



CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Can I speak to you, sir?" was Willie's first shot as the squire rose from his chair and was tumbling in his pockets for the marked catalogue of the sale, his thoughts full of a certain lay-colt he knew a neighboring farmer was "sweet upon."

"Speak to me, lad?" The squire could not find the paper, and was racking his brains as to where he could have put it. "Why, I'm off to the stables; but if you like to walk down with me—Bless me, there's the thing!" he said, diving into his breeches pocket and drawing out the catalogue. "Here, come along, lad! He went on, going out in a tremendous hurry. "What is it? Going home?"

"Not to the home you mean, squire, certainly," said Willie. "It depends upon you, to a certain extent." The squire, who was going steadily down the path that led through the orchard to the stables, his empty pipe between his teeth and his hands in his pockets, looked round somewhat startled.

"What are you talking about?" he asked sharply, thinking that when he said to himself the lad was daff he might not have been so far from the mark.

"I want your consent to my marriage with your daughter—Mrs. Drew," said Willie, slowly and distinctly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the squire, so taken aback that his pipe dropped from his mouth and shivered into pieces on the gravel without his noticing it. "You don't mean to say you want to marry a married woman—a widow, I mean—a boy like you? There, hold your tongue like a sensible lad, do you hear? I'm not angry."

He added, peevishly, looking askance at Willie as he took off his hat and mopped his forehead. "I know you've got your senses all right enough, except just where the horse-mischiefous brutes—kicked you. He's left a bee in your bonnet," he went on, with confused confusion. "I'll be all right when you're home with your own folks. Only, for mercy's sake, don't go talking like that to the women! Do you hear?"

The squire was forming vague plans of sending for the rector to convey this young madman away at once—away anywhere, out of the woman's way.

"He'll be asking me for madam next, or the child!" he thought. "I have spoken to Mrs. Drew," said the young man, quietly, "and she was aware that I was about to ask you this. It is a mere matter of form, of course; she is of age."

"Upon my word!" cried the squire, his temper rising as he began to recognize that this was something more than a shock of an injured brain. "I wish to heaven the colonel was here to take you to task for a piece of impudence! Marry you, indeed! Why, my darter, if ever she marries again, I'll marry her cousin, Colonel Ware—my heir! But what an I thinking of, parleying with a young fellow who comes to me and dares say my Lillian's a jilt! There's nary a man'd knock you down, sir, for less than that. But I don't forget you're my guest; only, if you don't give me your word that this fool's talk don't go any further—There—what am I talking of?" he went on, looking bewildered. "You say my only gal—my own gal—has told a boy like you to come and ask me to let you be her husband—my gal, who's never done anything that wasn't sensible, whose opinion I'd ha' taken on any subject before that of any man I know, girl though she is? You want me to believe she's been playing fast and loose with her cousin? Why, her marriage with my nephew the colonel's been the talk of the country round!" The squire paused, breathless.

Willie felt a jealous pang. His love for Lillian Drew was too passionate not to be keenly—oh, and even unreasonably—jealous. It was this first attack of jealousy which led him into an uncharacteristic action. He took Lillian Drew's rings from his pocket, and, holding them out, said significantly: "I see, sir, you require proofs that I am not a liar!"

There lay poor Lillian's pearl and diamond circlet glittering in the sun; the squire recognized the ring at once; his expression changed.

"Now, sir, perhaps you believe me," said Willie, re-pocketing the rings.

"No, sir, I don't," blurted out the squire. "I remember seeing a play once where a poor innocent girl come night to her death through a villain hiding himself in her room and stealing off her hair while she lay asleep a bracelet her husband had given her. I'm not one certainly to say of stage plays and real life's the same. But what can happen in one can come to happen in the other. I don't say as you've stolen my gal's rings—far from it; but I do say—and I mean—as I won't take any man's word against any of my women-folk—no, not if it was a king on his throne! And, if you've got a spark of a man left in you after betraying my gal to me by showing me rings which, if she had 'a' given them to you, ought to 'a' been sacred between you two selves, you'd come back to the house wif me now and let me hear what she's got to say in the matter!"

"Willingly," said Willie, turning and stepping back with the agitated old man.

"Why, if it isn't your father back again, and in one of his tantrums!" said Madam Ware; while Mrs. Drew rose and opened the bag window.

The squire gave her a look of angry inquiry; then he turned to his wife.

"You come back," he said. "This young gentleman has scared me finely, coming after me with a rare tale. Egad, my gal, I don't half like to tell ye! Here!"

"I went on, turning to Willie, 'I've no time to spend on follies. Out wif the gal's rings and beg her pardon!' Then he stopped short.

Mrs. Drew bent her head; she was red with rage at her golden-brown hair. No wonder was out! She could imagine that her father had disbelieved Willie till she had become a necessary piece of evidence.

"You don't mean to say as if it was your gal's rings you've been asked to give?"

he looked from the young man, who seemed stalwart and strong, despite his late weakness, by the very force and strength of the position he assumed, to Lillian, ashamed, drooping, "Well! The 'Well' was a concentrated cry of wonder, disgust, disappointment. After one glance of mingled pity and anger at Mrs. Drew—he could not bring himself to look at the young man who had quietly walked in between his hopes of Lillian's marriage with the colonel and their fulfillment—the squire turned to Madam, who was looking through her glasses, wondering and guessing, and said: "I leave this precious pair of fools to you. P'raps, being a woman, you'll understand them—I can't. Here, you two!" he went on, waving his hand toward the culprits—he could not bring himself to look at them. "Years ago, Lillian, when you came back here to the old home, I swore to myself I wouldn't be the one to cross your woman's whims. I knew you'd have your whims, or you wouldn't be a woman. Well, I never thought you'd get it into your head to marry a boy, or I'd never ha' swore that oath; but, having sworn, I've got to stick to it, so I can't prevent ye, though in my opinion you're going into the blastin' fire after being well nigh frizzled to death in the frying-pan. There—I've no patience to talk about it! I wash my hands of ye. Madam there can take the matter up if she likes. I'm off!"—and he made for the window and strode off, muttering to himself, to the stable.

CHAPTER XV.

The colonel was staying at one of the old-fashioned West End hotels. He had rushed across France, had spent a few days in Italy, and feeling the hot sun and the new customs and foreign chatter irritating rather than soothing, had gone into Switzerland. Here the cold silence of the snow-tipped mountains, as well as the fir woods and the grassy meadows, recalled the Neigherry Hills, the scene of his first love season. He wandered about the quiet valleys, and watched the goats browsing on the heights far above him. There, listening to the silvery tinkle of the bells in the stillness, he thought of his old love and of the new; he thought of his past barren bachelor life and of the happy future he might spend with his cousin Lillian as his wife. He would be a father to Lillian, and a son to the squire and Madam. Then, should he and Lillian have a son, the estate would really and truly pass on to the squire's own heir. Surely Lillian would consent—it was such a desirable marriage for all parties concerned.

Yet, even while Colonel Ware persuaded himself that he had his misgivings. He went in and out of the Swiss inns, and wandered so aimlessly about that he was called "the restless Englishman." At last he started for home all in a hurry, and, directly he arrived in London, telegraphed his town address to Mrs. Drew, adding: "I wait to hear from you."

This was early. London was asleep under a pale blue sky; scarcely a smoking chimney broke the morning clearness of the summer air. Colonel Ware telegraphed from a central office, where the red-eyed night clerk was just going off duty, and was surely at being detained, then he drove to the hotel, where he waited for a telegram from Lillian, and received an old and congenial habit of unlimited brandy-and-sodas and cigars. He had still the remnants of his imagination hanging about his somewhat ordinary brain, had the colonel; for he fancied how he would open the yellow envelope and read, in that peculiarly careless and jaunty handwriting affected by telegraph clerks: "Come to us as soon as you can"—or something to that effect.

"I have a conviction that she will telegraph," he thought; so he lounged about the hotel in a vague manner, every now and then gazing out of the window and frowning when he caught sight of a telegraph boy, as he did once or twice on that long summer day, during which he began to think the odor of soap and cutlets more disgusting than the odors of Eastern towns, and the street cries and rattle and traffic of London the most wearying clamor he had as yet heard.

But no telegram came. That night he scarcely slept. Toward morning he had argued himself into a resolute mood; therefore, when he was awakened by the man with hot water and one letter, he opened the one letter with composure.

"I thought so," he said to himself bitterly. "My luck!"

Lillian wrote: "You would not accept my answer, dear cousin. How I wish you would never have spoken to me about my second marriage. How am I to tell you what has happened? Let me begin by reminding you of our conversation the evening before you left us. We were speaking of love; and it was while we were speaking, I think, that I felt that I dearly loved some one, and that this some one was not you. At that moment, if I could have told you that some one was, or what would happen, I would have gone away—anywhere—I know that! But he came shortly after, and he has asked me to marry him, and I am pledged to do so. When I think back upon it all, it seems sudden, rash, and irrevocable. I dislike writing this to you, dear Geoffrey, because I think you will despise me for my weakness; but, remember, you are my nearest and representative relative after my parents, therefore I rely upon your countenance in this engagement. If you really intend to marry, you will find no many better, prettier and younger wives than myself that I almost congratulate you on your escape. I am always your affectionate cousin,

"LILLIAN DREW.

"P. S.—His name is William Macdonald." At first the colonel had a good, honest fit of disgust; he was disgusted all round with himself—as he was his bronzed face and short gray hair reflected in the glass, he could have throttled himself for what he called his "idiotic folly"—with Lillian, for being such a fool as to be in love "at her age, with a grown-up daughter"—with Heathside Hall and the rec-

tory, for having enjoyed him into a silly state—with France and Italy and Switzerland for not having enjoyed him out of it—in fact, with the whole world.

Then came the inevitable reactionary mood. His feelings of the last few weeks were reversed; he began to think that bachelor life in London was rather a good sort of thing in its way. He ordered his luncheon with epicurean care, then he went to his neglected club, the East India, and met one or two old cronies. He dined there, and afterward played what, winning largely.

No man, however rich, objects to victory at cards. The colonel pocketed his winnings with a pleasant sensation that, while cards remained, all the joy in life was not yet over. And as he strolled back to his hotel through the quiet streets he said to himself: "Lucky in cards, unlucky in love," and that perhaps it was better to cling to cards. You could always leave off playing cards, but if you had a wife and children you could not rid yourself of them, however much better they might be. "I don't suppose they could make up a whist-table within a half dozen miles of the Hall," was his concluding and consolatory reflection as he re-entered the hotel, and the night porter told him that a gentleman had called who seemed very anxious to see him.

"The card is on your table, sir," he added.

When the colonel reached his room, he found it, and read "William Macdonald, Prince's Square, Bloomsbury."

On the back of the card was a penciled message—"My Dear Sir—I am sorry not to find you. Will you make an appointment to see me? Yours, W. M."

The colonel retired to rest, declaring to himself that he would have nothing further to do with his Cousin Lillian or her future husband, or her affairs. But during the night he dreamed of the old place. He dreamed of Madam Ware, then the sweet young mother with the baby Lillian in the quiet old drawing room at the hall; he dreamed of the sweet-smelling hay-loft, and of tumbling in the hay—of his childish escapades, chasing frightened rabbits, defying the turkey-cocks, charging among the sheep—all the jolly-boy-days at Heathside; and, when he awoke, he told himself that there should be no more folly, and that he would be son and brother rather than nephew and cousin, but that all this was "nonsense," as he chose to call it, should be smothered there, then, once for all. He wrote a kind little note to Lillian:

"My Dear Cousin—Of course you can rely upon my countenance, such as it is. Let me know when the wedding is to be. I am too old to be your groom's 'best man,' but I shall hope to be present. Who are your trustees? I will be one with pleasure. Yours always,

"GEOFFREY WARE.

"N. B.—Love to all."

The first time the colonel had surrendered was when he was a subaltern, and had to follow the lead of his superior officers. Then, as he gave up his sword, he had felt a choking in his throat. On the occasion of this second and more graceful surrender he felt a similar emotion.

"All that is over," he said, as he sealed his letter with his signet. "Now about this fellow—taking up Willie Macdonald's card. 'The affair is sudden, it is—I think I ought to look him up and see that Lillian is well done by. It is my duty.'"

So he took a handson, and in a quarter of an hour was in Prince's Square. The family were at luncheon, the butler informed him, as he showed him into the library. He had scarcely glanced round at the grim old room with the rows of ancient volumes and the one long window commanding a view of the narrow black back gardens, when Willie Macdonald came in. He looked radiant, glowing. He came forward with a half-deferential, half-apologetic air, and warmly shook hands with the man whom Lillian had confessed to be a rejected suitor. There was a slight awkwardness between them at first; but before ten minutes were over the colonel had rallied from his semi-convalescence, and they began to talk of the approaching marriage. This was to be in a short time, before the autumnal weather set in.

Lillian does not believe in showers of wet dead leaves upon a bride," said Willie; and I am bound to acquiesce in so innocent a superstition."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Do you happen to remember meeting a young man on the P. and O. steamship Olympia, of the name of Druce, a few years back?" asked Willie Macdonald of Colonel Ware, as they went up the staircase of the house in Prince's Square, past the old window-seat with the blue cushions.

"If you do not"—for the colonel, after searching his memory, shook his head—"he remembers you, for he said, 'By Jove, if it isn't Ware!' when you got out of the hansom, while we were at luncheon."

"Druce, Druce?" repeated the colonel. He fancied that he remembered the name. "A young painter—lives in Paris. Seems to have a name for tropical landscapes. They are certainly very fine, if a little wild in color," said Willie. "I showed him a sketch of Lillian's, and he thought great things of it. Ah, there he is!"

The drawing room door opened, and Mrs. Law came out, followed by a tall young man. He was neither fair nor dark. His skin was tanned, his eyes were a dark hazel, and, when he tossed aside a thick crop of straight hair of a brownish neutral tint, they gleamed or shone in the light. As he saw Willie and the colonel, he drew back; but Geoffrey Ware recognized him as a young fellow traveler who had greatly interested him on his journey outward to India some years back.

"You were but a lad then," said he to Druce, after he had spoken to Mrs. Law, "but an enthusiastic lad. You were a painter even in those days. Ah, we must meet again, and talk over old times!"

There was a half shy, half sentimentality about this young artist which sometimes clings to the disappointed. He told Colonel Ware, as they stood talking on the staircase, how it was he did not live in England. Every one had seemed

to discourage his natural views of color. He had displeased masters, critics and students in the legitimate or accepted schools. That he had failed in getting his pictures into any of the exhibitions went without saying.

"But from the moment I set foot on foreign soil everything was changed," he said, in a voice which was slightly affected by foreign pronunciation. He had found a painter in Antwerp to give him encouragement. Having means of his own, his father had made a comfortable fortune in India, and had been an old friend of Mr. Law's—he went to Munich, to Düsseldorf, and other art centers.

"And this year his great Nile picture—a conspicuous place in the Paris Salon," said Willie.

Then an appointment was made for the colonel to visit Druce's house and to see some paintings he had with him, and they parted.

"Of course, I must go," he said to Willie the next morning, "although I had an appointment with Gen. Blackett at the club at one."

"Well, we need not stay long at Druce's," returned Macdonald; "and his studio is hardly a stone's throw out of our road."

Then they talked over the settlements and other business, till the coachman turned sharply out of the main road into a lane where there was no stone pavement, where there were flanked the walls of square gardens, and the houses, few and far between, were of all sizes and shapes. They stopped before a square, red-brick house half hidden by trees. This belonged to Druce's mother.

She met them at the door. A pretty, little old lady in black satin, with a high cap and a huge muslin collar, and with a deep courtesy, informing them that they were welcome, led them into a drawing room still quaint in its bygone fashion than either Heathside Hall or the house in Prince's Square.

Then Druce, the Anglo-Frenchman, came in. He wore his white painting suit. He looked bored, or sad. Still he welcomed his guests with a sort of careless grace.

"I have been putting my pictures in the best light," he said, "and my mother has been preparing breakfast; so I hope you will stay."

"I want to see your pictures very much," said the colonel.

The artist turned the canvas on the large easel in the center of the room. The picture made two distinct impressions, one upon Macdonald, the other upon the colonel.

(To be continued.)

Grant's Cabin is Decaying.

The famous "Log-Cabin Headquarters" is falling to decay in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where it was placed at the time of the Centennial. The old building in which the great soldier spent the last months of the war is actually rotting down. On one side a full half dozen logs are in a state of total collapse.

The building is not owned by the city of Philadelphia, but by George H. Stewart Jr., whose father received it as a gift from Grant himself. It was first set up in St. Louis, but was removed from there to its present location in the spring of 1876. It has two rooms and several rough windows, now covered with a wire netting. The inside has been sheathed with pine boards in order to strengthen it for moving. Otherwise, except for the work of time, it is unchanged.

The little building has a remarkable history. When it became too cold to sleep in tents at City Point cabins were built for Grant and his staff. This one was in no way better than the others save that it had two rooms, one of which the general used for a sleeping room and the other for an office. In this cabin Grant wrote the orders for Sherman's march north through the Carolinas; there he summoned Sheridan to join the Army of the Potomac for the last great struggle; there he removed Butler after the failure at Fort Fisher; there he wrote the dispatches to Thomas which have caused so much controversy, and there he received the commissioners from Richmond, in March, 1865. Lincoln visited him there.

The Third Commandment.

The famous Congressman, Thaddeus Stevens, had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish.

"What have you broken now, you black idiot?" exclaimed Thad.

"Taint de third commandment, Druce de Lawd," replied Matilda.

In regard to the above, if any of our readers do not remember what the third commandment is they had better look it up, and while they are about it they may as well read the whole ten and try to remember them.

We are reminded by the above of what was once related to us about a Republican Governor of Ohio. He put in his Thanksgiving proclamation a beautiful quotation from the Bible. A Democratic editor declared that the Governor had stolen it from some book, for he distinctly remembered seeing it somewhere before. To which a Republican editor replied that the statement was a Democratic lie, for the quotation referred to was purely original with the Governor—Our Dumb Animals.

King of the Gypsies.

An old gypsy named Rafael has asked the Emperor of Anatria to invest him with the dignity of King of the Gypsies, because he can prove his direct descent from King Pharaoh. He promises to make the gypsies cease their vagrant habits and become orderly people, fit to enter the army.

A Financial Difference.

"The citizen who votes right is just as valuable as the one who fights."

"Is that so? Well, where does he go to collect his little \$18 a month?"

What is a woman to do? If she follows her husband she "nags" him, and if she doesn't he is liable to "disappear."

Family trees originated from genealogy.

Kentuckians to a man are in favor of war on the water.

stand serene and happy, a very queen, whether in her kitchen or in her parlor. The wife and mother who thus conquers does not reach her secure position without much discipline, many drawbacks and frequent discouragement; but if she keeps always the great and blessed end in view—that of creating and holding home happiness, comfort and love—she must win in the end.

And this running will not mean necessarily the sacrifice of any worthy ambition or of her most delicate tastes.

Dressing for At-Home Parties.

For at-home dancing parties young ladies are expected to be suitably gowned, which means in thin gowns of organza, net, chiffon, etc., over silk linings, or light silk gowns with belts and such ends of velvet edged with tiny frills of black or white mousseline. Silk at 75 cents a yard is pretty, and would be economical, as it would answer another season for lining. White, pink, turquoise, light yellow and lavender are the favorite evening colors in the order named. White forms a conventional dress, as different accessories may be used with it and the skirt worn with odd waists. If merely a looker-on, a light dress or waist, made high in the neck and long-sleeved, in silk or chiffon, or a light-weight yelling trimmed with three gored ruffles around the low neck and a removable yoke of white lace over pink, or of pin-tucked taffeta, with collar, belt and such ends of the silk, would be appropriate. Another suitable toilette is a black silk or nice white wool skirt, with a full gathered waist of light-colored chiffon, having collar and sash of silk or velvet. One more advanced in years might wear a light waist and black skirt or an entire black silk costume with lace yoke or vest.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Tight Lacing.

Beyond the fact that a small waist is as out of date as hoops, and is very ugly, tight lacing destroys the contour of the bust and hips, and is ruinous to the complexion. If the digestive organs cannot have room to perform their functions, dyspepsia—one of the worst things flesh is heir to—ensues. Then follow the red nose, watery eyes and blotchy complexion. If a woman is inclined to be stout, lacing her waist makes the hips roll away in shelf-like and uneven lumps, for the flesh driven from one part of the body must seek another. The waist of the Venus de Medici, that accepted model of feminine loveliness, is twenty-two inches, though she is just a trifle above 5 feet in height. Our grandmothers boasted of their eighteen-inch waists, but the girl of the period, even if she is dainty enough "to step upon a lily leaf and not bend it," never allows her waist measurement to fall below twenty-two inches.

Amiability Attributes.

Many a man has been scared off from asking a woman to become his wife by the assertion from her lips that she has a bad temper and is proud of it. Men are selfish creatures, and, above all things, like physical and mental comfort. Perhaps the average man does not hope to attain happiness in this world, though in truth he never ceases to seek it, but he does believe that there is such a thing as harmony, and he knows that a bad tempered woman and harmony don't go hand in hand. Amiability is power, if women only knew it. By being always cheerful and amiable she can get a hold on men that the bad-tempered woman, no matter how beautiful, rich and alluring she is, never dreamed of in her philosophy. Amiability is not only power. It is health. It is mental progression. It is long life to one's self and to others.

Wear Trousers by Grant.

They allow women to wear male attire in France, but they are taxed for the privilege. The French government charges women \$10 to \$12.50 per year for wearing the trousers. This, however, does not give every woman who is willing to pay the tax a right to wear such garments. The government confers the right as a tribute to great merit, and makes it, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women, as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor is given to men.

Feminine Personalities.

It is not generally known that Madame Patti made her professional debut in Cuba.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, though in the seventies, is a well-preserved woman and a fine type of the old-school Southern woman. The routine of her life has for years remained unchanged, but her famous wit is as brilliant as ever.

In Vienna telephone girls are required to change their dresses and wear a uniform when on duty, as the dirt they brought in from the streets affected the instruments. Their costume is a dark skirt and waist, with sleeves striped black and yellow, the Austrian national colors.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake announced at the convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs in New York last Thursday that the American eagle is a hen, and she wants it to be known henceforth as "the hen bird of American liberty." This is indeed carrying the woman's rights question into entirely new fields.

Mrs. Adella A. F. Johnston, dean of the women's department of Oberlin College, first woman professor in this first college to practice co-education, has inspired her friends to raise a sum of \$50,000 to found a permanent Adella A. Field Johnston professorship, whose incumbent shall always be a woman.

Head of Home Affairs.

A woman's home must be an expression of her own taste, and must prove the fact of her economy of time and strength and money. She must not feel herself superior to the most careful planning, nor reject the most trifling means toward accomplishing success in home management; indeed, she should be proud of an ability to make a nickel go as far as possible, and so of the machinery of service that it seems to run itself.

When the head of home affairs can arrive at this point of experience she has reason to be proud of her management, says an exchange. It is possible for one who at the start did not possess the faculty of running things without fun to become through training so sure of swift and certain effort that she can



THE HUSBAND'S FRIENDS.

THERE is nothing so absolutely false in this whole domestic menage as the fiction which the young wife generally voices soon after her marriage, and which at the time she absolutely believes in, namely, that her husband's friends will be welcome at any and all times. Every husband believes it, and, poor, rash man, acts upon it, thinking that he is wedded to the most perfect woman on earth and that his home is unlike any other founded on this mundane sphere. Alack and alas! he, like thousands of others, discovers sooner or later—generally sooner—that they were words, idle words, and that there are times and seasons when his friends are not only distinctly not welcome, but absolutely and horribly so.

Now when this fact is borne home to him with due emphasis, there is no reason why he should put all the blame on the poor little woman, who undoubtedly feels ten times more put out by the contretemps than he himself. Of course, remembering only her cordial sentiment, how would he keep in mind that Monday they always ate leftovers, or that she told him in the morning the cook had decided to leave that day. There is no use when this annoying thing occurs for the wife to be so overwhelmed with embarrassment that she sits silent and almost fearful through the entire meal, giving the visitor the impression that he is participating in a funeral feast and imbedding in his heart a rare pity for the poor fellow tied for life to such a stern and stony-faced disciplinarian.

Every man, be he bachelor or benedict, knows that "company" meals are not on tap in any save the household of a millionaire, and if the wife is only wise enough to realize this she can with her own bright welcome and a little tact make the plainest meal appear a veritable epicurean delight to the outsider. She ought to consider that what she deemed good enough for her husband should be good enough for any one else on earth. If she has so forgotten her widely obligations as to palm off a really meager or unpalatable meal on the one who provides for her support, so that by stinting the table she can swell the pockets of her dressmaker, then she ought to be made to feel ashamed of herself and no lesson can be too severe for her to learn. Hospitality is a keynote to domestic happiness, and it need not be lavish to act its proper part at making the home the first place a man thinks of taking his friends, sure that no sour looks will greet him if he happens to issue the invitation on wash day or the maid's day out.—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens.

The successor to Frances E. Willard as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Laugh and Grow Lovely.

One's general physical condition is so closely allied to the mental that laughing is a good, invigorating tonic for the entire system.

A long, hearty laugh expands the lungs, making the blood course through the veins quickly, and this simple process gives a peach-like complexion to the woman who laughs. And when she laughs her eyes twinkle and the brightness lingers there after the laughter has died away.

Laughing, too, strengthens the muscles of the face and banishes that drawn look so familiar to the sad-faced woman.

The women who have adopted the laughing cure claim that they have never felt so cheerful and thoroughly good-natured before in their lives, and their friends tell them they are positively growing beautiful.

Head of Home Affairs.

A woman's home must be an expression of her own taste, and must prove the fact of her economy of time and strength and money. She must not feel herself superior to the most careful planning, nor reject the most trifling means toward accomplishing success in home management; indeed, she should be proud of an ability to make a nickel go as far as possible, and so of the machinery of service that it seems to run itself.

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The women who have adopted the laughing cure claim that they have never felt so cheerful and thoroughly good-natured before in their lives, and their friends tell them they are positively growing beautiful.

Head of Home Affairs.

A woman's home must be an expression of her own taste, and must prove the fact of her economy of time and strength and money. She must not feel herself superior to the most careful planning, nor reject the most trifling means toward accomplishing success in home management; indeed, she should be proud of an ability to make a nickel go as far as possible, and so of the machinery of service that it seems to run itself.

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