

HOW FLANDERS KEPT HIS JOB

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

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BEHIND the baize covered portal that screens the penetrator of the secret service, Tower, the chief genius of its mysteries, confronted an occasion obviously annoying. Wrath bled out a brick red signal upon his face; his scorn was loud, and Flanders, the victim, writhed, miserably certain that every echo of these impressive opinions was audible to the listeners outside. Like all in authority, the chief was ready to shift the blame, and Flanders, it appeared, was the most logical candidate, for he had been the last to fall in the matter at issue. Through some unward blunder the quarry had slipped through the department's fingers, and for this reason heads were being rapped wherever they appeared. In vain Flanders protested, mildly at first and then with shrill iteration.

"But I tell you," he cried, "it ain't me to blame! I tell you that now, flat. Those rubber soles from the railroad done it. There's that Percy at the head or them—why, he ain't waltz to the fat to fry a doughnut in, much less to go sleuthin' after a big un like Doc Burdle. Why?"

The chief, with a gesture of disdain, cut him short. "That's all right, Flanders. You're pretty forward with your excuses, but you can't dodge me. Percy is blaming you. Leastways he says you're to blame."

"Why, the—the—" Flanders usually expressive speech failed him at this juncture, though his mind worked busily for some blood curdling expression to suit his opinion of the railroad detective. "I'll fix him when I see him!" he cried. "I'll knock him!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," the chief corrected. "I'll have no men from this office mixing up over there. Do you know him at all?"

"Him—Percy? No. I don't travel with that kind of cattle. Why, look a-here, chief, that feller went down to Seed City, where Doc Burdle hangs out, like as if it was with a brass band, sayin' he was there to land his man or bust. Why, he might just as well have tried to flag a comet with a crossin' flag. Dust! Did Burdle dust? or down, he went out or that like 2:40 on a down grade! You betcher that town ain't goin' to let Doc get took without a run for their money! Why, they're all binger in fist together, the whole bloomin' hamlet!"

Seed City was in the heart of the southwestern moonshine district and was notorious in the annals of the service. It was midway on the Altano and Pekon railroad, a spur that ran southward from the main line. A month before a gang of train robbers had held up the western mail, dynamited the express and postal cars and escaped unmolested with their booty. A dozen detectives had gone on the trail, Flanders the last of all. His investigation virtually assured him that Burdle, a notorious outlaw, was the leader of the band, but before he could make certain and lay his man by the heels Percy had arrived at Seed City in the nick of time, it seemed, to kick the props out from under Flanders' trap. But even this explanation failed to satisfy the chief.

Tower leaned over to his desk and drew out a newspaper clipping, a scrap from the San Francisco Argus, a sheet with a notoriety of interest for Seed City. "You read that now, Flanders," the chief exclaimed. "That's why you've got to land that fellow."

cheap for the kind of work for which it was designed. "I'll learn you who I am!" cried the detective, but the conductor pushed him aside.

"Come now, you. Pay up an' don't be lookin' for trouble. That's the railroad detective, an' you're likely to be thrown off an' yanked at too."

"Who—Percy?" roared the man in the seat. His legs dropped from their attitude of ease, and he rose with a gesture that drove back the others in sudden preparation for an affray. But then he fell to laughing outrageously.

"Guess I'll settle them, if it's Percy. You takes the ticket to Polktown, I'll throw in two bits, an'—"

"You will not!" cried the conductor. "Here; I ain't goin' to fool all day long with you. Pay up arter we leave here or I'll pull you out here an' sling you off at Seed City."

"You will, hey? Well, jus' you try it wunst!"

They were already drawing into San Inferno, and the conductor and the detective walked to the car door. The man in the seat, setting his legs upon the cushions, once more drew his hat brim over his eyes, and folding his arms, fell into an attitude of ease. Behind him was a long, thin mountaineer, a fellow with broad, heavy hands and glittering eyes. He had awaited the climax of the negotiations between the train hands and the passenger, and now he leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. "Don't you give in, friend. It's Seed City nex', an' there'll be a right smart crowd there to give you a hand." Then he fell back into his seat, and the other, smiling grimly, once more resumed his repose.

"Come now; pay up, young feller!" It was the conductor returning. Percy stood at his shoulder, one hand on a seat back to steady himself against the swaying of the car, but the other hand was ready to grapple with his subject when the time should come, and Percy, figuratively speaking, was a colossus of enormous and a hero in his wrath.

The passenger rose. "Say," he demanded, "how long 's take to git to Seed City?"

"Three minutes' runnin' time," snapped the conductor wrathfully, "an' they ain't another minute comin' to you either! I'll give you thirty seconds now to put up or be put off. Here, with a look at the watch, he drew forth his watch, and the other laughed in his face.

"Pass up the time or day," he cried. "I ain't goin' to pay a cent!"

"Then off you go!" cried Percy and snatched with him.

The din and swaying car, the shouts and cries of the affray, the tumult of the passengers and the roar of wheels beneath, gave to the struggle a sinister effect. Percy, his face purpling in exertion, strove to grasp his intended victim by the throat and was fought back against the conductor, who tried in vain to close in. A brakeman, running in through the rear door, planned to take the stranger from behind, but the mountaineer, spreading his bulk in the

the woods that flank the Seed City station shed the principal in the conflict stood surrounded by the men that had come violently to the rescue.

"You fit 'em smart, you did!" cried one, and the man, looking round, saw that it was the tall mountaineer who had sat behind him in the car. "Why, boys," laughed the mountaineer, "he fit of the hull crew on them!" He was still laughing when a newcomer strode out of the bush and joined them. "What's up?" this one asked.

"Hello, Doc. You jes' missed it." The link mountaineer pointed in explanation to the stranger among them, and the newcomer eyed him keenly, and the newcomer eyed him keenly.

"Well, what's it all about?" he demanded. The story was told, spiced with a draw of complimentary oaths, the picture drawn of the one man battling courageously with the oppressor, and when it was finished the man they had called Doc reached out his hand.

"Good for you!" he cried. "I'm right glad to meet you. My name's Burdle."

"Oh," said the other slowly. "Yer Doc Burdle, then?"

"Right you air. You must hear tell on me?"

"Yes," said the other, his eyes gleaming. "I surely have."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

There is a custom at weddings the survival of an ancient custom. Authorities speak of the use of orange blossoms at weddings as due to the fact that the orange tree, bearing its ripe golden fruit and fragrant flowers at the same time, is a symbol of fruitfulness, and this, we may take it, is the main reason of the pleasing custom.

In Crete the bride and bridegroom are sprinkled with orange flower water, and in Sardinia oranges are attached to the horns of the oxen which draw the nuptial carriage. Dr. Brewer says that Spanish brides carried orange blossoms at weddings and suggests that our modern custom is a survival or revival of theirs.

The custom appears to have been introduced from France into England about 1820-30. According to Littré, "Women at their marriage wear a crown of orange buds and blossoms; hence the orange blossom is taken as a symbol of marriage."

In "Vanity Fair" Thackeray speaks of orange blossoms as "touching emblems of female purity imported by us from France." This happy thought, however, is merely a fancy of his, for orange blossoms, according to French scholars and writers, simply indicate that "mademoiselle" has attained the status of "madame."

PATRIOTISM OF ANTS.

The insects always willing to die for their country.

Many times and in many ways the devotion of ants to their commonwealth has been tested. The rule is not high invariable of instant and absolute self-abnegation and surrender of personal life and appetite, life and limb to the public welfare. The posting of sentinels at gateways is customary, and they are apt to know first the approach of danger. With heads and antennae protruded from the opening, these city watchmen not only dispatch within news of threatening peril, but rush out with utter abandon to face the foe. With ants patriotism is not "second nature"; it is instinctive, inborn, seemingly as strong in the cello as in the veteran brave.

It must be confessed, however, that they are not an emmetarian virtue. Ants are without that elastic hospitality which embraces and assimilates all foreigners. Even the slave makers hold their domestic auxiliaries strictly distinct.

It may be due to overmastering patriotism that one falls to discover individual benevolence in ants. Friendships and personal affection in the insect world are without that elastic hospitality which embraces and assimilates all foreigners. Even the slave makers hold their domestic auxiliaries strictly distinct.

WHILE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD LINER HANOVER PASSED AN ICEBERG ON WHICH THERE WERE SIX LARGE POLAR BEARS.

Tourists returning from abroad can now bring through the custom house free of duty all articles to the value of \$100 except cigars, cigarettes and liquors.

For the year 1903 there were listed on the New York Stock Exchange \$550,000,000 of bonds and \$431,000,000 of stock. In 1901 the listings aggregated \$2,563,000.

Although the statue of George III. in Pall Mall, London, was erected in 1837, it was only a few weeks since that it was labeled with the name of its subject.

The London Times, commenting on a correspondent's letter on child emigration to the colonies, says in thirty-four years 45,000 children have been sent to Canada.

Doors made entirely of paper are used in some of the modern dwellings in French cities. They are finished to resemble any kind of wood, and there is no warping, shrinking or cracking.

Wages in the United States on the average are more than twice those in Belgium, three times those of Denmark, France, Germany, Italy and Spain and one and a half those in England and Scotland.

Wages in Russian factories are 2 cents an hour and upward. There are thousands who work for a cent an hour and tens of thousands who do not receive 30 cents a day for ten, eleven and more hours' work.

Cash registers are all but universal in stores in Glasgow. Modern office furniture and office appliances are superseding the older styles. Even official correspondence is beginning to yield to the omnipresent typewriter.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

About a thousand ships cross the Atlantic every month.

The average Frenchman eats 425 pounds of bread a year.

The short-horn movement is extending in Lancashire cotton mills.

There are 199 state, 24 marble and 205 clay quarries in this country.

Ireland has now a bank holiday all to itself—namely, St. Patrick's day.

The people of the United States eat \$150,000,000 worth of candy in a year.

The population of London has increased 11 per cent in fourteen years.

In Italy there are 172,000 skilled workmen engaged in the manufacture of silk.

During the past year no fewer than 43,000 passengers crossed between Dover and the continent.

The meat received into Smithfield market every year for the feeding of London exceeds 403,000 tons.

We export nearly 200,000 pairs of shoes to Germany, worth \$37,000. In 1903 we sent her 505 pairs, worth \$707.

The sultan has sent an order to England for some highland uniforms in which to clothe his palace guards and personal bodyguards.

Several additions are to be made to the already long list of women's clubs in London, and among them will be the Ladies' athleticon.

While off the Newfoundland banks the North German Lloyd liner Hanover passed an iceberg on which there were six large polar bears.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Perfect Harmony Required. The well dressed girl insists upon material and trimming being in perfect harmony, and she also buys with a view to durability as well.

Waists crepe de chine, taffetas and liberty satins are the favorites and are in great demand. All will stand seashore air and hard usage, and, while not so suggestive of summer coolness, they are little warmer than the sheer stuffs.

The above illustration pictures a waist of golden brown crepe de chine. The cuffs, front panel and long shoulder piece, which extends to the cuff, are of silk Chiny lace dyed to match material. The deep grille is of soft tone louisine.—New York Mail.

A FLOWER SPRING. A good ostrich fall makes a good flower spring. It is an old saying with the milliners, and the spring of 1904 will bear out the truth of this statement. Roses promise to take the lead this spring. The tiny button variety in single and double garlands edge the brims, encircle the crowns or otherwise trim the hats.

Medium size roses are used as garniture in single or double wreaths, and large roses are often used singly. When the large flower is employed tiny green leaves bordering the brims make a charming effect.

A large white chip picture hat with a flare front brim is decorated with a wreath of small, half open rosebuds in white and pale pink. Rose foliage in which the leaves are scarcely larger than maidenhair fern fronds under brim. Pale blue ribbon velvet is arranged around the upper side of the brim, and a large loop bow of the same is on the under side at the left back.

The Girl's Sweaters. The girl who believes in physical culture and who takes her exercises night and morning with systematic regularity, to her the sweater is of course indispensable. But even for this purpose the sweater is a much more shapely garment than it used to be. The stitches are often arranged closer together as they near the waist line, giving the figure a tapering effect.

These sweaters for gymnasium, home exercise wear and outdoor sports are made up in a great variety of attractive models. Some are made in the conventional sweater design and have the only opening at the neck. They are frequently knitted in the English vest stitch and in shadon yarn, so that they have a changeable effect.

For a Little Girl. This design shows a charming little frock for a child, having two features that continue in vogue, the box plaited style and the Russian idea of closing. The effect is very pretty of the double breasted front, which is outlined by a narrow backward turning tuck and two rather wide plaits on either side. This little frock can be made of any soft woolen material suitable for children's wear. The matter of trimming around the collar and cuffs is exceptional. This idea is also good to follow in making tub frocks, using white madras, duck, pique, linen or chambray and embroidery inserting for the trimming.

A Recipe From the Forest. When the oak leaf is the size of a squirrel's foot take a stick like a crow's bill and make holes as big as a coon's ear and as wide apart as fox tracks; then plant your corn that it may ripen before the chestnut splits and the woodchuck begins his winter's sleep.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Century.

No Mischief. "Willie, are you and Ben in any mischief out there?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy. "We're all right. We're jest playin' ball with some eggs the greaser left to see how many times we can catch one before it breaks."—Chicago Post.

"I'm afraid I'll have to buy my house," said Stubbins.

"Why so?"

A GROWING TREE.

Two Things That Nature Invariably Does to Protect It.

Nature invariably does two things which she tries to grow a tree—she protects the bark from hottest sunshine and the roots from severe changes of temperature. Both these points are almost invariably overlooked by man. Observe a maple or elm or birch as it shoots from the ground. Its sides are clothed all the way with small twigs unless removed by knife or browsing. Any tree starting in an open field is thus protected from the sun. Otherwise the extreme heat will rupture cells, and the bark will dry and split. As far as possible there must be equal development of cells on all sides of the tree. But care of the roots is even more important.

The feeding of a tree is at unequal depths, but most of it is near the surface. If the sun be allowed to strike directly on the soil the finer rootlets that do the foraging are destroyed, and extreme droughts will affect the roots for a foot in depth. What is worse, the extreme changes of temperature also affect the tree and suck its life away. In some cases such conditions are produced as encourage the development of fungi or other enemies to plant life. Nature guards against this by laying down each autumn a layer of leaves to mulch her forests or solitary pines.

RENEWING THE BODY.

The Way Man is Constantly Being Made Over and Over.

It takes but four weeks to completely renew the human epidermis. You have new eyelashes every five months, you shed your finger nails in about the same period, and the nails of your toes are entirely renewed annually. The white of the eye, known as the cornea, is in a continual state of renewal, being kept clear and clean by the friction of the eyelids. These are a few manifestations of the restorative powers retained by man, who is less fortunate than the lower animals.

Crabs can grow fresh limbs; the snail can renew even a large portion of its head; with eyes and feelers flared do not worry about the loss of a tail, and if you make a cut in the caudal appendage of some of these last mentioned creatures they will grow another tail straightway and rejoice in the possession of two.

But man still possesses the wonderful restorative little cells which scientific men call leucocytes. They are always coursing through the body to renew and to defend the body from its enemies, the harmful bacteria of various maladies. These cells generate anti-bodies to kill our enemies. They do battle for us in hundreds of ways, and yet the majority of us know nothing of these great services rendered by our tiny friends inside.

MOUNTAINS IN JAPAN.

They rival in panorama the scenery of Switzerland.

On every side of us, from our feet to the golden distance far away, the world stretched mountains, peak upon peak as thick as junks in a Chinese harbor and range beyond range inexhaustible. No sounds of mortal life came up inside the rock, while the river, gentian blue, wound silent in transparent pools below. The panorama in Japan on a splendid summer day is impossible to describe to an English reader who has not been in the east, for such a one will read between the lines the local color in which he was bred instead of the wholly different atmosphere that heightens the charm of the picture there, the brilliant luminous air which invests our eye with telescope power and brings the whole landscape to our feet, while a soft suspicion of alky haze seems to float a halo round each foliage hidden hill. Switzerland, too, is a mountain world, but small compared with this, the entire content from Innsbruck to Geneva only one-fourth the length of this single island of Japan, a thousand miles of continuous romance. And the quality of the sun-bleached sky that separates far away the gulf a summer's day in these latitudes from one in more northerly Europe.—Ernest Foxwell in Cornhill.

TOBACCO LEAVES.

The First Europeans Who Saw Them Used For Smoking.

The first Europeans who saw tobacco smoked were two men whom Columbus dispatched on an embassy immediately after the discovery of the island of Cuba. The names of these envoys, worthy of memory by the smoker, were Rodrigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres, the latter a Christianized Jew of special proficiency in Arabic and Hebrew. Six days were allowed to these two worthies in which to accomplish their mission, but after penetrating inland for some twelve leagues and stopping at a village of a thousand inhabitants they rejoined Columbus on Nov. 6, 1492, and recounted the several wonders which had fallen under their notice.

It was on their way back to the Spanish caravels, accompanied by three natives, that they first saw smoking practiced. Several of the aborigines were making use of dried tobacco leaves, which they formed into a long roll, lighted and put in their mouths, swallowing and puffing out the smoke. These primitive and gigantic cigars the natives called tabacos, a name since transferred from its original application to the plant itself.

Flowers and Twilight.

As twilight approaches a garden filled with brilliant flowers the red flowers will first lose their gorgeous color as the light diminishes, and then the grass and leaves will appear grayish. The last flowers to part with their distinctive color, white flowers being left out of the account, will be the blue or violet ones. This fact is useful to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twilight.

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aisle, effectively closed the path to this attack. Then through the tunnel arose the whistle of the engine ahead, and another brakeman, throwing open the forward door, cried "Seed"—paused in dumb astonishment, and realizing the nature of the uproar, flung himself into the fight.

It was three to one, yet the battle raged with unabated violence. The train had come to a standstill, and an echo of the excitement within spread to the knot of loungers on the platform. There appeared before them a man struggling against two others, and the four all employees of the company. Percy, with his hand upon the victim's throat, struggled to push him backward from the car platform, when with a sudden effort, the man writhed free and, stepping sideways, plumed the rights as he belonged from his back. But the next instant Percy had arisen, roaring, and aimed a heavy blow at the other's head. He struck, his force fell short, and yet before he could recover himself his opponent dashed a flat full in his face and ran.

"Stop him!" screamed the detective, whipping out his revolver. He leveled the sights as the running man, but the conductor intervened.

"Don't shoot—don't!" he cried, striking up the muzzle, and the bullet sped harmlessly singing over the tree tops. Then ere another shot could be fired the running target reached the shelter of the railroad shed, whizzed round the corner and was gone. "After him!" shouted Percy, following. He sprang ahead, his pistol held above his shoulder and destruction in his eye. "After him, I say!" he called over his shoulder to the train hands, but before they could respond a diversion utterly unexpected terminated the affair. Percy had reached the shed when a hand outstretched knocked the pistol from his grasp, and he was buffeted unmercifully by a sudden onrush of the station loungers and, bruised and bleeding, was left to stagger back, dull and dazed, to the sanctuary of the train. A shower of stones followed him, the crash of breaking glass sounded along the cars, and at full speed the train pulled out of Seed City, carrying its doubtful honors with it.

IT WON HIS CASE.

The Incident That Brought About the "Stovepipe Verdict."

It was a characteristic of a certain Tennessee colonel that when once his attorney had begun to flow before the jury nothing could stop it till the fount was exhausted. On one occasion he had just finished tearing his opponent's argument to tatters when the courtroom stovepipe fell with a crash.

"There!" cried the colonel as the clouds of soot arose. "There is a simile furnished by nature herself! Just as that stovepipe has come unglued and fallen useless to the ground so my adversary's argument has fallen with as loud a crash. One is not more hollow than the other, not more in need of polish."

"And, gentlemen of the jury, what do those clouds of soot and smoke resemble—those black masses smutting all they light upon—what do they resemble more than the malicious libels, the black scoundrels, which my adversary has poured into your ears and with which he has endeavored to blacken the character of my client?"

His case had seemed hopeless, but when he had finished the stovepipe comparison the jury was converted and returned what became famous in western Tennessee as the "stovepipe verdict" in favor of the colonel's client.

WATERSPOUTS.

What They Are and the Conditions That Generate Them.

A waterspout is a miniature tornado originating in a strong upward draft of air which occurs above the surface of a body of comparatively warm water. Its effect first becomes visible in a circular motion at the point in the clouds to which it ascends. This becomes a whirl, which condenses the vapor at its center, causing the portion of the cloud there to drop downward in the shape of a gigantic jelly bag. At the same time the continuing upward draft increases the rapidity of its original swirl and of the condensed vapor caught within it until the ascending and descending masses join to form the waterspout.

Necessarily by this process the air beneath the spout is rarefied, and thus where the phenomenon occurs at sea the water always seems to be sucked up into it, although this is not really the case to any considerable extent. For similar reasons where a waterspout or tornado passes over a building it does most of its damage by exploding the air outside, causing what is within to expand and blow the structure to pieces.

Infantile Development.

It is wonderful enough that infants of a few weeks or months should make unmistakable manifestations of the simpler emotions of fear, affection and anger, but that an emotion so complex as jealousy should appear so early as at the age of ten months is especially remarkable and indicates a degree of development at this age which in the absence of observation might justly be deemed incredible. Darwin observed jealousy in an infant of fifteen and one-half months, but adds, "It would probably be exhibited by infants at an earlier age if they were tried in a fitting manner."

Disappointed.

A small girl, who had but recently mastered her catechism, confessed her disappointment with it thus: "Now, I obey the fifth commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer to the hour, for I do not to bed every night at 7 o'clock just the same."

SALTS IN THE SEA.

The Four Varieties That Are Washed Out of the Earth.

Why should the sea be salt when the lakes and rivers are fresh? This is a question that comparatively few people stop to think about. They recognize the fact, but do not take the trouble to reason about it.

There are four salts in sea water—sodium chloride (common salt), magnesium, potassium and calcium. These are minerals and are washed out of the earth by the streams and carried to the sea in a state of solution.

The water of the sea is being constantly evaporated, and it comes to the land as rain, snow, hail or sleet. But this evaporation leaves the salt in the sea, and as the streams are all the time carrying more salt there the quantity is constantly increasing, but so gradually that it is not noticed in the water.

It has been estimated that if all the salt were obtained out of the waters of the sea there would be enough to cover the continent of North America to a depth of half a mile.

In some parts of the world the salt used by the people is all obtained from sea water, but not where there are salt mines or salt springs. The quality of that obtained from them is much superior to that yielded by sea water.

Piano Test For Engines.

Pointing to a piano that was standing in the locomotive roundhouse of the Missouri Pacific railroad near Kansas City, an English visitor remarked, "Ah, I see you judge supplies you with musical entertainment."

"Guess not," replied the foreman. "That piano is for testing the engines." The Englishman thought it a joke, says a writer in the World's Work, but when a uniformed pianist struck a note which harmonized with the noise of vibration in each part of the locomotive as it was tested he understood that the piano could be no dummy or cracks in the engine. He was informed that if the noise of the locomotive made a discord with the musical note the locomotive would be thus proved defective. The method has been discovered to be more accurate than the old way of hammering each part.

Ancient Serpent Superstition.

It is peculiarly believed even in this day and age of the world that bees die almost immediately after using their stings. This may be true; in fact, I believe that it is so stated on good authority. But what do you think of the idea of a poisonous serpent dying as soon as he has inflicted the fatal bite? Pliny, a writer of the first century after Christ, says: "Serpents, no odds how poisonous the various kinds, can bite but once; neither will they many together, say nothing how. When they have bitten or stung a man they die by very grief and sorrow that they have done such a mischief, as if they had some remorse or conscience afterward."

The Annual Bath in the Ganges.

The largest regular assemblage of people in the world is said to be the crowd which gathers annually at Benares, in India, to bathe in the Ganges. A large temple, or rather a series of buildings, is on the shore at this point, while steps reach down to the water's edge. The Hindus crowd upon the bank in enormous numbers, the crowd at times numbering upward of 50,000. As the natives are dressed in the brightest colors, the crowd gives the impression of an enormous bed of flowers.

The Man in Love.

The ordinary man in love is a sorry sight compared with his mistress. He makes his love conventionally and continually disappoints the woman, who wishes to see new lights gleam in his eyes. He is in poignant fear of discovery; he has a horror of ridicule; his one dread is lest he make a fool of himself. But a woman is a cheap child indeed if she spends a thought on such nonsense; her abandon is superb.—London Queen.

An Easy Test.

"I often wonder just what she thinks of me," said the young married man.

"It's easy to find out," said the elderly married man. "Just sit down on her hat, and she will tell you what she thinks of you in less than a minute."—Chicago Journal.

Her Little Surprise.

"Don't stop me now, dear. Archie's going to propose in a few minutes."

"Has he shown any symptoms?"

"Certainly not! He doesn't know it yet. I've arranged it as a surprise for him."—Brooklyn Life.

Do You Consider Him?

Job: He is a constant reminder for you; where the difference between him and his wife. Henpeck—Woe, unless the wife is as unkind as he, have no opinion of his own.



A STYLISH WAIST.

great demand. All will stand seashore air and hard usage, and, while not so suggestive of summer coolness, they are little warmer than the sheer stuffs.

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