

LOVE THE AVENGER

BY G.M. ROBINS

CHAPTER I.

"It is quite, quite impossible to let out another inch; she must have a new skirt, Miss Pincham."

My mother knelt on the floor of our little sitting-room. The green cloth had been removed from our table, which was strewn with scissors, cotton, tape and snips. On a square piece of druzget, put down by our landlady, Mrs. Lipscombe, to save the carpet, I stood, undergoing the agonies of being "tried on."

I was wondering whether it could be in any way connected with a letter which mother had received a day or two previously—a letter which I had seen her take out and read several times since. I had not seen her answer it yet—mother so seldom wrote a letter that I should have been certain to notice it. Altogether was puzzled. The letter, I believed, concerned me in some way; else, why this new frock?

Poor, darling mother! As she rose from the floor and arranged her widow's cap at the glass, I thought how sweet was her pale, lined face. To me it was all so natural, our monotonous life together at Shipley-le-Marsh, that I never knew what she suffered.

Mother was the eldest daughter of Matthew Carewe, a mill-owner, rolling in money. He bought Gray Ashstead, a beautiful estate some fifteen miles from Shipley, and added to it every modern luxury that wealth could supply. His family consisted of two daughters—Eunemeline and Rosalie. Eunemeline was beautiful, with that fragile loveliness which so soon decays. A complexion like a peach shell, delicate features, hair of pale gold, and soft, blue eyes. On her center she had all his ambition. "Who married Eunemeline, married her name," said he. She was to be heiress of Gray Ashstead; she was to perpetuate the line of Carewe. At the age of eighteen his idiom at Harrogate, a young Frenchman, Constant Damien by name. He was a member of a most ancient and noble house, deprived of its title and estates by the revolution of 1789. He was supreme handsome, and, of course, penniless.

When Eunemeline petitioned to marry Constant my grandfather almost had a fit. With much coarse language he dismissed the idea altogether, terming his would-be son-in-law a "beggarly adventurer." Beside himself with rage, Constant told him that it was a condescension on his part to stoop to the daughter of a parvenue—one who certainly did not derive her beauty and goodness from her father, but inherited them straight from the angels; but Mr. Carewe should know that it was not for such cannals as he to insult a nobleman of France with impunity.

So the two separated, and next morning Eunemeline ran away with young Damien. They went to London and were married. My grandfather expected them to appear in a few weeks, suing for forgiveness and help. He much mistook the nature of Constant Damien. The young man, who was by profession an artist, worked night and day to keep his girl wife from want. He would have died a thousand deaths sooner than apply to Matthew Carewe for a pin. For a year the foolish couple were very, very happy. Success began to smile on Constant; people took him up. I was born, and their bliss seemed perfect. Then the shadow fell. Constant, walking home one day in the rain, took a chill. He neglected his cold—neglected the hollow cough which followed it—continued to go out in all weathers, and at last, one day, took to his bed. He was in a rapid decline; nothing could save him, and in a year he was dead, and beautiful Eunemeline was a widow—just twenty years old.

Then, indeed, she wrote to her father, but too late. He would have nothing whatever to say to her. He could neither forgive nor forget. His darling, idolized daughter had dealt him a blow from which he could not rally. He desired his solicitor to write to her and tell her that £100 a year, which she inherited from her mother, would be paid regularly. That was all.

The despairing young widow next wrote to Constant's mother, who had married a second time—Devonshire gentleman named Burnside. The answer from her was that she could have no communication with any member of a family which had insulted her Constant. Mrs. Damien's own grand relations might look after her and her baby. By the next post came a kind, bluff letter from Mr. Burnside, my grandmother's English husband, enclosing a ten-pound note, and promising to send more when I should be old enough to need education. But before that time came he was dead. Poor mother was indeed friendless. She came to Shipley-le-Marsh, and settled there, for two reasons. First, it was within the reach of her sister Rosalie; secondly, it was a place where nobody knew her.

For some years mother was always hoping that her father would relent; but when I was about four years old, Mr. Carewe adopted the son of his cousin—a boy about three years older than I. Then mother felt that our chance was gone. This adopting of a son and heir was a fatal blow. Day by day she lived on her quiet, dreary life, meek and crushed, hoping and expecting nothing.

All dinner-time that day mother was silent and preoccupied. The kind attention and grave smile with which she usually met my childish chatter were gone to-day. Once I almost thought I saw her crying, but it might have been fancy.

Marianne Lipscombe had hardly finished clearing away the dishes when, from my post at the open window, I announced, impulsively, "Here's Aunt Rosalie!" The elegant baroness, with its spirited countenance, drew up at our humble door. Aunt Rosalie marched into the room full of life and spirit. She was twenty-six years old, and a very striking-looking woman. "She embraced mother warmly, and sat down, with me on her lap."

"Tadpole," quoth she, "when's your going to grow so large as your

In answer to this inquiry I burrowed my tadpole head in her shoulder and giggled.

"Long and lanky! What a gawky child she's growing, Emmeline! I don't know how you keep her in frocks."

"It is difficult," said mother, sitting near, and watching with a smile of pleasure as I dived into a basket of Gray Ashstead strawberries. "And that reminds me, Rosalie, I have been waiting most eagerly for your visit to-day, to consult you about something. I had a letter the other day from Mrs. Burnside."

"Mrs. —?" queried my aunt, puzzled.

"Mrs. Burnside—my mother-in-law—old Madame Damien, that was."

"Oh, to be sure! What did she say?"

"She wants to make Olga's acquaintance. She wants me to send her down to Burnside for a long visit, and I—I have decided to let her go."

"Emmeline! All that distance?"

"Here is the letter; read it for yourself."

Aunt Rosalie took the missive, in its crumpled, angular, French handwriting, which seemed to belong to another century.

"Burnside, June 3.

"My Dear Madame Damien—You will, without doubt, experience a great surprise in receiving a letter from me after my long silence; but it is written in deference to the wish of my late husband, Mr. Burnside. In his lifetime he expressed a desire to be at the expense of educating the daughter of my Constant, whose memory he ever held as dear as that of a son. According to my calculations, your daughter must be ten years of age by this time, and be a great girl. I would ask, let her come to Burnside and pay me a long visit. Let me ascertain her character, her mental capacity, her tastes, and her temper; I shall then be able to judge how best to carry out the wishes of Mr. Burnside. I trust that no foolish pride will induce you to stand in the way of your child's interests in this matter. Send me a letter, indicating the day and hour of her arrival, and she shall be met."

"Hoping for a favorable reply, I am, madame, yours very faithfully,

"BLANCHE MARIE NICOLINE BURNSIDE."

"I think the old lady's rather uppish," was my aunt's comment on reading this epistle.

"Only look on the matter rationally, Rose," said mother, pleadingly; "what other prospects have I for her? You yourself must by this time despair of papa's ever coming round. It darling Olga had only been a boy it might have been different—but now! His adopting young Rayvenham Carewe has been my final blow."

"You see," continued mother, with a hopeless sigh, "my only hopes for the poor child must come through Mrs. Burnside. She must have a little money. I should think, and when she dies she might leave it to Olga."

"But I don't want to leave you; I won't go anywhere," I cried, and therewith I burst into tears.

But the fit had gone forth. Mother and aunt set about to comfort me; but nothing could change mother's determination. I was to go and make my grandmother's acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

I will pass over the sad parting with my mother and the few incidents of my journey to Kingsden, where I was to be met by some of my grandmother's folks. When the train reached my destination I scrambled up, the guard appeared, flung open the door and deposited me and my portmanteau on the platform.

A heavy step crunched on the gravel near me. I looked up. A very tall, and as it seemed to me, fabulously broad man stood over me. A rough, gray-clothed hat covered tangled yellow hair, blue eyes looked down from under squarely marked brows, the lower part of the face was hidden in thick blonde beard and moustache.

"Miss Damien?" said he, in grave, deep tones.

"Yes, I am Olga Damien," I answered, looking up at him with a treacherous quiver of my mouth, which warned me that tears were not far off.

Hercules lifted me up a tremendous height into an airy "trap." I liked being there. It was not so pleasant when Hercules climbed beside me, carefully arranging dust-cloth over my knees, and easily gathering up the reins. We started off for our five-mile drive. Suddenly we took a sharp turn to the right, through a gate which stood open, over a bridge under which a stream murmured, and, behold, the house fronted me! An old, low, long Elizabethan pile, gray, stone-built, and beautiful. We stopped at the front door; it was open, which struck me then, I remember, as odd. I was set on my feet by Hercules, who then strode to the wide door at the foot of the staircase, and called aloud, "Madame! I have brought her!"

A moment elapsed, during which, spite of June sunset, cold shivers ran down my back. Then a door opened, and through it came my grandmother, with hands outstretched. Ah! She was like an old picture—like a lady from another century. What a grandmother for me to possess! As she stood smiling, and never speaking, but holding out her hands to me, I held back no longer. I ran straight into the shelter of her arms, let her pull my hat off my tumbled locks, and felt her caressing touch as she held my head against her breast and murmured over me, in the softest voice imaginable.

"My dear granddaughter! My poor Constant's fatherless little one! So thou hast come to me at last, no enfant! Art thou very tired, then? Nay, do not weep, the journey has been a long one for such small feet."

Drawing me into a room near, whereof I was too tired to notice anything but that it smelt of roses, she rang a bell. In a moment a middle-aged woman appeared, with a sweet, sober face, dressed

in black like her mistress, with one of those pretty Norman caps which framed the face like an aureole.

"Esperance, this is Monsieur Constant's little one," said my grandmother, tremulously. Do you see a likeness, asked my grandmother, with a kind of appeal in her voice. The old serving woman shook her head.

"My Monsieur Constant had deep brown eyes," she said. "The young demoiselle's eyes are gray. His complexion was a perfect olive—her skin is fair under her black hair. But, madame, she reminds me strikingly of the old portrait of the Princess Olga, which was brought from La Chaudenaye."

"You think so?" said my grandmother, with evident delight. "Yes, you are right, Esperance, it is so. She has the same low brow and short upper lip; she is aristocratic to the backbone. Thank heaven, there can be very little of the Carewes about her!"

"She is tired, madame. It is seven o'clock. I shall take her straight to bed. Yes, my lamb," she went on to me, "cry if you will, thou must be so weary. It is a frightful journey for so young a creature."

I hid myself down in the strong arms and wept quietly. My grandmother stole up and stroked my hair.

"She must wait, then, until to-morrow to see her Uncle Remy," said she, softly. "I wonder, Esperance, will he, too, see the likeness which we have discovered?"

"I think so," said Esperance, "and Monsieur Remy will also be a playfellow for her. I dare say the master scared her."

"Yes," observed madame, regretfully, "my poor Victor is not a ladies' man."

I wondered, sleepily, whether Victor were Hercules, who had vanished miraculously as soon as my grandmother appeared; also, I wondered how my Uncle Remy, who must of necessity be grown up, could be my playfellow; and so I felt the touch of soft lips on my tear-stained cheeks, and was carried up the wide, shallow oak staircase, along a corridor, and into the sweetest little chamber imaginable.

CHAPTER III.

I was awakened on my first morning at Burnside by singing. A young, virginal man's voice was caroling in the garden below me. I sprang from my bed, drew aside my rose-colored curtains, and peeped forth; but the singer had disappeared. Esperance now entered and proceeded to wash and dress me.

At the door I paused, and demanded in a low voice of Esperance: "Who is the gentleman who drove me from Kingsden yesterday—what is his name?"

"Bless me! Why, that is Mr. Burnside, the master of the house!"

"But Mr. Burnside is dead," I objected.

"True, Mr. Burnside who was his husband to madame is dead; but this is his son, Monsieur Victor. Now, run in, dear child, and greet thy grandmother."

I entered timidly. My grandmother was presiding over a most tempting breakfast table. At the other end of the table sat Mr. Burnside, quietly unfolding the Times.

The lion looked no less terrible without his hat than with it. He turned on me a half-puzzled, half-amused glance. I drew reluctantly near, and received a grave and awkward "How do you do, Miss Damien?"

I retreated as far as possible from him to the other end of the table, and at that moment was heard an elastic step on the gravel outside, the French window was flung open, and a young man bounded in and flung his arms round my grandmother with effusion.

"Good-morning, my dearest," she replied to his ardent salutation; "see Remy, here is your little niece—poor Constant's little girl."

My uncle flung himself on his knees beside me and encircled me with his arms. His beautiful face was close to mine. I saw dark masses of duster curls, a rich brown skin, sparkling black eyes, a slight dark moustache on the impetuous lip, and a warm flush of color in the cheeks. My heart went out to him at once. His smile of pleasure and amity won me. I gave to him willingly the kiss for which he entreated, and in a minute found myself enthroned upon his knee, shy, yet utterly happy.

"Tell me, Remy," said my grandmother, wistfully, "do you see any likeness?"

"To my brother? None. But I tell you to whom I do see a likeness—to our Muscovite ancestress, the Princess Olga!"

"I am enchanted," said madame.

I do not know when my life at Burnside first became an ordinary thing to me. I was wonderfully happy there. Every day developed some new pleasure, though the life at the Manor House was of the quietest and most retired order. My chief delight was in my rides with Uncle Remy. Esperance made me a little riding skirt, and together we scampered over Dartmoor, or traversed the old coach road, whence, at the high points, one could catch glimpses of the sea.

One day, many weeks after my arrival, when I had settled down into all the Burnside ways, and ceased to feel a single pang of homesickness, my uncle and I were riding along the coach road, past a pair of old gates, evidently leading to some park or country seat. As we passed, at a foot-pace, the heavy gate swung open, and a young, pretty girl stepped out into the road. She glanced up as she was closing the latch, met my uncle's eye, and bowed, with a blush and a smile. He instantly checked his horse, and raised his hat, with looks of most evident pleasure.

"How do you do, Miss Lyndon? I did not know you were returned from London."

"How do you do, Mr. Damien?" was the answer, in a fresh and prepossessing voice. "We only returned yesterday evening. Who is your fair lady?"

"It is my little niece, Olga Damien. She and I are sworn brothers and the best of comrades."

"I am delighted to see her, and hope we may be better friends," said this delightful young lady. "We are going to have a garden party next week; I shall certainly enclose a card for Miss Olga Damien. Will Mr. Damien's pressing engagements allow him to honor us with his presence?"

Remy burst forth into a vehement declaration that ropes should not keep him from the Brooklands on the day mentioned; at which Miss Lyndon laughed, waved her hand, and walked quickly away up the lane.

After this meeting my uncle was silent and abstracted during a long portion of our ride. That day at lunch he announced suddenly, "The Lyndons are back at the Brooklands." The squire looked up, and I saw a frown of annoyance gather on his usually passive face. His stepmother looked defiantly at him.

"When did they come home?" growled the squire.

"Last night," was the airy reply. "They are going to give a garden party next week, and Olga is to be included in the invitation."

"I give you due notice that I do not go," went on the squire.

"That is a pity; you will be terribly missed," answered my uncle, with greatest gravity.

My grandmother, who had been listening to this jangle with evident uneasiness, now thought it prudent to interfere. "No more of this, please, my sons," said she; and neither of the young men spoke another word.

It was my first intimation that this peaceful Devonshire household possessed, like other households, a skeleton in their cupboard. I had never before seen the domestic quiet disturbed in any way. But, as I looked at the lowering brows of Mr. Burnside, under which his blue eyes seemed to shoot sparks, I pitied Uncle Remy from the bottom of my heart.

(To be continued.)

Colonial Grandeur.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, in his book, "Travel and Talk," tells some amusing stories of the leaves held at Government House, Adelaide, in the early days of South Australian prosperity. The Governor of the period—a very early one—decreed that all who presented themselves at his court should wear court dress.

The number who aspired to the honor of presentation in those days was very small, and among them there was but one who possessed a tail-coat. The difficulty was not insurmountable, nevertheless.

The lucky owner of the coat went in, made his bow and came out, and then hung the coveted possession on a tree for the next court to array himself in. This process was naturally slow, and the Governor grew impatient, and inquired the reason of the delay.

It is said that the ludicrousness of the situation struck him at once; he burst out laughing, and suspended the oppressive regulation until such time as the colony should be sufficiently advanced to live more generally up to tail-coats.

It must have been a little later on, that another amusing scene was witnessed at a presentation, for a colonist's lady had then arrived at the dignity of a real Irish earl, purchased in Dublin. It was the only one in the colony, and the lady was proportionately proud of it. She drove in grand style to Government House, the cynosure of all eyes. But her joy was damped, when, after her own presentation, she happened to look out of the window in an exactly similar Irish earl. Her pre-eminence was gone, and her mortification was extreme.

But what was her anger and disgust at seeing a third, and a fourth, and even a fifth earl arrive, all at due intervals. She made her way down in a terrible state of disappointment—just in time to see her own earl, with her own driver, arrive with a sixth lady.

So far from having created a sensation, the earl had not been proof against the money offered him to allow other people to ride in it.

Jewish Longevity.

Some interesting statistics relating to Jewish longevity were gathered some few years since. In Frankfort-on-Main it was demonstrated that one-fourth of all the Christians died in seven years; the same proportion of Jews lived above 28 years. One-half of the Christians died in 36 years 6 months; of the Jews one-half lived more than 53 years. The remaining fourth of the Christians were dead at 60 years, and of the Jews not until 71 years. In Prussia, 44 per cent of the Christians lived to be 14 years old and 50 per cent of the Jews. In 100,000 of the Christian population there were 143 deaths, and only 89 deaths among the Jews.

Reason Enough.

Even a lawyer, who is generally supposed to know exactly what to do with his tongue, may make a slip occasionally. In a recent court, not long ago, one of the attorneys demanded permission to introduce the testimony of two witnesses who had not been duly cited.

"Do you suppose," said the court, "that they will materially assist us in getting at the facts?"

"I think so," answered the lawyer. "I have not had an opportunity to communicate with them."

An audible smile ran around the court room.

"Let them be called at once," said the judge, and the scribe grew in volume.

Hippogamy in Paris.

The people of Paris are hippogamists to a remarkable degree, consuming on an average over 20,000 horses and donkeys annually. Last year, according to the returns, the Parisians ate 23,396 horses, 439 donkeys and 86 mules. This horse, donkey and mule flesh dressed ready for the butcher's block weighed 5,879 tons and was sold at prices varying from 2 sous to 1 franc per pound, the latter being the price paid for the best horse steaks.

Properties of Flour.

M. Fleurent, a French chemist, has discovered a purely chemical standard for determining the bread-making properties of flour. In a paper presented to the Academie des Sciences he asserts that flour containing one part of glutenine to three parts of gliadin produces the best results for digestion of the bread and for bakers' purposes.

A Dublin correspondent says that by the death of Lord Waterford the Irish landlords have lost their guide, philosopher and friend.



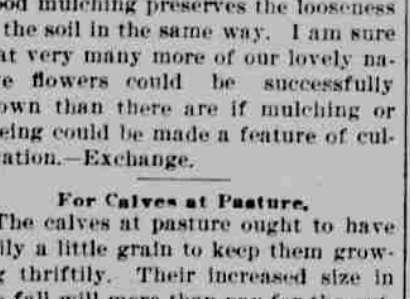
Utilizing Two Old Barns. On hundreds of farms are to be found two small barns instead of one large one. These are often detached or attached corner to corner. Space is wasted and work cannot be conveniently done in them without much loss of time. The illustrations show a plan for making the most of two such barns. They are moved to a position parallel to each other and are then connected by a shed-roofed one-storied addition, as shown in the first picture. This gives a barnyard inclosed on three sides, and so protected from wind and storm, and an interior that can be advantageously arranged. The arrangement suggested in the floor plan that is given in the second illustration is for use on a dairy farm. Where other kinds of farming are followed, a different interior arrangement can easily be made.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF BARN. Hedges for protection are not as common as they might be. They are not only beautiful in themselves, but, if properly managed, are cheaper than any fence—except a stone wall. There are numberless instances of well-cared-for orange and honey locust hedges being kept in first-rate condition for half a century, and there is no reason to believe they might not last for nearly as long again. They have to be annually trimmed, and indeed, are the better for two trimmings a year; but one who understands this will get over the work so rapidly, that it takes little more time than it would to give the annual whitewashing to an ordinary fence. When the expression "well cared for" is used, it simply means that the cutting must always be of such a character that the bottom of the hedge is left the widest part.—Mechan's Monthly.

Stir the Soil. Next to mulching there is nothing like a constant stirring of the soil. I have found many workmen in gardens totally unacquainted with the principles of hoeing. The hoe is drawn over a surface already hard, cutting off weeds close to the ground. Then the weeds are raked off, leaving the ground in really worse condition than it was before. For the weeds shaded the surface if they did rob the ground. Hoeing should be fully as much to loosen the soil as to destroy weeds. Every stroke of the hoe should loosen up an inch or more of soil, and this loose soil should not be raked down too fine, or the first heavy rain will beat it down very hard. One would hardly believe what a help constant cultivation of this kind is to herbaceous and all other plants. And when rain comes the water is all taken up where it falls. Good mulching preserves the looseness of the soil in the same way. I am sure that very many more of our lovely native flowers could be successfully grown than there are if mulching or hoeing could be made a feature of cultivation.—Exchange.

For Calves at Pasture. The calves at pasture ought to have daily a little grain to keep them growing thrifflly. Their increased size in the fall will more than pay for the outlay and the trouble. The sketch, from an agricultural exchange, shows a handy feed box. Put it on the inside of the pasture fence, so that the grain can be put in through the boards from the outside. Put slats on, as shown, far enough apart so that the calves can put their heads between them, but so near that the old stock, if in the pasture, cannot reach the box. The slats also support the box and hold it in place.



Eggs Chilled Before Setting. Early failure to hatch eggs very seldom come from lack of vigor in the germ; for in this the early eggs are superior. They more often come from allowing eggs to be chilled before the setting begins. Everyone knows that chilling after a few days setting soon destroys the life in the egg. It may do so where eggs that have never been set on are kept in contact with metal, which rapidly abstracts heat when the eggs are kept for greater safety near the freezing temperature. Dishes for holding eggs should be of wood, which abstracts heat slowly.

To Soften and Whiten the Skin. Almond meal is said to soften and whiten the skin. It is usually put into a bag made of nun's veiling or of soft bunting, and used as a cake of soap would be when bathing. After its use the skin should be bathed with clear water.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Spain has 22,095 elementary schools, but only 41 per cent of the children receive even the rudiments of an education. The teachers receive only \$25 to \$100 per year, and most of them are unable to collect that. In 1896 there was owing to Spanish teachers \$1,604,000.

Electric Light by Wind Power. Electric lighting is commonly in the country regarded as exclusively a city luxury. It is likely that the expense of carrying wires from house to house in thinly settled districts would be too great to make it possible to furnish electric light on a large scale economically. But the experience of Nansen's ship, the Fram, on her northern voyage shows that electric lighting by wind power, transmitted to batteries and stored as electricity, is entirely possible. In the high Northern latitudes fuel was much too precious to burn in making electric light. So a big windmill was set up, which was run whenever the wind was favorable, and by stored electricity made a steady light all through the dark northern winter. Such windmills are often used on Norwegian vessels to work the pumps. We may yet see farm windmills providing power to run dynamos and charge storage batteries with electricity to be used for lighting farm houses, as well as to do much work that now taxes human muscles.

Hedge Plants. Hedges for protection are not as common as they might be. They are not only beautiful in themselves, but, if properly managed, are cheaper than any fence—except a stone wall. There are numberless instances of well-cared-for orange and honey locust hedges being kept in first-rate condition for half a century, and there is no reason to believe they might not last for nearly as long again. They have to be annually trimmed, and indeed, are the better for two trimmings a year; but one who understands this will get over the work so rapidly, that it takes little more time than it would to give the annual whitewashing to an ordinary fence. When the expression "well cared for" is used, it simply means that the cutting must always be of such a character that the bottom of the hedge is left the widest part.—Mechan's Monthly.

Variety of Feed for Hoss. The hog gets at any time in his life less variety in his feed than any other kind of stock. This is especially true when he is being fattened. There are other grains that have quite as good fattening qualities as corn. A mixture of oats and barley, or of peas and barley ground together, makes a feed that will not only fatten, but will also furnish the due proportion of lean meat that is required to make healthy and easily digested pork.

Poultry Pickings. A good man is merciful to his beast, also to his chickens. Sanitary surroundings are of more consequence than medicines. If you cannot keep your poultry in comfort, cease to keep them at all. Light is essential to the health of the hens, therefore, have good windows. Eggs intended for hatching should not be kept over four weeks. They must be turned every day or two.

Use Plenty of Seed. Seed is costly, but the poorest method of economy is that of using as little seed as possible. A large number of clover crops fail because not enough seed is used, and it is better with some crops to have an extra number of plants to come up and remove those not desired than to have failure and be compelled to replant, as the time lost cannot be recovered.

The Horse's Shoes. Some farmers make the mistake of shoeing horses when it is unnecessary, and others refuse to shoe when it should be done. Some leave the shoes on too long, just because they seem to stick well. An expanding, growing hoof will soon outgrow the shoe. The shoes should not be left on longer than five weeks.

State Dinners at the White House. Ex-President Harrison asserts that state dinners cannot be wholly divested of the repression and stiffness which are the accompaniments of all state affairs. "There is no opportunity for general conversation," he writes in the Ladies' Home Journal, "and the chief and your neighbor at table have your fate in their hands. But there are many other dinners and luncheons to which the elect and the congruous come; and twenty such, seated about the round table in the private dining-room, make a goodly and a heartsome company. These are the dinners that endure the supreme test—you think well of your host and of the company when you wake up."

Making Cider Vinegar. First have a good, strong, iron-hoop barrel. Next have good apple cider. Cover the bungholes with mosquito netting or other material that will keep