THE SCHOOLMASTER AND FELICIA

By A. E. W. Mason.

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At once he was aware of the vast gulf between them

"YOU will call at the Villa Pontignard at noon tomorrow. The duchess will herself receive you," said the butler, with a superb condescension, and he paced away up the narrow winding streets of Roquebrune, wondering, with perhaps a little contempt for the incomprehensible eccentricities of rank, what in the world the duchess of Pontignard could have in common with a little village schoolmaster that she should be at the pains to command his presence.

The schoolmaster, however, had no doubts as to the reason of the summons. He leaned over the parapet of the tiny square before the schoolhouse, and from head to foot he tingled and glowed. It was his brochure upon the history of the village—written with what timidity, printed at what cost to his meager purse!—which had brought him this recognition from the great lady of the villa upon the spur of the hill. Turning about, he could just see, as he looked upwards, the white walls of that villa glimmering through the dusk, he could imagine its garden of trim lawns and oleanders and dark cypresses falling back from bank to bank in ordered tiers down the hillside.

"Tomorrow at noon," he repeated, and he turned back again with a shiver of fear at the thought of mistakes in behavior which he was likely to make. How did one meet a duchess? Did one bow or did one kiss her hand? What if she asked him to breakfast? There would be unfamiliar dishes to be eaten with particular forks. Sometimes a knife should be used, sometimes not. He looked down the steep slope of the rock, on the summit of which the village was perched, and again anticipation got the better of fear. A long lane of steps led winding down, and his eyes followed its descent, as his feet had often done, to the little railway station by the sea, through which people journeyed to and fro between the great cities. His eyes followed the signal lights toward another station of many lamps far away to the right; and, as he looked, there blazed out suddenly, just above that station, other lights of a great size and an extraordinary glowing brilliancy, lights which had the look of amazing jewels. They were the lights on the terrace at Monte Carlo. The schoolmaster had walked there on his rare mornings of leisure, had sat unnoticed on the benches, devouring with his eyes the passers-by, all worship of the women in their elegant frocks, all envy of the men for their composure of manner and indifference to scrutiny or remark—wonderful beings, with one of whom he was to speak, actually to speak, at noon tomorrow.

The schoolmaster was not a snob. The visit which he was bidden to pay was to him not so much a step upwards as outwards. In this little village set apart on its mountain side, built into it—for everywhere in the streets the rock cropped out between the houses, and the streets themselves climbed through tunnels of rock—he was tormented with visions of great cities and thoroughfares ablaze, he longed for the jostle of men striving one against the other, he craved for companionship as a fainting man craves for air. "Tomorrow at noon," he said to himself. The stars came out above his head; they had never shone brighter; the Mediterranean, dark and noiseless, swept out at his feet beyond the woods of Cap Martin. But his eyes turned constantly to the glowing terrace of Monte Carlo, or were sent directly downwards to the little station and its signal lights.

The duchess, an elderly lady, who had long since retired from the world, received him the next morning with a simplicity which put him at his ease. She held his brochure in her hand and she bowed to him. There was a look of relief on the schoolmaster's face as he returned the bow. She had not held out her hand.

"You are a native of Roquebrune, monsieur?" said she.

"No, madame," he answered, "my father was a peasant at Aigues-Mortes. I was born there."

The duchess nodded in approval of the simplicity of his reply.

"Yet you write, if one who is unlettered may say it without presumption, with the love of a native for his village."

The flattery unlocked, as it was intended to do, the schoolmaster's heart. The duchess made him sit down, and he found himself, to his intense astonishment, confiding to this gracious old lady truths about himself without any feeling of confusion or timidity.

"It was not love for Roquebrune which led me to write the little book," said he. "But I have always had, I think, longings almost too vague for me to express even to myself. When I came here upon my appointment as schoolmaster I was not content with the children's lessons for my working hours and the two wine shops for my leisure. I was not content. I took long walks over Cap Martin to Mentone, along the Corniche road to La Turbie, up the hillside towards Mount Agel. But still, madame will understand, I had my thoughts, my longings as continual companions; and at last, since everywhere I saw traces of antiquity, and heard something of the attacks by Algerian pirates, I thought to write this history as a relief. Once I had begun it, I found that so many mistakes were current, I took a pleasure in putting them right. There are so many. For instance, the belief that the old Roman road is the present Corniche, whereas—"

"Whereas," the duchess interrupted gently, "the readers of your brochure know that that is not so."

She had no wish whatever to hear details about the level of the old Roman road over the Alps. She deftly brought the schoolmaster back to discourse about himself, and in the end was satisfied. Therefore she told the reason for which she had summoned him.

"My daughter, monsieur, is now 17. It will be my duty soon to present her to the world, but I would have her educated first as completely as possible. It is not easy to obtain a governess proficient in every branch, and I will not part with her. I thought, therefore, that I might be able to arrange with you to read history with her during your spare hours."

The schoolmaster felt his head turning. That he was the recipient of the great lady's charity he was not for an instant aware, and, indeed, it was intended that he should not be. The duchess had noticed this poor, solitary youth, had pitied him on account of his poverty, and had thus found her way in some measure to relieve it. She had the firmest faith in her instincts, she had sounded the man, she believed him trustworthy, and by offering him this work she would be augmenting his pittance and not diminishing, but, on the contrary, increasing his self-respect.

From that time, therefore, on three afternoons a week, the schoolmaster climbed up to the villa. And if he taught the daughter Felicia a little, a very little history, he got from her much more instruction than he gave. For in the intervals of their reading they talked, and generally upon the one point they had in common, their curiosity as to the life of the world beyond their village. Felicia knew no more of that world really than he did, her ideas of it were as visionary and as dreamlike as his, but they were not his, as he was quick to recognize. The instincts of her class, her traditions, the influence of her mother were all audible in her words.

One day she said to him: "You let me always talk now. Why have you grown silent, monsieur?"

"You know more than I do."

"I?" she exclaimed, and then she laughed. "Really, we both know nothing. We only guess, and guess. But it is pleasant work guessing, isn't it? Then why have you stopped?"

"I will tell you, mademoiselle. It is because I have come to guess through your eyes. I see the world through them."

Felicia looked out for a little while over the Mediterranean. They were sitting on a terrace of the garden among the cypresses, and the whistle of a "Rapide" mounted through the still air to their ears.

"Well," said Felicia, with a sigh of impatience, "we shall both know the truth some time, and soon."

It was understood, of course, that this undisciplined village schoolmaster was to leave Roquebrune and carve out a career. When and by what means were questions which had not been considered. The schoolmaster himself might have considered them, might have doubted, but, as he had said, he looked out at the world through Felicia's eyes. And she had no doubts. With a girl's oblivion of obstacles she was convinced that somehow the thing would happen. Meanwhile the schoolmaster's longings, fostered in this way three times a week, grew and consumed him.

Thus he came one afternoon to the terrace with his eyes fevered and his face drawn.

"You are ill," said Felicia. "We will not work today."

"It is nothing," he replied. "Two travelers came up to Roquebrune yesterday. I met them walking by the church.

I spoke to them, and showed them the village, and took them by that short cut of the steps down to the railway station. They were from Paris. They talked of Paris. I have not slept all night," and he clasped and unclasped his hands.

Felicia looked down at her history and said: "Hannibal crossed the Alps. You must go to Paris. Why not become a deputy?" and she clapped her hands as the idea occurred to her.

"A deputy?" exclaimed the schoolmaster, flushing with pride.

"Of course," said Felicia, utterly amazed that she had not thought of so simple a solution before. Hannibal's passage of the Alps was forgotten for that afternoon, and Felicia's project was developed instead. The ways and means of becoming a deputy were of course left out of the question. The schoolmaster was to become a deputy. Therefore he was as good as a deputy already. They started with the premise that he was a deputy, and the deputy's future was mapped out. Felicia was to marry, some one, of course, who loved her dearly, but the some one was to be, at the same time, a person of great importance. Felicia would have a salon with weekly reunions of distinguished people, where the rising young politician, who had once been a state schoolmaster at Roquebrune, was to be introduced to proper notice. Felicia saw no difficulties. He must have a dress suit, that was all. She even got so far as describing, from hearsay, the imposing public funeral of a president of the republic. And the schoolmaster still saw the world through her eyes.

But the time came when the history books were shut, and Felicia prepared for her first season in Paris. Frocks and hats drove the fortunes of the schoolmaster from her thoughts, and it was with a feeling of remorse that she met him one afternoon in the street of Roquebrune and received his wishes for a safe journey and a time of much enjoyment.

"But I shall miss our quiet afternoons on the terrace," she said, speaking out of her friendliness rather than out of her convictions. "Besides, I shall come back to Roquebrune," she added quickly, "and you are to come to Paris, too. That is arranged, is it not?"

And so Felicia went to Paris, and the schoolmaster lost his one glimpse of the outer world. But he lived upon the recollections of it. He took again to the long walks on the Corniche road, sustained by Felicia's conviction that some day, it might be on this evening, the miraculous opportunity would be disclosed, and he would find himself transported to Paris. The summer came, and he heard that Felicia was at Dieppe. During the autumn he caught sight of her name now and then in one of the Riviera newspapers, as a guest at this or that country house. Finally, in December, he was told that she was returning to her mother at the Villa Pontignard. There was to be a house party to welcome her return. From the moment when he learned that the schoolmaster became an assiduous frequenter of the platform at the station.

No Rapide passed from France through the station on its way to Italy during his leisure hours but he was there to watch its passengers. It was not merely his friend who was returning, but his instructor, and with her a wonderful knowledge added to the old. So he watched with a thrill, half of longing, half of fear. And at last he saw her descend with her maid from her carriage. He experienced the relief of a man who has regained his eyesight; she was his window on the outer world. He followed her, he spoke to her, and she turned towards him. She gave him her hand, she said easily some simple words of friendliness, and at once he was aware of the vast gulf between them. With a woman's inimitable quickness she had acquired in those few months the ease, the polish, the armor of a woman of the world. She was of the world now, the great outside world; he was still the village schoolmaster, and he stood confused before her. She spoke again, asking after his school. He could barely answer her.

"But you must come up to the villa," she said. "We have much to talk over. I have much to tell you," and so she stepped lightly into her carriage and was driven up the road.

But she had nothing to tell him. The schoolmaster stood upon the platform and knew. The afternoons upon the terrace, the speculations, the encouragements, these things were of the past. His window was darkened, he would never find his way out of the room, he felt it surely. But none the less he went up to the villa that evening. He did not go to the house, he crept through the garden to the terrace and sat there in the shadow of a cypress. He could hear music within the house and the sound of laughter, and all at once he heard voices speaking in the night air and drawing nearer to where he sat. He had not the time to slip away, and he sat in the shade of the cypress while Felicia and a youth walked down upon the terrace. The youth wore one of those dress suits, which the schoolmaster must procure before he could figure in Felicia's salon as a rising politician, but he wore it with a grace which the schoolmaster knew, did he live to be a hundred, he could never counterfeit.

"My cousin," said Felicia, "I have spent many hours upon this terrace."

"Of all those hours," replied the cousin, "I am jealous, and the more jealous because you speak of them with regret."

"Regret, not on my own account," replied Felicia.

She was silent for a little while, and the schoolmaster could see the feathers of her fan waving to and fro in the starlight. He sat still as a mouse, for he saw the world through Felicia's eyes. He had the more reason to see it now after her sojourn there. She continued:

"The schoolmaster came up from the village to read history with me here. It was a plan of mother's. He was poor, lonely, and she pitied him. He became my friend. We both knew nothing, and so we were less hampered in making plans. He was to become a deputy. How, the good God must decide. I was to marry—O! not him, there was no thought of that, but some great person, and hold salons at which my deputy would figure——"

"What nonsense!" interrupted the cousin in a voice of irritation.

"No doubt, no doubt," said Felicia, with just a hint of sadness, "but it was pretty nonsense."

The schoolmaster climbed down to Roquebrune as soon as the terrace was empty. He still saw the world through Felicia's eyes, but now he saw through the same eyes—himself, the poor, half educated peasant, feeding upon vain dreams, and accepting the duchess' charity as a recognition of merit. He leaned over the parapet of the little square before the schoolhouse and thought of the singing drone of the children whom he taught. His eyes wandered away to the glowing terrace of Monte Carlo and came back to the little station and its signal lights at his feet, although the Mediterranean slept about the pines of Cap Martin and the stars above his head had never shone brighter.

"Locoed" Horse No Joke to Ranchers.

MAGAZINE and newspaper readers, who like to peruse stories of ranch life in the west with all its picturesque descriptiveness and touches of local coloring, are usually amused by the cowboy's more or less profane references to "locoed" unfortunates, whether horses, cattle, or—as sometimes portrayed by surcharged imaginations—men.

It is generally understood that this "loco" craze, which furnishes material for the writer and amusement to the reader, but infinite annoyance and loss to the stock raiser, is due to a noxious plant of prairie growth, but that it is an enemy to human and beast sufficiently dangerous to arouse the machinery of the general government to a campaign of extermination is not so widely known.

Eastern people regard the loco plant as more or less of a joke. Ranchmen in the west do not.

Costs Cattlemen $400,000 Yearly.

They are losing every year, by the sudden death of their cattle and sheep, property valued at $400,000. Blame is mostly attributed to the loco weed, which produces in animals an effect similar to that caused in man by the continued use of alcohol or morphine, finally resulting in death. Some, however, think the trouble is due to an animal parasite. The bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture is conducting an exhaustive inquiry to learn which theory is correct and to clear up the mystery surrounding this peculiar disease.

Ranchmen of the west and southwest, as a rule, range themselves on the side of enemies of the loco weed. They are firmly convinced that it is to blame. They say it has been taking more than its accustomed tribute of live stock during the last summer. The season has been wet and the plant has flourished to such an extent that cattle have been more than ordinarily attracted by its freshness.

A single mouthful means craziness and agony, and continued indulgence results in death. It is more feared by ranchmen than rattlesnakes or any other pest of the range. No antidote is known.

"Crazy Weed" Affects Sight.

The name sometimes given the loco plant—"crazy weed"—best describes its effect on horses and cattle. Ranchmen call it "general cussedness," and employ even stronger terms, but here is the description of its effect as furnished in more or less official phraseology by the agricultural department:

"The symptoms of loco disease in animals are familiar to all stock raisers. Perhaps the most characteristic are those of cerebral origin, compared to a drunken condition in men. Sheep and other animals affected by this disease are commonly said to be crazy or 'locoed.'

"The cerebral disturbance may consist in an impairment of the function of the special senses, or in improperly regulated motor impulses, which produce a more or less pronounced inco-ordination of muscular movement. Sight is frequently much impaired. In some cases the animal becomes totally blind. This condition is reached more often in acute cases than in chronic cases of loco disease.

"More frequently the animal sees incorrectly, or makes errors in judgment of size or distance of objects. These errors in judgment of ocular perceptions are a common occurrence, and are often so pronounced as to become ludicrous. A locoed horse, upon being driven up to a gate, may either attempt to jump over the crossbar, which is usually placed at the height of about fifteen feet, or may lower his head for fear of striking it. Simple experiments indicate that both sheep and horses in a locoed condition frequently mistake harmless things for dangerous enemies.

Die from Starvation.

"Locoed horses are often used for both draft and driving purposes. Such horses may work or travel in a perfectly normal manner for days at a time. They frequently, however, run away or are attacked with kicking fits, without any apparent external cause.

"One horse, which was under continuous observation for a period of two weeks in 1897, remained during this time upon a piece of ground about 150 feet square. The ground and vegetation were unusually dry, and the horse had no water during the two weeks. At the end of this time the animal walked about one mile to a small stream, where, in attempting to drink, it fell and was unable to get upon its feet again. It seems difficult to understand how, under the dry conditions of the open plain, animals can live so long without water.

"In chronic cases of the loco habit in sheep, the animal becomes more and more emaciated and crazy. One of the effects of the habit is the shedding of the fleece as a whole or in patches. The animal becomes unable to take care of itself, and unless carefully watched, is apt to fall into the water and be drowned while attempting to drink. The sight becomes more and more affected until the animal is unable to direct its course properly or to keep along with the band. Fits of trembling are of frequent occurrence during the later stages of the disease, and finally the animal dies from inadequate nutrition and total exhaustion as the result of the muscular convulsions."

With cattle the malady is invariably fatal, although sometimes the stricken creatures live for weeks.

Curiously enough, wild creatures of the plains are immune from any serious effect of the plant. A prairie dog, after eating it, shows all the symptoms of a plain drunk but the effect passes in a few hours and he is as chipper and jovial as ever again. Rabbits are made dizzy, but soon regain the natural condition. Coyotes and prairie wolves nibble at the plant whenever they are inclined, but, so far as known, suffer no ill effects.

No one knows what the action of loco on a human being would be, for, after seeing its effect on animals, it would take a braver man than lives on the plains to make any experiments on himself.

The loco weed, itself, looks harmless, but there are five different varieties of the plant, any one of which may produce death. The two that are regarded by some to be deadly poisonous are the wooly and the stemless. These are the two weeds that are believed to have entailed upon ranchmen the loss of enormous numbers of sheep and horses.

The wooly loco or "crazy" weed is described as a silvery white, silky leaved perennial, eight to twelve inches high, with an abundance of soft foliage springing out in a cluster from a short central stem close to the ground. The flowers are pea shaped and usually purple. The pod is distinctly two celled. This plant is native to the great plains region, extending from western Texas and New Mexico, northward to South Dakota and Wyoming, being most abundant in Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska and Kansas.

Acquire Taste from Alkali.

Some stock raisers hold to the theory that a physiological effect upon sheep and horses similar to that produced by the loco weed may be caused by eating undue quantities of alkali. It is said that when animals are not salted frequently they soon discover localities where large quantities of alkali are found in the soil, and visit such places frequently for the purpose of eating this alkali. It is also contended by some that the influence of alkali predisposes animals to the loco habit. The failure to provide salt for animals on the range may tend to produce a perverted or depraved appetite for the loco weed. Sheep and horses are more apt to eat various noxious plants where salt is lacking than they would if salt were fed them regularly.

The theory that the eating of alkali may have a tendency to produce a condition similar to the loco disease is not given much credence by experts, however. It is totally discredited on the plains. There a "locoed" horse, steer, or sheep is a common sight, and every ranchman attributes the trouble to the "crazy weed," that is all too common on the plains.

New Ideas for Women.

Many Agreeable Girls—

Are every day to be met. They smile upon us in our homes, they walk gayly down the streets, they attend concerts and lectures, art exhibitions and social assemblies. We admire the grace of their manner, the sprightliness of their conversation, the indefinable charm of their girlhood. A quality of theirs not least to be envied is the capacity for enjoyment, they are so able to enter into the heart of things, to sip honey from every flower that blows.

How do they bear trial? Are they cheerful only in pleasant weather or on cloudy days as well? It is easy to fret over a slight disappointment, it is natural to complain in times of suffering, and it is not surprising when a young woman yields to the temptations.

Yet the ability to meet difficulties bravely and to carry burdens with fortitude is essential to a well formed character. When we look for friends to share the experiences of life we want those who will find the silver lining of the cloud. Our nearest and dearest are not those who are a drag upon our hands but those that stimulate.

It is often said that one who sustains grave trials with fortitude may find it difficult to meet the slight annoyances of every day. Still it cannot be doubted that the habit of bearing small troubles cheerfully proves to be of immeasurable advantage when the heavy storms of life assail.

The fairest and most favored daughters of fortune need to be prepared for the inevitable times of sorrow, which visit every human heart.

Winter Flowers—

When Eben Rexford, the floral authority, was asked for a list of winter flowering plants adapted to winter culture he said it was easy to give a list of plants that bloom in winter if proper care be given, but that it was impossible to name even one plant that can be guaranteed to bloom if all conditions are unfavorable.

The abutilons, sometimes called flowering maples and sometimes bellflower, are among the best winter blooming plants. They require the treatment given a geranium—good soil, moderate supply of water, sunshine, and a temperature ranging in the vicinity of 70 degrees. It is particularly adapted to amateur culture because it is seldom attacked by insects. After attaining some size it blooms freely and almost constantly, and while in bloom with attractive foliage and pendent bells of white, yellow, crimson, or rose, showing among the luxuriant leaves, is always sure to be admired. It is a comparatively rapid grower and soon attains the dignity of a small tree. For a bay window, where sufficient room can be given it, there is perhaps no better plant.

The achania is similar, having dark, rich foliage, blooming the year round, and with no trouble from insects. Its flowers, which are of a rich crimson scarlet, are not pendulous like those of the abutilon, but are held erect and show to fine effect among the luxuriant foliage. This plant becomes a little tree after a year or two and has the merit of being able to stand perhaps more pruning than any other plant. When a specimen becomes too large for the window, the entire head may be cut back and a new one formed, thus renewing the plant from year to year. It requires the same care as the abutilon.

The Chinese primrose belongs to every window garden where merit governs selections. If care is taken to set the plants high in the center so that the water applied runs from the crown to the edge of the pot any one can succeed with it. If this is not done and water collects and stands about the crown decay is likely to set in and the plant will rot off just above the soil. The newer varieties of this flower range through many shades of red, rose, crimson to blue and pure white. The double white is probably the most popular variety.

The heliotrope when given the care needed is one of the best winter bloomers. It likes considerable pot room and a great deal of water and plenty of sunshine. It forms a great mass of threadlike roots at the base of the plant, which water often fails to penetrate. If the roots get dry the leaves turn brown and fall off. To prevent dryness at the roots run a wire or knitting needle through the soil at the base of the stalk frequently. This will provide a little channel for the water and moisture will be evenly distributed where it is most needed. By cutting back the branches from time to time to half their length new growth will take place on which flowers will be produced. The heliotrope is not a showy flower, but what it lacks in show it makes up in fragrance.

The Juliet Cap—

Is sure to be copied by every clever girl who sees it. It is declared by travelers westward to be the prettiest and most popular ornament for an evening coiffure that has lately been seen in Paris.

Made of white or turquoise colored beads, it is of unparalleled becomingness to the youthful face, and suits to perfection the present youthful style of hairdressing in the way it snugly fits between the pompadour or part, and the roll of hair as it is coiled along the nape of the neck.

It is nearly an oval, a little more rounding in the front than in the back, and has two little points that come just above the ears. The beads are strung on tiny wires which are crossed in diamond shape and bordered by a simple little pointed edge also made on wire. They are about as big as small peas, and a pretty effect is made by putting the turquoise blue and white wax beads together in one cap.

Although easy to make for the person who has the slightest facility in bead work, this little trifle, which is only about 4x9 inches, brings the price of $5 in the few places where it is possible to procure it.

"Make Your Own Sentences"—

Is the summing up of an excellent criticism of existing forms of speech often used in this country, which is found in a small but useful etiquette book. Some are criticised as provincialisms, and some as pure "Americanisms," which, though not always incorrect, it is considered "smarter" not to use.

All stilted expressions, such as the "heated term," a "select coterie," and the "smart set," are to be avoided, and even such words as guests, residence, lawn, and yacht are barred, as being upon the pretentious order. Boat is suggested as being better than yacht, while, instead of saying guest, visitor may be used, or, better still, "people staying in the house."

Bureau, as applied to dressing table, is classed as obsolete, and "dresser," which, properly speaking, is a chest of kitchen shelves, is rapidly becoming so, in the same application. The term "dressing case" is "impossible," which leaves dressing table as the only word which is either elegant or strictly correct.

The affectation of such phrases as "He has a charming home," "I was out with friends," "We retire early, and "Where is your good mother?" and many others which are equally a part of our American nomenclature is pointed out as amounting almost to a social blunder. It is the reaction against formality of this kind which has led to the pendulum swinging the other way so far that even well bred people do not scorn to drop their "g's" and to say "ain't." In the same way, and for the same reason, valet is always pronounced in the Anglicized form, and in piquet the "t" is sounded, with the accent on the last syllable. "Valley" and "piqua" are never heard by those who know, though the arbitrary lines of such distinctions are shown by "croquet," which is pointed out as being an example of the opposite kind.

The Tiny Spots—

Of iron rust, which frequently deface the white clothing when it comes from the wash, are more familiar than they are explainable. At an exhibition of domestic science they were explained to proceed from the bluing, which in some cases is made of Prussian blue instead of ultra-marine, which is the pure. Tiny test tubes were exhibited showing the precipitate of iron in the one case and the pure indigo in the other.

The test is so simple that each housekeeper may make it for herself and avoid all brands of bluing that do not stand it. The process consists in dissolving a little washing soda in water, mixing some bluing with this, and heating the whole lot over the fire. Pour into a glass, and, when cold, if Prussian blue has entered into the composition, there will be a distinct deposit of iron, which will form a brown sediment in the bottom of the glass, and which will be sufficient to account for a large number of rust spots if used in the weekly washing.

The "Devil"—

Is a strong factor in the art of chafing dish cookery. One can devil bones, biscuits, meat, and fish in a chafing dish nearly as well as on the grill. Care must be taken always to score the flesh across with deep incisions, so that the devil mixture penetrates well into the meat. The following is the best of devil mixtures for chafing dish purposes:

Mix well upon a plate a teaspoonful of mustard, the same of Worcestershire sauce and anchovy sauce, two teaspoonfuls of olive oil, and half a teaspoonful of paprika. Let the meat soak up this mixture, then heat it in a tablespoon of butter until it almost boils. Chicken drumsticks make the best devil in the world, but biscuits dropped into the mixture are not to be despised, and slices of cold cooked beef or mutton are excellent treated in the same manner. Any cold bird makes an excellent devil.

Much of the "Day Jewelry"—

Of this year is set with stones which, though in reality but compositions, are new and particularly attractive. The "lapis lazuli" is similar to the old fashioned gold stone, except that its streaks of fire shine out of dark blue instead of brown depths, as in gold stone. The "vulcan" is a turquoise blue stone similar to matrix. It is really the fac simile of the "fire stone" sometimes found in volcanic regions, and has beautiful tints of green and coral which show through the azure. There is also the "argus" which is set chiefly in buckles and buttons for blouses. It is similar to the peacock jewelry of a year or two ago, except that it has a red eye in a setting of gray.

If the Price—

Of a really good handbag figures in the young woman shopper's calculations there is one which appeals most of all to her discrimination and taste. It is the flat metal kind with the long chain, which can, if wanted, be worn as a chatelaine, but which the girl who knows how will carry by wrapping the chain once or twice around her wrist in a way best described as carrying it (not hanging it) on her arm. It is the same way that a certain class of conventional women always carry their parasol when it is down.

One of the newest bags of this sort has an opening on the inside of one of the clasp frames, which just admits a small round watch, leaving the face exposed to the outside.