



# THE RED KING.

BY GEORGIANA EVANS.

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FATHER BENOIT and I were in the middle of our game of chess—he is good enough to say that I, the fool, play the best game of all the chateaux's company—when came the page of the Demoiselle Alys to say that his mistress followed upon him and bade us attend to speak with her.

"Go tell thy mistress, my butterfly, that when sage and holy men are in council—I began bravely enough, when the arras parted behind the striping and a rose, dinged smartly, struck me on the mouth. Next came the Demoiselle Alys herself, carrying a great nosegay of her weapons, it being June and her birth month. She bore the seal of it on her cheeks and in her eyes, which were blue as pansies, and clad in her green silk frock she seemed but another rose.

For the Demoiselle Alys was the merriest of ladies. When she was no longer than my bauble, I held her upon my knee, and I remember that she laughed long before she learned to speak, though she learned that early too.

She burst out laughing now because we stared at her.

"Baubles, salute!" cried she and flung all her roses at me. I went down on my knees to pick them up, and, Father Benoit chancing to smile at me, she turned on him.

"Thou, too—tousure and coxcomb together!"

And down he had to plump and help me remake the bunch.

When it was complete, the Demoiselle Alys made us sit and stood before us, leaning against the chess table. Seeing Father Benoit peering behind her to see that she did not disarrange the pieces, she swept them all into a heap with her little hand—all except the red king, which she held and turned round and round under the thoughtful gaze of her blue eyes.

"Was it thou, fool, who wast playing with the red?"

"No," quoth I. "'Twas the holy man yonder. The innocent whites were mine ever."

"She turned to Father Benoit. 'Didst ever think upon the red king, father?'"

"Only when I castle," replied the priest, wondering at the seriousness of her tone.

"Or when he is sore pressed," she went on slowly. "But 'tis strange how we choose our color and our king, not knowing if he be stern stuff, to fight well, or of the kind that cowers in a corner. Was the red king winning, father?"

"No, he was losing confoundedly," I broke in, "and hadst thou not come chattering hither I would soon have hung another bell in my cap."

She sighed and tucked the red king in the bosom of her frock. Then her fair little forehead cleared. "Now attend, both of you," she commanded. "I come on an affair of—of state. Be serious at once."

We looked as serious as we could, looking at her. She smiled back at us. "Wit, beauty, holiness—what a council we make! We ought to contain great things."

"So we would wert thou down stairs again," said Father Benoit. She made a little face at him.

"Mgr. Motley," demanded she of me, "tell me what is the saddest thing in the world?"

"An honest man looking in vain for his price," I replied.

"Foolish as ever!" chirped the Demoiselle Alys. "The saddest thing in the world is a friendless maiden."

"What dost thou know of such?" asked Father Benoit.

She sighed and laid the bunch of roses against her cheek, then held them out and looked at them. "They are faded already," she mused aloud. "'Tis the same with every one I gather. Let it but lie a moment on my breast, and it is withered. Sometimes I think they hate me."

"But if the flowers are not thy friends," said Father Benoit, "still art thou not friendless. Forget not thy father and mother and thy kinsmen."

"Well, then, I have friends!" she pouted. "But I can never have aught that I desire."

"I never remember thy falling of thy wish," said Father Benoit quietly.

"Then thou hast forgot the day I was 5 years old and the merchant came and opened his packs and I cried for the blue beads and was not let to have them."

"Trumpery things," said the priest, "not fitting for a demoiselle."

"But I did not ask to be born a demoiselle!" cried the Demoiselle Alys. "And I cried for them so?"

"Well, what is it now?" I cut in, being out of practice in silence. "More blue beads or a puppet dressed in velvet, or mayhap it is my bauble? It goes equally well with motley or petticoat."

"Perhaps," she said saucily, "it is a new fad I would like."

Having thus vanquished me, she grew serious and looked at us with strange eyes, soft and shining, and shook her head, then dropped it.

"Dost wish me to shrive thee?" Father Benoit asked kindly, but she shook her little drooping head again.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is the advice of worldly wisdom thou needest. Come, I will teach thee retorts to take all the wind out of thy Cousin Isabella's sails."

"I can make them for myself," she answered, then looked up with brightened cheeks and eyes. "Dost know my bower woman, Rosalind?" she asked of Father Benoit. He bowed assent. "She is in love, the foolish wench." This time it was I who nodded. "And she wishes to be married,"

concluded the Demoiselle Alys gravely. "Well, it is right to speak to me of it," said Father Benoit. "I will read the banns on Sunday. Whom dost she wish to marry?"

Our demoiselle looked at us with steady eyes. "The Sieur d'Andilly."

Now this Sieur d'Andilly was newly become the captain of mousigneur's arquebusers and was a wild, evil named and handsome a good for nothing as ever one could find in a year's journey. Tales of his doings had come before him to the castle, for he was indeed but a stranger among us, and, though I took note that they more concerned his conquests among the petticoats than victories over men with good weapons in their hands, yet mousigneur, who thinks all that is in my degree a part of his family (and so he counted this young blood) had virtues in their very vices, had said that here was the man to make a valiant fighter. An untried captain in truth he was. Mousigneur would not wish his captain and kinsman to stoop to his daughter's bower woman for wife. And yet, being penitence, and as I say, unstable, it would seem that even poor Rosalind was too good for him.

"Truly bower women are become ambitious since my day, and striplings more modest," said I. Father Benoit puffed out his lower lip and said nothing.

"I suppose it is not a matter of the rack to marry above one's station," snapped the Demoiselle Alys.

"No," I returned, "it is good to see an archbishop with a fine aim," for, as I said, Rosalind was a good girl.

Our demoiselle flushed scarlet, and her blue eyes shone like angry stars. "Who dares say ill of the Sieur d'Andilly?"

"All France and the maidens' cheeks," said I. "But I like to see thee defend thy kinsman."

"He is not my kinsman!" she cried. "His father's sister married the brother of my uncle's wife. That is not kindest."

"Not! It is well, perhaps, since he is to marry thy bower woman!"

She looked angrily at me and drew in her breath hard, but did not answer me. "Father," said she to the priest, "thou wilt marry them, wilt thou not? That is what I came to ask."

"What! What!" cried Father Benoit. "Thou art the maddest maiden! I marry thy father's captain to thy bower woman? Get thee back to thy roses and let me talk with thy father!"

In a minute she was on her knees by his side, his hand in both of hers and her blue eyes and cooling voice hard at her.

"Pulled Lincoln's Hair.

While Mr. Lincoln was living in Springfield a judge of the city, who was one of the leading and most influential citizens of the place, had occasion to call upon him. Mr. Lincoln was not overparticular in his matter of dress and was also careless in his manners. The judge was ushered into the parlor, where he found Mr. Lincoln sprawled out across a couple of chairs, reclining at his ease. The judge was asked to be seated and, without changing his position in the least, Mr. Lincoln entered into conversation with his visitor.

While the two men were talking Mrs. Lincoln entered the room. She was of course greatly embarrassed at Mr. Lincoln's offhand manner of entertaining his caller, and, stepping up behind her husband, she grasped him by the hair and twitched his head about, at the same time looking at him reprovingly.

Mr. Lincoln apparently did not notice the rebuke. He simply looked up at his wife, then across to the judge and, without rising, said:

"Little Mary, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Judge So-and-so."

It will be remembered that Mrs. Lincoln's maiden name was Mary Todd and that she was very short in stature.—Leslie's Monthly.

Regulating a Clock.

It is not, of course, possible to seize hold of the hands of a clock and push them backward or forward a tenth or a twentieth part of a second, which is about the limit of error that is allowed at the Greenwich observatory, so another method is devised. Near the pendulum a magnet is fixed. If it is found that the pendulum is going either too fast or too slow, a current of electricity is switched on, and the little magnet begins to pull at the metal as it swings to and fro. It only retards or accelerates the motion by an infinitesimal fraction of a second each time, but it keeps the operation up and in a few thousand swings the tenth or the twentieth part of the almost invisible error is corrected, thus making the clock's "keep" steady at the proper instant of time.—London News.

Thirteen Rules in Coins.

"I have never been able to comprehend," said a veteran numismatist, "why so many Americans should believe that a vast amount of ill luck centers around the number 13."

"The commonest of all our silver coins is the 25 cent piece. In the words 'quarter dollar' are 13 letters. Thirteen letters compose E Pluribus Unum. In the tail of the eagle are 13 feathers and in the shield are 13 stars. There are 13 stars and 13 arrowheads, while if you will examine the bird through a microscope you will find 13 feathers in his wing."

One Kansas law says the personal property of a dead man, when not claimed by relatives, shall be sold at auction.

Prudence is common sense well trained in the art of manner, of discrimination and of address.



they have been married or not? "Truly, a fine plan!" I could not help saying.

"And—and she will be very grateful to thee, father, all her life—and—and—that is all I came to say." The Demoiselle Alys left us without another word, careless of the roses she had left behind the chess table. Only, as I held back the arras for her and unlatched the door, she looked up at me, not unkindly, but in silence. I watched her little figure out of sight down the winding stair before I came into the room again, and then Father Benoit had gathered up all the fading roses and put them on the table beside the huddled chessmen.

"Shall we finish the game, father?" "I have forgot how the pieces stood."

"Besides, she hath taken the red king."

"Very true," and he began to fumble his book of hours for the office of Tierce.

"Rosalind," quoth I, "is a comely maid to look upon."

"I am not a fool to hear such things," replied Father Benoit, very quickly for one intent upon Tierce.

"But it can do thee no harm to hear that she is a well conducted maid, but quiet." He made no answer.

"Well, father—a man can die but once—but he can be often whipped."

"I do not see how that concerns me," returned Father Benoit, his eyes on his book.

"Indeed, father," said I, taking up my bauble, "I wish with all my heart that Mosley may have a wider wisdom than gown and caparison. And, though a coxcomb in esse sits more lightly than a miter in posse, methinks one catches less cold on leaving it off!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Nonna, Not Advert.

When General Grant was in China, says a contributor to Short Stories, he journeyed by water from Tientsin to Peking. One morning there was no wind, and the coolies, walking along the river bank, pulled the houseboat. They made little progress, and finally the general called his Chinese servant and said:

"Boy, why for these coolies no can walk more fast?"

"Must talker louder," the boy replied.

The general, thinking the boy's meaning was that he should speak in a tone the coolies could overhear, raised his voice and repeated:

"Why for these coolies no can walk more fast?"

To which the boy imperturbably answered as before, "Must talker louder."

Several times this dialogue was repeated, and General Grant did talker louder, until he fairly shouted.

At last the boy slightly varied his response: "No 'casion speak so high," he said, "More better talker louder."

"Our hero was just beginning to feel like Alice in Wonderland when a ray of light seemed to flash across the mind of the boy, and he rushed to the end of the boat, seized the captain's arm and, dragging him to General Grant, exclaimed:

"This man belong [pidgin English for 'is'] louder; just now can talker loud."

General Grant saw the joke. On Chinese boats the captain is called "lowder."

## THE BIRTH OF THE MOON.

When the Earth was a Sphere of Lava Molten and Flaming.

The earth revolves on its axis once in 24 hours. Millions of years ago the day was 22 hours; millions of years before that it was 21 hours. As we look backward into time we find the earth revolving faster and faster. There was a time, ages ago, long before geology begins, when the earth was rotating in a day of five or six hours in length. In the remotest past the earth revolved in a day of about five hours. It could revolve no faster than this and remain a single unbroken mass.

It was at this time that the moon was born—separated, broken off from the parent mass of the earth. The earth was then a molten, flattened sphere of lava. Its whole body was fluid. The tides, which now are small, superficial and, so to say, local, were then universal and immense. They occurred at short intervals. The whole surface of our globe was affected. And the corresponding lunar tides in the fluid, molten moon were indefinitely greater still.

Our day is now 24 hours; the distance of the moon is now 240,000 miles. When our day was about five hours long, the moon was in contact with the earth's surface. It had just broken away from its parent mass. As the length of the terrestrial day increased, so did the distance of the moon. The two quantities are connected by inexorable equations. If one varies, so must the other. Whenever the rotation time of a planet is shorter than the period of revolution of its satellite, the effect of their mutual action is to accelerate the motion of the satellite and to force it to move in a larger orbit—to increase its distance, therefore.

The day of the earth is now shorter than the month—the period of revolution of the moon. The moon is therefore slowly receding from us, and it has been receding for thousands of centuries. But the day of the earth is, as we have seen, slowly growing longer. The finger of the tides is always pressing upon the rim of our huge dyed wheel and slowly but surely lessening the length of its rotation. So long as the terrestrial day is shorter than the lunar month, the moon will continue to recede from us.—Professor E. S. Holden in Harper's Magazine.

## PARTRIDGE EGGS.

Said to Be More Nutritious Than the Birds Themselves.

"Few persons are aware of the fact," said a well known physician, "but it is true, nevertheless, that the egg of the partridge is one of the most nutritious things in the world. They are not used for eating purposes except in very rare cases, and then it generally happens in remote rural districts. I have known negro families in the state of Louisiana during the laying season to live on the eggs of partridges. And they would flourish handsomely and grow fat on account of the rich properties of the eggs."

"These eggs, of course, never find their way into the market because they are never taken from their nest except by such persons as I have mentioned, and they rob the nests, I suppose, because their principal food supply comes from this source. Quail meat comes pretty high in the market at all times, and the average man will find it more profitable to spare the eggs and wait for the birds when the hunting season rolls around. These men would pass 100 nests in one day without disturbing an egg. The sport of hunting the birds is an additional incentive."

"The average negro does not care so much about this aspect of the case. He figures that the white man, having the best gun and the best dog, will beat him to the bird. So he goes after the egg. One partridge will lay anywhere from 12 to 20 eggs, and a nest is a good find. I know of many families in rural sections who feast on these eggs in the laying season. I have tried the egg myself as an experiment. I found it peculiarly rich. It has a good flavor, is very palatable and in fact is altogether a very fine thing to eat. Really I believe that the egg has more nutrition in it than the fully developed bird, but of course, as one of the men fond of the game in the field, I would like to discourage the robbery of the nests."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HUSTLING FOR BUSINESS.

More or Less of It Done in New York Lawyers' Offices.

"Get a move on! That's the great modern motto," said a New York lawyer who has been practicing in the local courts for the last 25 years.

"When I was admitted to the bar," he went on, "there was a great idea of the dignity of the profession. A lawyer would about as soon have paraded Broadway carrying a sandwich sign calling attention to his legal ability as he would have thought of hustling in any other way for business. The thing to do was to rent an office and sit in it until somebody came and dug you out of the dust and spider webs and asked you to take a case."

"The march of progress has changed all that. Every law firm in this city hustles for business. I don't mean that the big men of the firm chase around after clients. Of course they don't. But the firm does a lot of shrewd planning ahead. It schemes in a particular fashion of its own to widen its sphere of usefulness—to itself."

"Of late years one of the expedients adopted has been the taking into the firm of young college graduates who can give a reasonable guarantee that they will bring business. College men know of this custom, and many of them shape their life at the university accordingly. They are after friends. They want to be popular. They want to be able to 'swing' as much of the future legal business of their fellow graduates as they can."

"A chap who can bring business of that sort is taken in on a good salary even when he is the veriest tyro at law. He's expected, of course, to do what real work he can and to study hard. But the salary for the pull he can exert over his fellows."—New York Sun.

Simple Remedies.

Diluted ammonia is good for insect bites and stings.

A raw egg swallowed at once upon getting a fishbone in the throat beyond the reach of the finger, it is said, will dissolve it and carry it down.

A simple remedy for indigestion is the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred into a wineglassful of cold water. This should be taken after each meal.

For burns and scalds, when no other remedy is at hand, try the effect of a piece of rag steeped in vinegar and bound round the scar. This is especially useful when cooking, for the vinegar is generally at hand.

To cure a severe case of colic take a teaspoonful of salt in a pint of water; drink and go to bed. This is one of the speediest remedies known. It will also prove efficacious in reviving a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

Preparing for a Journey.

Jerome K. Jerome recalled, with reverence, a habit of his methodical uncle who, before packing for a journey, always "made a list." This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips:

Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well; put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything. Always the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

The Backslider.

"Many years ago," says the Providence Journal, "in a village not 20 miles from Providence a revival was in progress. A young man, one of indistinguishable twin brothers who had previously been observed, as was supposed, in an attentive attitude at the meeting, rose for prayers, walked to the anxious seat, and there waited and moaned to such good purpose that the deacons were sure he was on the high road to salvation."

The next day he was overheard in the back yard at home chopping wood and swearing painfully at a refractory log. When remonstrated with for his sudden backsliding, he merely said, "Oh, brother Jim couldn't go to the meeting last night, so I went and hollered for him."

Meant What It Said.

"No," said the impecunious one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers."

"Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked.

"I am. I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was easy, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true."

"You misunderstood the paragraph. It didn't say the people were easy."—Judge.

Too Surgical.

A little Lewiston boy at Old Orchard had long, curly hair was told by a lady that he ought to have it "shingled."

"Shingled! I guess not," was his reply. "I ain't going to have nails drove in my head!"—Lewiston Journal.

Her Doubt.

Mabel—What do you think of the Rev. Dr. Leach's idea that there will be few if any men in heaven?

Maud—Huh! Would you call that heaven?—Chicago Tribune.

## Snails as Window Cleaners.

An old colored woman selling snails, says the Philadelphia Record, "occasionally makes her appearance in South street, and sometimes she may also be found along Front street or Second street, up in the district that used to be known as the Northern Liberties. She carries an old basket in which the snails repose on freshly sprinkled leaves. These are not sold as food, but for cleaning the outside of window panes—an old practice still in vogue in Kensington. The snail is dampened and placed upon the glass, where it at once moves around and devours all insects and foreign matter, leaving the pane as bright and clear as crystal. There are old established business places in Kensington where the upper windows, when cleaned at all, are always cleaned by snails. There is also a fine market for snails among the owners of aquariums, as they keep the glass clean and bright."

For Popovers.

The value of a recipe lies partly in its being accurately set down and followed. Harper's Magazine has the following directions for making a breakfast delicacy called popovers, as they were imparted by the Chinese servant to a lady visiting in the family.

"You take him one egg," said the master of the kitchen, "one bit' cup milk. You fixe him one cup flour, one pinch salt—you not put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him milk in, all time move. You make him flour go in, not move fast, so have no spots. Makee butted pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Putlee him in oven. Now you mind you business. No likee woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

Clerical Sore Throat Explained.

Deacon Scrimp—Humph! Think you have got to have a vacation, eh?

Struggling Pastor—Yes, the doctor says I must go off until this cough is cured.

Deacon Scrimp—Well, I'd like to know why preachers are always getting bad coughs.

Struggling Pastor—Well, you see, we have to visit around a good deal, and we are always asked to hold a little service before leaving, and I think our throats become affected from breathing the dust that flies from the family Bibles.—New York Weekly.

Danger in Damp Paper.

Most of the paper now used is made from wood and other vegetable fibers which are chemically not very different from the material of which a hayrick is composed. Consequently if paper is stacked damp heating is likely to take place just as it does with prematurely stacked hay, and at any time flames may burst out as the result of spontaneous combustion.

The Heartless Druggist.

Flossie Banastar—Fred, what is that the papers say the butcher uses?

I want to keep dear Fido's meat from spoiling.

Brother Fred—Formaldehyde.

Flossie—That isn't what the druggist told me.

Brother Fred—What did he say?

Flossie—Prussic acid.—Indianapolis News.

Perfumes Were Popular.

The rage for perfumes reached its height during the reign of Louis XV. Throughout the continent his court was known as the "scented court." It was then the custom when giving a large entertainment for the hostess to inform her guests what particular odor she would use for perfuming her rooms, and each guest would use that odor in making her toilet. At court a different perfume was used for each day of the week. Much more attention was paid to the use of the perfume than to soap and water, and cleanliness was not numbered among the virtues of that age.

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A Dickens Letter.

George Manville Feun is the possessor of a sheet of old fashioned blue wire woven note paper, which had its habitation for years upon the bill file of the tradesman to whom it was sent. It tells its own tale.

"Mr. Charles Dickens is much obliged to Mr. Claridge for the offer of Lord Byron's flute. But, as Mr. Dickens cannot play that instrument himself and has nobody in his house who can, he begs to decline the purchase, with thanks. Devonshire Terrace, twentieth June, 1848."

There is no visible mark of a smile upon the paper, says Mr. Feun, but there seems to be one playing among the words, and one cannot help thinking that when Dickens wrote that, he could not play the flute he must have recalled a certain flute serenade played at "Mrs. Todgers' Commercial Boarding House," written by him in 1844.—New York Tribune.

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Animal Intelligence.

In a circus in Paris a lion was given some meat shut up in a box with a lid to it, and the spectators watched to see whether the lion would open the lid or crack the box. He did the former, much to the gratification of the company.

In the London "Zoo" a large African elephant restores to his would be entertainers all the biscuits, whole or broken, which strike the bars and fall alike out of his reach and theirs in the space between the barrier and his cage. He points his trunk straight at the biscuits and blows them hard along the floor to the feet of the persons who have thrown them. He clearly knows what he is doing, because if the biscuit does not travel well he gives it a harder blow.

Perfumes Were Popular.

The rage for perfumes reached its height during the reign of Louis XV. Throughout the continent his court was known as the "scented court." It was then the custom when giving a large entertainment for the hostess to inform her guests what particular odor she would use for perfuming her rooms, and each guest would use that odor in making her toilet. At court a different perfume was used for each day of the week. Much more attention was paid to the use of the perfume than to soap and water, and cleanliness was not numbered among the virtues of that age.

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