

IN MOONLIGHT.

The white moon fills the silent sky.
And stirs at her feet
The white clouds rise and leap the shore—
Bold lovers, rash and fleet.

HOW BOTTLES ARE WASHED.

The Old Fashioned Methods No Longer Employed—New Processes.
It is said that physicians of Elizabeth, N. J., have attributed the death of a prominent Son of Temperance of that city to lead poisoning, caused by drinking temperance beverages out of bottles which have been cleansed by the use of shot.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Leather Decorations—Suggestions for Christmas Work—Useful Recipes.
Ornamented leather represents fashion's latest whim in handsome interior decoration, threatening to supersede even costly fresco.

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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She looked again. She could not be mistaken.



SHE LOOKED AGAIN.

taken. There was that unmistakable forehead; that same scowl of sad thought.

As he stepped down from the porch, a voice, clear-cut, hard, metallic as his own, when he chose it to be so, fell upon his ear.

"Mr. Fairfax, I believe!"

The man looked up, startled.

Not ten feet from him sat Lydia, a look of keen, cool triumph on her face—Lydia whom he had completely forgotten, or supposed two thousand miles away!

"Great Heavens! Lady Lydia, you here! What do you want of me?"

"Immediately to get into this cart. I have a little business affair to settle with you."

Her voice was commanding, and the words fell from her lips like clean, crisp, sharply-cut coins.

Fairfax saw there was nothing else to do but obey. With eyes fastened upon the ground, with laggard steps and silent, he slowly took his seat by Lydia's side.

He knew he was taken wholly at a disadvantage; beside he had by no means recovered from the shock of the last scene with Natalie. He seemed to have lost control over his wits; to be utterly powerless to cope with even a child, much less a woman of the mental caliber of Lydia, whose feelings were stirred to the utmost; whose faculties were at their brightest and keenest; who also seemed to have them under perfect control. There was remaining to him mind enough to know that silence was his strongest hold, until those scattered senses of his could be collected.

He had offered to take the reins as he entered, feeling that as a woman, with her fingers occupied with fancy work, has the

advantage over an awkward youth who seems unable to dispose of his hands; so he, with the reins, could much better gain his self-control, while Lydia would be more apt to lose hers.

"I prefer to drive, myself, sir," she replied with dignity.

Then the suppressed fires of her anger flamed forth.

"Are you a professional brigand? Possibly, this is the usual way with American gentlemen; their method of professing devotion, chivalry and all that is noble. Are courteships commonly conducted in this manner, in this old Republic of yours?"

Fairfax answered nothing, and she rapidly losing patience, she would only persist in keeping up this tirade, he soon would have the upper hand.

"In my country," continued she, in those icy, cutting tones, "when a gentleman professes to know nothing about a woman and to care less, we hardly look to see him, a day or two afterwards, run away with her in a manner befitting a barbarian. Altogether, sir, you have pleased yourself in a position exceedingly unenviable, and have disgraced—Whom she meant by 'all respectable persons' was a trifle uncertain.

"Now," said she, beginning to grow irritated under Fairfax's persistent silence and her failure to engage him: "now, sir, I have no time to waste with you in this matter; nor do I care so to do with a man of your vague ideas of right and wrong you seem to possess." Her voice assumed a reproful tone, tinged with a shade of tenderness as she proceeded. "There was a time when matters appeared differently"—here she turned and gave Fairfax a sidelong glance that presented a curious compound of shyness, scornful defiance, yet curiosity.

Fairfax, too, at this singular remark, raised his eyes in an upward inquiring look. What could she mean?

Resuming her chiding hauteur, she went on:

"I shall not ask you to do me the honor of your motives, or your course in this outrageous affair."—This was a deliberate falsehood. "She was burning with desire to learn it all—'I want to tell you that Natalie must be immediately released and, what is more, sent safely back. Do you mean to say, wretched fool! that you for a moment supposed you could win her love in this way! Even the most obtuse villain could not fail to see such a thing were impossible. And I'm surprised that a man of the cunning which this performance of yours shows you to possess, should fail to perceive it.'"

She continued for some time in this bitter, biting manner.

Meanwhile Fairfax was fast regaining his old-time composure.

There was something about this strange man that was irresistible. Even his silence was often more effective than the words of others. Lydia became conscious of this

POWERFUL INFLUENCE OF THE OVER DOSE.

It was the old story of the subtle strength of will which silently forces one person to recognize another as his superior.

She tries to lash up her anger, but only succeeds in feeling her growing weakness more and more.

Then she began to reflect, and, in an active contest, collected generally loses the day. What was this she was doing? Here, in a strange country, with a man she had soon but once before, and on an errand that few women would have dared, and she women were ashamed to undertake.

She stole another glance at her companion, and now began to notice that firm, hard mouth; those tightly-compressed lips and the stern, daring look about the face.

After all, her knowledge of his character was almost nothing. She began to grow alarmed.

Fairfax felt, rather than saw it all, and suddenly leaned forward, with the remark: "We are coming to a dangerous part of the road. I will take the reins, if you please."

With that he coolly took the lines from her hands, almost ere she knew what he was about.

She sank back on the seat with a scarcely subdued gasp of alarm. She was now the woman—a woman; he the man, and a man not to be trifled with, at that.

"Now," said he, quietly, but firmly, "if you have finished what you have to say, I also will say something. However, before I begin my remarks, I would like to ask you one question. You have just professed to love me in utter contempt. How is it, then, you did not place the matter in the hands of a detective? How is it you deal with me personally? In other words, how came you here, and what do you want with me?"

As he asked her this he turned suddenly and sharply around and looked her full in the face.

The question was perfectly natural; but the effect was extraordinary, and had he not been in the mood that rendered him proof against surprise, Fairfax would have evinced this.

Lydia gasped, shrank back upon her seat and, under the keen scrutiny of those searching eyes, became crimson, then pale, and in her confusion it seemed to her that the quiet, strong face gazing so fixedly into hers seemed to read all; that those resistless eyes pierced to her very soul's depths and caught its inmost secrets, and seemed to say: "Whatever your answer, I know all. She stammered out breathlessly, in a terrified, shame-faced manner: "If you know all, why do you ask?"

"Ah," replied he, mistaking the meaning of her answer, but still failing to comprehend the cause of her confusion, "yes, I do know all."

She hid her face in her hands to conceal her feeling of shame. He could have no reason for her now, and—her little thought—supposing he were to make it public!

In asking this discomfiting question of his, Fairfax had been actuated only by a desire to learn what was publicly known about the abduction of the Princess—if his accomplices had been discovered; if others, besides Lydia, knew of his guilt and whereabouts; or if she only had gained the secret. He had made no accusation at all against her; and was, therefore, taken aback and completely mystified by this behavior. What did she mean? He could not stop to reflect. He was resolved upon this plan.

His future, at any rate, was ruined—so he took it for granted. Still he would make the best of circumstances. He would secure Lydia as a shield to protect, from the shafts of justice, Dick and his other accomplices. He continued:

"Now, I will tell you all about it. You know—"

"Stop!" she cried, beseechingly. She had become desperate. "Stop! Mr. Fairfax, I must explain myself. You say you know all. You do not, I am not the bold creature you believe me."

Fairfax listened with growing astonishment. Lydia continued:

"Some time after Natalie's disappearance, a singular dream awakened in my mind an unpleasant suspicion. I drove it away, time and again. But, time and again, it returned. A brief conference with Louvill, the French detective, only confirmed my belief that this unwelcome thought was right in demanding explanation. But, on such slight grounds, how could I bring accusation against an individual whom I supposed not only a gentleman but a man of sincerity—one of the class which my experience, as a rich woman with flatterers and sycophants has led me hitherto to believe either fictitious or deficient! I could not do it; and yet that suspicion refused to be put down. There was but one resort left me—either to prove it, or disprove it; and that, by myself, alone. I do not then think it boldness or shamelessness that led me over to sea in this unwomanly manner."

Fairfax listened in wonder. Did she really mean that she had done this shield him? Was it possible that, after all, Dick was right!

Turning toward her again, he abruptly asked:

"Do you mean to say that you actually came to America wishing to prove my innocence?"

"I do," answered she, fearlessly, and looking unflinchingly into his eyes.

Fairfax, seeing that the girl was very highly wrought-up and keenly felt the disgrace and awkwardness of her position, resolved to comfort her. Besides, he was mortal and could scarcely repress a secret feeling of exultation over the fact that he, the man of humble fortune had, to such an unsuspected extent, aroused the interest of the greatest 'catch' in England.

"Now," said she, "I do not wish to consider you bold or shameless. It is I who am disgraced; I who have ruined my reputation in the eyes of two lovely women. And yet I am not the abandoned wretch you must think me. I told you the truth at that fatal ball at the Marchioness'. I never had seen the Princess before that evening, about sundown. I saw her—and if you will have it—loved her. The whole thing was an affair of but a moment. You think she has suffered and been unhappy. I do not believe she has never been happier since her brother's death. I never troubled her until to-day, when she discovered who I was, and, naturally, was indignant at learning my course of duplicity. She is the loveliest, purest and most angelic being on earth."

"Ay! that she is!" warmly added Lydia, without the least tinge of jealousy.

"Of course," he went on to say, "I have promised to free her, and I think you must have been sent here by a providential providence to help her back. I shall put her in your sole charge. The steamer by which she came is still in New York, but I will telegraph the captain to stop here for you. You will not refuse to take charge of her, will you?" said he, looking up inquiringly.

"I have failed after risking literally every dollar. I even borrowed a large sum in order to carry out my plans. If I have nothing else to work for, I shall at least strive to repay that. You do not know that I am poor and penniless?"

"I know it all," replied Lydia, quietly.

"How," asked he, in surprise.

She answered simply: "I have been at your home."

"Ah, then you are the lovely Miss Carn-

707.

Lydia blushed.

Fairfax looked at the girl. She certainly must be a remarkable woman to have undertaken such an errand as she declared she had come upon. Next to his own Princess she was second, the finest woman he had ever seen.

She felt his scrutinizing gaze, and became visibly embarrassed. He no means was her regard for this man yet gone.

"I ask of you one more favor," he continued. "I shall not see the Princess again—at least, to speak with her. Will you tell her—that if her suspicions are aroused as to my confederates in the deed, I request her to keep them to herself. If justice must be satisfied, I myself will appear alone and suffer any penalty that may free the others. But I feel quite sure that she will forgive me even the name of the steamer that brought her here and takes her back to France; and I think the Lady Lydia is still friend enough to stand by me in keeping this request herself."

"You may depend upon me," said Lydia, holding out her ungloved hand, and placing it in Fairfax's in sign of friendship.

Here Fairfax stopped the horse. They were at the entrance to Eld Field.

Handing the reins to Lydia, he said: "If you want my assistance, send a note over to the cottage yonder, where my aunt and I am staying. Meanwhile I will order Blanche, the Princess' maid, to prepare all things for departure, and will let her know when the steamer is expected."

With a bow, Fairfax was gone, and Lydia slowly drove in alone through the gates of Eld Field.

She believed now in her first intuition—this was the one man of her life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LIVED AND LOVED!

All was quiet about the house. The blinds were closed, giving the impression that the inmates were away. Lydia alighted, tied her horse and walked on to the porch. The door yielded readily to her touch. She entered. A huge dog lay on the floor. Near by a beautiful, curly-haired girl was quietly playing with her doll. Lydia came in so noiselessly that neither child nor dog noticed her.

"Now, Max," Dolores was saying, "we mustn't make any noise. My 'little mamma' has a headache and is lying down. Max, we are going away, too, she says. We shall never see my Mr. Arnold Fox any more."

Here the little thing began softly to cry. Max raised his head, pouted, and the door with his tail and began to sniffle in unison with her; while his eye betokened the fact that, if possible, he too would shed a tear.

Lydia looked on for some time without stirring. Finally, she walked quietly up to the child and, kissing her, said:

"What is your name, my dear little girl?"

Dolores looked up but did not show the least sign of alarm, or even surprise. She gazed at Lydia, as if studying her face. She at last concluded to make friends with the stranger. Max too had been viewing the new-comer with doubtful eyes, but also decided upon peace. He rose, shook himself, and walking up to Lydia, raised one tremendous paw in token of amity.

"My name is Dolores my 'little mamma' is up stairs. Who are you, pretty lady?"

"You may call me aunt Lydia. I love your 'little mamma' too, and want you to take me up stairs to see her."

"But she is ill and mustn't be disturbed."

"Yes, but I have come to make her well. Come little Dolores, take me up, or I shall go by myself."

"Will you make her well? Come, then, aunt Lydia, I want my little mamma to get well." Pausing suddenly she looked inquiringly up into Lydia's face, and said:

"Do you know my Mr. Arnold Fox?"

"Yes, my little one, I do. Why?"

"Because, if you can make her well, I wish you would bring him back too. I don't want him to go and my 'little mamma' cried because he was going."

"Well, dearie, I will see what I can do. Lydia began to suspect that matters between Natalie and Fairfax had gone even further than she had supposed.

Hand in hand the pair went up stairs, followed by Max, who seemed to think it his bounden duty to attend Dolores wherever she went. Natalie's door was shut.

Lydia knocked. No answer came. She knocked again and more loudly. Still no answer. Pushing open the door, she looked in.

The room was darkened. A figure, with loosened hair streaming down over her back, with clasped hands and head bent down to the coverlid, was kneeling at the bedside. It was Natalie.

Lydia stooped down and whispered to Dolores to go and speak to her. The child, placing her hand on Natalie's shoulder, said:

"'Little mamma,' wake up. Aunt Lydia wants to see you."

Natalie slowly turned a pallid face toward Dolores. Her eyes were dimmed by weeping, and her cheeks tear-stained. Slowly arising, she absent-mindedly took the child by the hand and moved languidly toward the window, apparently absorbed in thought, and not aware of the tall figure standing motionless in the doorway. She raised the curtain and sat down in a chair beside the window, with Dolores in her lap, oblivious to all about her, and talking rather to herself than to the girl, in a half-conscious, dreamy state.

"Dolores, my dearest, we must go. Dolores, we shall see him never again! never!" she added, emphatically, and unconsciously began to repeat the refrain of an old ballad:

"For love that from the heart hath fled Returns again, no more. No more again, no more."

"Natalie!" said a clear soft voice, "Are you not going to speak to me?"

Even this did not seem to awaken her from her reverie. She stared, and wearily raised her head and looked mechanically and unintelligently at Lydia, not appearing to realize who it was.

"Natalie!" again said the same voice, a little sharply, and with a tone of alarm in it. "Natalie, arouse yourself. It is I, Lydia, come to take you away."

"'Little mamma,'" broke in Dolores, "it is Aunt Lydia come to make you well."

Natalie appeared to be waking from a stupor. She stared, rubbed her eyes, and then a gleam of intelligence shot over her face. She cried out:

"Lydia," and attempted to arise and rush toward her friend. But she tottered, turned deathly pale, and fell forward into Lydia's arms. The latter laid her gently upon the couch, and, by dint of mild restoratives, had the pleasure of seeing the poor girl return to consciousness. The eyelids opened again, and the dark, lustrous eye, recognizing the good Samaritan, beamed with affection.

"—'Gracious me!' said old Mrs. Bently, who was reading an account of a public dinner. 'What's the matter?' inquired old Mr. Bently. 'What an awful amount of toast those men do eat! I should think it would make 'em thirsty.'—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Van Prim—"I am astonished, Clara, that you should voluntarily allow Mr. Featherly to put his arm around you." Clara—"It wasn't exactly voluntary, mother; at least considerable pressure was brought to bear upon me."

Art of Polishing Diamonds.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds with their own powder was introduced in Europe, according to the generally received account, by Louis van Bergen, or Bergem, who, in Paris, studied the handicraft, then imperfectly practiced. He revolutionized the trade and established a guild of diamond cutters in Bruges. In 1475, nearly twenty years after he had made the discovery, if it was a discovery, he was entrusted with the task of cutting three large rough diamonds for Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy. For his work he received 3,000 francs. The largest was the famous Sancy diamond, which was lost in the battle of Granson. The second afterwards belonged to Pope Sixtus IV. The third, a triangular-shaped stone, was set in a ring and given to Louis XI.—New York Mail and Express.

The Great Climatic Cycle.

According to the calculations of M. Adolphe d'Assier, based on the assumption that the coincidence of the earth's perihelion passage with the summer solstice every 21,000 years marks the regular recurrence of a northern glacial period, the last glacial period, culminated in 6250 B. C. The alternating period of greatest northern warmth occurred A. D. 1250, and the ice period now approaching will reach its greatest height A. D. 11,750. Evidence of the slow cooling during the past 600 years is seen in the changes recorded in the northern limits of the growth and ripening of certain fruits.—Arkansas Traveler.

Influenced by Environment.

Many a man is saved from the company of the defiled and the defiling by the sweetness and light of a cheery home. Many a woman, in the possession of a house which invites the actualization of her womanly concepts of the amenities of decorative art, finds the cares of the household and dexterity and her work lightened and brightened by the cheerfulness of her environment. Human nature is always more or less influenced by environment, and the house which one builds and lives in has much to do in shaping his character and disposition.—Pioneer Press.

Poison of the Azalia.

In the splendid flowering time of the azalia it is interesting to remember the old story of the Pontic variety. Beneath the fragrance of these flowers lurks a subtle poison, and it was from them that the honey was collected by the bees of Pontus, which, when eaten by the Greek soldiers in the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand, produced extraordinary symptoms of poisoning. Xenophon states that after eating it the men fell stupified in all directions, so that the camp looked like a battlefield covered with corpses.—Boston Journal.

He Blacked His Nose.

A correspondent relates that, while hunting in Colorado last year, his eyes were painfully affected by a long march on snow, with a bright sun. The guide, also feeling the glare, stopped, and taking some burned wood from a stump, blacked his nose, and under the eyes well down on the cheek bone. On being asked the reason he said it stopped snow blindness, and as the glare was very strong the hunter did the same, and found immediate relief. He did this all the time he was out, and never found the snow affect his eyes in any way.—Nature.

Keeping Him Below.

"Edward, dear, I hardly know my own heart," said the girl, softly, "and you must give me a little time to think it all over."

"Will you want very much time?" he asked, tenderly and hopefully. "When may I come for an answer?"

"In a low, sweet voice, the girl replied: 'At the end of the season.' And she arose languidly, adjusted her tulle and with the gentle tap indicative of noble birth, and moved gracefully away.—Life.

Wanted Somebody to Be Sorry.

Dying Benedict—I besought every dollar to my wife. Have you got 'that down?"

Lawyer—Yes.

Dying Benedict—On condition that she marries within a year.

Lawyer—But why insist upon that?

Dying Benedict—Because I want somebody to be sorry that I died.—Harper's Bazar.

Well Up in His Lesson.

Professor of class in journalism—What is the difference between an editorial and an editorial paragraph?

Student—An editorial is of the same nature as an editorial paragraph, but is larger, and doesn't have as much to say.—Harper's Bazar.

A Perfect Lifeboat.

The field of invention is still open for a perfect lifeboat. The Royal National Lifeboat Institution reports that "medals were offered for a mechanically propelled lifeboat, but none of the various designs received fulfilled the requirements."—Chicago Herald.

Cats Versus Rabbits.

Cats are found to be the best exterminators of rabbits in New Zealand. They do great havoc among the young ones, and in some sections scarcely a rabbit was to be seen.

Marshal Lehouf was a soldier to the end. His last words were: "Let my regiment march on. I want to see my artillery men, every soldier of the sea."

Charity enables the soul to breathe pure air in the foulest places.—Lutbert.

Ordinary root beer and sarsaparilla bottles are easily cleaned, because the material used in them is readily and quickly soluble in cold water.

The bottles are dumped, throat up, into a big tub of clean cold water, which is kept clean by constant replenishment. Each bottle is quickly filled and allowed to soak a short time. Then the cleaner grasps three or four bottles in his two hands, holding them throat up, and shakes them vigorously. That is sufficient to dislodge the sugary coating, and then the bottles are inverted and allowed to drain off.

As they are made of transparent green glass, it is easy to see when they are clean. Care is taken to wash out any flies that have been sepulchered in the bottles in their search for sweet things. The old-fashioned root beer bottles were formerly used for root beer have long been discarded, as too heavy and costly.

The cleaning of soda water bottles is more carefully done. Here warm water is used, and the workman manipulates a long pronged tool that looks like a fork. Each prong is mounted with a stiff blade of India rubber, of such shape that when the prong is thrust into the bottle the rubber blade reaches the inner side of the bottle. In front of the workman is a cress mat. The bottles are filled, the cress thrust in, and then the four bottles at once are rolled across the mat. This serves a double purpose. The mat cleans the outside of the bottle, and the rolling brings the whole inside of the bottle in contact with the rubber blade. A few vigorous rolls cleans the bottle thoroughly, and then it is rinsed and ready for use.

Still another process is used for larger beer bottles, which require even more vigorous washing. This is done by a machine with revolving spindles, on which are placed rubber brushes. The bottle is thrust over the spindle, which is run by steam, and running water carries off the scum. Each bottle then gets a thorough internal scouring.

It is, in fact, an essential element of success in the bottling business to keep the bottles clean, and no manufacturer who expects to keep his custom would dare neglect the essential element of cleanliness. The element of cost prevents, if no other considerations could do so, the slow and tedious method of cleaning bottles with shot. There was a bottle washing machine in use here not long ago which cleansed bottles with revolving bristle brushes, but the wear and tear of bristles was found to be too expensive, although the work done was very effective. The substitution of rubber blades for the bristles proves to be cheaper and quite as thorough.

A much better way than the use of shot for cleaning bottles is to put a small piece of iron chain with small links into the bottles with some water. This, when rattled about, will clean a bottle well. Of course, if a bottle has been filled with any greasy substance, the only way to clean it thoroughly is with strong alkali, and this is done by all careful bottlers.—New York Sun.

The Heights of Clouds.

The cloud illumination caused by the electric lights of Detroit and Ypsilanti is occasionally so well defined in outline, as seen from the Ann Arbor observatory, that it occurred to the director to inaugurate a series of altitude measurements for the purpose of determining the heights of all forms of clouds visible at Ann Arbor after twilight.

The central portion of Detroit is about thirty-five miles from the observatory, while Ypsilanti is only fifty-eight miles distant. The azimuths of the two cities differ about 20 degrees, so that the conditions for determining the heights of the upper and lower clouds can always be made favorable from the observatory by sufficiently transparent. When the clouds are very high, the Detroit illumination is so well defined that the probable error of a single measurement of an altitude is only a few minutes of arc. When the clouds are low, the nearer illumination is well defined and the farther one either invisible or coincident with the apparent horizon. The greatest and least heights recorded up to the present time are respectively 17,580 and 770 feet.—American Meteorological Journal.

Respirations and Pulse Beats.

The duty of a medical examination for a secret society is, indeed, a responsible one. It is observed that some examiners have favorite numbers, which they almost uniformly use in making known the number of respirations and the number of pulse beats. One examiner almost always represents the number of respirations to be nineteen, while another generally makes twenty as the number; another still clings with persistent tenacity to sixteen. Similar statements might truthfully be made concerning the number of pulse beats per minute. Some examiners seem fond of high and others of low figures. Some delight in making the standing pulse beat the same as the sitting pulse beat, while others make a wide difference in the pulse beats of these two attitudes. There seems to be no way of accounting for these uniformly favorite inclinations except that examiners do not in all cases, as they should, carefully and accurately count the respiratory movements and the pulse.—Physician in Globe-Democrat.

Russian Female Apothecaries.

The Russian government will permit women to become pharmacists if they pass the same examination to which men are subjected. Apothecaries receiving female pupils will not be allowed to receive males.—Frank Leslie's.

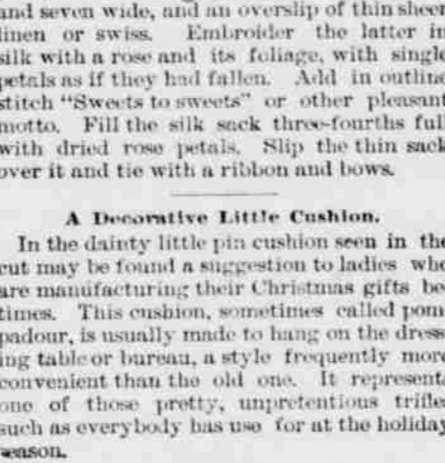
Woven matting cuffs such as butchers use make pretty holders for whisk brooms, when bronzed and hung by ribbons.

A beautiful holder is made by covering two pascellard leaves for covers with gray linen, embroidered in solid palm leaves of deep blue crevel, the leaves being about an inch and a half apart and at various angles. Line and fill with blotting as usual.

A pleasant gift for a sick friend, who can keep it near the pillows to enjoy its subdued odor, is a rose leaf, fourteen inches long and seven wide, and an overslip of thin sheer linen or Swiss. Embroider the latter in silk with a rose and its foliage, with single petals as if they had fallen. Add in outline "Sweetest to sweetest" or other pleasant motto. Fill the silk sack three-fourths full with dried rose petals. Slip the thin sack over it and tie with a ribbon and bows.

A Decorative Pin Cushion.

In the dainty little pin cushion seen in the cut may be found a suggestion to ladies who are manufacturing their Christmas gifts be- times. This cushion, sometimes called pompadour, is usually made to hang on the dressing table or bureau, a style frequently more convenient than the old one. It represents one of those pretty, unpretentious trifles such as everybody has use for at the holiday season.



POMPADOUR PIN CUSHION.

An ordinary cushion of muslin or drilling is stuffed with hair and inclosed in a bag of silk, satin, or any preferred material. The bag is just wide enough to let the cushion slip in, and about two inches longer. It is finished at the top with lace. After putting the cushion in, the upper part of the bag is tied together just above the cushion with a cord, over which a ribbon is tied in a large bow. A loop of ribbon, with a bow at one end, then fastened on to hang the cushion by, but may be left off, if preferred. The outside cover or slip is sometimes made of different colored ribbons joined together with fancy stitches. Plain covers of solid