

# By J. J. BELL.

Author of "Wee Macgreegor." "Mrs. McLerie," Etc.

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CUAPTER VII. "PROFIT AND LOSS." given the grocer.

it wi' the utinaist pleesure. tress Houston?" ddie o' mines is jist eatin' his as it were, for want o' some- last boat tonight." dae. Ye see," continued the see, Mistress Houston, it's no' why be, but jist kin' o' brisk-an' the the clammy contact. idie's cairryin' messages near a' day is two feet tryin' for to obleege folk door. hav forget what they're needin' till the a paircel, unless maybe yin containor scent or some ither vanity. eed, mye! It's fair monsterous the me folk come dancin' into the op, jist as if their internal organscuse me mentionin' sic things, Misss Houston-jist as if the organs I efer to had remindit them suddenlyxpectin' me to send proveesions to evry pint o' the compass as quick as ye

an say 'Jack Robison!" " "It's a good thing you have a good | ing the question. emper, Mr. Ogilvy," Jess remarked, miling and preparing to depart.

"I doot ma temper's no' aye that me o' the messages is hardly worth cairryin', an' it's suffeecient to or'nar' buddy like masel' bile to be commandit, for example, to send ce worth o' bird seed a mile alang shore, wi'oot delay, to a leddy that ts pext to naethin' frae me as a

# "What a sin!" exclaimed Mrs. Houssympathetically.

'Deed, Mistress Houston, I whiles to think of Job bein' a grocer, but fter a' it's maybe jist as weel for him I doot he wud ha'e fleed up s I did, though I tried no' to show it, hen a leddy cam' in yin mornin' in ordered an unce o' pepperuly an' be sent hauf a mile in a hurry her cook was waitin' on them wasna gaun stracht hame. She nn a vera guid customer, but I tell't ar as nice as possible I was rale sorry had naebody to send wi' her esmed order. I said 'esteemed' ablow na breith, ye ken. But she turned on the grocer. "Ye ken fine I wudna dae me as if she was a doochess an' me a oit o' dirt an' spiert in an exceedin' ofensive v'ice if I didna keep a boy. I ras that angry I didna care if she ever darkened ma door again, an' I ell't her I did keep a boy, but he was ist a human yin wi' twa airms an' an' no' a new patent fleein' tchine fit to covor twa-three hunner

ile an 'oor an' deliver messages as in as they was oot the customers' nooths. An' she smiled gey soorlike an' said I sud keep mair nor the yin boy. I was gaun to gi'e her a reply to that, but jist then the laddie cam' in, n', thinkin' it better no' to create a cene, as it were. I sent him alang wi' the peppercorns."

"She gaed to the toon this mornin' It's queer I didna see her gaun to the boat. But I mind noo that ma atten-TI can carry it easily," said tion was occupied wi' pickin' oot a Mrs. Houston, referring to hauf dizzen chippit eggs for Mistress the small order she had just Waddell-puir buddy-jist when the boat was comin' in to the pier. An' is returned Mr. Ogilvy firmly, yer aunt for bidin' lang in Glesca, Mis-

"Oh, no! She'll be home with the

"Jist that. Aye. Mphm! The last who had been vainly longing boat the nicht. Aye," said the grocer, the afternoon for some one to talk | with nervous satisfaction, putting down the knife and absentmindedly laying if it was the simmer, when things is his hand on a bunch of sausages and n' o' brisk-no' as brisk as they then drawing it away with a start at

"Well, goodby just now, Mr. Ogilvy." the veesitors an' whiles near rin aff said Mrs. Houston, turning toward the

The grocer however, seemed not to at meenit an' are ower prood to cair- hear her, for, keeping his gaze fixed on the sausages, he continued:

"The last boat the nicht. Aye, Jist that. Eh -- what was it I was gaun to say noo?" He halted, scratching the tip of his nose in a thoughtful fashion. while Jess felt both irritated and amused. "What was it I was gaun to ay ?" he repeated. "I doot I'm lossin" ha mem'ry.'

"Was it anything about Mrs. Welace?" Jess asked, unable to resist put-

"Weel," returned Mr. Ogilvy, who and now reached what might be decribed as a twittering condition, "weel, fistress Houston, I-I wudna say it vasna. In fac', I micht venture to say t-it was aboot yer highly respectit unt. Aye. I wud be tellin' ye an unruth if I said it wasna." Here he aused, transferred his gaze from the ausages to his boots and, heaving a oft sigh, passed his hand across his orehead.

"Yes. Mr. Ogilvy ?" Mrs. Houston aurmared encouragingly.

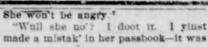
'Whaur was I?" helplessly inquired he grocer. "Oh. aye. I was speakin' iboot yer aunt, as it were. Was I 70'?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Houston again, beginning to wish she had not waited. "I-I hope, Mistress Houston, ye ha'e nne objection to ma speakin' aboot yer highly respectit aunt?"

"So long as you don't say nasty things about her," replied Jess as lightly as possible.

"Aw, Mistress Houston!" exclaimed that. The words wud choke me, jist as if they was fish banes. Ave, wud they! I micht say I conseeder Mistress Wallace a-an exceedin' admire-able pairty. I dae that." Again he wiped his brow.

The young woman checked a smile and looked through the open door. "An exceedin' admire-able pairty," Mr. Ogilvy repeated almost to himself and relansed into silence. "Did you want to give me some message for my aunt?" Jess inquired at last. "I'll see her tomorrow morning. But she'll likely be coming into the shop on her way from the boat to-



'I'll tell my aunt about the ham." a wee blot that pit me wrang; I thocht

t was a saxpence when 1 was addin' t up, an' it was jist a penny-an' I can tell ye she was gey pit oot, an' I felt gev sma'. I'm feart for neither man for beast nor deevil, but I cudna thole her vails o' wrath, as it were. It was lst terrible!"

"Was she not joking? She's fond of er joke, you know?"

'Deed, aye; 'deed, aye. But I dinna think she was jokin' aboot the passbook. Na! As shair's I'm here, I hada the speerit o' a wulk when she was iune wi' me. But-but, ye see, Misress Houston, ma chief object o' askin' ve to-to break it gently, so to speak. s-is that I-I dinna want to-to feei ike a wulk a second time. Na, it's no' xac'ly that either," corrected Mr. )gilvy, the beads breaking out on his orehead.

"I think I know what you mean." "Dae ye?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"You mean that you're afraid you

night get angry yourself if my aunt said much and perhaps quarrel with her. Is that it?" "N-na. I wudna get angry. Na. That's no' my feelin', thenk ye kindly ' the same. Ma feelin' is somethin' mair-aw, hoo can I describe it? Eh-

somethin' mair saftlike." With this Mr. Ogilvy grew so red in the face that less knew her suspicions were only oo well founded.

"I'll tell my aunt about the ham," she said from the doorway. "And I'm ure you don't need to bother about hat, Mr. Ogilvy."

"Thenk ye, thenk ye," he murmured. Wud ye mention, think ye, that ma 'eelin' is-a-kin' o' saftlike?" But with a hasty goodby Jess fled,

nd it cannot be definitely stated that he heard his last sentence. "Samuel Ogilvy," said the grocer bit-

erly to himself, "there's mair nor yer eellu' softlike!" . . . . . .

Mrs. Houston pushed open the door f the workshop and entered with the retful feeling of having neglected er nusband in a most unwifelike fash-

d his frame, succeeded in suppressin chuckle and, winking violently, wen n with his planing, muttering to him self, "She kens the wey-she kens the

wer"!" over and over again. Within the time he had mentioned avid blew the last cloud of soft dust ora the panel and smiled again at hi vife, receiving a smile in response.

"Angus," he called as he donne" his acket, "ye can gang noo. What's that e're workin' at?"

The old man laid down his tool tared for twenty seconds at his handork and then looked over at his em loyer. "I-I doot I've dune the-the vrang thing," he stammered, holding in the board.

Houston's face clouded and his lips ightened for an instant. "Man, ye udna ha'e"- he began.

"Davie," whispered Jess, "don't say mything." She rose and crossed the bor to where Angus was standing, azing plteously at the fine wood he ad spolled, for his sight was failing im and he would not have spectacles. 'Angus," she said brightly, "that's just what I'm wanting for a shelf in the ditchen. Just the very thing. Isn't it. Davie?" she asked, looking around at er husband. "But the wudd's faur ower guid for

'- David was trying to say when he vas checked by a second "Isn't it, Da "Aye," he replied lamely. Then, per

elving what was required of him, he alled to the old man: "Aye, Angus. t's jist what Miscress Houston was antin'. It's may be a wee thing to he lang side, but ye can tak' twa-three iches af it the morn."

"But I've dune the wrang thing, aurmured Angus dejectedly. "I'm glad you have, Angus," said frs. Houston cheerly, "because nov-"il get my shelf sooner than I expect-

d. Now, away and get your tea."

The old man, with a low spoken ood night, left the workshop, but cre e closed the door behind him he lookd back at Jess with a benediction in ds eyes, and all the way home he kept aying to himself: "She kens the wey ! She kens the wey!"

With her hand Jess was brushing ome powdery wood from David's waistcoal when he softly exclaimed. and not without difficulty:

"Ye're an awfu' nice wumman, Jess!" "I like to see you tidy, Davle."

"I didna mean that. I meant the wey ye saved Angus, for I was gey ild at him for spilln' that bit wudd. f ye hadna been here I doot I wud :a'e lost ma temper. The wudd was special bit for young Maister Coch-

cane-him that's ave workin' at models -an' I'll ha'e to send to the toon to relace it." "I'm sorry for that, Davie."

"Weel, weel, dearie, I'm glad ye kep' ne frae lossin' ma temper. But while dinna ken what to dae wi' Angus He's been nae use since the fire, an' he's been less since his sister dee'd. I wantit to gi'e him a kin' o' pension, as e ken, Jess, but I seen he wud be of-

endit. He said he wud never eat the

reid o' idleness as lang as he was

sevin', puir man, an' I hadna the hert o pit him awa'.' "But he was working when I came 1," said Jess, flicking some specks of ust from her husband's jacket collar. "Aw, he aye stairts to work when ou or yer aunt comes into the shop, or, ye see, he winna let ye think he's une, but Le usually dis the wrang an'-an' it's gey. provo hiles." "So it is, Davie. But can't you give

# THE WORD STAPLE.

#### How It Came to Be Applied to Articles of Commerce.

The word "staple," applied as an adjective to distinguish certain articles of commerce, had its origin in England in the early part of the thirteenth century. The merchants of the staple were the first and most ancient and were so called from their exporting the staple wares of the kingdom-namely wool, leather, skins, lead and tin. The king's staple was established in certain towns, and certain goods could not be exported without being first brought to those towns and rated and charge with the duty payable to the king. The grower of wool contented himself at first with the sale of it at his own door or at the next town. Thence arose a class of men who bought it from him and became a medium between the grower and the foreign cloth merchants. In 1319 the company had the legal form of a corporation and was the oldest mercantile corporation in England. Edward II, had for the better collecting of duty on wool ordnined that the staple for it should be a certain town in the Netherlands, and Antwerp was fixed upon. It was afterward successive, removed to St. Omer's, Bruges, Brussels, Louvain; Mecklin and Calais. In 1353 the staple was fixed at Westminster, which caus ed so great a resort of traders that from a village it was raised to the dignity of a town. In 1378 it was removed to the place still named Staple inn, in Holborn. Hence "staple goods" are such as have been duly appraised and have paid the regular customs duties.

# MILLET'S INFLUENCE.

A Host of Painters Followed Him In Depicting Peasant Life.

In his own words Millet tried to de plet "the fundamental side of men and things." His subject was the peasant life-not the representation of it such as one sees in opera or the pretty, sentimental aspect of it, but the actual drama of labor continuously proceeding through the four seasons, the "cry of the soul," echoing in the hearts of the patient, plodding. God fearing toil-Everything was topical. We have ers. ture the critic Castagnary wrote: "Do you remember his 'Reaper?' He might have reaped the whole earth!"

Everything that Millet did was full of a deep seriousness and sincerity. He never was an "easy" painter, so that his greatness as an artist is perhaps more clear in the black and white than in the colored subjects. Certainly in his crayon drawings, lithographs and etchings he proved himself to be one of that limited number of artists who may be reckoned master draftsmen. Moreover, the character that he expresses is of that grand and elemental quality which sometimes reminds us of Michael Angelo.

Millet's influence produced a host of painters of the peasant, among whom the strongest are the Frenchman L'Hermitte and Israels, the Dutchman. These, like him, have represented their subject with sympathy and with understanding also .- St. Nicholas,

# The British Speaker.

Not only does the speaker of the house of commons enjoy the material benefits of a lordly residence at West-

# A LAND OF WONDERS.

#### Some of the Queer Things That Are to Be Found In Korea.

Three scientists, two from America and the other from Britain, are reported to have spent several months in Korea trying to elucidate the wonders of that strange land.

The wonders in question consist of a hot mineral spring which is supposed to heal anything from a cut to a cancer; two springs so arranged that when one is full the other is empty; a cavern in the mountains in which a cold, plercing wind rages persetually; a large grove of pine trees which will sprout again directly they are cut down; a stone which floats in space, and, last, but not least, a rock which gives forth great heat however cold. the weather might be.

The scientists studied the springs first of all and, failing to understand them, turned their attention to the wonder ful cavern. The moment they entered the interior they were almost blown off their feet, and, although they adopted all manner of dodges to find the origin of the wind, they had to return to the open sadder but not wiser men. They next walked into the grove of pine trees, known as the "Ineradicable forest," and here again they were stumped. They destroyed several of the trees by fire during the night, and next morning they were regrowing strongly out of the very ashes!

The fifth wonder of Korea, the floating stone, in honor of which a temple has been built, tried the scientists' patience to a maddening degree.

This stone, to all appearance, rests on the ground, yet when two of the men stood upon it, one on each side, the third was able to draw a thick string underneath without encountering any obstacle. Why, they were never able to discover.

The warm rock, the last wonder, also puzzled their brains. This rock is really an immense stone, on the top of which a small inn has been erected. The building equires no fires for heating purposes ofther in winter or summer, for the rock always keeps it warm.

The scientists jumped to the concluspoken of his "Sower." Of another ple- sion that the stone was situated over an underground volcano which still had life in it, but on taking soundings they found that they were mistaken. There was no natural furnace below; indeed, the ground was quite cold, if not a trifle damp .- Pearson's Weekly.

### Nerve and Nervous.

A celebrated English surgeon asserts that the Japanese "have no nervous system" and that "nerves," as western nations know the term, is untranslatable in Japan. This invites a reference to the significant history of the words "nerve" and "nervous." A "nerve," by derivation from Greek and Latin and by earlier English use, is really a sinew. When Pope speaks of "nervous arms" he means exactly the "brawny arms" of the village blacksmith, and this sense survives metaphorically in a "nervous style of writing," which is very different from a "neurotic" one. Shakespeare used "nervy" in the same sense. But now that "nerves" no longer mean sinews "nervous" in the common use has almost reversed its old meaning. In Dr. Johnson's time "nervous" in the modminster palace, a salary of £5,000 a ern sense was still only "medical cant." Now men of "nerve" are very different



"That was good of you, Mr. Ogilyy," "Aye, an' I got a rich an' braw reward! She sent them back the next day because they was black an' she vantit white. It's as true as I'm here. Mistress Houston!"

Jess tried not to laugh and murmured something sympathetic. "Well, Mr. Ogilvy, I must be going. Thanks for ending the things. There's no hurry for them."

"I'll send them inside the 'oor. The inddle's at his tea the noo, but he'll no'

be lang," said the grocer, who did not want her to go just yet. "Ye'll be gey prood o' David's new place," he remarked. "I never seen a finer jiner's I was through it wi' David the jist like a palace efter the auld place. My, it was unco clever o' ye to mind aboot the insurance, Mistress Houston!" he went on, with admiration in "David tall't me aboot it." his voice. "Did he?" said Jess, looking and feel-

"Aye, he tell't me. Ye're no' vexed at me kennin', are ye, Mistress Hous- Ogilvy" cried Jess, flushing. "I'm vid?" ton?"

ing shy.

"No, no. But there's no need to say anything about it to anybody else."

"I wtdna dae that-nae fears! I'm as secret as a-a-tinned tongue," rethe grocer, finding a sudden inon on his counter. "I am that, distress Houston. An' I ken fine David tell't me aboot it in the fullness o' his hert, for he said. 'If it hadna been for ma wife, Ogilvy, I wud be a ruined man this day.' That was when he was lettin' me see the new premises, so to speak. An' he was tellin' me hoo dacent a' his big customers ha'e been in lettin' the jobs staun' till he was in a ction for to attend to them, an' when I tell't him it was jist because hey kent when they had a guid man he turned on me gey quick an' said. wife that brocht a' the luck! An' I lieve he wasna faur wrang. Mistress Houston."

11 it really go, Mr. Ogilvy." the oman said, flushing. - Ye

be gaun to see yer sunt, may

e went up to the town this

night." "Na. She'll no' dae that. I ken she's no' needin' onythin'. She got extra proveesions yesterday, an' I was wunnerin' at the time what she wantit them for, no' bein' aware o' her pre- | returning the salutation, seized a large meditated jaunt to Glesca. Na; she'll no' be in here the nicht."

"Well, if you've any message, Mr. Ogilvy, I'll be glad to give it to her tomorrow."

"I'm shair I'm vera greatly obleeged to ye, Mistress Houston," said the grocer, moistening his lips and clutching gently at his apron. "Ye see-ye see, it's a maitter that I'm kin' o' sweirt to mention to her masel'. I've tried to mention it mair nor yinst, but ma stammerin' tongue wudna let me. So if ye'll be as kind as to"-

Rather alarmed, Jess interposed, sayither day an' was tellin' him it was ing, "But, oh. Mr. Oglivy, if it's anything particular I really think you should say it yourself."

"I canna, I canna!" he asserted gloomily. "But I'll tell ye aboot it. Mistress Houston, for I ken ye're rale discreet, and then ye can decide if ye'll tell yer highly respectit aunt for me. "No, no! You mustn't tell me, Mr. sure it's none of my business."

"If ye please"-"Oh, no! I must go now. David will be wondering what's keeping me. I was to call at the shop for him.

Good"-"Bide a wee, bide a wee," he im plored. "Ye see, it wasna till I got the quarter's account fra the merchant," he said rapidly, "that I fun' oot I had panel. been chairgin' her for weeks an' weeks a penny a pun ower muckle for her

#### ham.' "Her what?"

"Her ham. She's the boy for ham, yer aunt! Michty me! What am I sayin'? I'm shair I didna mean onythin' In'." He was on the point of telling disrespectfu'. I merely wantit to gar old Angus to tell Donald Binnie, when ye perceive that, conseederin' the quan- hirs. Houston prevented him. tity o' ham she conshumes, a penny a pun mak's a difference in time. That's firmly. "Want's the use of leaving a bad hoast ye've gotten, Mistress over a ten minutes' job?" Houston. I'll ha'e to gi'e ye a wheen jujubes."

"I'm all right now, thank you," said "I" said the grocer, with exaggerated Jess, recovering herself. "Do you as, while he toyed with his mean that you want me to explain to my aunt about the ham?

"Jist that, if ye please," "But surely you can thil her yourself?

"It's versel'!" cried the joiner cheer fully, sliding off a bench upon which ay an unfinished panel and folding up he last number of the Gardener's hronicle.

"I'm sorry I've kept you waiting, Davie," she said, nodding and smiling to old Angus, who, after respectfully plane and proceeded to trim a piece of board that lay handy as if he had been engaged upon it all afternoon.

'Och, ye didna keep me waltin'," relied David as he placed the paper in his pocket. "I hepe ye didna hurry for me, Jess?"

"Of course I didn't hurry," she returned, naturally a little irritated. "But I'm later than I said I would be." "Are ye? 'Deed, I thocht it was an 'oor earlier onywey." said David easily. consulting his old silver watch. "But I'm ready for ye." he added, flinging his apron on the bench and taking his jacket from a peg in the wall.

"There's no hurry," said Jess, the least thing coldig. "I can wait till you nish the work you were at when I "Oh, I was jist takin' a keek at th

Chronicle. There's a fine bit o' writin' aboot"-"What's that under your apron, Da-

"That? Oh, there's nae hurry for that. It'll dae fine the morn."

"But you're going to Mr. Donaldson's at Corrigmore tomorrow."

"So I am. Weel, it'll dae fine the next day. We'll awa' hame noo." "How long would it take you to finish that bit?' she asked, indicating the

"No' abin ten meenits." "Well, do it now, David, and I'll ony fancy for gairdenin'."

wait." "Na, na. I'm wantin' ma tea, an' so are you, lass. I'll leave word for Binnie to feenish it first thing i' the morn-

"Weel," he sold good naturedly, hang-

ing up his cout and throwing aside the apron, "when I come to think of 't, I Here ye're neut-richt as usual."

L smiling at his wife, who had searof herself on a stool not far from him, he science a sheer of sandpaper and

fell to work. Amatic, Wills an effort that not

im his own work to do?'

"Aye. But he forgets an' turns leepy-like, an' forbye that he disna sea era weel. We maan jist thole wi' his 'eys an' dae the best we can for him. ' I maun here ma temper wi' him or, to tell ye the truth, ma dear, I vudna like to see the shop wantin im. Weel, we'll gang noo."

"But." said Jess when they had tarted on the way home, "how would t do to put him to work in the gar-She half smiled, unable to keep rom thinking that the suggestion was brilliant one.

"Na, na!" came the decided reply. The gairden's been neglectit enough his while back wi'oot pittin' a man on o it that word spile it-ruin it-a'the gither. I suppose ye was jist jokin' Fess?"

"Well, perhaps I was," she replied. ying not to look disa; pointed.

"I thocht that. For if Angus had cen ony guid at the gairdenin' I wud ha'e had him at it lang syne. It's a perfec' hertbreak to think o' the state the place has been in since the spring. Never mind, Davie. You had a hard light, and you got the best of it, and everybody's proud of you," said his le warmiy. "I know how hard it

has been for you." "Tits! It masna as bad as a' that. An' I'm shall I would never ha'e been whaur I am if it hadna been for yersel', ma dear. It's a peety aboot the

gnirden, but I'd shinner see it like a midden, plantit wi' auld tin cans an broken gless, nor let Angus try his haun at it. Guid sake, Jess, the puir body e' a ken the difference atween a dahi... an' a dandellon, an' I doot i he would ken a crocus bulb frae a Spanish ingin! Ye see, he never had

"I've heard him talking about you flowers," Jess remarked.

"Oh, nye, he'll talk aboot onythin' he thinks 'll please ye, has. But marth he was wrang when he thought talking ibout mn flosors wud please ye

David, with a sly glance at his wife, "Davie," she cried reproduinally, D'ye ken, I whiles think ye like th

i den lietter the wey it is noo nor the way it was a twal month syne. Eh

New you're havering!" But ye like me better in the shop o at a job use in the garden," he per

"I like you anywhere, had," she re phod awaya, but evasively.

year, £100 a year for stationery and two hogsheads of claret and 2.000 from men of "nerves." ounces of plate on election, but he enlovs the less substantial advantage of taking precedence of all other commoners. By an act of 1659 it was provided that the lords commissioners of the great seal not being peers "shall have and take place next after the peers of the realm and the speaker of the bouse of commons."-London Chronicle.

#### An Eye Test.

Most people believe that they see the same with both eyes. That this is not the case one can easily convince him self by the following simple experiment: Cover one of the cyes with hand or a bandage and let the experi menter attempt to shuff out a candle suddenly placed within a few feet of him. He will almost invariably miss the flame, either overreaching, underreaching or putting the fingers too far both eyes normal and open the accommodation for distance and direction is Instantaneous.

A Curious Tablecloth.

The German emperor owns a curious tablecloth presented long ago by the women of Sleswick-Holstein. It is entirely worked over with moral savings bat include the following: "Do not be lieve all you hear; do not say all you kno- do not do all you would like." Wilt thou here have spass (fun)-be careful with thy glass." "First weigh and consider, then dare." "German house. German land-guard it. God. with mighty hand." "Contentment is a rare art."

Agreed With Her.

gramp (at the door)-If you please, Mrs. Muggs (sternly)-There. Indy -that will do. I am tired of this everlasting whine of "Lady, lady." I am just a plain woman, and- Tremp-You are, madam-one of the plainest women I've ever seen an' one of the honestest to own up to it.

#### A Reproof.

"Oh, children, you are so noisy today. Can't you be a little quieter?" "Now, grandua, you must be more considerate and not scold us. You see if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

His Temper.

Blobbs - Wigwag has a frightfully bad temper. Slobbs-Well, it doesn't seem to make him any more amiable when he loses it .-- Philadelphia Record

## A Language Lesson.

Beautiful is an adjective applied chiefly to brides, heroines of novels and ladies in distress. It is employed principally by society editors, novelists, newspaper reporters and poets and holds its age and shape well in spite of constant activity and overwork. The only novelist who never used the word was Rhoda Broughton. Her heroine Belinda was green eyed, freckled and cantankerous and is the only unbeautiful heroine on record, just as the count in Wilkie Collins' "The Woman In White" is the only fat villain. The only poet who has never used it is Swinburne. He always compares his heroines to serpents, they are so wise and sinuous. The society editor or newspaper reporter who has never worked it to a silvery edge does not live, contrary to the rules of the Society For the to the right or left of the flame. With Prevention of Cruelty to Inoffensive Adjectives .- St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

# How to Seal Letters.

It is often very desirable to know how to seal a letter so that it cannot be opened without betraying the fact. Steam or hot water will open envelopes closed with mucilage and even a wafer. A hot iron or a spirit lamp dissolves sealing wax, an impression in plaster having been taken of the seal. By the combined use of wafer and sealing wax, however, all attempts to open theletter otherwise than by force can be frustrated. All that is necessary is to close the letter first with a small moist wafer and to pierce the latter with a coarse needle (the same applies to mucilage), whereupon sealing wax may be used in the usual manner. This seal can neither be opened by dry heat nor by moisture .- Chicago News.

#### Making a Lawn.

Four things are required to make a good lawn-time, soll, climate and intelligent labor. In England they have a saying that it requires 100 years to make a lawn and 200 years to make a good lawn. In fals country, where we are trying to make suburban homes while you walt and where a month or two seems a very long time, people are too impatient. It speaks well for their ambition that they want lawns as soon I as they move into their houses, but they are really expecting too much. At the very best it requires no less than three years to make a presentable lawn and five or ten years to make what we uncritical Americans call a good lawn -- Garden Magazine,