned one of his favorite pastimes of late with "The fact is, I gant tired of it."

"I say, girls, Tom Thomson is an outand-out nice man," said Nora, as she took Dorry's arm going home.

"How did you find that out?" asked Elizabeth, who was skeptical concerning the value of men generally, starting from the man Tom Denbigh.

'From a talk we had at the plane,' and Nora repeated the substance of her conversation with the Scotchman.

"That is nice of him," said Dorry, en thusiastically, "for you know, girls, every one says he's not rich, though Miss Smythe is.

## (To be continued.)

Electric Stamp Cancellers. The first application of electric letter cancelling machines in the United

States was made recently in a new street railway mail car, especially built for the West End railway postoffice service in Boston.

ly prove a great improvement in the mination in the tone and manner, and service. Cancelling machines are in acknowledged her right, and asked her use in the Boston postoffice, where they how much she considered her share, head, were first introduced into this country.

was cancelled when placed aboard the and this is spring, and it seems to me" car, except the drop letters, which were cancelled with a hand stamp. Under the new arrangement, however, the piled, "as if I'd ought to have \$20." mails can be put aboard the cars direct from the collectors, and the extra handling of the matter saved.

The new cars are built with new ideas, which were not possible in the old ones, as they were simply made over from the ordinary cars. The cancelling machine is in the corner, and power is received direct from the troiley and generated through a small motor. One clerk, with this machine, can handle, face and stamp six thousand letters an hour.

The car was inspected by Postmaster Coveney, who seemed pleased with the new arrangement, and said:

"It is an admirable arrangement, and after it gets into good working order will probably do much to save important time, and thus increase the efficiency of the service. On the allnight circuit car is where the machine can best be put to practical use, as so much mail is handled, and the run is so long as to give plenty of time to work up matter."

He Began Young.

The New York Tribune tells the following story of the celebrated Brooklyn sculptor, Frederick MacMonnies: "When the boy was 7 years old he made one of his first pieces, which his mother now keeps in an honored position in her parlor. It is a miniature likeness of an elephant and is remarkably lifelike in all respects. One morning the boy, with his playmates, went to town to see Barnum's big circus parade. The embryo sculptor took in the whole show from beginning to end, but was especially interested in a certain white ele-Before the last notes from the bands in the procession had died away the boy was hurrying home. There he secured some clay, and in an hour or two he had molded the wonderful little image which many curlo hunters would doubtless be glad to get at any

Never Touched Him.

The stomach of an ostrich that died a few days ago in the menagerie in Central Park, New York, was found to contain a wooden clothespin, two pieces of glass, a mouth harmonica, a piece of umbrella handle four tuches long, a metal skate key, a brass door key, a silk, handkerchief, a horn comb, two pieces of coal, and three pebbles. Yet the ostrich did not die of indigestion, but tuberculosis.

A man is more apt to notice the ap proach of old age in others than in



E have a poor opinion of the or how well-to-do he is, that to shreds as soon as our back is turned. does not acknowledge that his wife in company so stupid for a great girl of has a share in the income of the farm. The man who acknowledges this in words and does not give by actually passing into the wife's hand some of the share does her a rank injustice. We are aware some men excuse them- curis of all sorts and conditions are all selves by saying that "it is all in the to be popular. The only thing which is family, anyway," or "women are no tabooed is the smoothly drawn Mamanagers." Both are very slim excuses. | donna like colffure which has been the What man who has worked hard soluce of the indolent woman for a would like it when the few dollars season or two. Pompadour combs help come in that the toil produced should to give the roll its stability. They are his wife take them and use them all in fastened in the hair in such a way as buying a sewing machine, an extra to press the fluffy puff out toward the cloak, and half a dozen plated spoons. face instead of in from it. When the which are "all in the family" when the bair is worn a la pompadour, as far as husband has set his mind upon having a "good new jackknife when those hogs are sold?" She has the right to do it, as much so as the man has to buy a feed-cutter, an extra rubber coat and a whip when the wife had her heart upon having a pair of kid gloves. That women are "poor managers" is proven talse every day. Many a successful man owes his success to his wife's good management, and many more would be successful if they left more of their affairs to the judgment

and management of the wife. It is a burning shame the treatment some women get in the money matters of the copartnership made at marriage. We do not believe in marriages for a money consideration, but hold that many a woman would be happier had the promise to "love, cherish and keep" been carried a little further or made more specific so as to have obligated to a literal sharing of the money, be it little or much.

An extreme case was brought to our attention a few days ago. A farm was to be sold, and after the deed was made out the wife hesitated before signing it. When asked why, she replied: "Before signing that paper," and her voice grew steady and firm, "I want to know what my share's to be, I've worked as hard as father all these years on the farm, and I've pinched and managed and earned whatever's to be paid for it, as much as he, and I want a set sum that's all mine, and that I can hold in my own hands and have belong to me alone." The law-The idea is no el, and will undoubted- yer who made out the paper saw deter-"I thought of that, too," she replied. "It's been forty years, a good forty In the street mail cars all the mail years, for we took the farm in the fall, -her voice broke a little at this critical moment-"it seems to me," she re-

That is a true statement of a recent happening. Think of it, man. A woman so belittled by forty years' unrecompensed servitude that she called \$20 a fair consideration for her services! Man! are you degrading your wife to such a position?-Farm, Field and Fireside.

Revenue Officer in Skirts

Miss Lucy E. Ball has just been appointed chief of the spirits department by Collector Kelly of the Brooklyn internal revenue office. There is only one other woman in the United States holding a similar position. The new chief is a pretty girl with dark hair



phant, then taking his first starring intelligence. She lives with her parents at 1062 Dean street, Brooklyn. Four or five years ago she entered the service of the internal revenue department in Greensboro, N. C., the heart of the moonshining district. In 1894 Collector Healey appointed her as a deputy in the Brooklyn office. She was afterward in charge of the income tax department while that law was in operation. Lately she has been keeping accounts of brewers and cigar manufacturers. Her new duties will be in relation to the distilleries of the district.

> The Lovable Woman. Very lovely and lovable is the woman who has cultivated a disposition angelle enough to see the good and not the evil side of human nature, who can be severe with her own fallings, and excuse the faults of others. We are told that she is a dull, uninteresting crea ture, and if we take the trouble to look late the matter we find that she does

not laugh at her neighbor's per workness; she does not enjoy mitting out right and left at the world at large, and is always ready with a plea for unseen and unsuspected reasons, which, if they could be revealed, would go a long way toward modifying harsh' judgment. Our lovable woman may not be witty, she may be a little prosy; but she it is to whom we go when in trouble for sympathy and confide with a man, we care not how poor feeling that our secret will not be torn

> Curls and Crimps in Profusion. If nature has been niggardly in the matter of curls, woman must ble her to the hairdresses this season to entreat him to make good the deficiency. For



UP-TO-DATE HAIRDERSSING. the facially decorative part is concerned, the back hair is generally gathered up on the top of the head. There it is coiled loosely and roundly instead of In the pertly erect and narrow fashion recently prevailing. In deference to the rage for curls the ends of the colls are oftentimes free. Simultaneously with the announcement from the hairdressers that the hair must be curled comes the declaration from hygienists that the curling iron must go. It is branded as the deadliest foe to softness . and fineness of the locks. This would be a particularly discouraging conflict but for the fact that the makers of kid curlers have devised an almost picturesque method of curling the hair. The little, inoffensive kid curiers are all provided with narrow ribbons which tie in dainty little bows all over the

Louisiana Bachelors in Peril,

elor's liberty has been ruthlessly swept away by a recent decision in the United States Circuit Court, and, if he has not taken to the woods, he is at least as circumspect in his dealings with the fair sex as a Quaker. The civil law in that State has always frowned on breach of promise suits, and refused to recognize them. A certain Mrs. Cheek, however, finding that her venerable suitor, Herman Pilger, would not fulfill his promise to marry her, brought suit against him in the Federal courts and recovered heavy damages against him. The decision may bring to light many hundred breach of promise suits which have lain dormant for years because the State law recognized no damages for a brulsed heart.

Equality of Sexes. The new woman should take her way to Burmah. There, travelers say, is the only place on earth where true equality between the sexes exists. In spite of this, it is claimed, no women are more womanly than the Burmese women, whose good sense enables them to perceive the line where they ought to stop. In the higher classes a woman has property of her own and manages it herself. In the lower classes she always has a trade, and runs her business on her own responsibility. The sexes choose their own occupations, and it is curious to see the men sometimes sewing and embroidering, while the women have nearly all the retail trade of the island on their hands.-Exchange.

Make It Yourself.

Lanoline cream, which is considered excellent as an emollient for the skin, may be made as follows: Obtain half a pint of lanoline and half a pint of pure oil of sweet almonds. Then putting a tablespoonful on a china plate, add an equal quantity of almond oil; mix thoroughly, and add from half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin, until the paste drips from the knife-a steel caseknife is best for the mixing process-in about the consistency of thick cream. All three of these ingredients are absolutely harmless. It should be rubbed in at night.

American Girl Who Surprised Poris. The fete recently given by the Countess Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, was one of the most emborate ever seen in Paris. Three thousand invitations were issued, and the cost of the fete was not far from \$100,000. The event was planned to reproduce the afth day of the fetes celebrated at Versailles on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of

Whist is as dissipated as whisky, and