

### THE SCARLET DOMINO

The neglect to which the eggs and bacon were being subjected was not improving them. However, the two persons who should have been engaged in their consumption were in no mood to pay much attention to such trivial matters. The fact was, Mr. and Mrs. Heriot were indulging in the, for them, rare luxury of a disagreement, and as a result the domestic atmosphere of the pleasant Post street breakfast room was considerably strained.

"Arthur, dear," she said coaxingly, "don't let us quarrel over such a trifle any longer. I'm sure you can't be serious in refusing to let me go with you tonight. I should so enjoy dancing with you in your beautiful scarlet domino! Besides," she added, with a little touch of naiveté, "a wife's place is beside her husband, you know."

"Yes, my dear girl," answered the other lightly, "but not when his place is at a Covent Garden fancy dress ball. No, no, little women, in this instance your place is at home. A Covent Garden hop is no atmosphere for any pretty woman under seventy-five."

"Then why should you go, Arthur?" demanded Phyllis, promptly.

"Why, because I'm a man, and—"

Mrs. Heriot smiled enigmatically to herself as, a few minutes later, she watched her husband get into hisansom and drive off to his day's work at the law courts.

Although she kissed her hand to him readily enough in answer to his parting salutation, an expression of annoyance crept again into her face as soon as she turned away from the window.

"How absurdly easy it is to see through men!" she reflected. "Of course, Arthur has an assignment to-night with some horrid, scheming woman. However, I'm not going to be hoodwinked by his excuses, and so—whether he likes it or not—I will go to Covent Garden tonight and keep a lookout for the scarlet domino."

When finally she entered the ballroom and mingled with the laughing crowd of merry-makers she rather regretted of her hastily formed resolution. She neither knew nor was known by any of the throng of dancers around her, and consequently soon



came to the decision that the proceedings were not very entertaining so far as she was concerned. Then, the anxiously expected scarlet domino unaccountably failed her, and although a glimpse of red in the costume of some of the revelers from time to time made her heart beat faster, it was, on investigation, always to prove the property of a stranger.

At last, however, her eyes, strained with watching, caught sight of a scarlet-clad figure leaning against a pillar a little distance from her. With a little gasp of triumph Phyllis recognized in it her husband's form. Now was the time, she reflected grimly, to test the truth of her theories respecting his allegiance to herself. Accordingly she made her way through the intervening crowd until at last she stood close beside the form she sought. His back was turned toward her, however, and consequently it became necessary to attract his attention. Quickly dividing her violets, she thrust a bunch against the man's mask, and with a light laugh stepped hastily back behind the pillar. Naturally she was promptly followed, and a detaining hand laid on her arm.

"You're an enterprising young lady," laughed the red-robed individual, lightly, "and if you fail to make your way to the world it won't be because you're of too retiring a disposition. However, I like 'em your way best, I think, and you and I will probably get a long very well with one another."

"Are you sure you're not expecting anyone with better claims upon you—your wife, for instance?" demanded Phyllis, archly.

"Oh, hang it all, my dear girl!" returned the other, "you don't expect a fellow to bring his wife to a Covent Garden ball, do you? Why, it's like taking a ham sandwich to a mansion house banquet."

"No," thought Mrs. Heriot to herself, "you leave her behind in Post street." Aloud, however, she merely remarked, "I dare say you're not far wrong. Wives have a trying way of thinking themselves entitled to the whole of their husband's society."

The scarlet domino laughed good-humoredly.

"You're a funny little woman," he returned, "and I wish you'd take your mask off for a moment. A face that can think such thoughts must be rather interesting."

"The disilluision might be disastrous," answered Phyllis, with a fascinating shrug of her shoulders. "Let us go and sit down somewhere, though," she added, slipping her soft hand upon the man's wrist. "I'm tired of standing."

They had wandered into one of the corridors, and the door of a vacant box stood invitingly open. Without a word her companion paused on the threshold, and, guiding the other within in the shadow, quickly closed the door. Then, placing his arms around the girl's slim figure, he drew her sharply toward him, and raising the lower corner of her mask, showed her a dozen burning kisses upon her ripe, red lips, that were so temptingly revealed.

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At his hot breath fanned her cheeks and his passionate kisses were being rained down upon her, Phyllis felt for the moment that her husband's alle-

### THE BOER WOMEN.

glance to herself had not really varied after all. Then a sudden revulsion of thought swept over her, and she realized that her companion's embraces were offered in ignorance of her identity. White and trembling, she pushed the man away and sprang to the door again.

"Let me go!" she cried, fearing for her self-control. "I ought to have been home long ago."

"Very well, my little Cinderella," answered the scarlet domino, good humoredly. "To our next merry meeting, then. May it be soon!"

"Perhaps sooner than you think," returned the other with a hard little laugh. Then she turned and made her way rapidly to the vestibule, fearful of pursuit.

It was with mingled feelings of rage and despair that Mrs. Heriot drove back through the hushed and deserted thoroughfares to the Post street mansionette. How to meet her husband she scarcely knew, but wild thoughts of instituting proceedings for a separation against him coursed through her brain as she lay back in the corner of her hansom. Half-formed resolves to leave him immediately arose, only to be dismissed in favor of waiting until the morning should give her an opportunity of taxing him with his perfidy. That it would be impossible to do this without compromising herself did not enter into her calculations. All she knew was that she had been very badly treated, and the one thought that possessed her was that of revenge.

It was a very sad-faced and heavy-eyed Mrs. Heriot who the next morning sat opposite her husband at the breakfast table. She did not hear him come in, for, although she had lain awake throughout half the night, sleep had at last gained its hold upon her. Consequently they met now for the first time since the previous morning.

She returned his greeting mechanically, for, although anger struggled in her for the mastery, she saw that it was impossible to say what was in her mind in the presence of the parlor maid. "How he brazen it out!" she thought fiercely, as she nervously crumpled the roll before her.

Without betraying any surprise at his wife's coldness Mr. Heriot settled himself in his chair and leisurely examined the pile of letters at his side. Then he put them down and meditatively stroked his mustache.

"Why, Phyllis," he remarked at length, looking up at his wife with a smile, "you don't seem to be so cheerful as you ought to be, considering that you had your own way, after all, last night."

"My own way? What do you mean, Arthur?" she exclaimed, startled out of her self-possession.

"Why, dearest, about the Covent Garden affair, of course. I didn't go, after all. When I got to my chambers yesterday I found an important brief there that occupied me until the evening. Then I went on to the club and took a hand at whist with some men. As I was winning I didn't care about leaving, so I lent my mask and domino to young Ferraris. He's just my build, so the costume suited him capitally. It's a pity you don't know him, as he's rather a nice young chap in his way."

"Oh!" said Phyllis.

**The Children's Hour.**

In every household where there are little folks the children's hour should be a regular institution, and nothing but absolute necessity should be allowed to interfere with it. It is very easy, unless the mother makes a strict rule about it, for her to be called away to attend to some household or social duty, but her duty to her little children should come first. If she can devote more than an hour in the day to them, so much the better, but that is the shortest time she can spend with them daily, if she is to retain her hold on their affections and to continue to be their dearest friend and confidant. In that hour her own work and cares should be entirely laid aside, and she should be a child among children, telling stories, playing games and being interested in Katie's doll, Johnny's rabbits, and in everything else which contributes to the happiness of their little lives.

**New Form of Suicide.**

When a man gets tired of existence on this mundane sphere and wishes to shorten his allotted span, he usually resorts to some old and thoroughly tested means, such as the rope, gun or poison. It remained for one Stuart St. Clair, who is said to have been a resident of Williamsport, Pa., to introduce a new form of self-destruction. After sending a letter to his wife informing her that he intended to commit suicide, he shut himself up in a refrigerator car at Denver, Col., and was in due time frozen to death. People who have been revived from the freezing which just precedes death by freezing have stated that they suffered little or no pain and the new process of suicide introduced by Mr. St. Clair may become popular.

**Better Than a Signboard.**

I wanted to go to Rose Valley and at the cross roads I met a settler and asked him which road to take. "It's as easy as pie," he good naturedly replied. "You gimme a chaw of ter-backer. If you hev any about you, and then I'll take a nip with you if you hev a flask, and then you chip in half a dollar to'ards our new skule house and lend me a couple of postage stamps and take this ere road to the left and cuss the hills and mud holes till you git thar."

**Science in the Nursery.**

Davy—Cousin Kit, what is a microbe? Cousin Kit (reading a book and not wanting to be bothered)—Oh, it's a thing that gets into things. Davy—Well, then, baby's a microbe, for every time I go down stairs she gets into my things.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Why Some Writers Die Poor.**

"So the story goes," soliloquized the struggling author, mulling the thrice-rejected manuscript to a fourth publisher.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Inference.**

Marie—She's going to school until she's 25, so she says. Martha—Heavens, but she must be homely!—Kansas City Independent.

### AMERICAN HENS

**After Becoming Naturalized in South Africa Change Their Natures.**

"One of the greatest troubles experienced by people living in tropical countries," said L. T. Varden of Chicago, at the Gilsey house, "is to obtain meat of a quality fit to eat. Take the Philippines, for instance. The cattle there are magnificent to look at, but they cut up into mighty poor food, being fat and also stringy. Almost all the meat used by our men there comes from Australia, being brought in refrigerated ships, from which it is issued three times a week. The Australian is as good beef as a man would care to eat. There is, or rather, was, I was there—a lack of poultry also. No hens or chickens can be obtained, but only ducks, and, of course, your morning egg was that of a duck, which is an exceedingly poor substitute for a hen's egg, in my estimation. I understand that since then they have tried to remedy this and other deficiencies by importing hens and other things, but I doubt the success of the experiment, for the climate, different kind of food and the like, may change the flesh of the fowl and the quality of the egg. C. A. Williams, a friend of mine, who used to be United States consul at Johannesburg, and who now lives in the Transvaal, told me that when he first went to South Africa he endeavored to raise the character and quality of his table supplies by importation. The meat in South Africa was poor, but that could not be helped. American fowls, Williams thought would be a decided improvement over those of the Transvaal, and their eggs would enable him to begin each day with an easy stomach and a satisfied mind. So he brought out a flock of American-bred poultry. At first all went well; the breakfast egg was a good one and the occasional chicken at dinner all that he had fondly anticipated, but then there came a change, at first so gradual, that Williams was finally so attacked by the loss of appetite. The breakfast egg grew coarse and coarser in flavor until it became wholly unpalatable, and the dinner chicken deteriorated in similar manner and with identical result. With the former, however, the outward appearance of the egg remained the same, but the poultry not only changed in quality and flavor of flesh, but also in external appearance, as well. Without increasing the size of the body, the necks grew longer and thinner and the legs lengthened out of all proportion, until at last the hens resembled nothing so much as diminutive ostriches. They were unfit to eat, and of no other domestic use, and so Williams gave them away to the Kaffirs, but for some time he thought of exhibiting them here at a poultry show, mainly to ascertain what names competent judges would apply to them, but the expense deterred him. He also had another scheme to get even, which was to enter the roosters in cocking mains. Williams said they could lick anything that wore feathers, short of an eagle or an ostrich, and that there was not a dog in the Transvaal that would come anywhere near his house while they remained his property, so utterly had the few dogs which had tried conclusions with them been routed."—New York Tribune.

**VALOR OF THE BOERS**

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**An English Correspondent's Intelligent Comment on the Situation—Criticizes British Press for Its False Representations About Dutch Civilization.**

An English correspondent at the front has the following to say relative to the war now being waged with the Boers:

"We began by fighting in a hurry; we are now fighting at leisure. Neither the generals, the men, nor the public at home has formed an approximately correct estimate of the difficulties which had to be overcome or of the enemy we were to encounter. The Boer fights with his head, seldom with his muscles; our men fight with their muscles, seldom with their heads. You can not get either the officers or the men to understand that the first duty of a soldier is to kill, not to be killed. They have all come out here determined to earn the Victoria cross, or to distinguish themselves by displaying conspicuous bravery in the field. 'It is magnificent, but it is not war.'"

"It is little better than a very popular sporting expedition on an immense scale. You have, no doubt, heard frequently of the 'zone of fire,' and have formed your own opinion of what those words signify. I will describe the situation for your benefit. Imagine that there is a range of high hills facing you some five miles away from where you stand. Orders are issued to advance. Presently you see ahead a long line of dust, tufts of grass, and pebbles raised by the multitude of bullets which fall almost as close to each other as do drops of rain in a shower. It seems humanly impossible to cross the line without being hit, and even should fortune enable you to do so unharmed, a mile or two would separate you from the enemy."

"That zone of fire is the only obstacle which staggers our men, and it is not at all to their discredit that it should. They occasionally hesitate to make the rush through. It is like running through a shower of bullets for some 20 yards, and trusting to luck that no drop shall touch you. The bravest and the least brave are on the same level on such an occasion, and it is indescribably disheartening, when you have undergone the ordeal without mishap, to find not only that the enemy is still very far from you, but that further zones of fire have to be crossed."

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**NATURAL GAS**

**Has Passed Out of General Use in Pittsburgh.**

A. V. Sterling of Pittsburgh said at the Hotel Manhattan: "The day of natural gas was its practically over, and our city is dirtier than ever. I went to Pittsburgh to live in 1888, and stayed at first with a friend of mine at Roup, one of the suburbs. At that time natural gas was everywhere in use, and there were open fires in every room. My friend warned me to be careful in using it, and always to lay a lighted match on the bricks before turning on the natural gas. I was used to ordinary gas fires, and so when I had reason to use my fire, and the gas blew the first match out without igniting, I leisurely scratched another and touched her off. The next instant found me stretched out on the other side of the room in a stunned condition, amid the wreck of the washtub, against which I had been hurled. Luckily I escaped with a few bruises, but I ever afterward treated natural gas with profound respect. There are a lot of people in my town who would like to know what takes the place of the gas in the bowels of the earth when we extract it. The way it rushes out when once tapped shows that it is put up in some place at enormous pressure, which grows gradually less and finally ends altogether. Now, what takes its place is what I want to know, and why there isn't danger that, this support having been withdrawn, cave-ins may occur? Billions and trillions of cubic feet of natural gas have been taken from the earth since its first discovery, and, I for one, would like to know what Mother Nature has put in its place."—New York Tribune.

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### A MAN'S PLAINT.

**Costume That Are Injured by Contact with Sofa Pillows.**

"Kindly remove the sofa cushion," staid the Man, languidly, as he sat down on the couch beside the Woman. "The last time I was in its immediate vicinity it behaved very badly, indeed, filling my coat with a soft, cottony fuzz that it took two hours of good, hard brushing to remove, so I've determined to have nothing more to do with it. D'ye know I'm getting so that I don't feel at all like putting on my good clothes when I go to call on women nowadays; all on account of these villain pillows, which are everywhere, and which seem to be filled with tiny, fluffy feathers that escape and cling to you with glue-like persistency? That reminds me to remark that on account of one of Eve's fairest daughters my dress suit is now reposing at the cleaners'. No, she didn't spill a plate of ice cream on me, nor did she do anything awkward of that sort; all she did was to use in my presence those absurd fans made of ostrich feathers that some women affect. It was a pink fan, and, candidly, I think it was a little moth-eaten, but at any rate she's a nice girl and I like her, so I was a good deal with her at the German. Gradually I noticed that the fan seemed to be losing plumage and I seemed to be gaining it. When I was a fine fuff almost from my head to heels I went up to the dressing room and got the man to brush me off, but as the needle to the pole those feathers were to me. Back they'd come merrily as soon as he'd cease agitating them, and settle even on my hair and in my mouth. A thousand kind friends came up to me during the evening and told me how funny I looked, and the owner of the fan herself laughed a bit, but, frankly speaking, I wasn't amused. I sent the suit to the cleaner the next day, and I hope he'll be able successfully to pluck it. I don't mind finding on coming home from a dance that my sleeves are whitened by contact with sundry fair arms or that some powdery substance decorates my lapels, but I draw the line at feathers, hence—take away the cushion; I'll have none of it, an' if my Tuxedo gets full of them I'll have to retire to private life for an indefinite space."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**COSTUMES IN MANILA.**

**Visitors Advised to Take Along a Plentiful Wardrobe of Summer Variety.**

A man going to Manila with sufficient supply of underclothing, American boots, and one or two spruce looking suits of light summer woolen clothing can wait for the rest at the hands of the Filipino tailors. These latter will make for him the thin white suits which are in vogue here during the hottest period of the year—indeed, all the year round. With hats, both felt and straw, he can easily satisfactorily and cheaply supply himself in Manila. A good mackintosh, however, for use in the rainy season, he should bring with him from the United States, and also a good umbrella, unless he is easily suited in that direction. For a woman coming out here, practically everything needed can be obtained here, if she is handy with her scissors and needle, and at much cheaper prices than in the United States. But the woman depending upon the dressmaker would do well to bring out a plentiful wardrobe of the same kind of clothing that she would furnish herself with in New York during the heated term. No greater mistake could be made than to suppose that, in matters of dress, Manila is a "shoddy" place. On the contrary, the city is as gay as the climate permits. Every one likes to look at his best, especially during the late afternoon and evening. The drive along the Luneta during the hour around sundown is a scene kaleidoscopic with color. Circumstances permitting, there is plenty of social life in the evening. Evening gowns are quite as pretty and dainty here as elsewhere, while the man who comes out with social inclinations but without an evening dress suit, will undoubtedly write back to his tailor for one. He can't get one made in Manila that wouldn't look grotesque.—Leslie's Weekly.

**A TIP ABOUT USING STAMPS.**

**Something Which a Great Many People Do Not Know.**

"Wait until I have washed off the postage stamp on this envelope, spoiled in the addressing," said a man, according to the Washington Star. "It is not necessary to do that," said a lawyer. "You may take your scissors and cut out the adhesive stamp and stick it fast to your new envelope with mucilage, notwithstanding the adhering piece of the old envelope. It does not look nice and may become detached in the mail, but if the stamp is a genuine, unused adhesive stamp it is not questioned. The government, when it sells an adhesive 2-cent stamp, undertakes for such consideration to transport and deliver to destination the letter to which it is affixed. The fact that it has with it a piece of envelope to which it was formerly attached, does not relieve the government from executing its part of the contract when the letter is deposited for mailing, the stamp being otherwise perfect."

**Lighthouses and Lifeboats of Old.**

A search of the record of that venerable corporation, Trinity House, London, shows that it is just 300 years since the first lighthouse was erected at Lowestoft, and this is noted as the first regular lighthouse on the coasts of Great Britain. The next lighthouse to be erected was in Winterton, 1618. Lowestoft has had, moreover, the unique distinction of possessing the first lifeboat. It was in 1809, just 200 years after the first lighthouse was built there, that the first lifeboat was dispatched on her initial errand of mercy from Lowestoft.

**Asserting Woman's Rights.**

After a woman gets a cow and a few milk customers, her next ambition is to get real printed milk tickets, with her name signed on the back. If her husband's name is Thomas T. Robinson, and hers is Mary S., she signs the tickets M. S. Robinson instead of T. T. Robinson. This looks as though she is becoming more independent and getting along without male help.—Atchison Globe.

**Correcting an Error.**

The editor of the Star of Hope, Sings Sing, 1,500 denounces as false the report that "the convict editor of the Star of Hope has been deported, and that a citizen printer has been assigned to the position." The paper, he says, is entirely the inmates' paper, and is edited, contributed to and printed by the inmates themselves. It is strictly an institution journal, conducted by the inmates themselves in every branch.

**Baswell's New Command.**

General George M. Randall, who is visiting in Washington, will leave for Seattle at once, and on May 21 will sail for Alaska to take command of the new military department of Alaska. A great deal of work has been planned for him to do, among other things 2,000 miles of overhead and submarine telegraph line will be constructed.

It depends on what we do whether we are really industrious.

### ALABASTINE

ALABASTINE is the original and only durable wall coating, entirely different from all others. Ready for use in white or tinted colors, or colored by adding cold water.

ALABASTINE naturally preps ALABASTINE for walls and ceilings, because it is pure, clean, malleable. Put in dry powdered form, in five-pound packages, with full directions.

ALABASTINE is cheap, temporary preparations made from whitening, chalks, clays, etc., and stuck on walls with decaying animal glue. ALABASTINE is not a kalsominer.

BEWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same" as ALABASTINE. It is "something just as good." He is either not posted or is trying to deceive you.

ALABASTINE in OFFERING something he has bought cheap and tries to sell on ALABASTINE'S des. He may succeed in making you a damage you will suffer by a kalsominer on your walls.

SENSIBLE dealers will not buy cheaply. Dealers risk one by selling and consumers by using infringing. Alabastine Co. own the ALABASTINE. It safeguards health. Hundreds of tons used yearly for this work.

BE BUYING ALABASTINE, customers should avoid getting cheap kalsominer under different names. Insure by having our goods in packages and properly labeled.

USANCE of wall paper is obviated by ALABASTINE. It can be used on plastered walls, wood ceilings, brick or canvas. A child can brush it on. It does not rub or scale out.

ESTABLISHED in favor. Shun all imitations. Ask paint dealer or druggist for tint card. Write for interesting booklet, free. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**A Firing Line Introduction.**

"During a recent sharp skirmish," says the Sphere, "an English officer in South Africa noticed that one of his guns was in danger. Calling an officer to his side he requested him to go and help Captain A. to try and bring it in. Pardon," he added, as the officer moved to obey, "perhaps, Mrs. B., you do not know A." Mr. B. had not the pleasure. "I'll introduce you, then—charming fellow A.," said his lordship, and, regardless of bursting shells and puffs of dirt which marked the pitch of bullets all around them, he centered along the hillside with Mr. B. "Captain A. let me introduce you to Mr. B." Mr. B. Captain A. B will lend you a hand to bring in that gun; hope neither of you will be knocked over doing it."

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