

A Feudal Courtship

By HENRY F. KEENAN

CHAPTER I.

NOBODY out of the most sacredly intimate circles of the Van Gueldres ever knew exactly whether Kitty Van Gueldres was or was not engaged to the Count Malster. It was known, as such things are generally known, that Kitty met the count at a social function in the American embassy in Berlin; that the count thereafter found the quarters of the Van Gueldres agreeable and that he never found them inhospitable. It was known further that when the Van Gueldres set forth on a tour in southern Russia and the Danube the count parted with his trusted valet, Berthold, to act as guide for the family; that when Papa Van Gueldres cabled his wife to return to New York the count put his "navy" at the disposal of his American friends and that they, with a large party made up in Paris, recrossed the Atlantic in the count's yacht. When a few weeks afterward the count himself appeared in New York there was no sort of doubt among the knowing ones that Kitty Van Gueldres had accepted the Prussian suitor. Thereupon, as the wont is in New York, legends of absorbing interest invested the count's personality. It was made known that his birth and race were of the historic picturesque. By lineage an Italian, of the princeliest house of the peninsula, leagued by blood with reigning princes in Prussia and on the Danube, Count von Malster took rank second only to royal and imperial personages in Italy, Austria and Prussia. There was no doubt in any one's mind that such a suitor must be accepted by any girl, and society looked forward to the great event with lively curiosity. But at the moment the marriage was regarded as among the certainties, the knowing group were started by an official announcement of the engagement of Miss Van Gueldres to Theodore Acton, a comrade of her childhood, a young lawyer of promise, well known, but by no means pre-eminent in the social groups of the town.

If all the world loves a lover, the gods themselves must be enamored of a maid in love. Men, at least in the circles that impinged on the Van Gueldres set, seemed to take it for granted that Kitty Van Gueldres' engagement to Theodore Acton gave them the impossible right implied in the adage. Miss Van Gueldres was at a certain juncture quite the most notable young person in the present social segment of the metropolis. Neither a provincial bonanza nor a railway parvenu, the head of the house had grown up with New York and reached opulence by what the economists call the "unearned increment." His millions were quoted at such fabulous numbers that speculation itself formulating figures of the Van Gueldres fortune. Kitty, sole heiress of these stores, was never described twice in the same way by the many adorners of her beauty. It would therefore be words wasted to attempt to set forth the grace of her person, the clearness of her skin, the violet azure of her eyes, the profusion of blond tresses that might make a garment had she been called on to play the part of Golda. Very young men thought her a trifle too stately, and in the junior clubs she was discussed with the sort of awe amateurs fall into when reporting Wagner's or Mozart's music. Men, however, who had attained mustaches that required cosmetics and the curling irons give them form found Kitty Van Gueldres sprightly, vivacious, fairly "bon comrade." Perhaps the best proof that the mustachios judged her best was given in her choice of Teddy Acton from the army of eligibles at her command.

There were divers opinions in the matter of Kitty's conduct with the count. His partisans declared that she had treated the nobleman heartlessly, while her friends vehemently asserted that she could not do otherwise than dismiss him when his disparity in years and "eccentricities" became known. It was furthermore held to Kitty's credit that she had the moral force to relinquish the match, which would have given her the rank of an Italian princess, a Prussian countess, to say nothing of lineal precedence in the Danubian principalities. What, it was asked, could all these add to the distinction of a young person like Kitty, who by birth, beauty and affluence ruled the high court of New York society? The women who discussed the question, however, sided almost unanimously with the count. He was declared the most fascinating lover ever seen out of a play, the model whose like had never been known among the titled woovers in search of a beauty this side the ocean. His pictures adorned many of the exclusive albums of the court circles, and his worship became a cult where the Van Gueldres were not loved. His yacht in the harbor and his retinue of servants in the hotel were known only to the initiated. In the clubs he was quite the English nobleman, divested entirely of the antipathetic insolence and intolerance of the Prussian "well born." Hence when it was announced that there was no engagement between the count and Kitty society was discreetly divided.

Nothing could be more perfect than his conduct when the incipient engagement was canceled. He touched the motherly heart of Mamma Van Gueldres by his solicitude for his valet, Berthold, whom he proposed leaving in New York while on a grand tour in the west.

"The youth can't return to Germany," the count confided to Mrs. Van Gueldres, "because he is liable to military duty. He has a sweetheart ready to join him here within the year, and as

I shall return to Berlin by way of China and Japan I cannot take him with me."

The Van Gueldres were so much struck with the amiable nobleman's solicitude for his domestic that they at once made place for the young man to assist the butler. The subsequent conduct of the count was considered perfect. He was pensively distraught whenever events brought him near Kitty. In the clubs he was cheerful, and though he never permitted any allusion to his matrimonial discomfiture his air was that of resignation and magnanimous forbearance. He could never be brought to meet Teddy Acton and was only heard to allude to him as an "unfortunate young man."

Presently, when he left New York for a season in the Rockies, he bore the plaintive regrets of a large part of feminine New York.

The count said nothing when he disappeared from the city; there were few to continue the controversy, except those who spitefully maintained that Kitty was waiting for a duke or prince. When, however, in the autumn of 187— it was announced that Teddy Acton was the lucky man, surprise and pleasure greeted the news. Theodore Acton—Teddy, as he was always called—was what the world agreed upon as an ideal husband for any girl rich enough to indulge in the luxury of a mere man! Besides his legal endowments, which were desirable for a marrying man, Teddy had nothing to count upon but the possible heritage of two immensely rich maiden aunts whose minds were taken up with foreign missions and the Church of the Heavenly Pilgrim.

By the discriminating, Kitty was pronounced the queen of girls for her good sense in rewarding Teddy's ardent insistence and for making a marriage according to the old fashioned rubric of love. The surprise was very great.

To give one's world something to talk about—that is, a subject that can talk about at home and before one's mother and sisters—it must be admitted, by those observant of the death of topics open to the discussion of the elect, marked Kitty as a very observing young person. For six weeks this match, which would have been regarded as eccentric in a less dominant



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ing girl, enlivened the clubs and soled the dullness of the Four Hundred dinner tables.

The interest had not palled nor the pliancy lost its point when, late in February, the cards fell among the Four Hundred announcing the day and date of Miss Katherine Montalva Van Gueldres' union with Theodore Fredric Acton. It was Miss Van Gueldres herself who selected Friday, March 11, instead of Thursday, the day set down in the calendar of the conventionalists for marrying and giving in marriage.

"Well, I shall always hold Friday the king of days," Teddy murmured fondly, "though I think well of Sunday, because it was Sunday—that is you."

"You are—certainly—blushing, Ted. What could it have been that brings such signs of guilt? Have you a secret, sir? Are you about to avow some misconduct that will force me to say—to speak to papa?"

"Ah, Kitty, how can you? I mean to say that it was on Sunday—that you said 'yes.'"

"Oh, I often say 'yes' on weekdays," "But you never said that 'yes' before?"

"A girl doesn't like to say 'no' though. If I remember rightly I didn't say anything. Like most men, all men, you took something for granted."

Kitty's reply was lost by the sudden entrance of Mamma Van Gueldres in a state of as much perturbation as a personage of such equality could permit herself to manifest.

"Kitty, dear, what do you think? Count Malster has been summoned back to court. He sails tomorrow and has called to take leave of you. Will you see him?"

Kitty looked at Teddy inquiringly.

"By all means. Why not speed the

parting guest? Poor fellow, I can feel for him," Teddy cried heartily.

The count gave no sign of the ravages associated with luckless love. He recounted his experiences in the past west and lauded his royal master's untimely command, which did not leave him free to assist at Miss Kitty's nuptials.

"But," he added, "it gives me an opportunity to ask what I couldn't well write. Under other circumstances, Miss Van Gueldres, you accepted this ring. It was my mother's; it has been in our family since the Malsters were ennobled. I ask that in memory of me you wear it. There is a legend that it brings luck to the owner. You see," addressing Teddy, "it can only be worn in one way—with the pointed star upward."

The ring was a very uncommon jewel, a massive, oblong opal, flashing in a blaze of light, in a setting of ancient incrustated gold. He had persuaded Kitty to accept it shortly after their first acquaintance in Berlin, but she had returned it when his suit was denied.

Kitty was very much embarrassed, but, as Teddy remarked afterward, she cannot refuse a wedding gift, especially when given by hand.

Mamma relieved the embarrassment by asking the count to visit the "treasure chamber," as the depository for the wedding gifts was called.

"It's perfectly amazing," mamma prattled, "I never saw such a collection. A gold or silver smith's establishment must have been depleted."

It was certainly a sumptuous exhibit. To him who hath, to him shall be given. Miss Kitty, already possessed of an incomparable trousseau of jewels, was showered with every conceivable caprice in the art of the lapidary and goldsmith. The count's eyes opened wide as case after case was displayed.

"Is it quite safe to have such immense values in a private house? In Europe we should have a squad of police or detectives in and about the premises."

"Oh, we've no fear. There are able bodied servants in the house, and with the doors locked no one could possibly carry anything off." Mrs. Van Gueldres replied tranquilly, enjoying the spectacle.

"My man, Berthold, drilled some time in the cavalry. Give him a sword or a pistol and he will protect your treasures," the count cried gaily as they left the chamber and descended to the drawing room.

"You'll make Kitty nervous if you talk so seriously of danger," Mrs. Van Gueldres answered, just a shade annoyed by the nobleman's pretense.

He dropped the subject, and when he took his leave presently hoped the bride and groom would make their wedding journey as far as Berlin that he might show them the wonders of the new Weltstadt.

Now, Kitty, like the simplest Clorinda, had of late fallen into the sweet heart way of keeping her lover late and letting him out with her own fair hands. It was a daintily little comedy each night, Kitty insisting that Teddy should talk to her through the door as she retreated into the vestibule and fenced the inner portals. It was after 11 when the lovers parted this night, but one before the wedding, and the farewells in the dim vestibule were repeated a score of times before the heavier outer door was finally safely closed.

"Can you hear me? Teddy's voice came through the big keyhole.

"No; you must open the door. I want to tell you something I've forgotten, Teddy." But there was no answer.

To surprise him she seized the large bronze handle and turned the knob, but with all her force she could not pull the heavy frame toward her.

"You're holding it; I shouldn't let you in now even if you beg?"

Teddy was evidently gone. She waited a minute listening, she heard the scraping of steps and scraps of voices.

"Ah," she thought, "some of his friends have surprised him; that's the reason he didn't answer." She hastened to the drawing room and just as she flung the curtain aside a carriage started from the curb in front of the steps.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR FINGER NAILS.

Method by Which They Are Formed and How They Grow.

The nail is a special modification of the cuticle, the superficial cells being harder, more horny and more firmly adherent to each other than in the proper skin. The deep layer of the skin is peculiarly modified to form the bed of the nail, is highly vascular, and is studded with almost parallel ridges, the true skin overlapping the sides and root of the nail, which fits into the groove, as a watch glass into its rim. The surfaces of all these ridges are covered with growing cells, which, as they flatten and change into horn, form one solid curved plate, the nail.

Nails grow both in thickness and length. The increase in thickness is caused by the formation of nerve cells on the bed of the nail; the increase in length, through the formation of new folds at the hinder part of the bed.

The nail, thus constantly receiving additions from below and from behind, is slowly pushed forward over its bed till it projects beyond the end of the finger and is cut off at intervals or worn away.

Sifted Pearls.

Some years ago the sultan of Sulu learned that the pearl fishermen were reaping big profits. He supplied his revenue collectors with sieves and ordered that all pearls found near Sulu must be tested in these sieves. Those that dropped through were to be retained by the fishermen; those that remained in the sieves were to belong to the sultan for taxes. It nearly ruined the pearl fisheries.

Missed a Few.

"Yes," said the clerk at the Skinnem house, "we have 1,800 servants."

"Well," said the departing guest, "I must have overlooked four or five. I'm quite sure I haven't tipped that many."—Pittsburg Post.

Would Be Freed.

She—Suppose, dear, I find you haven't given me money enough? He—Then telegraph for more. She—Have you a telegraph blank?

Personal.

"Is there anything you don't need that I might take?" asked the slovenly old junk man, watching Subbu pack his goods on the moving van.

"Yes," snapped Subbu; "a bath."

NEW SHORT STORIES.

The Barber and His Rival.

CHIMLEY LEE, the first mayor of Atlantic City, resided at Atlantic City's 50th anniversary some interesting reminiscences of the town's early life, says the New York Tribune.

"I call to mind," he said, "two rival barbers. They have been dead a long time now. They had shops opposite one another in Atlantic avenue, and the competition between them was brisk and bitter."

"Smith, the younger barber, always had his hair cut and dressed in the



"I GET MY RIVAL TO DO IT."

most graceful and correct manner, and he was always shaved beautifully. Brown, on the other hand, would be shaved badly, with a cut on his chin and a patch of overlooked beard on his cheek, and his hair would be cut in steps, as though a child had done it.

"Smith couldn't understand why his rival displayed on his own person such poor examples of barbering, and he sent a friend to Brown's one day as a detective.

"The detective got shaved. During the process he said:

"How is it, Mr. Brown, when you are yourself a barber, and your hair is always badly cut and your face hacked up from the razor?"

"Why," said Brown, "the explanation is simple enough. I can't cut my own hair, and so I get my rival across the street to do it, and he shaves me too. You see the result."

Senator Hoar's Wit.

Senator Hoar, whose humor was keen as a rapier, not long ago said to a newspaper correspondent:

"When I am asked for my opinion on any subject I refer the interlocutor to my messenger, Doherty. He talks more freely than I do."

This same Doherty guarded the door to Mr. Hoar's committee room for almost a generation and was the senator's factotum. Some one, in describing him not long ago, referred to him as Senator Hoar's "Fido Achates."

"Do you see what these newspaper men have been calling you?" said Senator Hoar, directing Doherty's attention to the paragraph.

"What does that mean, senator?" anxiously inquired Doherty as he read—to him—the strange expression.

"I would not like to tell you, Doherty," solemnly replied the senator.

Doherty immediately started out to discover the offending newspaper man, but in telling his troubles to a fellow employee he was enlightened as to the meaning of the Latin words.—New York Mail.

The Staff of Life.

Mr. Renkema, a Milwaukee lawyer and member of the Wisconsin legislature, is superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools in the city, says the New York Times.

Mr. Renkema was making a children's day address and, wishing to get an explanation of "manna," asked, "What is the staff of life?"

An agitated hand waved the air, and one, eye it never grows higher. Rising just above the ground this strange plant, looking like a rough round table, regularly enlarges by adding concentric layers to its circumference. The flat upper surface of the trunk is very hard and dark, resembling in color and texture the crust of an overbaked loaf. The trunk attains the size of from fourteen to eighteen feet in circumference, but is never more than a few inches above the ground.

The welwitschia is remarkable in the fact that it never loses its first two leaves and never gets any more. These leaves increase in size year after year until they attain the length of six or eight feet or more. They are flat and leathery and frequently split into numerous strips.

KEEPING WELL.

It is Better and More Economical Than Getting Well.

I have often been horrified by finding people at Calabod or Marenbad or some other of these severe water cures who had come there simply on their own initiative and without any medical advice. This is really tampering with one's constitution.

I am coming to the conclusion in recent years that it is better to trust to air and to exercise than to waters for the renewal of the physical system. Since I have taken to golf I find so much improvement in my health that I no longer pine, as I used to do, for the water cure. But there again a man has too profound a love for the pleasures of the table it is almost a necessity for him to go to one of those places where the system seems to get a thoroughly complete washout.

But if a man be of moderate appetite and able to keep himself well under control even when temptation is great, then he has no reason for going to Homburg or Carlsbad or Marienbad. He had better seek good mountain air, play golf and keep out of doors.—London M. & P.

A Eugene Field Story.

During his sojourn in San Francisco Eugene Field often visited at the public library, says the Philadelphia Press.

At such times the inquisitive female employees would manufacture excuses for entering to gaze at the celebrated author. Sizing up the situation, Field announced in an authoritative voice, to the consternation of the young women, "Yes, sir, in view of the financial condition of the library, salaries must be reduced." Thereafter he was troubled by no more assiduous admiration.

His Idea of It.

Caller—Why, Mr. Irish, Bobby, I was really born in Ireland. Bobby—Oh, you're in disguise, then. Caller—In disguise? Bobby—Sure! You ain't got any red chin whiskers nor a pipe sticking in your hat!—Philadelphia Press.

ADMIRAL BYNG.

A Brave Sailor Who Paid the Penalty of Other Men's Folly.

Two years after Voltaire left Prussia George Keith came to visit him in Switzerland to plead the cause of an English friend, Byng. The story of Byng is familiar to all his countrymen. The French had beaten the English on the sea, and, mad with disappointed rage, the blundering ministry of England turned on their luckless instrument, Byng. Voltaire was the lifelong friend of Richelieu, the conqueror. But he was, too, the man of whom it was said that "for twenty years the redness of judicial wrong" hung entirely on his pen. On Dec. 20, 1758, he wrote to Richelieu telling Byng's story, and that vainglorious person replied generously enough in an open letter, wherein he stated that had Byng continued the fight the English fleet must have been totally destroyed and that the admiral's misfortune came not from cowardice or inefficiency, but from the hand of God and the valor of the French.

Voltaire wrote to Byng, sending Richelieu's letter, but he could not save the victim. Byng paid the penalty of other men's folly. To Voltaire he left a grateful message and a copy of his defense, and in "Candide," with that bantering malice which is his alone, Voltaire skilfully satirizes the scene of the admiral's execution.

"And why should this admiral be put to death?"

"Because he has not killed enough people. He fought with a French admiral and is not considered to have been sufficiently near to him."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far away from the English."

"That is certainly true," was the answer. "But in this country it is salutary to put an admiral to death now and then for encouraging les autres."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Fall Blouse.

Already some separate blouses show the higher, fuller shoulder effect that is becoming noticeable. The high, close cuff is also a prominent feature. Some blouses of checked taffeta have a close cuff inset with linen figures to the elbow, with the rest of the sleeve a large puff shirred in the armhole and again at the cuff. About the shoulders is a collar cut to make tabs over the tops of the sleeves and cut out in front in the form of a rabat. It is trimmed prettily with narrow bands of white taffeta and small pearl buttons. This is of course a simple waist, as waists go now, but the new sleeve makes it valuable as a model.

Mitts To Be Worn.

Mitts will be worn in the house the coming winter with the elbow sleeves that are used on almost all gowns designed exclusively for the house. Many women do not like to have the lower part of the arm bare, and mitts cover them without hiding the skin or detracting from the dressy effect. With black lace gowns black mitts will be used, but with all light gowns white are preferred. Many girls have mothers or grandmothers who have had mitts put away for years, and they would do well to get their relatives to hand over this finery of days gone by.

ZUNI FAMILY LIFE.

A Village Looks Like a Huge Hive of Clay on Sand Knoll.

The little half civilized children of Zuni so aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sagebrush, from the railroad at Fort Wingate, to pay them a visit. As the Indians do not provide for travelers we took our hotel with us—tents, beds and food—and camped just outside their village. The village looks like a huge beehive made of clay and stuck fast to the top of a sandy knoll. The hive is filled with a mass of cells—300 single rooms, placed side by side and piled in rows one on top of another.

In each of these rooms lives a Zuni family. There are no inside stairways leading from story to story, but by the boys and girls living in one row wish to pay a visit to a house above them they must go outdoors and climb a ladder. On the slope between the village and the Zuni river are a number of small vegetable gardens, each one enclosed by a mud wall. Zuni has no inns, no shops, no saloons, not even proper streets, but only narrow alleys that thread their way through the strange town. As we walked through the village all the world came out to see us. Girls and boys clustered on the roofs or sat on the ovens—quiet little cones of mud which seem to grow up out of the house tops—while fathers, mothers and babies peered out from dark doorways to stare at the visitors. When we had finished our tour of the roofs and alleys we were hospitably invited indoors. Even there the children followed us and as we glanced up at a hole in the ceiling which served as a window a girl's laughing face filled the opening. We must have looked strange enough in our hats and gloves and long skirts.—Maria Bruce Kimball in St. Nicholas.

A CURIOUS TREE.

One of Nature's Queer Products That Are Found in Africa.

The Welwitschia mirabilis is a wonder of the vegetable kingdom. It grows on the barren land of the western side of Africa, where rain is almost unknown and the only moisture is that from dews which fall at night. This plant was discovered in 1890 by Dr. Welwitsch, an eminent scientific traveler. The welwitschia is a tree which lives for many years, many specimens being estimated as more than 100 years old.

Every year of its life increases its size, yet it never grows higher. Rising just above the ground this strange plant, looking like a rough round table, regularly enlarges by adding concentric layers to its circumference. The flat upper surface of the trunk is very hard and dark, resembling in color and texture the crust of an overbaked loaf. The trunk attains the size of from fourteen to eighteen feet in circumference, but is never more than a few inches above the ground.

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WOMAN AND FASHION.

The Newest Sleeve.

The style of the sleeve is all important to the success of the garment and determines its date more surely than any other detail. These excellent models can be utilized alike with the new coats and for those that are to be remodeled. The three styles in



PLAIN AND FANCY COAT SLEEVES.

clude a full sleeve with flaring cuff, a sleeve in regulation style with roll over cuff and one that is known as the club sleeve, which is distinctly larger at the elbow and is made in three sections, the upper portion being cut in two, with the seam concealed by a strap. The full sleeve is in one piece, gathered into a band which is concealed by the cuff; the sleeve in the center is cut with upper and under, the roll over cuff finishing the lower edge, and the club sleeve is cut with the upper portion made as already described, the regulation under portion and cuff, the curved edges of which meet at the center of the upper part.

Already some separate blouses show the higher, fuller shoulder effect that is becoming noticeable. The high, close cuff is also a prominent feature. Some blouses of checked taffeta have a close cuff inset with linen figures to the elbow, with the rest of the sleeve a large puff shirred in the armhole and again at the cuff. About the shoulders is a collar cut to make tabs over the tops of the sleeves and cut out in front in the form of a rabat. It is trimmed prettily with narrow bands of white taffeta and small pearl buttons. This is of course a simple waist, as waists go now, but the new sleeve makes it valuable as a model.

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Wardrobe Secrets.

The clever girl has three petticoats nowadays for the price of one. She has the foundation in black moiree, reaching below the knees; the middle foundation is nicely finished off with a deep hem, on which are sewed buttons a few inches apart. By means of this device the clever girl has three or four different ruffles, which can be buttoned on to the foundation according to the costume to be worn.

Glace Taffetas the Vogue.

The glace taffetas now appearing in Paris will be generally offered here for autumn wear. Glace peaux are also to be used for wraps. These lustrous goods are expected to lead the duller materials. Silks and the ribbon novelties of the autumn are also glace.

Roll Coat For Girls.

This Norfolk coat is of lightweight cheviot, but other suitings and materials are appropriate. The coat is made with fronts and backs that are laid in box plaits which extend for full length and are joined to a shallow foundation over the vegetable kingdom. It grows on the barren land of the western side of Africa, where rain is almost unknown and the only moisture is that from dews which fall at night. This plant was discovered in 1890 by Dr. Welwitsch, an eminent scientific traveler. The welwitschia is a tree which lives for many years, many specimens being estimated as more than 100 years old.

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Plaited Pendants.

Plaited or jabot pendant pieces are newer for neckwear than just the plain tab.

His Coat of Arms.

"Now that you are wealthy, Mr. C.," said the man who deals in pedigrees and the like, "you really should begin to adopt a coat of arms."

"I'll do just as I please," retorted Mr. C. hotly. "If I like to go about in my shirt sleeves, that ain't none of your business!"

Desperate.

"Can you make both ends meet, Pat?"

"Shure and I can't make one end meet!"—Town Topics.

JAPANESE LACQUER.

Some of it is so expensive that it is sold on a gold basis. In the hilly country two industries come to help agriculture—namely, silk raising and lacquer. To name only one district, the villages along the Nakasendo have gained much by modern improvements in silk raising. The lacquer tree may possibly have been imported from China, as so many other trees and plants were, but it certainly was known and used in Japan at a very early period. We are used to thinking of it as ornament only. It is that and much more besides, for plain lacquer bowls and trays are almost necessities of daily life. They raise most of what is used in certain provinces, but Tokyo imports a good deal of lacquer to be manufactured there.

The tree is a species of thus, closely allied to our poison ivy and having the same power to produce an irritating rash on the skin. The workers get over this, however, and do not have it again, but they say that people sometimes get it from handling bowls or trays which have not been dried long enough.

To get the sap the farmer cuts a notch in the side of each tree, and after a time a thick juice oozes out; then the farmer goes around with a wooden spatula gathering the drops into a pail. It will keep for a long while, but must not be allowed to dry up nor to be heated above a certain point, for it contains a peculiar acid which causes the juice to ferment and harden. The pieces that have been varnished must therefore be dried in mild moist air. Tokyo in August is usually just right, about 87 degrees.

A good piece of lacquer has to be most carefully made, in the first place, and then varnished with layer after layer, each being dried and polished before the next goes on. Certain pigments mixed with it give red, black or green. To apply good a wash of varnish is laid where the design is to be and the gold powder sprinkled on from a hollow bamboo stick with a fine sieve over the end. When it is dry it must be revarnished and polished over all. With all these repeated processes a fine piece may be on hand for months, even years. Naturally this is not the kind that is prepared for foreign export, for people abroad will not pay for it.—Anna C. Hartshorne in Chautauquan.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

One of the finest achievements of a war correspondent was that of Holt White, a representative of the New York Tribune, in the Franco-Prussian war. He witnessed the battle of Sedan from the Prussian headquarters on Thursday, Sept. 1, 1870. At its conclusion he rode to Brussels, but there the postoffice authorities refused to transmit his dispatch to London and even threatened to arrest him for saying that the French had been defeated. He then went on to Calais, crossed to Dover by special steamer and took a special train to London, where he arrived at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning. Next day there was a description of the battle six columns long in the Tribune. It was not till Tuesday that the London newspapers had accounts of the conflict from their correspondents.

But the most famous deed of physical endurance in the race for news between war correspondents was told of Archibald Forbes, in the Serbian war of 1876 Semlin, the nearest telegraph station, was 120 miles distant from the scene of the battle. So soon as Forbes knew the result he rode off, and all night long he kept at a gallop, changing horses every fifteen miles. At Semlin he had one drink of beer and then at once set down to the task of writing, hour after hour, against time, the tidings of which he was the bearer. After he had written the story of the battle and put it on the wires he lay down in his clothes and slept twenty hours without waking. He had witnessed the battle, which lasted six hours; ridden 120 miles and written and dispatched a telegraphic message four columns in length to the daily News, all in the space of thirty hours.—Macmillan's Magazine.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

Its Bargain Counters, State Trials and Coronation Banquets.

Westminster hall, whose old gray walls have seen coronation banquets and state trials, used to echo with the bargains driven at shops or stalls which at one time fringed its walls like a modern bazaar. These were kept by booksellers, toy dealers, sempstresses and milliners. The rents and profits went by right to the warden of the Fleet. An engraving of the busy scene was made by Mosely and prints taken therefrom by Gravelot before 1773 showing how.

In hall of Westminster, sleek sempstresses vend amidst the courts her ware.

In "Tom Brown's Amusements" (1770) we read: "We enter into a great hall where we were surprised to see in the same place men on one side with hammers and tops and on the other taken up with fear of judgment. In this shop are to be sold ribbons and gloves, towers, headresses, etc. On the left hand we hear a nimble tongued painted sempstress with her charming treble invite you to buy some of her knick-knacks."—London Mail.

The Gentian Plant.

Gentian, king of lilyrums, the eastern boundary of the Adriatic, was an prisoner by the Romans about a century and a half before the Christian era for encouraging pirates and died in custody. He discovered that a certain plant was a very good tonic, and that plant has ever since been called gentian, after him. This plant is generally supposed to have been the tall, coarse alpine, common in mountainous districts of the Alps, Europe, and known to botanists as G. lutea, a preparation of which is still in high repute as a medicine.

Telling on the Tail.

Mamma—Johnny, how many times have I told you about pulling that cat's tail? Johnny—I don't know, mom, but from de way de tail is worn, it must be a lot.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Desperate.

"Can you make both ends meet, Pat?"

"Shure and I can't make one end meet!"—Town Topics.