## CHAPTER I.

The Fall of the House of Frode. As the blackness of the midsummer wrecked walls of the monostery loom- the castle?" ed up dim and stark in the gray light.

Through a breach in the moss-grown | cleared. "The Sisters-" he murwall, the first sunbeam stole in and mured. "I had the intention—to get pointed a bright finger across the to you-but I fell-" His words died cloiser garth at the charred spot in away in a whisper, and his eyelids the center, where missals and parch- drooped. Sister Sexberga turned again ment rolls had made a roaring fire to to seek her restarative. Sister Wynwarm the invaders' blood-stained freda leaned over and shook him. cands.

As the lark rose through the brightening air to greet the coming day, a your mistress?" woman in the tunic and cowl of a nun opened what was left of the wicketgate in the one unbattered wall. She struck a note in perfect harmony with her surroundings, as she stood under down like saplings." the crumbling arch, peering out into the flowering lane.

Like the straggling hedges that were half buried under a net of wild her round the waist-they knocked roses, red and white, the path was me on the head, then-I-I-" Again half effaced by grass; but beyond, his voice died away. her eye could follow the straight line of the great Roman road over marsh recall him. Mechanically she held his and meadow and hill-top.

beech, it gleamed as white as the done, she brought water and band-Milky Way. The nun was able to ages, and stood by, absent-eyed and trace its course up the slope of the in silence, while Sexberga found his last hill. Just beyond the crest, a wounds and dressed them. It was pall of smoke was spread over a burn- the older woman who spoke first. ing village. Shivering the nun turned her face back to the desolate peace on your mind, beloved," she said tenof the ruins.

bloody cloud was hung over the land | all that she is the fruit of darkness, in the year that Ethelred came to the it was permitted by the Lord that throne," she said. "I feel as the Randalin, Frode's daughter, should be blessed dead might feel should they born with a light in her soul. It was be forced to leave the shelter of their in my prayers that we might be engraves and look out upon the world." abled to feed that light as it were a of herbs, a second figure in faded good time the spreading glory of its robes approached the gate. Sister brightness might deliver her from the Sexberga was very old, much older shadows forever."

"Master!" he muttered. "Master!

Have they gone?" In an instant Sister Wynfreda was on her knees beside him. "Is it the aight paled, the broken towers and English you mean? Did they beset

> Slowly the man's clouded "Answer me, first. Where is your master? And young Fridtjof? And

He shrank from her touch with a gasp of pain. "Dead." he muttered. "Dead-at the gate-Frode and the boy-the raven-starvers cut them

"And Randalin?" "I heard her scream as the Englishman seized her-Leofwinesson had

Sister Wynfreda made no attempt to head so that her companion might Between the dark walls of oak and pour the liquid down his throat. That

"The fate of this maiden lies heavy derly; "and I would have you know "Now is it clear to all men why a that my heart also is sorrowful. For Rising from its knees beside a bed sacred lamp, to the end that in God's



than her companion, and her face | In the chapel four feeble old voices was a wrinkled parchment whereon raised a chant that trembled and Time had written some terrible les- shook like a quivering heart-string.

She said gently, "We are one with the garden and blended with the aroma the dead, beloved sister. Those who in the air. The wounded man smiled lie under the chancel lay no safer than | through his pain. we, last night, though the Pagans' passing tread shook the ground we lay on, and their songs broke our slum-

back toward the lane, for her patience hinges made her turn her head. was not yet ripe to perfect mellow-

"The peace of the grave can never be mine while my heart is open to the sorrows of others," she answered with sadness. "Sister Sexberga, that was an English band which passed last night. I am in utmost fear for the Dames of Avalcomb."

"They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." the old nun quoted, a little sternly. "An Englishman was despoiled of his lands when Frode the Dane took Avalcomb. If now Frode's turn has come-"

Her companion made a gesture of entreaty. "It is not for Frode that I was sixteen, her graceful body had ream timorous, dear sister, nor for the boy, Fridtjof; it is for Randalin, his

Sister Sexberga was some time silent. When at last she spoke, it was but to repeat slowly, "Randalin, his daughter. God pity her!"

Sister Wynfreda was no longer listening. She had quitted her hold upon the gate and taken a step forward, straining her eyes. Out of a fair-tressed ancestor back in the past tall mass of golden bloom at the far- must have qualified his blood from ther end of the lane, an arm clad in the veins of an Irish captive; in no brown homespun had tossed itself for one delirious instant. Trailing her robes over the daisied grass, the nun came upon a wounded man lying face downward in the tangle.

When the united strength of the four arms had turned the limp weight upon its back, a cry of astonishment rose from each throat. "The woodward of Avalcomb!"

"The hand of the Lord hath fallen!" After a moment the younger woman said in a trembling voice, "The whisper in my heart spoke truly. Dearest her set teeth. sister, put your arm under here, and Sister Wynfreda ran to the girl and a millionaire. One day Gilliland was On the 250th performance Agnes him in, and he will tell us what has happened. See! He is shaking of livered whole to me!" she breathed. his swoon. After he has swallowed "Gram told us—that they had taken some of your wine, he will be able to you." speak and tell us."

women's backs, for though he tried in- embrace. Her story came from her stinctively to obey their directions, in Jerks, and each fragment seemed the man was scarcely conscious; his to leave her breathless, though she arms were like lead yokes upon his spoke slowly. supporters' shoulders. Just within the . "I broke away," she said. "They gate their strength gave out, and they stood around me in a ring. Norman were forced to put him down among Leofwinesson said he would carry friend, "you'll have to give up your the spicy herbs. There, as one was me before a priest and marry me, so old ideas of seeing life. You're not pulling off her threadbare cloak to that Avalcomb might be his lawfully, single any more." make him a pillow, and the other was | whichever king got the victory. starting after her cordial, he opened said by no means would I wad him: his eyes. Police Perguisites.

Tremulously sweet it drifted out over

The chant ceased, the wavering treble dying away in a note of haunting sweetness. The man moaned and clutched at his wound; and the bowed The shadows deepened in the eyes figure by his side roused herself to of Sister Wynfreda as she turned them | tend him. Then a grating of rusty

Under the crumbling arch, relieved against the green of the lane beyond, stood the figure of a slender boy wrapped in a mantle of scarlet that bore a strangely familiar look. Sister Wynfreda rose and took a

step forward, staring at him in bewilderment. "Fridtjof?" she questioned.

At the sound of her voice, the box turned and hastened toward her. Then a great cry burst from Sister Wynfreds, for the face under the black locks was the face of Randalin. She made a convincing boy, this

daughter of the Vikings. Though she tained most of the lines and slender curves of childhood: and she was long of limb and broad of shoulder. A life out-of-doors had given to her skin a tone of warm brown, which, in a land that expected women to be lily-fair. was like a mask added to her disguise. The blackness of her hair was equally unconnected with Northern dreams of beautiful maidens. Some other way could one account for those locks, and for her eyes that were of

the grayish blue of iris petals. The eyes were a little staring this morning, as though still stretched wide with the horror of the things they had looked upon; and all the times. glowing red blood had ebbed away

from the brown cheeks. She said in a low voice, "My father . . Fridtjof . . ." then stopped to draw a long hard breath through

"Praise the Lord that you are de-

Gazing at her out of horror-filled It was muscle-breaking work for eyes, Randalin stood quite still in her

sooner would I slay him. All thought

that a great jest and laughed. While they were shouting I slipped between them and got up the stairs into a chamber, where I bolted the door and would not open to them, though they pounded their fists sore and cursed at me. At last they began to laugh and jeer, and called to me they would go down and drink my wedding toast before they broke in the door and fetched me; and then they betook themselves to feasting."

Sister Wynfreda bent her head to murmur a prayer: "God forgive me if I have lacked charity in my judg-ment on the Pagans! If they who have seen the light can do such deeds, what can be expected of those who yet labor under the curse of darkness?" "I do not understand you." Randa-

lin said wearily, sinking on the grass and passing her hands over her strained eyes. "When a man looks with eyes of longing upon another man's property, it is to be expected that he will do as much evil as luck allows him. Though he has got Baddeby, Norman was covetous of Avalcomb. When his lord, Edric Jarl, was still King Edmund's man, he twice beset the castle, and my father twice held it against him. And his greed was such that he could not stay away even after Edric had become the man of Canute."

It was the nun's turn for bewilderment. "The man of Canute? Edric of Mercia, who is married to the King's sister? It cannot be that you know what you say!"

"Certainly I know what I say," the girl returned a little impatiently. "All English lords are fraudulent: men can see that by the state of the country. Though he be thrice kinsman to the English King, Edric Jarl has joined the host of Canute of Denmark: and all his men have followed him. But even that agreement could not hold Norman back from Avalcomb. He lay hidden near the gate till he saw my father come, in the dusk, from hunting, when he fell upon him and slew him, and forced an entrance—the nithing! When he had five-and-fifty men and my father but twelve!" She paused, with set lips and head

upon her knee. "Think not of it, my daughter," she urged. "Think of your present need and of what it behooves us to do. Tell me how you escaped from the cham-(To be continued.)

flung high. The nun got down stiffly

beside her and laid a gentle hand upon

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

Then When She Found Out A About It She Was Unhappy. "John Billus, I found this photo-

"Can't you see it's an old picture. clear print. Maria? What's the use of stirring up She wondered idly who might have memories that—"

"I want to know her name."

"No jealous tury in that counteance, is there?" "Whose is it?"

think a great deal of, and-" "Her name, sir?"

"Well, you sat for it yourself, Maria, about nineteen years ago; but the fall of the curtain, when she had to tell the truth I always did think to run for the dressing room for a the pleasing expression was a little change for the third-act costume. She overdone. Put on your spectacles gave the chalk marks no further and look at it again, and then com- thought until the following evening. pare it with the reflection in that mirror over there and see what are you words, neatly chalked for her inspecgetting mad about?"

How Success Succeeds. Col. Weis was once at Carlsbad with for any one else.

Carlsbad. You pay from \$5 to \$10 if words appeared, only to disappear beto defray music and improvement ex- for the next act. asked his occupation.

"I'm in the express business." "Vat's dat?"

know." So they put Weis down as a wagon eye out in the hope of discovering the prank?" driver and assessed him the very offender. est tax, although his salary was but the writer erasing the lines, but by One night I stood by the window. The

Improve the Canals. A movement has been started in several centers in Europe to improve the canals, which have been neglected through the influence of the railroads just as they have in many American

There are in France 3,000 miles of canals. Belgium has 1,242 miles of canals and other waterways. In Hol land the canals are put to more gen eral use than they are in other coun-

In England there are 3.907 miles of canals, and it has been pointed out that the railway companies own 1.376 miles of these canals. The railroad companies keep the canal rates so high that there is no competition between the canals and the railroads. There are few canals in any country that are not fifty years behind the

Salary Regular, Anyhow. George Gilliland, now secretary to Senator W. H. Clark, of Montana, was for six years secretary and political scured and she could only wait for adviser to the late Senator Brice, also time to unravel the mystery. caught her tremblingly by the hands, at the White House and President Mo. Carleton celebrated the ex

Kinley asked him: "What are you doing now, George," "Oh, I'm in the senate again." "How's that?" asked McKinley.

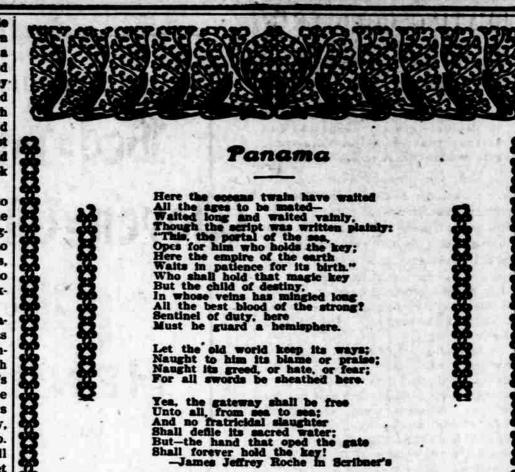
"I'm secretary to Senator Clark of Montana " "Well, George," said McKinley, "you certainly display good judgment in items. picking out your employers."

"See here," exclaimed Benedick's

"Zhat's all right," gurgled Benedick "I don't shee shingle, eigher; shee

Mutual.

Mrs. Stubb-I am quite new neighbors came from Boston Mr. Stubb-Why so, Maria? Mrs. Stubbe-They call the tor



BY EPES W.SADGENT

window and gazed idly out. This was he fled from the consequence of his strictly in accordance with the in- murderous assault he could rub out structions conveyed in the little blue | the chalk marks. covered book of typewriting which

(Gertrude walks to window R and dolin, the chalk from his imperfectly gazes idly out.)" time she had done this the view from | been noticeable.

see there. At her right would be a ter than anyone else in the company. huge electric calcium pouring its He had been so kind to her in many green rays upon her white dress. It little ways, so deferential, she could had been decided that green would not believe that he had sought to be better than blue. The moon had insult her. She could not even im- then inserted in the sides of the circubeen green ever since the night when agine him doing such a thing even lar piece of wood. The target itself ber, and why you wear these clothes." the stage manager had arrived at this for a joke. He was not that sort is fastened to a stick of wood about

decision. There were also a couple of stage | It hurt her to think that he had a braces holding up the scenery, and hand in this joke. Just as the curtain sists of a paper tube, which is made sometimes a couple of stage hands in | fell at the close of the act she turned | by winding cardboard, well covered very dirty shirt sleeves lent anima- to Cameron. tion to the view.

To-night the men were absent and graph in the inside pocket of an old Annice was able to give her whole I'd like an explanation. Whose is it?" one had chalked "I love you," in

done this. Some stage hand, prob-"I want to know whose picture that ably considering it a good joke. Surely no one would make such an "Rather a pleasant-faced girl, isn't open confession and expect to be taken seriously.

She was still wondering when she heard the cue which was her signal to turn with a cry of horror to perceive Lady Gwendolin prostrate upon "It's a portrait of a girl I used to the floor, struck down by Hugh de Maltravers, who in private life was a most unvillain-like villain. After that it was a busy time until

There, again, were the eloquent tion. She was the only one required to use the window. She could not

suppose that the message was meant the treasurer of a Cincinnati brewery. Gradually the legend began to an-There is a system of "Kur tax" in noy her. Every evening the same

who's who. They came to Weis and that was all the satisfaction she could window in the second act?" The matter both annoyed and interested her. It takes but little to make "Oh, we deliver packages, you talk in a company, and she wisely held her peace; but she kept a sharp why you played such an absurd

lowest, although he draws \$26,000 a She even made a practice of runyear. The brewery employe gave his ning to the window the moment the occupation and was hit for the high- curtain fell in the hope of discovering | was no prank. I meant it, every word.



troducing a new gown. In place of the white satin, which was beginning to show the marks of wear and tear. she appeared in a handsome black satin, which caused every woman in the audience a pang of jealously and incidentally got her several newspaper

As usual, Annice stood by the window, wondering who her unknown admirer might be. Lady Gwendolin gave her customary shrick and Annice turned with a scream of terror to behold the villain's wicked work. To-night she supplemented her

clearly outlined in white.

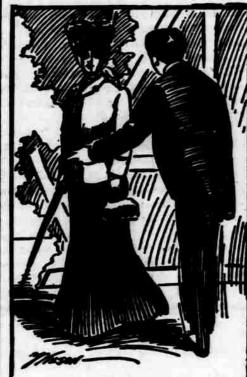
He made his exit from the very win-

Annice Wheatley strolled to the scene with Miss Carleton. Then when Only the black satin dress had

been out of his calculations. When "-and I will explain it all to you. he had grappled with Lady Gwencleaned fingers had left their mark. Considering that this was the 217th | On the old white dress they had not

the window had lost somewhat of its | All through the last act the incident kept running through her head. She knew exactly what she would She liked Cameron very much, betof a man.

"I should like to speak to you



you stay over a week, the fund going fore it came time to make the change heart that he awaited her coming on the dark stage.

penses. It is plain robbery, but can't be avoided. The tax is graded acger, but that official could offer no "Mr. Cameron," she demanded, "Why cording to your wealth or income, and practical suggestion. He was certain do you annoy me by chalking such the wily Bohemians generally know it was none of the stage boys and absurd sentiments underneath the

"How did you know?" he countered. "You left chalk marks on Miss Carleton's black dress this evening," she explained. "Now I want to know

He colored like a guilty school-

"Believe me," he said earnestly, "it \$5,000 a year.—Philadelphia Ledger. that time the marks had been ob- stage hands were all busy with a card game at the rear and I knew no one would see it before I came off after the murder. I picked a piece of chalk off the call board and wrote the words. You see while I play villain on the stage, I am anything but a bold man off. Just as I was going to sign them I heard the cue that brought you to the window and I had just time to whisk around the corner. I have been trying every night since then to get the courage to sign my name, but if it hadn't been for that blessed dress I never should have done so. I mean it, every word of it, Miss Wheatley. Won't you believe

By special request Miss Carleton will wear her black dress at the

Mascagni's Sarcasm. During the last dress rehearsal of Mascagni's Japanese opera "Iris" the author, who was conducting the orchestra, was greatly annoyed by the ineffective performance of one of the singers. The passage was a very intense one-a love scene between the chief reprobate and the heroine.

music. The unfortunate singer went from bad to worse. Mascagni stopped the orchestra and beckoned him down to the footlights.

"Since all other methods for making the passage effective seem to have failed," he remarked, "suppose you try singing it in the proper key."

A Horse on Him. It was not so very long ago that Barney Woodworth was one of the coming baseball pitchers in the New England league, and for that matter stage horror with a cry more natural. he can do some clever twirling now Lady Gwendolin fell with her face When Barney attended Tufts college to the audience that they might mar- he, with one or two others, became vel at the play of her facial expres- mixed up with the college horse. It sion as she slowly died from the seems that the horse got frightened effects of Maltraver's cruel blow. and Barney tried to stop the animal were the marks of a man's fingers bled his efforts and landed with all four feet in the college fence. The Cameron, who played Maltravers, was some reason or other Barney worked

"Most of the action in my story,

For a marvel of economy you will given a seat beside the driver.—Men sixty "pats" of the stuff. It isn't very ever beat the toad. He eats his own of To-morrow. never beat the toad. He eats his own of To-morrow. clothes, says a devout lover of that In the Firelight.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
Like troubled spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep. harmless and slimy creature. At certain seasons he begins to undress. He begins by rubbing his elbows hard against his sides, and pressing downward. In a second the old suit Lursts open along his back, and he keeps on rubbing until he has worked it all in And, somehow, with that little prayer, And that sweet treble in my ears, My thought goes back to distant years And lingers with a dear one there; And as I hear the child's amen, My mother's faith comes back to me Crouched at her side I seem to be, And mother holds my hands again. And, somehow, with that little prayer, folds on his sides and hips; then he seizes one of his hind legs and begins to haul off one leg of his trousers, and next the other leg is served in the same way. Of course a brand new suit is discovered by this disrobing process. Before he takes off the rest of his old clothes he folds his trous-

ers up quite neatly and swallows them. Then, by raising and lowering Sweet magic of that 'reble tone, And "Now I lay me down to sleep!" —Eugene Field. his head, and swallowing little by little, he hauls off his coat until he comes to the sleeves. Grasping one of these with the opposite hand, he drags it off, wrong side out, and swal-There are many tricks which may lows it also, rubbing his neck at the be done with ink, but perhaps the simsame time, so that his collar, cravat and, in fact, every vestige of his old

Some Indian Names, Kakagos-A wood raven. Musquash-A muskrat. Cheokhes-The mink. K'dunk—The toad. Hawahak-The hawk. Malsum—The wolf. Moween-The bear. Kagax-The weasel. Killooleet-The white-throated spar

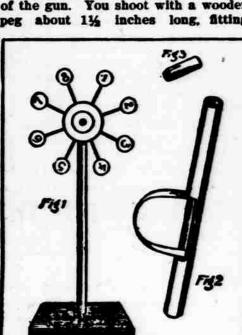
Meeko-The red squirrel.

suit, disappear altogether.

Target Shooting. Figure 1 shows the target cut out of cigar box wood. A circular piece is first cut, about one inch in diameter. and eight small round pieces of cardboard with the numbers 1 to 8 on them are mounted on toothpicks and grouped around it at even distances; the other ends of the toothpicks are eight inches long, fastened to a stand, as shown in the picture. The gun conwith glue, around the stem of a lead pencil. When it is dry a piece about

five inches long is cut off. At 1% inches from one end we make an indown to about half the thickness the tubes. (See Fig. 2.)

Figure 2 shows how a piece of whalebone about six inches long is inserted, acting as the propelling power of the gun. You shoot with a wooden peg about 11/2 inches long, fitting



loosely into the barrel of the gun. To give it more weight and strength we insert a carpet tack as shown in Fig-

To shoot, hold the gun with the right hand, pulling the whalebone back with the index finger and inserting the peg. As soon as the index finger releases the whalebone it springs forward and forces the peg out. To aim well hold the tube in such a way that the whalebone spring points downward.

Tricks for the Tongue. Try to read the following sentence aloud and quickly, repeating the shorter ones half a dozen times in succes-

Six thick thistle sticks. Flesh of freshly fried flying fish. The sea ceaseth, but it sufficeth us. Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tedbury. Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared six sickly, silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop welcoming Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again;

well swum swan. A haddock, a haddock, a black spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock. Susan shineth shoes and socks. socks and shoes shineth Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

Fox After Chickens. "Fox after chickens," is a rather good game. An older person is the fox, and her position is to run about pretending to pick up sticks. The 'hen." who is the mother of the chickens, should also be an "elder." and should have a long train of chicks "Do not move so timidly," shouted behind her, all standing one behind the other, holding on to each other's frocks: the one next the hen should take hold of her. When the hen sees the fox she asks him what he is nicking up sticks for.

> "What is going to be in the nan?" "A chicken." "Where will you get one?" "From you."

"To boil a pan," is the answer.

Then the fox tries to capture one of the chickens, while the hen tries to dodge the fox and guard her chicks. If the fox catches a chick he takes it to his den. This is continued until all the chickens are captured. The Cat that Went to a Fire.

The other day in Boston an alarm

cial street, caused by an overturned lamp. A strange sight was witnessed the pet of the repair shop, had been evenly. taking a comfortable nap on top of fortable quarters, and when the tower Every pencil line that is drawn selves.

was ready to return home he was | The plate contains about fifty or

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet maste of that trable tone.

Aquarium ink Trick.



s the ink aquarium trick. Present a glass full of ink to the view of the spectators, then prove that it is ink by dipping a visiting card in it and showing the card. Now announce that there are live fish in the tumbler that just thrive on ink. and you will prove they are there by changing the ink to water so that the onlookers may see them.

Throw a handkerchief over the glass so as to entirely envelop it, repeat an incantation and then suddenly whisk the handkerchief away. The audience will be very much as tonished to find the glass filled with

fish swimming about in it. The trick is performed in this way. Get a piece of thin black rubber cloth and line the inside of the glass with to balance your cup on the point of it, then tie a black thread to the up- a knife if you are careful about one per edge of the cloth. Attach a little button or bit of cork to the end of the thread overhanging the tumbler, as

shown in the drawing. Fill the glass with clear water, and introduce several fish, live ones if you can possibly procure them, but if not, toy fish will serve, though the

trick will hardly be so effective. The ink test with the visiting card is accomplished by means of a confederate who is in the audience and who hands you a card which is marked with ink on one side. As you dip the card into the tumbler you contrive to turn it around, and the audience then sees the black side, thinking naturally that it has just been immersed in the ink. The startling change from ink to water is effected by pulling out the rubber cloth by means of the attached thread and button when the handkerchief is whisked away. Some practice is needed first in order to do this without spilling the water in the glass, but that you are in possession of a very clever trick.

Butter Boys. Every morning the people of the large towns of Porto Rico are awakened by little merchants crying "Butter! Butter of the country!" These are the butter boys, who go

trotting in each morning as soon as

the tropical dawn begins, to sell the their mothers the day before. Each little merchant carries a plate on his head, balancing it expert- the lengthening of the tongues." Evily like a juggler, and never bothering

is running or making change.

the Porto Ricans, because their climate is not adapted for keeping butter well: so they are accustomed to an article that would seem rancid and strong to the luckier persons in the

The "pats" are very small, weighing less than an ounce each, and they sell for about one cent. The customers of the butter boys usually buy just enough to serve for one meal.

The butter boys' mothers don't make this butter in a churn. They merely shake milk or cream in a big jar till it is fairly solid. Then they put in lots of salt and send it to town.

"The Power of Prayer." A pretty story is told of two children, who were, as they thought, chased by a cow in a field. "Oh, Johnny." said the little girl, "say a prayer." "don't 'member any!" "Say anything," persisted the little girl." "All I know is what pape said at breakfast." "Well, say that." So, Johnny said "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful." The cow ceased to chase them, and they returned home and told their mother that they had been saved by the power of prayer."

The Way to Succeed. The very best way to succeed in anything is to learn how to think quickly. One of our most famous American actors started out a very poor boy. Applying for work in a Chicago store, he was tested by a few questions. Taking down a box of lace from a shelf, the proprietor asked, What would you do with this?" The boy replied, tracing with his fingers on the box lid, "Dust it." He got the position and it led to far better things than he dreamed of.

Balancing Cup on Knife Point. If the subject of too much coffee drinking making one nervous and unsteady ever comes up at your breakfast table, here is a little trick by which you can prove, with your own coffee cup, that you are not nervous

and have got a steady hand. Get a cork; squeeze it within the handle of your cup as shown in the drawing. Then take a fork and stick it into the cork so that two of its prongs are on either side of the hana position as to insure its handle coming under the cup's bottom.

You have now fulfilled one of the laws of gravity which will permit you thing-find the exact place on the cup's bottom on which it will balance.



Your hand should be very steady and must not tremble a particle or after you have tried it several times | the cup will slip off, because its botyou will find that the cloth may be tom is usually glazed and very removed without spilling a drop, and smooth. The same result may be obtained by using two knives instead of

> the fork. It would not be wise to try this balancing feat with any coffee in your

cup on the first attempt.

Value of Bees' Tongues. A curious note is found in the In ternational Review of Agriculture, to the effect that an entomologist had succeeded in measuring the length of native butter which has been made by the tongues of bees for the "purpose of determining the possible effect of crossing Italian and native bees upon dently, on the principle that the longto steady it with his hand, whether he er the tongue the easier the access to hidden stores of flower honey.

ODD SMOKE PICTURES.



Showing Smoke Pictures and How They Are Made.

ter, you must pass it quickly through cil drawings.

If you can draw even a little bit ! wrong has to be rubbed out, and if you can make pretty pictures of a new you use the rubber too much you and interesting sort in a very easy make a soiled and spoiled picture. way. The picture is made on any but if you make part of your smoke flat surface that you can hold in a drawing wrong you merely have to gas, lamp or candle flame without smoke the part again and do it over burning or cracking. A piece of tin and you can make as many changes or sheet zinc will do, or a china plate, as you wish. When the picture is as earthen pie dish or pane of glass. If good as you can make it, lay on it a you use tin or zinc, take care that you dampened piece of paper, press the do not burn your fingers, as a piece of paper lightly and take it off. You metal gets hot all over, though only will find the smoke picture transa part of it is in contact with the ferred to the paper and you can keep came in from box 9, for a blaze in flame. On the other hand, if you use it from rubbing off by spraying it with the tenement house at 410 Commer- porcelain or glass, especially the lat- thin gum water as artists do with penor just above the flame to avoid crack- If you cannot draw at all you can

as water-tower No. 2 rolled in upon ing it by heating one spot too strong- still make smoke pictures by cutthe scene from its headquarters on ly, and repeat the operation until as ting out animals and human figures Bristol street. A black-and-white cat. large a spot as you need is blackened from illustrated papers, wetting them. sticking them on the plate, smoking Draw your picture with a pin or a the latter and then remove the paper. the tower when the alarm came in. pointed stick, which will scrape away In this way you get white figures on a Before he woke up he was on the the soot from the white china or black ground. You can make black way to the fire, and like a good fire bright metal so that you cannot draw figures on a white ground by using man, he stuck to his post. On arriv- very well is simply this-you can the picture out of which you cut the ing at the fire he was furnished com- alter the picture until you get it right. figures fusteed of the figures them-

an th' force, and wanted t' inty th' tearin' car.-Puck. The Why do you think Miss Budds

Officer Clancy-Why did Casey arat that felly fer schorchin'? Officer Hogan-Shure, Casey is new

fite a hot bath? Joggs-Give it up. hot weter right away. Very Cooling Sharpe-The Japanese never get ex-

Hot Water Either Way. Boggs-Why is social conversation Bonze-Because, in both cases, when you put your foot in it you get into

to see you last night. Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Kratchett-Bridget. I don't like the looks of that man who called Bridget-Well, well, ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same about you.

dow out of which she had been looking. All of the other characters were supposed to enter from the castle on explained Pennibs, "takes place in the opposite side of the stage. It was an easy matter to chalk the legend while she was having her good place for a plot."

There on the back of the black satin by shouting "Whoa!" The horse dou-In a flash it all came to her. Hugh latter had to be cut down and for the only person who left the stage. unusually hard in the cage that day.

"Well." reioised Criticus, "that's a