

comman towards the close of the eligiteenth entury, one wet day in Micy. The speaker food before her cottage door. She was durk, with a clear nut pair face, and fun-trona gray even Bell Winston lived by liersoif in her mother's old hovel, on the

an ovil day for all the folks," marmured a

slopes of die Wrelein. A strange woman she was accounted by her neighbors, smeanny and setti-

"How does her live " follow used to ask each other, shake their heads, and whisper, but most times refrain from answering aloud,

Bell's mother, "Challee" Winston, had been a moted witch in her time, and the mention of her owner many half forgotten scandals revived.

Seven years before Bell hod lived in service with Sir Robert Lawley and his good hady, at Spoonhill hall, closeagainst the great wood of Spoonbill, where follow same to worship at the Witton tree, and not far from Bourton, where the present hall now stands. Bell had been considered then a bonnie bass, durk eyed, mervy, with charry checks, and a tample of dark curly bair, well favored; and a grand worker at hor spinning wheel.

Bell had seen much courted, but in spite of many have antitten swalus had turned a deuf car to all.

Among Bell's fellow servants was another malden, by name May Harley. May was as fair as Bell was dark. the had clear him even that reminded one of the gerunder Speedwell when washed by a shower of April rain. ad an aureole of golden locks that growned by brow with riebest gold. Beshies this, May was tall and slender, and had a long white throat, and a rosebud of a mouth Folks called her the Roschud of Bourton, and declared that she was the fairest lass of the countryside.

May and Bell became inseparable friends, and when May was chosen for the May queen during the neighboring May games. Bell evinced no jealousy. Like her friend, May laughed at all lovers, and would not even accept the offections of smart Master Phil Makin, his bonar's own body servant. However, all comes to be or she who waits, even dove:

One evening as the two lasses were idly plucking untipe mits in the great wood at the back of the house early in September, they saw a young man in the dress of a gamekceper advance towards them.

"The the new keeper, who is to take old Hanwell's place," said Hell, "Mistress Farr spoke of him as we were measurin' the sugar for comfits. And she said his manie was Rohand Corbet."

The young man spoken of was tall and lithe, and had a took of gypsy blood. He advanced towards them. His once was singularly sweet and attractive, and the few words he uttered made a great impression on the girls. in return they plied him with questions. Roland told them his name, and said that he had come from Ellesmore.

"There's little I can't trap," he sold. "Sometimes trappers get trapped," Bell retorted, signeity.

" Not such a one as me," answered Roland, ""Tis only foels as get caught."

At this all three had laughed. After supper Roland sang a song or two.

There's many a catch I know," he said, " and many a riddle Master Jacques of the Moorbill farm has taught me, also how to scrape on the fiddle. A just and good man he was, and treated me most like a son-

The next evening after this meeting Roland went to the servants' hall and brought his fiddle. He played to the assembled household at Mrs. Parr's request some merry dance music, asked some old world riddles, and ended by restring some ancient ballads. The eyes of May and Bell glistened as they listened to him, and they trembled with excitement, although a few moments before they had been laughing gayly at his power of imitating bird and beast, and at his quaint questions and answers.

The evening being warm and sultry, Mrs. Parr opened the window, upon which Roland crept out, and vowed he would sing to them something tender from the garden. Through the open casement stole in the scent of honeysuckle, and the rich perfume of clove carnations. Old Mistress Parr fell asleep, as was her wont when folks sing or played, but both maldens listened breathlessly. As they listened there seemed to come to both a strange new life.

seemed himself to hold their hands, and to whis



rubies upon her linen bodice. Roland, who had watched his opportunity, met her in a woodland glade, and there told her the story of his love.

"Can I live and be so happy?" the maiden had murmured before parting. Then Roland kissed her, and repeated over and over

again his devotion. Their lips met. "Give me a pledge, dear, of thy good will," he urged. May smiled and gave him the cluster of red roses from

her dress. "Thou hast trapped me, sweetheart," she said. "Nay, 'tis I that am trapped," urged Roland, as he

slipped the flowers into his buttonhole. But the evening star and the bushed birds as they sted in the high trees were no. alone spectators of the happy lovers' meeting.

Bell had followed them and heard all.

That night the two maids lay in bed as usual together. There was no light in the little whitewashed chamber, but a flood of brilliant moonlight filled the room with sliver radiance. May lay upon her buck, her fair bair crowning. her delicate face. On her lips rested a quiet smile of deep content, as of one who has tasted of the nectar of the gods, and to whom every wish is granted. Suddenly her opened softly, and she murmured aloud;

dress a cluster of red roses, and they lay like a knot of cause it was hinted darkly that once she had robbed some holy wine from a church cup to give a fighting cock to drink. At her daughter's approach she looked up flercely.

ROSES

Whence conject thou, weach?" the cried out flercely, and before Bell could reply, she cried out angrily " Dost thou think thy dam is made of gold that she can keep thee here eating thy fill and doing mught."

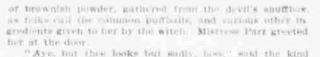
'I have brought food, and return in the space of a few days," answered Bell, and she placed her basket on ther mother's knees. Then other a pause she added: "I need not cat of thy substance, but as there is a devil thou must help me."

Challee poked up the log fire, and the light fell piso full upon Hell's face. The witch looked up at her inquiringly, and then langued softly to horself. "Lave, lave, naughtbut love!" she cried shrilly, "so turns the world for the young; later," she added, grindy, "it beats to another tune.

Bell listened, but at last cried out as one in pain: " I'll tell then all, only for heaven's sake stop thy cries and laughter-they fair wear my heart to fiddle strings." At length Chalice was silent

What is in thee wants," asked the witch later, " a love philter, a row of hemp sowing, or a garfand of marsh marigold ?"

But Fell shook her head. " Love is stronger than life



By

The Lagy Milnes Gaskell

old woman. " but thing must have been a sad heart" "Mother's better," sold Bell shortly,

Upon which Mistress Parr told her suvously of her intwo:

". Flue doluter: exclationed the good dame. ""Our May's engaged to Boland Corbet, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somehow: pursued the brasekeeper. " Anyway, Roland have a written May some venues on 'rose-vors,' and the poetry he as protry he when Job Hodgekber could pen?"

A little later Rell size May, who told her all about her engineerisent and showed her Roland's version-

Bell road them. limigrify. "Tis a fine thing," sold Bell, hushily, "and Roland, he

have a pretty targ for verse makin. He be different from the late about here, which mostly couldn't write a right to save their heads. So, lass, it was all along of red rones, wat it?

"So my hid said," hughed May. "He had watched me a night or two before, it seems, withoring a now far madam's boundedr, and singing. "At close of day 1 shed a tear.' And when he not me in the woodland with the roses he couldn't hold his tongue no longer, for love and truth will always out, as Mistress Parr says. So you sore Dell, I und red roses have a deal to see to such other." and Max taughed sofily, while her eyes show like stars. "Fatth we have," replied Bell, " and perhaps in ne may In the hart word."

Many were the kindly gifts given to the young couple From his honor, Sir Robert, a dresser and a set of willow pattern planes and dishes. From madam, some homespin linen. From Master Jacques of the Moorhill farm, a time cow with a brass boll, which cang wherever Red Rowan went, and on which was engraved a motto expressing good will, peace, and plenty. From Mistress Parr a chintz gown of red roses on a lilne ground, and, lastly, from Bell, a rose tree all ablage with red roses.

After the service of the church. May and Roland went round and thanked all the kind denors and well wishers. May was arrayed in Mistress Parr's gown and looked all a flutter of joyous gladness. A spotless fichu of white

lawn secured by a gold brooch completed her tollet. She advanced and curtified to madam, who beamed upon⁷ the party, a graelous figure clad in diaphanous gray. The silence outside.

After which Roland and his bride sought the squire in order thank him for his gifts. "Never a bit, never a bit," quoth that kindly gentle-

man; with all an Englishman's diddle to being thanked "Good luck to you lioth, and may yours be a good and happy home.

Then the young couple, having thanked all, at last turned to Bell.

"We thank you, Bell, too?" cried Robard, " for your gift. Red roses! Quick, mail, a knife, for ye shall all wear one today, and call 'em my favors.

At this all laughed, and Bell, pate but calm, walked across the room, and fetched a knife.

What alls the maid?" cried Sir Robert. " She looks like a ghost in a snow storm." Then, turning to the old househeeper, he added in a low tone: "A case for you, mistress-a warm bed and a dose of physic

Bell made no answer. Mechanically she cut the blossoms off the tree and gave one round to each till she came to the bride's turn. On the top stalk there was a cluster of three. They were the fairest on the tree, and of a rich crimson hue. In the heart of each was a violet glow impossible to describe, but of matchless splendor.

"One for thee, one from Roland, and one from me," came from Beil's ashen lips as she passed the spray to the bride.

"Smell them, and then put them in thy girdle." whispered Roland. "They are the emblems of love, sweethenrt.

May looked at her lover tenderly and smilled at Bell. "Thank they, dear," she said, and buried her nose in the petals of one of the roses.

Almost at once a change came over her-the color fled from her eta-eta, and she would have fallen with a sob. like a frightened child, if Boland had not rushed forward and enught her in his arms. It was with difficulty they brought her round. For many weeks May lay at death's

Every some May Contact's doubt, she had become a different being. Although punctual and exact in all household duties, she hardly spoke unless spoken to; and across her face would constantly pass on expression of wild abarm, as or some hereral unimal that hears for pareners. on his track. Kind Mistress Part said little to Bell beforst leaving, save-

" Ho not forget God, my lass, or at least," she added, iful thou wert happy and belonged to his field, and that there is right in the world for all some folks do and say ?

At this kind speech Bell went bitterly, but said nothing She walked away from the house, out of the old walled anden, and in along the country paths that led by lans and field to the Witchin-

"I am come back to live here." she said to her mother no entering the house. "I have a devil, and cannot live with other tollow

'Aye," still the method, ' birds of a feather needs must flock together," For time, years Bell worked and slaved for her mother. At the end of the three years the old woman died.

They need not want - Challes told her on her death. bed. "There's gold and silver to spare beneath the hearthstore?

After her mother's death Bell continued to live alone, moved and solitary, in the "Witch's hat." A terrible remotie filled her soul on awful hunger to atome, and no omentent seenard possible.

other day in May a train of sommiry falks paused before her door to drive us was the custom, at the Raven's bowl and at the Cuckoo's cup during the Hill Wakes Bell stood at her dont and watched the procession go up five mountain. In the evening field still stood flittlessly Before her door. Dragated and reaked the people passed before her on their way home.

As one party went by Hell heard a woman say: "Lor" he is mad most fit to kill bloself, but when the men do take to a child they file get mazed about 'em, and he wouldn't take comfort nohow, though I be sure as little im have got on to Fanny or Becky's waggon."

Party after party passed along the narrow track chatting, laughing, and singing. Later on darkness fell, and gradually all grew hushed. No cry was heard save the ustant calling of a corn crafk, and the dripping of the spring rain which had begun to fall afresh in torrents. Hell left the door when she could no longer see out,

and went and sat by her solitary fire. Suddenly through the darkness a cry of distress broke

Hell rose and opened the door. On the threshold of the house steed a 7 year old little daughter.

The little girl but the same blue eyes and the same aroute or golden hair, and a skin which matched in beauty the petal of a briar rose. Withal she was so like her mother that Bell never doubted for a moment who her little visitor was.

She looked at her, and seized with a wild fit of terror was about to drive the child from her, when the little one stretched out her hands with an appealing gesture and sold "The a good mum. I'se so tired and so humgry." A sudden pity seized the lonely woman. She caught up the child in her arms and clasped her to her breast. With a tender light in her eves she warmed a cup of milk for her liftle guest, and then taking her on her knees, fed her, talking to her all the while in soft, hushed tones Her meal ended, Bell gently undrossed her, and later woman and child slept interlaced in each other's arms.

For three days and three nights Bell devoted berself. the child, a passionate attachment taking the place of the one dark hatred. At first the child was frightened by her hostess' stern face and gaunt appearance, but Bell's hushed tones and teader suile soon won her over. For the first day May had chattered about Dada, saying repeatedly: "Me want my dada, me want my dada," but the joy and excitement of finding a new friend had at hast prevailed

On the morning of the fourth day a man, weary and worn, might have been seen ascending the slopes of the Wrekin. He was pale and looked frightfully huggard and aged. On approaching Bell's cottage he knocked impatiently with his stick upon the door.

Bell absorbed in watching the child, started violently She instened to the door, and he entered. A second later Roland recognized his child and caught her to his heart with a cry of joy. "Dada, dada!" chirped the little one. A little later

per in their ears. The life blood in both seemed to course more quickly, and with a different action through their yeins. They both knew a change had come, and suddenly . felt frightened of each other.

That night, for the first time, neither spoke in bed. Feverishly they tossed about, and slept but little. A change had come suddenly, and without a word the friendship of two lives snapped. May dared not meet Bell's all the emotions that now crowded both girls' lives, all went on apparently as usual at Spoonhill hall.

Mistress Parr made her jams and comfits, prepared her distilled waters, and bottled her last batch of blackberry jelly. Mme: Hawley drave in her coach and four,

slipped out into the gloaming. She had pinned upon her the fire. The old crone went by the name of Chalice, be-

'My own love; my own love.'

On hearing May speak, Hell sprang from the bed. In her eyes blazed a terrible hatred. Her hand trembled convulsively. She took up her pillow, and whispered fiercely; "Tonight, tonight!" But a moment later the pillow slipped from her grasp, and her arms fell limply by her side. " Of what avails her death, if he knows who did the deed!" she cried, and then, moved with a sudden fit gaze, and in Bell's heart blazed a mod fealousy. But for or passionate tears. Bell threw open the window and wept as if her heart would break.

The next day Bell showed no sign of emotion and performed her duties as usual, but a little after the midday meal begged leave to roturn home, as she declared she had heard that her mother was seriously ill. Mistress and the maidens spun, baked, and milked the rich red Parr gave her permission, and Bell set off with a machet of dainties for the supposed invalid. On entering the but As they stood in the aftermath one evening. May Bell discovered her mother plucking a strange bird before

she murmured, "death alone can help me Then Chalice did not speak for awhile, and a terrible hush fell upon them both. At last Chalice broke the silence

Thou shall have thy heart's desire," she said. When the gift is granted 'tis often but a faded flower." Then she went on to say: " No draft is needed, death can come from wearing a glove, by smelling a blossom." At this Bell started up. "May shall dle," she cried.

as Joan of Posenhall, from smelling a rose. A red rose it mentit love from her-it shall mean death from me." Then after a pause she said in a grave voice: "It is a foul deed, but I cannot live without him," and so saying flung herself out into the darkness to be free from her mother's

11110-04/11 A few days later Bell returned to Spoonhill. Across her shoulders was slung the basket, but this time it was empty, save for a little packet containing a small quantity

door. And when she got up from her bed of sickness she was a sadly altered being. She had little memory of the past, her hair, which had once been of the richest gold, was faded to a dim mouse that, and scant in quantity, and all traces of color had left her cheeks.

But in spite of all these changes Roland's love knew no abatement. "To love once is to love always," was his creed.

Two years later May gave birth to a little daughter, hat died herself a few days afterwards. Roland devoted himself pasidonately to the child. "His little May," he called her, and he was at once all that the most tender nother and mother could be comblued.

" Why doesn't thee marry again, had"" Sir Robert once asked. "That fine lass, Bell Winston, is still single, and Blocencught should have thee."

The story in time reached Bell's cars, and she determined to leave her place.

and Bell explained how she had come to the cottage a few nights before.

"Thank thee, Bell," was Roland's answer. "I know thou hast a good heart. Folks have spoken ill of thee and of thy mother, but I have never believed that thou wouldst harm aught, much less my May, or her child."

Bell, in reply, only kissed the child softly. A few minutes afterwards she saw Roland and his child disappear down the hill.

Bell stood by the open door and looked with tears in her over after them.

" Angels can come as well as devils," she said to herself. "I thank God that I can remember Mistress Parr's good words to me. For all the evil there is a God of Right, I have lost heaven, but the Almighty has still left meta star." and the same evening she went down and confessed her sin at Wellington. (Copyright, 1905, all rights reserved.)

Practical Hints for the Busy Housekeeper . . . By Ada M. Krecker.

Fifteen Minutes Beforehand-

Is some wiscacre's definition of punctual-ity. It is all well for those who can afford to waste minutes extravagantly, and well, too, if the party to the second part is not a quarter of an hour behind hand.

While women are stigmatized as the great- Oddsest sinners against punctuality there are not evidences wanting of their possibilities in promptness. A beaufral legend is frequently illuded to in this connection as showing how the unpunctual habit of one woman led her husband to utilize the fragment of time which would otherwise have been wasted in the composition of a learned and valuable treatise. This poor woman did perhaps fail in her wifely duty of being at the head of her table at the exact hour of dinner.

But when she happened to be on time and found that her lord and master was engaged and was further pluming himself on taking advantage of her tardiness she made a point of daily giving him these proclam moments. For her husband's gratification she thus became late, and with this solf-effacement of her sex allowed herself to be censared by this same gratified husband and to be cited as a warning to others of the evils of tardiness.

Beautiful Braids-

With the modern sest for working out every available inch of decorative value. minds of inventive trend have concentrated on the possibilities of braid, and have as the collar. She would have preferred a developed this time honored trimming in a hundred ways. Extravagantly broad widths, running to many inches in depth, are in great request for ornamenting cloth and velvet dresses, tempered by surmounting lines elbow sleeve of the moment. of narrower widths. And of so "souple" a quality, and almost invariably of silk, is this braid of latter day approval that innumerable fantasies in the shape of medallions, wheels, and plaited motifs can be maneuvered in it. And it is to these we shall be asked to look for much of our early spring orative achievements.

There comes to us, moreover, direct from Paris, a cloth braid embroidered in colors, through which a fine gold line meanders, while another platted braid is formed of fine thick, to which you add small pieces of fresh through which a fine gold line freeanders, while another platted braid is formed of fine strips of leather and gold braid.

ham well browned, a few slices of tomatoes well fried, and a little onion. Add to this one-One of our first tailors has brought to the fore a special platted braid effect of his half cup of soup or stock. Let it simmer own, that is carried out in a fine tubular slowly one-half an hour. Then add the year such as dark blue and silver, or pale blue halls freshly fried. Let them all simmer together until ready to serve. mignonette green, or, again, dark gold eaten with rice that is piping hot. Sweetand untarnishable silver looks exceedingly they have been thoroughly prepared cook

And this individual contrivance the great them and baste in this sauce over a slow fire, man employs chiefly in the form of motifs, or he introduces it as a facing to some inciand they come out a golden o delicious when so cooked. Cold. caten with lettuce solad with French dressing. dental revers on one of his chic coatees. Prophetic vision also perceives an alliance

smart little coats, and possibly entire tolsmart little coats, and possibly entite tor-lets. A princesse, finshioned of alternate veal. Flavor with sait and pepper. Put it in lines of loosely platted silk braid and coarse the frying page. Add a little flower, Lett black hree, has a certain seductive sug-come to a good color. Add one cup oyster has a certain seductive suggestiveness that is found irresistible, r.

There was not sufficient material for a full

sleeve, so it was tight to the cloow, cut in

scallops, fluished with some accordion plaited

blue chiffon edged with a remnant of Valen-clennes lace. The collar was made of white

muslin with insertion and edgings of Valen-cleance, fastening to one side with a big chou

of paiest pink and blue chiffon. They were all remnants and when ironed out looked quite

little more " frilliness " in the sleeve of this

garment, but her remnants did not permit

New Orleans Dainties-

have prepared the souce.

of it, and so she has to content herself with knowledge that she has the fashionable

VEAL BALLS .- Chop fine one pound young

yeal. Season with salt, pepper, thyme, and onion juice. Roll in balls. Let them brown in a saucepan with butter an hour before you

SAUCE FOR VEAL BALLS.-Make brown

breads can be put in this same sauce. When

This is to be

come to a good color. Add one cup oyster water and serve well chopped parsity. Let it cook one-tail hour over a slow fire. Add your oysters and let them cook five minutes Never allow your paraley to fry. This make a delightful stuffing for chickens and ducks by adding a little stale bread. It may be used And ends of accordion plaited gauge or

chiffon make pretty 5 o'clock tea jackets, and here fashion is most clastic. You can wear also for small patés or simply serve on pieces of toast. the ten jacket short or long as your fabric allows. A fickultke collar or a V shaped vest of lace at the neck is a charming finish. OYSTER SOUP-Make a "brown." brown is made by putting a hopp of butter or hard into a seurepan, adding flour, and and the sleeves can be picturesque, long, and hanging, or short and puffed to the elbow. stirring until it becomes a rich brown, but is not burned. Add to the brown sult and pep-One of the prettlest jackets I have ever seen was made out of a length of pale blue zenana.

per. Take one quart cysters, separate them from their water, add one plut fresh water to the brown, then put in the oyster water, let it simmer slowly one-half hour. Then put in a little parsley and your systers one-quarter hour before serving, and small pieces of fried bread or biscuits. A few minutes be fore serving cayenne pepter can be added to faste, also vermicelli instead of crickers or small green ontons.

pretty, fresh, and clean, making a really charming and useful jacket. CHABS-Scald your crabs only in boiling water. Pick and clean them carefully. Taka out the firm white flesh and throw away the Out of a remnant of cream oriental satin a Out of a remnant of crean oriental saths a friend of mine made a beautiful nightgown. Of a remnant of good face she made a square satior collar, with a broad hemstitching of satin at the edge. The sleeves consist of a vellow. Moisten the flesh with a little sweet cream. Taste to see that it is not bitter. Fur with it stale bread crumbs, sait and pepper B, and put this back in the shells, sprinkle with bread crumbs and put in the small puff to the ellow, turned back with a suff of the same lace and hemstitched satin oven to brown. Serve hot.

There-Are few more and or solemn moments in life than that of the mother who sees her child flaunt her own faults and follies in her face. She sees that her child will need to battle with main strength if he would es-cape the evil which she herself may have wronght in him. She atones in that hour ST YELL'S OF ATTOT.

The calendar could scarcely record the ames of all the saints were the names of here given who have fought and overcome heir own special sins. These special sins are aften inherited from an ancestry that weeked not of its descendants that indulged tself let be the fate of their children and or children's children what it will. It is in the light of the bale firs of ancestral

i its bler becomes theft. Jealousy and suspleinn and impurity new seeds of madness tectural lines and restores the fu and weakness. Ill temper thrusts out its rightful relation with the walks. hand in future years as the red hand of a. murderer:

VEAL WITH OYSTERS .- Make a brown of braid and lace maneuvered into blouses, sauce with one spoon nice fresh butter or race the evil inberitance should be as it can for buying unbeautiful ones if attractive ones

be brought to mought, and legacies of right- are not to be had. But objects of art he can nature is in the making. Let it have parents bra, and vases that hold flowers are usualwho can bequeath it only healthy and wise by the best ornamynts a room can contain tendencies.

The Coming Skirt-

els, just clears the ground, it is cut the same length all the way round, and is full at the feet. Being so full it would not be becoming if out too short, neither would suit the long coat and jacket which are same distinction as the presence of a few

still worn. But there are some occasions on which we always woar the short skiri. Skirts for walking, put example, clear the ground, and for skating they are still shorter, fitted on the hips, and worn over a pretty frilled pet- moldling quality. Any work of art, regard theoat, for, he the skirt long or short, it is bess of its intrinde merit, must justify fit

valst, however, for they are set in in-plaits o give a marrow effect, or cased into a mere-"nothingness" and then gored out well at the feet, generally finished with a horder of applique cloth and entry deux of velvet and carse have, and occasionally some heautiful old ribbon work trimmings taking in the

colors of the cloth or sometimes offering a The Viennese tailors seem to favor the Conf Gas-The vienness styles and the corselet skir: and bell, in the new colored cloths, with seems outlined with braid. Pale gray cloth

and silver braid are a charming combination. ind so are black braid and black cloth with ouch of silver The consolet skirt has to be beautifully cut is excellent for soups, gravies, etc. and fitted and boned as carefully as the cornet. The top of the bedies or blouss is generally in balero form and a pretty mix-ture of velvet, lace, for, or what you will,

but something soft is required to tone down the hardness of the skirt.

Decorators-

Know how much the simplicity and dig. nity of a good room are diminished by crowd-ing it with useless triffes. Their absence improves even bad rooms or makes them at effishness that muny must begin to undo the least look has multitudinously had. It is sur-sareed of evil bequeathed them. Covetousness prising to notice how the removal of an ac-

cumulation of knick knacks fills the archi-tectural lines and restores the furniture to Knick knacks, by the bye, in French have

Virtues contrariwise build beauty and peace. Kindness breads multiplied kindness. Goodness flowers into greater goodness. For the sake of those who spring from our ewn root and for the sake of the great future transformed and formed and three synonyms, each

If one wishes to go further than these let her be sure of hercelf, sure of her trate, sure of her ground, and let her limit herself The Coming Skirt-As shown in the smartest tailor made mod-bors of the master artists' hand" N No acannulation of triffes, even when they are, like the pletures of the builder of Bucking

ham house, "some good, none disagree-able," even then they do not lend a room the

skirts in general are adding to their length. The ceremonious skirts are longer than ever, stateful, and full; they are not so four ever, and vulgarity being noisier than good breeding, " talk down " the good pieces,

Hintlets-

To Relieve Catarrh-Take a teaspoonful of warm honey every

fifteen minates

Whether from the stove or gas pipes, is fatal to all plant life.

Always Save-

The water in which rise, inscaron), or any-thing of a like nature has been boiled. It the Cakes-

In which the yolks of eggs are used re-utile less best than cakes made with the whites, since the yolks are so rich they burn quickly.

Pure Giveerin-

Is too strong for the majority of skins, Diluted with three parts and pura or rose-water. It will be found soothing and softening to nearly all skins.

That have got beyond cleaning can be painted over with selfron water two or three times and transformed into tan. Let them set its roughly dry between each applica-tion, and don't make them wet.

When baking in an oven that is too hot at this top, ill a dripping pay about an luch deep with cold water and place it on the top grate of the oven. Should the oven be too hot at the bottom, put on old pic pan under the orthogona to bollow. the article that is to be baked.



"And carved on ev'ry oak my name"

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT

No more his gifts of guile L'il wear, But from my brow the chaplet tear, The grook he gave in pieces break, And rend his ribbons from my neck How oft he waved a constant flame And wove the garland for my hair : How oft for Marian stript the bower And carved on ev'ry tak my name t Edush, Colin, that the wounded tree To fill my lap with every llower1 Is all that will remember me.

John Wolcett, 1998

Since truth hat left the shepherd's tongoe, Adies, the cheerful pipe and song ; Adleu, the dance at closing day, And shit the happy morn of May. How oh he told me I was fair,

White Gloves-

Cooling an Oven-