IRENE'S VOW

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Again she overheard the order; it was the Queen's Theater. Again she took a cab and followed them to the Queen's. It was something new to her to struggle through such a crowd as she found at the door of the theater. Ten minutes later she was seated in the parquet of the theater, her veil drawn over her beautiful young face, her dark cloak disguising the loveliness and grace that would otherwise have betrayed her. For some minutes there was a cloud over her eyes, and a sound as of rushing waters in her ears. Then her senses grew clear again.

She looked round the brilliant array of boxes; her heart beat, her whole frame trembled. They were there—a box on the first tier, one of the best in the theater, next to the royal box. Sir Hulbert, looking handsomer, his dark, sad face shining from the crimson velvet hangings like a clear-cut cameo. He was one of the few men whom evening dress suits exactly; he looked every inch a king. The gleam of his diamond studs, the light of the diamond ring he wore, the one costly spray of flowers—all seemed to her to add so much to his grand beauty.

The lady by his side was the cynosure of all eyes—dark, beautiful and haughty. She looked like an empress. Costly jewels shone in the coils of her raven hair; her white, rounded arms were encricled by rubies that looked like fire.

Next to Irene sat a gentleman with his wife and daughter; their amusement at the theater consisted principally of pointing out to each other the celebrities of the boxes. The wife asked her husband if he knew the dark, proud lady with the diamond star in her hair.

"Yes," he answered, "all London, I should say, knows her, for she is considered the most beautiful woman in it."

"Who is she?" repeated the good wife.

"Her name is Lady Lira Gerant, and she is the daughter of the famous Earl Gerant, the great politician."

"Who is the gentleman with her?" asked the daughter, and then Irene hardly breathed as she heard the answer.

"I do not remember his name," was the slow, measured reply. "He is a baronet, and a wealthy one. I have often seen him with her; he is to marry her next spring."

"And a very handsome pair they will be," interrupted the wife.

Her words gave Irene one keen, sudden shock; the young face hidden by the dark veil lost all its color, then she could have laughed aloud.

Marry her next spring. Vilest nonsense! Why, she herself was his wife! How Sir Hulbert would have laughed had he heard them. He to marry Lady Lira—he, who had already married her.

And, even as she sat there, in that crowded theater, with the great sensational play of the day on the stage before her, she was thinking of the gloomy room wherein she was married, and the strange minister who had married her, and she woke from what was a trance of memory with those words ringing in her ears:

"He is to marry her next spring." What nonsense! Next spring, in all probability, their marriage would be made public, and she should be known as Lady Estmere.

CHAPTER IX.

There came a morning which Irene never forgot—a balmy, lovely morning in September; the sky was as blue as that of Italy, and the green earth smiled in the sun's warm rays. The beautiful morning air cheered her, and she hoped in her heart that Sir Hulbert would come home on that day. The newspaper lay on the table; it was one that she had chosen herself, because it contained more news of the upper ten thousand than any other. Carelessly, and without a thought of what lay before her, she opened it. She read how the Duke of Sommerston had gone to the moors; how Lord and Lady Hegis were at Cannes, how the Marchioness of Brent had gone to Italy. Suddenly her fair young face grew colorless, the very sight seemed to die from her eyes, for she read this:

"Approaching Marriage in High Life.—We learn that active preparations are now being made for the marriage of the Lady Lira Gerant. The noble bridegroom, Sir Hulbert Estmere, has intrusted to Messrs. Henden & Son the task of redecorating his magnificent mansion, the Mere. It is expected that the marriage will take place in February."

She read and re-read; she read with laughter and with tears. What nonsense—what utterly cruel nonsense. How could it be, when she was already his wife? It must be stopped, though, this cruel report, which was so doubly cruel to her, his wife.

When she had heard it in the theater she had thought of it merely as gossip and baseless rumor.

This was different; this paragraph in a fashionable paper, who had inserted that paragraph, and how had they dared to say so much that was not true? What would Sir Hulbert say? What would Lady Lira say? She had heard before how careless those journals were, but surely this was something more than carelessness; it was falsely, wickedly untrue.

She resolved the moment Sir Hulbert came to show it to him; all would be well then. She heard the sound of his horse's gallop, and stood in the park awaiting him; the eyes that met his had not the usual sweet love-light in them, the exquisite face had no light of welcome.

"Hulbert, I want to speak to you," she said, "at once. I have something most particular to tell you."

He laughed at her eagerness, but the laugh died from his lips when he saw the mournful expression on her face.

"Why, Irene, even your voice has lost its sweetness!" he cried. "What is it, my dearest?"

Not one feature of her face relaxed.

"Follow me," she said, and she led the way into the pretty morning room, where the bright sun shone on the roses and the white lace.

An open newspaper lay on the table. Drawing herself to her full height, with the tragedy and dignity of a queen, she said, pointing to it:

"I have kept that for two days waiting there for you to see it."

"A newspaper," he cried, in tones of great relief, "a paper! Why, Irene, I thought at least you had shot a burglar, and had a dead body to show me. What is there in the paper worth all this tragedy?"

She laid it before him, and pointed out the paragraph. He bent his dark, handsome head over it, and read, half with a smile, half with a sneer.

"Approaching Marriage in High Life. Ah, this is the cause of the tragedy, is it, Irene?"

"Read," she said, briefly.

And he read through. Then for some few minutes they stood in silence, looking at each other.

"Well," he cried, half impatiently, "say what you have to say, Irene."

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"My dear, if I tried to explain, or even to understand all that newspapers say, I should never have finished."

"Hulbert, you must speak earnestly to me; a light word jars on me. I want to know what right any journal has to publish such a thing of a man who is already married."

"My dear Irene, they will publish anything; the difficulty with them is to know what not to publish."

"You must write and contradict it," she said, imperiously.

"I should be very sorry," he said, laughingly; "it is not worth the trouble."

"It is a question of my honor," she said.

"A question of nonsense," he replied. "You know quite well that there is not a marriageable man in England of whom they do not say the same thing."

"But that is circumstantial; it enters into detail. Is it true that Henden & Son have received orders to decorate the Mere?"

"Yes," he answered, "several weeks since; that is true enough."

"And it is for me, for you to take me home there, is it not, Hulbert?"

There was something of sharp anguish in her voice that touched him, and he turned to her with a caressing gesture of his hand.

"No," she cried; "do not touch me; make this clear to me—tell me how you will contradict it. Must a lie like this—a lie that involves my honor—go abroad to all the world without contradiction?"

"My dear Irene, do not be so very impetuous. I am very patient, as a rule, but I cannot stand too much impetuosity."

"You do not seem to remember that it is a matter of life or death for me," she cried. "You are my husband, I am your wife. How, then, do they dare to circulate this story that you are to marry another woman?"

The sweet voice thrilled with pain, but did not falter; the beautiful face flushed with fire and indignation; he saw that she was in no mood to be trifled with.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, hotly. "This is a scene—and I hate scenes—what do you wish me to do?"

"Write, first of all, to contradict this rumor. Say boldly that it is not true; then make your marriage with me known to the world. Whatever may have been your motive for keeping it secret it cannot be so important as my honor. Listen, Hulbert, the honor of your wife demands that you should do so."

"I do not see it," he replied, coldly.

"Hulbert, have you ever loved this Lady Lira?"

"You are the only woman I have ever loved, and you know it, Irene," he replied.

"Why have they connected the name with yours?" she asked. "Why, if there be no reason for it, should they say that you are going to marry her rather than anyone else?"

"The sapient public have made up their mind that it is to be a match; and perhaps they think it a suitable one. If so, why need I interfere? Let us leave it alone, Irene."

"No," she replied; "there are some cases where to yield is madness. My yielding now would be wrong. Write to this journal to express your surprise that they should wantonly insert what they know to be untrue; secondly, write to the lady—Lady Lira Gerant—say the same thing to her, that so far as lies in your power you apologize for the annoyance this rumor must have caused her; then, to prevent a repetition of it, make your marriage known to the world."

"What if I decline any of these steps, Irene?" he asked.

"Then I shall take measures to defend myself," she replied.

He laughed; and there was enough of a sneer in his laugh to rouse all the pride and anger within her.

"What would you do?" he asked.

"Write to the editor first of all, then to Lady Gerant."

"You dare not," he cried, sudden fierce anger leaping in his face, "you dare not, Irene!"

"I dare, and I would," she replied. "I love you with all my heart and soul, but I love honor more. I would write to Lady Gerant and say how sorry I was to find that such false rumors were circulated; that I myself have the happiness of being Sir Hulbert Estmere's wife, and that I felt indignant at her name being used at all."

"You would do that, Irene?" he said, his face dead white with anger; "you would do it, after promising to keep the secret of our marriage just as long as I wished?"

"I did promise that; but then there was no question of such a thing as this. I consider now that my honor is at stake, and is more dear to me than life."

"Do not provoke me too far, Irene, or I shall say that which we shall both wish unsaid."

She looked at him calmly.

"Say what you will, Hulbert; I do not shrink from hearing what you do not shrink from saying."

"You force me to say that which I can never unsay; that which we shall both regret; that which I had vowed to myself never to tell you; but your own obstinacy forces it from me."

She replaced the paper on the table and stood before him, calm, erect, graceful, although her face was quite colorless, and her hands trembled.

"You cannot have anything to say that I need dread to hear. The greatest wrong of my life was leaving home and friends to go with you; but you could not call that wrong; you could not reproach me with it, and I have nothing else to fear."

"You force it from me. Why are you so obstinate?" he said; and she saw that great drops stood on his forehead, while his face was pale with emotion. "You defy me; you provoke me; you dare me; you will not believe what I say; you refuse to trust me; now listen to me. I hate the words; and as I speak them I own myself the greatest villain under the sun; but, Irene, you are not my wife."

CHAPTER X.

The words seemed to fall, in the silence, like the hiss of red-hot tongues. Irene heard them; but as one who does not understand. He repeated them:

"I am sorry you have forced the words from me," he said; "but you are not my wife!"

The beautiful young face, in its ghastly pallor, its miserable fear, its awful dread, was raised to his; a voice, unlike any voice he had ever heard, said:

"Not your wife?"

"You may believe me, Irene; it is quite true," he said.

"True that I am not your wife? Ah, no. I know that you are trying to frighten me; that is all, trying to frighten me, dear."

She clung to him with the grasp of a dying child. He trembled, and his white face looked tremblingly into hers.

"I am your wife. Ah, my love, my love, say so; let me forget those horrible words, or I shall die here at your feet."

He was tempted to deny them; but soon all the scene must be repeated.

"Irene, look up, my darling; I did not intend to distress you so; look up, darling. I love you better than all the world besides; but you are not my wife."

Whiter still grew the fair young face and the burning lips, more deadly still the shadow of fear in the sweet, sad eyes. The very energy of despair came to her; she stretched out her arms to him with a pleading cry.

"You do not mean it, Hulbert," she cried. "You cannot mean it; you are jesting with me; but it is such a bitter jest; there is no man living who could be so cruel."

She raised her miserable face to his as she asked him;

"Now tell me the truth; no matter how hard, how bitter it may be. From the first hour you saw me did you mean this to be?—was it planned in your mind?"

"I am afraid, if you press me, I must say yes," he replied. "I am ashamed of it now, Irene; but then it seemed so little harm."

"Did no impulse ever come to you to pause, to plead for me, to save me, to incline you to go on your way and leave me in peace?"

He bowed his head before her, remembering how many such good thoughts had come to him.

"There is a reason for it, Irene," he said.

"Will you tell me what that reason is?" she asked.

He was silent for a few minutes thinking deeply; then he answered her:

"Yes, I will tell you the whole truth, Irene. Of course you can, in a certain fashion, ruin me by betraying me; but you will not. If you do, you must. You will not, you are too true and too loyal for that; but I will tell you the truth, Irene."

She covered her face with her hands as the bitter words fell on her ears; words that burned her as with red-hot flame.

"I ought to have told you before; but I was afraid that I should lose you. I could not make you my wife for this reason."

He spoke slowly, and the words were long in coming; they seemed to die in hot gasps on his lips.

"It was not all my fault, Irene; my destiny was, after a fashion, settled for me. While I was quite a boy my father arranged that I should marry Lady Lira Gerant—while we were both children that compact was made. Earl Gerant is a powerful man, a great statesman; his name is a power in the land; and I cannot break the contract. When I left Oxford Lord Gerant sought me out one day."

"'Sir Hulbert,' he said, 'I want to talk to you about this contract made years ago by your father and myself. I want Lady Lira to have a few years in the world before her fate in life is fixed. She is eighteen now; let nothing be said of the contract or the marriage until she is twenty.'

"I assured him that his wish should be complied with. He went on:

"'You will wonder, Sir Hulbert, why I have sought you out to say this. You bear a name as proud as my own—the Estmeres of the Mere are second to none in the land. I will tell you why I seek you as a husband for my only child. I have no son to succeed me; my whole life is devoted to politics and to statesmanship. I have worked as few men work, and I dislike to think that when I lie down to die there will be no one to carry on my work. I have mapped out a line of politics which, in a few years, would change the face of Europe. I have given the labor and the thought of a lifetime to it, and I dislike to think that when I die there will be no one to take it up, to think of it or to make it succeed. If I had been blessed with a son I should have trained him to take my place. You are ambitious, are you not, Sir Hulbert?'

"I told him yes; that it would be a pleasure to me to serve my country.

"'Then take to me a son's place,' he said. 'You are young yet; I will give you three years to enjoy life—to go about, to seek your gayeties and your pleasures as you will. During that time come to see us when you will; call on Lady Lira, go out with her at times, but let there be no word of the contract between her and you—or you and myself.'

"So we parted, Irene—I knowing that I had but a short time for enjoyment, and that the rest of my life must be given to hard work. And though I have seemed to like idleness, and have enjoyed to their utmost, all gayeties and pleasures, yet I find myself looking forward to the time when my life will be great and noble."

"Great and noble," she cried. "With the stain of your disgrace on your hands, how can you be great and noble? You are meaner than the meanest—smaller than the smallest—for you have done the meanest deed."

"But is there no excuse for me, Irene—none? I was content enough with my life until I saw you. The prospect of marrying Lady Lira Gerant, the most beautiful woman and the richest heiress in England, was pleasant enough until I saw you. Mind, I was never in raptures over it, but I saw a most brilliant future waiting me—such as falls to the lot of few. When I met you—oh, Irene, believe me, with all my faults believe me—when I met you I knew the first passionate love of my life; and, my darling, if I have been selfish, forgive me, I cannot give you up!"

He tried to clasp her in his arms, but she withdrew indignantly.

(To be continued.)

ESKIMO BOWS AND ARROWS.

How the Natives Use Twisted Cords of Reindeer Sinew.

As every one knows, the Eskimos, with very few exceptions, inhabit a region which is perfectly treeless, or at any rate where nothing grows but the pines and spruces, whose soft, inelastic wood is entirely useless for making bows, says Popular Science Monthly. They have overcome this difficulty very effectively by fastening along the back of the bow twisted cords of reindeer sinew in such a way that each cord is stretched when the bow is bent and flies back when the bowstring is released. As far as we know, no other race of savages makes use of this ingenious contrivance. Some tribes of Indians are in the habit of stiffening their bows by "backing" them with strings of sinew, glued on, but the Eskimo backing is made of cords and tied on. As old Martin Frobisher, the first Englishman who ever saw the Eskimos, in 1577, tells us: "Their bowes are of wood a yard long, sinewed on the back with strong sinews, not glued too, but fast girded and tyed on."

In some regions the Eskimos when first visited by white men were still using bows with a very simple backing, merely twenty or thirty strands of twine running from one end of the bow to the other, twisted together tightly from the middle and tied down to the bow in two or three places. My friends at Point Barrow and along the adjacent coast, however, had gone on improving the bow until it was the best made by Eskimos anywhere.

Where He Got Off.

Detective George Fall of the city hall force was riding uptown in a Thirteenth street trolley car last Friday when a colored man of his acquaintance came in and sat down in the next seat. After a brief chat the detective said: "Are you superstitious, Sam?" "No, suh," said Sam. "Well, it's a good thing you're not," said Fall. "There's a cross-eyed woman sitting opposite." "Ya-as, suh, dat's right," chuckled Sam. "And up in the corner there is a hunchback." "Yas, suh, I sees him." "See the number of the car up there? It's 313." "Yas, sur." "And this is Thirteenth street we are on, you know." "You go 'long, suh." "The cash register, as you may observe, shows the figures 1313." "Yas, suh." "And this is Friday." "Ya-as." "Also it is the thirteenth day of the month." "Quit yo' foolin', man." "It is now," said the detective, pulling out his watch, "just exactly 13 minutes past—" The colored man had risen to his feet. "I ain't supahstitious, Mistah Fall," he said, "but heah's where I gits off. You do make a man mighty oncomfable."—Philadelphia Record.

Climate of Alaska's Interior.

In the vast and almost unknown interior of Alaska the climate is arctic. The winter is of eight months' duration, dry, and, excepting certain restricted localities, entirely free from wind. The temperature descends as low as 80 degrees, with a mean of, perhaps, 40 degrees. Ice forms in the rivers and lakes to a thickness of eight feet and more. Summer extends over four months. During its earliest months high winds prevail. The balance of this short season is mild, and the temperature pleasant, rarely exceeding 86 degrees. The snow and rain annually precipitated is about 12.9 inches.

It Was Boiled Down.

Patrick Ryan was a section foreman of no mean ability. He never wasted company material nor words. One foggy morning while running over his section he collided with an extra freight, and Ryan's car was reduced to scrap iron and kindling wood. The report of the accident to his superior officer was characteristic of the man and was as follows:

"Pether Moriarity, Roadmaster, Esquire: August the wan; foggy mornin'; wildcat frate, green man at the brek; handkar smashed to ——; where will I ship the wreck? P. Ryan, sec. man."—Sprague, Colo., News.

Royal Colors.

The Sultan of Turkey is always seen attired in pale brown garments; the Emperor of Austria affects a gray. The German Emperor has what may be called a loud taste in clothes, and is never so happy as when wearing the showiest of uniforms or hunting costumes. The Czar of Russia, on the other hand, likes the simplest, darkest form of undress uniform.

Shooting Fish.

The shooting fish is a native of the East Indies. It has a hollow, cylindrical beak. When it spies a fly sitting on the plants that grow in shallow water, with remarkable dexterity it ejects out of a tubular mouth a single drop of water, which seldom misses its aim, and, striking the fly into the water, the fish makes it its prey.

Crow Hunts in Washington.

The farmers of the State of Washington have organized crow hunts to drive out infesting crows.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who spat on his hands before beginning a piece of work?

An old bachelor says that matrimony and not Wisconsin is the "badger" state.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

EXIT THE NAGGING WOMAN.

THE wonderful changes that have taken place in the experience and the character of women in the last fifty years have not yet found a chronicler, perhaps will never find one. Education and enlarged opportunity have not wrought their changes on those alone who have gained the right to add the magic B. A. to their names. The new learning has filtered through the mass of society, and has leavened the whole lump.

Certain types familiar enough both in fiction and in real life fifty years ago have become practically extinct. There was the romantic maiden, who walked about the house in a dream of titled lovers, cruel parents and midnight flights. She was a difficult member of a well-regulated family, and even sending her to boarding school was not sure to clear her mind of its roseate unrealities. Before the wholesome breeze of a more vigorous education they seem to have vanished.

Then there was the delicate maiden. She was famous for her lack of appetite, her disregard of sleep and her interesting pallor. She was given to the consumption of slate pencils, chalk, sweetmeats, and sometimes she even dropped dark hints of familiarity of arsenic. She talked sweetly of her nerves, and she could faint at the shortest notice. Her shoes, her corsets and her earrings were matters of the greatest moment to her. Tennis, golf, the gymnasium and the basket ball team have reformed the delicate maiden, and she is now in more danger of a hoyden than an invalid.

There is another type which has not yet wholly disappeared, but which is less common than of old. This is the nagging woman. She had no sense of proportion. The stopping of her watch was as important to her as a death in the family. She harped on a single string—for example, a personal inconvenience—until husband and guests were at the last notch of irritation. She worried her children into open rebellion. She could never keep her servants. She could break up a church committee at a single session, although no one dared to think of her as anything but "a very good woman."

Slowly but surely the broader horizon, the richer resource, the better training are banishing this woman from modern society. She was often the unconscious victim of her own energy and ambition. To-day these are directed and utilized in the activities of town and city. She begins to see herself as others see her, and the twentieth century will mark the disappearance of the nagging woman as the nineteenth has rejoiced over the extinction of the romantic dreamer and the invalid by profession.—Youth's Companion.

The plan for making a shirtwaist of this material, the one approved by a French shirtwaist maker, who is doing the shirts for the junior 400, is this:

The belt should be a wash linen one, the color of the goods. It should have a buckle in front, preferably a harness buckle of gold. The "eyes" will be put in the belt by any harnessmaker for a few cents.

To make a stylish summer gown—to borrow a word that has fallen into disuse—you must know how to make the French knot. You must understand the knack of embroidering conventional daisies. The mysteries of cat-stitching must be open to you; and how to hem-stitch and how to zigzag must all be as plain as blind-stitching.

There are beautiful new lawns, fresh with the season, in all the new blues, with lace stripes woven in, that are exactly adapted to the making of shirtwaists. These come in turquoise blue, in sapphire, in Chinese blue, in Yale, in "baby" blue, and in duck's egg, not to mention the pastel blue which is so light that it really does look faded.

How delightfully fortunate that the new lawns, cambrics, muslins, batistes, linens and challies come so freely trimmed. You can buy lawn by the yard with lace stripes woven in and stripes of satin that look like satin ribbons. This obviates the necessity of trimming, and makes home dressmaking less of a scourge to nerves and eyes.

Summer shirtwaists trimmed with these adorning stitches are expensive, horribly expensive, but you can buy a partially plain waist and daisy-work it yourself. Or you can get one that is perfectly plain and treat it to a sprinkling of French knots. In making these be sure that you take a stitch in the knot, drawing it tight and hard, or you will have a knot that comes out in the first wash and is nothing but a string.

Take your material and tuck it across the yoke in such a way that only the open stripes of needlework, or lace, show. This makes a lace yoke, with the lace laid in rows. For a stock use the same goods, tucked lengthwise, with the top plain, so that it can be turned over. Release the tucks across the bust to make a good fullness. Fit the waist in at the belt line, so as to give plenty of length in front, without a great deal of bagginess.

Education and Early Marriage.

It is a fact worth noticing that as education creeps into a country early marriages gradually become more scarce. Nowadays youths and maids are taught to think before they leap. Their mentality is stronger and more mature than in former years, so their heads more often speak for or with their hearts.

Many of the unhappy marriages of which we hear may be traced to the delusion of youthful ideas. Immature love is ignorant and unreasonable. The woman wants to be loved as she loves and man wants to be loved as he loves, and because the thing is impossible they have the most discordant results.

We inherit this desire to love, which at an early age is like a firecracker, ready to explode at a moment's notice, it making no difference who sets fire to the fuse. As we grow older, in our more mature love affairs we attach more importance to the hand that lights the fuse. We grow more discriminating as we advance in years, for our minds expand and grow, and the emotions, as well as the intellect, are strengthened by age.

College for Women.

The first technical college for women ever established in the country is being planned in Boston after thirty-two years of waiting. It will teach household economics, secretarial work, library management, industrial designing, medicine and nursery and possibly horticulture, says the New York Sun. Its aim will be to help women to earn a livelihood in occupations for which there is now no special training on a scientific basis.

John Simmons of Boston, dead these thirty years and more, is the founder, and the college will bear his name. Mr. Simmons died in 1870. When his will was offered for probate it was discovered that the greater part of his property, consisting of real estate, was left to establish and maintain an industrial college for women.

A Woman Who Writes Sermons.

The London, England, Daily Mail says that many of the eloquent sermons heard at the churches are composed by a lady, who makes her living thereby. There lives in the north of London, the widow of a clergyman who, under the name of her late husband, is writing sermons for clergymen in the metropolis and elsewhere. Most of her sermons are bought by clergymen of the Church of England, who write to her under the impression that they are communicating with a clergyman who has retired from the ministry. The sermons are excellent, and no doubt much better than they could write themselves.

Pimples.

A great many persons are troubled with pimples on the face, which are unsightly at best, and especially annoying when they come, as they often do, on the nose. Of course they arise from some impurity of the blood and need constitutional treatment, but until this is obtained a safe and easy way of preventing them is to apply arnica to the skin. A pimple never comes without warning. A few hours before there is always a slight inflammation or swelling, and if a drop of arnica be applied to the spot when the swelling begins half a dozen applications in the course o fa day will drive the pimple back under the skin.

As to Care of Rings.

As the wearing of many rings, both in the afternoon and evening, has become a pronounced fad, the care of the gems is worthy of attention. If you want your rings to last, don't wear them with gloves. The constant friction wears off the points that hold the stones in place and the stones will drop out unless constant attention is paid to them. The wearer may not detect the loose stone, but a jeweler will see it at once. Rings should be sent to the jeweler's at least once a year to be overhauled, if worn under gloves.—Detroit Tribune.

A Novel Curtain Design.

A new bonne femme curtain design is developed in madras whose prevailing tone is dull red, relieved by dark green and faint amber. The bottom has an insertion of deep red fish net, which is edged with a ruffle of the madras finished with Arabian lace. Other color effects are carried out in the same way.

Freckle and Sunburn Remedy.

Benzoin and cold water. Two tea spoonfuls of the former to a pint of the latter. Bathe freely for several minutes, morning and night, avoiding the eyes. Allow the mixture to dry upon the skin at night, but wipe off carefully in the morning before it has dried in.