"Upholstered furniture can be kept free from moths," a Western upholsterer says in a pamphlet on the subject, "by taking the furniture outside about once a month and beating it thoroughly with strips of ticking about an inch wide attached to a piece of broom handle. Should one hit the wood hard with this it will not mar it, while the regular rattan and wire beaters mar more parlor frames, ruin more covers and break up more inside filling than a dozen children could do. The main reason we have moths is we are always going to beat out our upholstery furniture, but rarely get around to it. Clothing, including furs, to be stored in the wardrobe during summer can be kept entirely exempt from attack if put into new flour sacks, linen sacks, or anything of that nature, and tightly tied so that a moth cannot enter at the mouth. Chests serve the same purpose when tight enough to prevent the moths from entering."

* * *

The tendency in the fashionable world to shorter dinners does not decrease. Eight o'clock is the usual dinner hour, and from an hour and a half to two hours is the maximum time spent at the table for the actual dinner. Perfection of every course served, harmony of detail and arrangement, and careful selection of the company make of these repasts a period of enjoyment which their lengthening, however, would not increase, but lessen.

* * *

The recent revival of that prolific topic of discussion, "Are bananas wholesome?" brings out again all the old and some new arguments. There is perhaps no subject upon which doctors so universally disagree as this. In the minds of some practitioners the banana is almost a poison to young children, from its indigestibility, while others regard it as a most valuable food. The same is true of the various mothers questioned. One has "brought her children up on bananas;" another avoids them "as I would strychnine," and so on. The consensus of opinion, however, seems to be that the fruit is a nutriment of high rank, and it is the exception when it is not found digestible, certainly if cooked. In a case known to the writer two delicate anemic children have been brought round to vigorous health, the chief ingredient of their remedial diet being cooked bananas. The fruit is halved lengthwise without peeling, sprinkled lightly with sugar, and put in the oven on a porcelain plate for fifteen minutes. Not all tastes, however, enjoy the flavor of a cooked banana, and to those who prefer it uncooked the suggestion is made to peel off the long tendrils of inner skin, found after the banana is peeled. This, some authorities aver, is the only unwholesome part. And while the question is still undecided one may take the benefit of the doubt and try a banana salad. Cut the fruit in half-inch slices, arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce, and serve with a good mayonnaise.

* * *

American conductors, coachmen and 'bus drivers stand out as models of courtesy compared with those of other nations. A woman traveler in France tells her experience. She had ascended to the top of the omnibus and asked the conductor to stop for her at the Boulevard St. Martin. Remembering later that she wished to stop at the Boulevard St. Denis, upon reaching that street, she asked the conductor to stop. Not at all. He had no intention of doing anything of the kind. "Non, non," he said, "vous m'avez prie de vous faire descendre au Boulevard St. Martin et c'est ce que je ferai. On ne dolt pas nous tracasser de la sorte." He would stop where he was first directed and nowhere else. There was nothing to do but go on and walk back, and the traveler was unpleasantly aware that the conductor's compatriots were in sympathy with him, and enjoyed the annoyance to which she was subjected.

* * *

A woman, who admits that her inspiration came some time ago from a newspaper paragraph, has a curious but most effective playbox for her baby of 14 months. A common pine kitchen table has been turned upside down, and casters put on the four corners of what was intended to be the top of the table. Two rather broad slats are fastened on between the leg-spaces, one above the other at sufficient intervals to forestall any attempts to climb between them, and the slats and legs covered with cretonne. An old thick quilt has been cut to fit the floor of this cage, and in it with his toys baby spends safely and happily many of his waking hours. To prevent that well-known habit of babies flinging their playthings across the room, the toys are tied to the posts of the cage and are thus kept for his amusement in his own quarters.

* * *

A little receipt that was given for a Christmas dessert sounds interesting, if nothing more, and might be worth trying at any time. Take a dozen small, good oranges. Prick them over, then bake very slowly in their skins in a moderate over. Have ready some boiling syrup and throw in the oranges with a large wine glassful of rum to flavor. Serve around in old-fashioned brazier if you possess one, with the spirit lamp alight or with hot coals hissing beneath. Chestnuts, first roasted, and served in the same way, are "rather delectable."

* * *

Although is seems almost heretical to serve the crisp lettuce of our winter market in any other way than as a salad with French dressing, variety is obtained by sending it to the table occasionally stewed. Mrs. Rorer's directions are to pull the head apart, wash carefully, and put the leaves into a saucepan, sprinkling them with a teaspoonful of salt. Shake the saucepan until the lettuce is cooked by the steam from the water which has adhered to it in the washing. Turn this quickly into a hot dish and cover with a cream sauce.

* * *

"Consomne should jelly from its own strength and richness," confides the manager of one of New York's most famous restaurants, "but in point of fact it is rarely made to that degree of excellence. Instead, to betray a culinary secret, two or three calves' feet are thrown in while the stock is boiling. That is for a large supply; one should answer for a family's portion. Never use gelatine; that would not do at all." Which trick of the trade is passed on to housekeepers, many of whom have tried and not been able to serve at their own tables the appetizing jellied cold consomne of a few of the city's restaurants.

* * *

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the ex-Premier, has resigned her position at Newnham College, to remain at home, a sacrifice greatly appreciated, it is said, by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. As Vice-Principal of Newnham she was for a long time associated and on friendly terms with Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the Principal, sister of Arthur Balfour, notwithstanding the latter's opposition to Mr. Gladstone in politics. A great interest is taken in politics at Newnham. The girls form a regular little political government among themselves, with four parties, and discuss leading questions of the day with as much or more vim than they are discussed by the regular politicians.

* * *

Twin beds are the latest thing for the sleeping-room. The frames are made exactly alike, and when pushed together look like an ordinary double bed. Whenever desired, however, they can be separated. The handsomest bedsteads in the world, it is said, are made in America, and the work of carving, painting and inlaying keeps many men constantly employed. One of the most magnificent bedsteads to be seen in the city is of Louis XV. design, made of enameled cherry. The panel at the head of the bed has a design of cupids, in which pink is the predominating color, and the panel at the foot has a scene showing Venus and Vulcan. The headboard, below the panel, is upholstered with pink damask brocade. Such a bedstead is valued at $3,000. The bedsteads are not merely show pieces, but find purchasers.

* * *

No one quite knows why, but every one does know that the table ferneries left persistently in the dining-room dry and rust or grow in straggling fashion, or otherwise fail of their original beauty very quickly. Florists say gas, furnace air, and various things in explanation. It is a good plan to have two or three of these centerpieces growing at once and change them about from a upper room that is not kept at top heat all day to the dining-table. In this way the life of all will be much prolonged. Small baskets the size of the fern dish may hold the duplicates.

* * *

Fish souffle is a delicate course at dinner or luncheon. Take sufficient meat, free from bones and skin, from a trout, halibut or other good flavored fish, and the same weight of lobster meat. Flake both very fine, pounding the lobster in a mortar, if necessary. Then to a gill of boiling water add an ounce of butter and thicken with two ounces of flour; when thoroughly cooked mix with the fish and add two eggs, beating each in one at a time. A small cup of whipped cream is next lightly stirred in and the whole well seasoned with salt and cayenne. Pour into a buttered mold and steam gently for half an hour, serving hot with a little brown sauce.

* * *

A well-known cooking-school teacher dates her introduction to culinary lore back to the time when physicians, one and all, told her that her infant son must either die early or be a lifelong invalid through a lack in his system of certain essention stamina ingredients. These lacking properties the mother, medical belief to the contrary, was confident might be supplied through food, and she accordingly began her exhaustive studies in the field of hygienic cookery, with the result of not only rearing her son to a vigorous manhood, but of gaining an army of grateful adherents to her discoveries.

* * *

Some good things the bicycles have brought in, if nothing more, are pneumatic tires on children's carriages. They have been introduced only this year, and are said to be popular already. The prices are moderate. Every one who has noticed the careless way in which unfortunate babies are jounced along over street crossings and rough places in city streets will be interested in the innovation.

* * *

An English paper recently found it profitable to discuss the question, "Ought a lawyer to talk business (meaning his clients' business) with his wife or daughter?" It is only just to the English public to add that no answer in the affirmative was printed.

* * *

All good housemaids know that matting should be swept with a soft matting brush plied with the grain of the weave. To catch the flying dust that makes a matting-laid floor one of the most difficult to sweep clean, a newspaper wet and crushed and pushed before the broom is recommended.

* * *

For all the pretty impediments of the afternoon tea-table there is still nothing so popular as drawn linen. There is a tendency to show less and less of the linen. Some of the cloths, doilies, and tray serviettes are as filmy in effect as morsels of fine lace.

* * *

Towel shelves are much used in place of racks in the modern bathroom. They are of openwork nickel or silver plate, and are fitted to the wall above the bath.

* * *

Potted ferns will soon die if dirt is allowed to accumulate on them. An occasional syringing will keep them clean.

* * *

Large, deeply purple, velvety pansies dispute the English violet as the fashionable corsage flower.

For the "Record-Union."

COLUMBUS.

A man to dare—a man to do—
The man of all the old world through,
To multiply the earth by two.

A burden rests upon his heart,
A task from which he cannot part,
A message with the strong word "start!"

"Start for the far Antipodes,
Fail not to track unmeasured seas,
Your sails shall never fail of breeze."

He knocks at superstition's gate,
He seeks the palace of the great,
He fails of aid from church or State.

From court to court appeals in vain,
The burden of his heart to gain,
Till sought the queenliest hand of Spain.

The jewel of a jeweled race—
Sweet Isabella read his face,
Her beauty blending with her grace.

A queenlier pledge from queenlier heart
Of history ne'er formed a part
Than when his prayer she answered "start!"

Shorn of her jewels, how she shone!
Uncoroneted, still alone,
The queenliest Queen that pressed a throne.

He wore the pledge as never knight
Gave battle in the cause of right,
His soul through every furnace white.

He gained the better half of earth—
From superstition wrenched a birth
In God's white light he proved his worth.

—HIRAM HOYT RICHMOND.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

One of the Most Noted Astronomers of the World.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, who has done more toward popularizing the study of astronomical science than any of his contemporaries, and who is known by his writings in all parts of the world, is a man about 55 years of age.

He came of humble parents, and at the age of 15 was apprenticed to an engraver and worked in his shop for some months. He continued his studies, however, mastered English and the classics and at the age of 16 entered the Paris Observatory as pupil astronomer. He was already the author of a successful work, "La Cosmogonie Universelle." He remained at the observatory four years. Since early childhood he has been interested in astronomy and his life has been devoted to its advancement. Mme. Flammarion is something of an astronomer also and has helped her husband in his work.

Mamma and Her Felicia.

"Perfectly absurd!" said mamma, breaking the silence suddenly.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Felicia in tones of amazement.

Felicia had been working at her golf stocking with an assiduity which gave promise either of its completion at an early date or that there would be much raveling for some one to do.

She was so entirely absorbed in her work that only something of a very unusual nature could have aroused her.

"Why, mamma," she said again, drawing a long breath, while the intent look came back to her face as she laboriously picked up a stitch that had dropped in her excitement.

One might well drop two stitches at hearing one's mamma—one's clever mamma, who can say as much with her eyes and a few little soft words speaking almost with excitement.

"It is absurd," mamma was saying again in her soft, round, well-modulated, cultivated tones, and apparently without noticing Felicia, "that any one should think of marrying a man for what he knows. If there is one thing a woman does not need it is a clever husband.

"There are enough clever men and women to be found outside one's home when one is in the mode for talking Herbert Spencer, Browning, or Volapuk.

"One might as well think of marrying a minister because one is interested in theology and enjoys a sermon, as to think of marrying a man because he has deep thoughts upon any other interesting subject. Sermons and deep thoughts are not interesting at breakfast, luncheon or dinner."

"Mamma," said Felicia, "would you mind picking up this stitch for me? I can't seem to find it. No, never mind; thank you, I was picking up another thread."

"This is not a subject which will concern you for a long time, Felicia. You are only 18, and you need not marry before you are 30."

"Mamma!" said Felicia, and there was a little note of pathos in her voice.

"A man with a special talent," continued mamma, "is, to say the least, an unmitigated bore as a husband. It is the old story of two is a company and three is a crowd. The wife is the crowd, or a mere useful supernumerary. She many talk proudly of 'My Husband and His Talent,' all in capital letters, but she knows that her husband and his talent are always at home and abroad together, and she is left alone."

Felicia had dropped her work and was sitting with clasped hands, wide-open eyes, and an expression of intense interest on her face. Even the deep dimple in her cheek seemed transfixed.

"If a man is a gentleman—an honest gentleman—those words mean a great deal—he will be a good husband. An athelete, with good manners, my Felicia, will be a better husband than a bookworm who is not an athlete.

"What woman, though, ever married a man because he would be a good husband? She thinks she is in love. It is all fate—or is it chance? But, Felicia—"

"Don't stop. Oh, mamma, don't stop. You are so pretty. Your eyes shine and your cheeks are as pink—you must have been talking of something very interesting."

During the time the sun is above the horizon the light penetrates at least 150 fathoms. For eight hours it is at a depth of 175 fathoms, and just for a few minutes, at noon, it goes to a depth of 190 fathoms.

CINDERELLA.

It was Christmas Eve. The country round the fine old mansion of Osmanton Hall was thickly shrouded with snow; the grounds, with their frosted laurels and large-limbed, white-edged trees, lay sparkling in the moonlight with quite a Christmas-card effect. The Elizabethan picturesque old house added to the romance of the scene. Christmas was kept up gaily at Osmanton; and ruddy lights shone out from many a window though it was close upon midnight.

In some of the rooms pretty girls sat by blazing fires, brushing fair locks or dark, and gossiping merrily. Young men lingered in the smoking-room—it may be not gossiping, but engaged in conversation on profound topics connected with politics or philosophy. The elders were probably slipping cosily into their first sleep; while the servants had gladly put out their lights anfi disposed themselves seriously to slumber—as folk who must make the most of a too short night.

In a poorly furnished and fireless room at the top of the house sat a girl, young and pretty, but with no Christmas joy sparkling in her dark eyes. She was still dressed; and as she crouched on the edge of her bed, huddled a shawl about her to keep off the keen cold, and read and reread a letter which she had taken from her pocket.

It was a love letter, but Theresa's tears fell upon the warm protestations, and blurred the emphatic declarations of constancy. "What is the use of Dick's making me miserable by saying how miserable he is!" she said to herself. "We can't marry on eighty pounds a year * * * and we can't even see each other until I get free from slavery. I will be free—some day! Anything would be better than Lady Barfield's shabby patronage! I wish I had never come here! but of course I thought that relations would treat one decently. * * * I wish—oh, how I wish! that something nice could happen! If there were only fairies in these days!"

Theresa smiled at her own folly; and then sighed at the impossibility of anything "nice" happening. Then she kissed the letter and put it away in a little box; and, shivering with the cold, began to undress, when suddenly a loud peal at the hall doorbell echoed through the house.

"What can it be?" she exclaimed, and flew to the dormer window and flung it open. She was just in time to see a coach drawn by four horses, with flaring lamps which made a dazzling light on the white ground, turn away from the entrance. The driver, large with many layers of thick coats, whipped the horses and shouted hoarsely to them; and the coach vanished down the moonlit avenue between the black and white trees.

It was very strange. Theresa knew that no other guest was expected. The house was full. Who could have arrived at midnight and without any warning?

She ran down the back stairs into the entrance hall, where she heard voices.

The white moonlight which streamed in by the oriel window put to shame the glimmer from the spluttering candle held by Thomas, the footman, who, having been kept up late to supply the smokeroom demands, had been the first to open the hall door at the imperious summons of the bell. Right in the moonlight stood the oddest figure Theresa had ever seen. A little old woman, dressed in shabby finery of about a quarter of a century ago, looked calmly at Thomas, and, blinking tired, light blue eyes, said: "Young man, tell Lady Barfield I am here."

But before the sleepy and bewildered Thomas had turned to go Lady Barfield herself hastened into the hall, followed by her son and one or two young men with cigars in their hands. By this time, also, quite a gay little crowd of girls in dainty pink and blue dressing gowns had collected on the landing above, and were peeping over the banisters, with a low ripple of laughter at the grotesque figure in the crinoline and "spoon bonnet," which were once, before they were born, the hight of fashion.

/Lady Barfield hastened forward, annoyance plainly expressed on her aristocratic features.

"Who are you? There must be some grave mistake. You must have come to the wrong place," she began with mingled surprise and vexation. For Lady Barfield hated the unusual to occur, and was keenly sensitive to ridicule. The half-smothered laughter of the girls on the staircase irritated her from the first.

The stranger clutched her black bag with large hands clad in black, worsted gloves, and shaking her head, with its high bunch of brilliantly hued flowers, answered slowly:

"There's no mistake, ma'am. Ain't you Lady Barfield?"

Before Lady Barfield could speak Theresa had caught her by the sleeve of her gown and said in a low voice:

"It is Cousin Jane, from South Africa. You know Aunt Barfield * * * I have seen her photograph and I know the bonnet!"

Frederick and Patricia (who were at their mother's side) heard the frightful words, "Cousin Jane," and shuddered. But Lady Barfield rose to the occasion. That she was a woman of tact everyone knew who had seen her steer her husband—a rich brewer, without the shadow of an ancestor behind him—into the very thick of the best society; and in this contingency her presence of mind did not fail. With a smile of ineffable sweetness she turned to Theresa, and said in a clear, high-pitched voice, which reached the giggling girls on the staircase:

"Oh, your old nurse! What a strange time to arrive! We were all quite startled. Well, we must see where to bestow the good woman."

Patricia, Frederick and the rest of the family breathed again, and felt that their mother had gripped the situation. Patricia ran to tell the girls that the funny old woman was Theresa's nurse, who had come to pay her a visit, and had been delayed by the snow, and sent on from the "George" in a coach and four—poor old thing. She was quite dazed by the adventure.

The young men returned to the smoke room to finish their cigars, and Thomas retreated to inform all and sundry that the row was only about a queer, crazy-looking woman who called herself Miss Theresa's nurse, and had come on a visit. So quickly does a myth, once started, grow and flourish!

Theresa meanwhile, seeing that it was useless to contradict her aunt, waited quietly for the next move.

"There is no room for your nurse, Theresa. As you know, every place is occupied. You must take your visitor to your own room and then come to me!"

With that Lady Barfield sailed upstairs, and Theresa and the old woman stood facing one another.

"Cousin Jane," the girl said kindly, taking her hand; "come with me, and I will try to make you comfortable."

"What does it mean?" the unwelcome visitor said. "Don't they want me? And who are you?"

"I am Theresa Barfield—your cousin Tom's daughter. But come, you must be half-frozen!"

A thick shawl was over the old woman's arm. Theresa offered to carry it and the black bag, but Cousin Jane would not let the bag go from her hands. Theresa led the way to the kitchen, which was still warm, for the fire was not out, and placed the stranger in a chair while she foraged about, boiled some water, made a cup of hot tea, and cut bread and butter. The shivering traveler watched the girl for a while in silence. When she had thawed out a little her tired eyes began to twinkle.

"My Cousin William said that me and my brother would always be welcome in his house," she muttered. "A cold welcome this—a cold welcome!"

"I'm so sorry—Cousin Jane!" Theresa said. "You see, the house is full of guests"—

"Never mind, my dear! You are very kind, and I am quite warm now, and will go to bed, please!"

Theresa took her upstairs to the cold, shabby room which was hers, made things as comfortable as possible, and at last ran down to Lady Barfield's dressing-room.

"What have you been doing with the wretched old woman, Theresa?" her aunt began. "It is half an hour since I told you to come to me."

"She was almost frozen, aunt. I took her to the kitchen fire and made her some tea. It was cruel to send her to bed like an icicle!"

Theresa shivered, and tried to get nearer the fire; but Frederick Barfield stood in front of it—spreading himself out to warm; and Lady Barfield, Patricia and Gwendoline filled the rest of the space near it.

"So that's a relation of yours—is it?" sneered Frederick.

"No more mine than yours!" Theresa retorted. "She is your father's and my father's first cousin. You must have heard of her! She had been a dressmaker"——

"Really, Theresa, you needn't drag up all this family history," Lady Barfield interrupted. "The question is, how is she to be kept quiet, and got rid of?"

"I don't see why we ought to be ashamed of her because she is poor," said Theresa, stoutly. She has come to see her relations, and it is Christmas time."

"Oh, nonsense!" Patricia exclaimed. "We can't be taking in frumpy old women who call themselves relations merely because it is Christmas! It's all sentimental bosh about family gatherings!"

"Perhaps you don't feel ashamed of her, Theresa," Lady Barfield said severely, "because you have no proper pride, and no family honor to keep up. Your mother was the daughter of a shopkeeper, remember. In my children's veins flows the blood of the Kilcomans."

Lady Barfield was the daughter of a ruined Irish Earl.

"Hang the Kilcomans!" Frederick broke in, kicking his heels against the fender. "What we want to know is, how is Theresa going to keep the old woman's mouth shut, and get her away before she has a chance of being seen again? Suppose Lady Mary Romer heard that she was my father's cousin, and had been a dressmaker—did you say?"

Patricia and Gwendoline laughed. "Poor Fred!.. said Gwendoline, "where would your chance of Lady Mary and her thousands be then?"

"She must be got away!" Patricia said. "We should be the laughing-stock of the county is she was known to be our cousin. I would not have those Darcy girls know for the world!"

Lady Barfield sighed, and glanced from one to another with a perplexed expression. "Dear me!" she said. "This is the worst of marrying a plebian! One never knows when some discreditable person will turn up! * * * I was showing Lord Cottingdean the family tree only yesterday! * * * What are you going to do with the woman, Theresa?"

"I have nothing more to do with her than you," the girl answered. "But it would be cruel to turn her out on Christmas Day! And I don't think she will annoy you. The house is large enough. I will keep her in the housekeeper's room out of your way, and she can go the next day."

"Well—perhaps that will be best. It would look bad to send her off in such a hurry—and they all think she is your old nurse," said Lady Barfield, after a moment's reflection. "But you are responsible for her, Theresa! I shall never forgive you if you let her speak to one of our guests! and now go to bed all of you! This shock has quite upset me, and I am tired to death."

Theresa was tired, too, and when she crept into the narrow bed and lay down by the side of her disreputable relative, fell asleep in five minutes.

But Cousin Jane was wide awake for many an hour. Home-coming for Christmas had not proved quite the success she anticipated.

In the morning Theresa made the best she could of it to Cousin Jane; not so much to spare Lady Barfield as not to hurt the old woman's feelings. For the gentle, passive manner, and kind, weary eyes had touched the girl's heart, and she did her utmost to make amends for the neglect of the rest of the family.

"You will not mind having your meals with me only, I hope, Cousin Jane?" she said, as they sat down to breakfast in the housekeeper's room. "There are such a lot of people in the dining-room. You and I are poor relations, you know, and must not get in the way of the fine folk."

"Do you mind very much being poor, my dear?" said Cousin Jane. "I didn't like it when I was young."

"I mind very much," Theresa said, "because I could make some one else happy, too, if I were not poor. If I were rich, Cousin Jane, you should be made quite comfortable, too. What would you like best in the world if you were rich? Let us make up some lovely Christmas presents for ourselves."

Theresa and Cousin Jane walked across the park together to church, and sat in the back seats. None of the hall party saw them, and Theresa was not sorry to keep at the back of the church. Cousin Jane's bonnet, with its quivering bunch of red flowers, was startling; and she said the responses loudly, and sang the hymns in a high note of her own, regardless of the tune.

While the family and visitors were at luncheon Theresa took the stranger to see the picture gallery and the drawing-room.

"There is to be a great dance tonight," she said. "All the people come from the fine houses about, and the hall looks so beautiful when it is lighted up. You and I will try to get a peep, somehow."

"Why, ain't you going to the dance?" asked Cousin Jane.

"No," Theresa said, sorrowfully. "I have no dress fit to wear, for one thing. And Aunt Barfield does not like me to be seen looking shabby. But I do love dancing."

As Cousin Jane and Theresa sat together after dinner, in the housekeeper's cosy room, Theresa found herself confiding to Cousin Jane all her melancholy love story. The old woman talked very little about herself, but was sympathetic, and led the girl on by one question after another until the whole story was told. How her father had been unfortuate in business; how, on his death, Lady Barfield had offered to give her a home, and how she had accepted it, thinking that it would only be for a few months before she would have a home of her own. But Dick's chance of a good berth had been lost through the failure of his employers, and Dick—the dearest fellow in the world—had been obliged to begin life again as a clerk at a salary of £80 a year. "And now we don't know how long we may have to wait; perhaps till I am old and gray," Theresa said, "and poor, dear Dick quite bald with anxiety. I am not intensely happy here, and I mean to try for another situation. Shall I go out to South Africa, Cousin Jane? Should I get a better salary there? But, then—I don't know what Dick would do.

"No. You must not come out to Africa," Cousin Jane answered. "Be patient, my dear! Perhaps things will take a better turn some day."

Then Theresa said that she must leave her visitor, for she had to help to decorate the supper table, and she had promised to dress Patricia's hair, because she liked the way Theresa did it better than the maid's way.

"Don't mind leaving me," said Cousin Jane. "I have been talking to your aunt's maid, and I am going to help her to alter a dress for somebody. You know I was a dressmaker, and I am very fond of sewing."

"Oh, very well, but Cousin Jane, do you mind letting her think that you are my old nurse? If Lady Barfield hears that you have said you are a cousin, she will be disagreeable to me."

"I won't tell anyone but Lady Barfield herself—before I go," said Cousin Jane, quietly. And somehow, little as she knew of her, Theresa felt that Cousin Jane would be as good as her word.

When Theresa went to look for her, later, she found her and Lady Barfields maid in the latter's room, stitching busily.

"Go away!" Cousin Jane said, taking the pins out of her mouth. "If you interrupt us the dress won't be ready for the lady."

"Whose dress is it?" Theresa said, lingering, for the shimmer of satin and chiffon is dear to the eyes of maidens.

"It is an old dress of Miss Patricia's we are making up in a hurry for a lady, Miss Theresa," answered Barton. "But I don't think she would like it to be known, and it will look as good as new. Your old nurse is a wonderful dressmaker, Miss!"

Barton and Cousin Jane seemed to be on the best of terms, and Theresa, with a half envious glance at the finery, retreated.

Evening came and the guests arrived. Soon, strains of music floated through the hall; lights shone on happy faces; and laughter and dancing steps mocked at gravity.

Theresa, in her shabby gown, ran to look for Cousin Jane. "Come," she said. "We can go now and peep down into the hall, and see some of the fine goings on."

Cousin Jane—her passive old face slightly flushed, and her pale eyes twinkling—rose and took Theresa's hand.

"Wait a minute, my dear," she said. "You must come with me to your room first, and then we will go down together."

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, I love to keep Christmas in the old-fashioned way, with family reunions, and sociable gatherings," said Lady Barfield, standing in the center of the nobly proportioned hall, under a brilliant light, stately in black velvet and diamonds, and shedding affable smiles upon the Duke of Middleshire at her side.

A dance was just over. Frederick Barfield and the heavily dowered Lady Mary strolled in from the ballroom; Patricia and Lord Cottingdean stood together—the nobleman's bearing expressive of approval and approbation; the Darcy girls and their partners and many others of the gay throng were gathered in little groups, mingling their bright figures picturesquely with the suits of armor on the walls, and the skins and antlers which hung between.

Suddenly, with a cry of "Oh," from all the girls, a hush of amazement silenced the buzz of talk and laughter—a hush which startled Lady Barfield and made her turn to see what it was at which all her guests were staring wide-eyed. Then, for once in her life, her presence of mind forsook her, and she wrung her hands, exclaiming, "Cousin Jane."

It was indeed Cousin Jane, just as she had appeared the night before in her crinoline and high spoon bonnet, the flowers whereof wobbled as she moved; one hand clutching her black bag, while with the other she dragged a reluctant, but dazzling figure—Theresa—in white satin, covered with fluffy gauze, and literally blazing with diamonds. There were diamonds in her dark hair, diamonds around her white throat and arms, diamonds about her waist; and as she moved slowly nearer and nearer it would seem that her whole dress was sprinkled with diamonds.

"Yes, Lady Barfield!" said the merciless old woman, in a loud monotonous voice, which could be heard by everyone in the dead silence which had befallen. "I am your husband's Cousin Jane. I came from South Africa to spend one more Christmas with my relations. Your husband always said that Jim and me would be welcome—though I had been a poor dressmaker, and him only a shop assistant. And we were poor enuogh for years, my lady, until one day I picked up a diamond, and the luck turned. I picked 'em all up myself," and she pointed to the blushing and bedizened Theresa. "Then my brother Jim loaded up to the neck in gold shares along of Barney Barnato, and a lot of 'em, and he was cute enough to sell out before the slump. He's more than a millionaire now, is poor Jim. But somehow, having so much more money than we knew what to do with, made me feel homesick. So Jim one day told me to pack up, and take my diamonds with me, and come along home, and see if I should be any the happier to give a few away. Well, I came, and—to cut a long story short—I found that I wasn't welcome. But here's Theresa—my Cousin Tom's child—and she has been real good to me. So I've just given the whole lot to her. And I've sent for the coach from the 'George' to take me away—as I'm not welcome, my lady, and I'll go back to poor Jim by the next mail."

At that precise moment there came a peal at the front door bell, and the clock on the stairway struck midnight.

Cousin Jane made an odd courtesy to Lady Barfield, and another to the company, threw her arms for a moment around Theresa, kissed her, and thrust a piece of paper into her hands; then ordering Thomas to open the outer door whisked past him, hopped into the coach, which was waiting, and the next moment was whirled away.

"How very extraordinary! That woman your cousin! * * * A dressmaker!" said Lady Mary Romer to the miserable Frederick.

"By Jove, how beautiful the girl is!" exclaimed Lord Cottingdean, putting up his eyeglass to survey Theresa, and turning his back upon Patricia.

Cousin Jane had vanished. It might all have been a dream but that there, under the central light, stood the spellbound, sparkling and lovely Theresa, twiddling in her fingers a check for £100,000.—Good Cheer.

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There Is One Thing You Want Badly and Must Have.

Even If You Have Given Up Possessing It, This Will Give You Hope.

Mr. Silas F. Tower and his wife, Mrs. M. E. Tower, say: That for several years the health of our family, which consists of us two and our only daughter, Gracie, has been seriously failing. We left our home in Boston and tried several places in the Eastern States for our health, but without benefit. We then resolved to come to the Pacific Coast, and first landed at Victoria, then came to Portland, and thence to Sacramento. We were treated by several doctors of the first two named cities, but received no benefit. When we arrived in Sacramento we heard so much of the Neagle Medical Institute that we took our daughter Gracie there and put her under treatment. She had been suffering from a headache almost constantly for a year or more, caused, as we supposed, by a catarrh. She grew thin of flesh, her complexion became sallow, her appetite poor, she was easily fatigued, indisposed to make any exertion, even at play; was weak, and seemed to have lost all interest in everything. There was some swelling of the glands about the throat, and severe catarrh of the throat and nasal passages. Her cough became very distresing, especially at night, causing her to hawk and spit a great deal during the day.

We were told that her case was one of catarrh and bronchitis, complicated with a slight scrofulous habit.

At the end of three months' treatment she had completely recovered, and is now perfectly well.

GRACIE TOWER.

The great success of the treatment of our daughter Gracie gave us hope, and we both put ourselves under the treatment of these doctors. Mrs. Tower thus describes her condition at the time she began treatment:

I had great distress and oppression in the region of my heart, with difficulty in breathing. If I ascended a stairway or walked very fast my breath would almost leave me, and I felt weak and tired all the time. I had most distressing and frequent attacks of sickness, at which times I suffered a reat deal. I had severe nausea and bloating of the stomach, head and throat gave me great trouble. I suffered severely with nervousness. My appetite became poor. I lost flesh very decidedly. My feet and limbs would swell until the swelling extended up into my body. This produced such oppression that my condition became alarming.

Mr. Tower also describes his sufferings. For years I had had neuralgia and rheumatism, with severe nervous prostration. It had made such inroads into my constitution that I was physically and mentally unfit for any work or business. But to make a long story short, we both began taking treatment at the Neagle Medical Institute about the same time. The medicines we took began to relieve us from the very first, and we can truthfully say that we never before in our lives had a treatment that benefited us so much. We have gone for a short while to Los Angeles because our business interests call us there, but hope soon to return to Sacramento, for that city and the Neagle Medical Institute will always have a warm place in our hearts, for it was there that our dear daughter was restored to good health and our own health so much benefited. It is with pleasure that we give this statement to Dr. Neagle, and hope by its publication that it will induce others who are afflicted to go to the Neagle Medical Institute for treatment, for we believe that they will be cured. Our address is 313½ South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.

SILAS F. TOWER.
MRS. M. E. TOWER.

Dr. Neagle and associates treat and cure all Chronic Diseases and Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, Liver, Heart, Kidney, Bladder, Brain, Catarrh, Asthma, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Headache, Deafness, Chills and Malaria, Skin Diseases, Neuralgia, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Eczema, Scrofula, Chronic Diarrhea, Hemorrhoids and Rectal Troubles, and all forms of Sores, Blood and Wasting Diseases.

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A Diilemma.

I have two sweethearts—lovely girls;
The one is as a berry brown,
The other fair, with golden curls.
They live at different ends of town,
And each knows naught of t'other she,
So hence there's been no jealous stir,
But now, alas! ah, woe is me!
Each wants a sonnet writ to her .

Now, if I write to Bonny Belle
Much Hades will Estella raise;
If on the latter's charms I dwell
I'd fear to meet my Bella's gaze.
Each swears that on next Sunday morn
Her lines must grace the T.-D.'s page,
And if the same are not thereon
I'm threatened with a burst of rage.

I'd use a non de plume, but then
Each wants my name signed to her verse
Ah me! of sad and troubled men
There's none in fix than mine much worse;
So close to my heart are entwined
The both, the brown eyed and the blue,
That I cannot make up my mind
To give up either of the two.

Ah, well, perhaps it is but meet
That I should get into this fix;
A man who practices deceit
Will some day trip up at his tricks;
And, as the time is nearing when
The lines are due, the best thing I
Can do is write to both, and then
To get another sweetheart try.

—Charles J. Colton, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Death of a Noted Abolitionist.

Jonathan Drake, who died at Leominster, Mass, on Sunday last, was an active abolitionist. He was a personal friend of Garrison, Wendell Phillips and George Thompson, M. P., and his house was a station of the "Underground Railway," through which slaves made their escape from the South. When the noted Shadrack escaped from the Boston Court House in 1851, he went straight to Leominster and was shielded by Drake, who dressed the negro in woman's clothes and assisted him on to Canada. James Jackson, a slave of Jefferson Davis, was also befriended in a similar manner.

THE WEEKLY UNION—THE BEST weekly on the coast.