A frequent small annoyance to city housekeepers is the habit many roving servants have of leaving their belongings in a place after they have quitted service in it. As a rule, this results only in cumbering the quarters of the incoming servant, but greater vexation sometimes arises. This is when after long delay the claimant for a parcel appears and the same is not forthcoming. As usually the fact of its being left behind is not known to the mistress till the tardy claim is made, it not infrequently happens that further changes in the establishment have taken place, and no one knows anything about the missing parcel. Cases have been known where, under these circumstances, the mistress has been proceeded against, though only to the extent of temporary annoyance, through her own ignorance. An employer need not store her maid's belongings one hour. More than that, if they are left they can be sent to a storage house and the servant must pay the bill, though to do this is not advised, and indeed is not always possible with a manifestly worthless parcel. A better plan is to inquire when a servant leaves if her trunk or parcel goes with her, and clearly state that it cannot be left, as no responsibility will be assumed concerning it.

* * *

Scallops to be used for salad should be scalded first in plenty of boiling salted water, then drained and cooled. They are served with a French dressing made with a pinch of cayenne and garnished with lettuce leaves.

* * *

The experiment is being made by the New Orleans University Medical College to teach young colored women the profession of nursing. A training school for them has been opened under the college's auspices, and it is believed an important step has been taken in behalf of this race. It is pointed out that the American negro is strong and cheerful, two admirable qualifications in a nurse, and it is also stated that the race is singularly free from the effects of climatic changes. Those who are accustomed to the Southern colored women as house servants know their faithful devotion in sickness, and can testify to the gentle touch of the black hand and the soothing and sympathetic cadence of the musical negro voice. There seems little question that the better educated young colored women, with these natural qualifications for the calling, will develop into most successful trained nurses.

* * *

The cleaning of gloves is a vexed question. The great establishments for scouring and renovating clothing seem to ignore this portion of their work with a contempt for such small economies quite characteristic of the American tradesman.

The stained, stiff gloves that are returned by most of our regular scourers as "cleaned" are in marked contrast to the work of the French glove-cleaners. A glazed kid glove is difficult to clean because the polish is removed in the process of the work and cannot be restored, but gloves of the soft finished undressed kid, if they are of first quality, may be repeatedly cleaned and only grow softer and prettier in the process. They may lose a little of their color, but the more delicate and flower-like the bloom on the surface of such a glove the more desirable.

If the gloves are very much soiled it will take patience to clean them thoroughly, but the result will amply repay one for the trouble, always providing they are gloves of fine make.

* * *

The French method of administering castor oil to children, if correctly reported, adds fresh terrors to that traditionally disagreeable dose. The oil is poured into a pan, which is stood over a moderate fire. An egg is broken in and it is stirred. After it is cooked it may be flavored with salt, sugar, or a tart jelly before serving.

* * *

Purchase at a chemist's a pint of the nicest refined benzine. Do not attempt to get the deodorized fluid; if the gloves are properly aired every particle of the unpleasant odor will pass away, and they will quickly take on the fragrance of violets or any perfume which lines your glove sachet. Stretch the gloves—on your hands—one at a time. It is a great convenience for two persons to do this work together, one putting on the gloves and the other cleaning them. A pair of wooden hands of the size of your hands is a great convenience. Have a supply of small cloths of white cotton, or, better still, of linen. Dip one of these cloths in a little of the benzine and begin rubbing the gloves. Clean them first carefully at the tips and wherever they are most soiled. Do not saturate the leather with benzine at any time, but apply just enough of the benzine with the cloth to remove the dirt. It will require vigorous rubbing to do this. In a few moments the cloth will be so soiled that a clean one must be used. Renew the cloth frequently as it absorbs the dirt. Rub the gloves with downward strokes from the fingers to the wrist. After a short time the gloves will be found perfectly clean, but they have now the harsh look of a "cleaned gloves."

Bring forward a bowl of talcum powder. Rub the gloves thoroughly with it, applying it with a flannel cloth. This powder absorbs any remnants of oil, such as is found in even the best refined benzine, and restores the soft, velvety surface of the glove. After the glove has been rubbed thoroughly with the powder clean it off with a fresh flannel, shaking the gloves well. Hang them out in the open air for a few hours where the sun cannot reach them. In a little while take them in and lay them away in your glove sachet.

Some glove cleaners use a preparation of one quart of deodorized benzine with one dram of sulphuric ether, one dram of chloroform and two drams of alcohol. The gloves are washed in this preparation. There is the same objection, however, to this process where the leather is saturated, that it is apt to make the gloves stiff and hard. Talcum powder may be purchased at any good druggist's shop.

* * *

A writer on child study considers that equally important with the first waking hours should be the last of the day. The mother who sits at her little one's bed as the tired, small frame is settling into repose will almost invariably find that the mind just before sleep works with unusual, if brief, clearness; she will be wise to let this last, strongly imprinted impression be a soothing one. A gentle voice, a short, easily comprehended tale with no sadness, no tragedy, no sharp elements of any sort, will send the temporarily keen but fast succumbing faculties off into slumberland under the best and most healthful auspices. Too many mothers leave to servants these significant moments of their children's lives, lovely to the mothers if they will enjoy them, and priceless to the growing character in their receptive powers if taken advantage of.

* * *

A mother who could hear in the next room every morning her small son of nine talking to himself as he spelled out the words and added the figures, crosswise, up and down, and in every possible way, of a large calendar which hung directly in front of his bed, bethought herself of furnishing him better occupation. She took down the calendar and up in its place a good print of Raphael's "Madonna della Seggiola"; this, with no word to him of the change. The next morning the little one's voice was stilled, but a noiseless peep into the room showed his eyes glued rapturously to the picture, while about his lips the hint of a smile betrayed that his absorbing interest was a pleased one. Since then at intervals his morning picture is changed, not too frequently, for a child demands reiteration, until the boy has become a small connoisseur in famous paintings, and his occasional short visits to an art gallery are a great delight to him because of his matin studies. The first ten minutes of a child's day are a most valuable receptive period. The young brain is refreshed by sleep, unexcited by any of the day's occupations, eager for impressions and peculiarly responsive to their influence.

* * *

Those who still retain the rather neglected but still unexcelled reading light, the German student lamp, will do well occasionally to subject it to a very thorough cleansing. From its peculiar construction it secretes in a place not easily reached the oil sediment that, heated, gives off an offensive odor and also affects the light. The lamp should be slipped from the standard stem, and every part of it submerged in boiling soda water. The burner and attachments may be left in the water on the stove for fifteen minutes, the other parts needing only the complete washing.

* * *

Now that typewriters are found in homes almost as commonly as the writing desk, it is perhaps pertinent to remind women that the use of the machine is very hurtful to a piano player. The sharp staccato movements of the writing machine stiffen the fingers and tend to lessen the suppleness necessary for the piano keys.

* * *

New ways for women to earn money multiply so constantly that one wonders if any specialty, however small, may not be turned to commercial account. One of the last heard of is that of providing soup materials. In a neighboring city a woman who made such very excellent soups that she was famed among her friends for them, tried, when adversity overtook her, to utilize what she called her "one talent" to enhance her income. She took orders for soup stock, serving it in jars and found some profit in doing so. Amateur photography takes on very easily the professional money-earning characteristic. Perhaps its newest manifestation is the visiting photographer furnished by some of the women's exchanges, who will come to the house to take any picture desired, from a wedding cake to the last cosy corner arranged. Her most frequent models, however, are the children of the family, taken in all sorts of poses and against all sorts of backgrounds.

* * *

An attractive way to serve cold slaw is to slice the cabbage fine and pile it lightly in a circular salad dish; around the edge lay, overlapping each other, whole and wafer-thin slices of unpeeled cucumber; cut the top from a lemon, take out the pulp and fill the shell with a good mayonnaise, standing the lemon in the center of the mold of cold slaw.

* * *

A dish of ice cream made in four minutes was part of a test examination of a class in sick room cookery recently. Two tablespoonfuls of cream were put in a bowl, sweetened with powdered sugar, flavored with a teaspoonful of clear, strong coffee, and beaten light in a minute with a cream whisk. The cream was then put in a little half pint oyster pail, the cover carefully fitted on. This was set in a quart pail, the space between filled with shredded ice and fine salt. Three minutes turning in this freezing mixture secured a saucerful of smooth coffee ice cream for the imaginary waiting invalid.

* * *

The plans of the German Housewives' Society, an association recently incorporated in this city, are similar though not identical with those of like organizations in Germany, where, as is well known, the relations of mistress and maid are more definite than in this country. The society acts as a court of arbitration and a promoter of justice between employer and employed. Every employer who is a member of the society in good and regular standing is entitled to get as many servants as she requires from the society's list, which includes cooks, general housework girls, nursery maids, chambermaids and nurses. She pays for this privilege an initiation fee of $3, and semi-annual dues of $2. The servant secures her enrollment through a good reference. As an incentive to competent service the society has established a system of prizes to be conferred on servants who have been placed in service through it. For ten years' uninterrupted service with a member of the society $100 will be awarded; for five years $45; for three years $30, and for two years $20. In addition special provision is made for assistance in sickness. All complaints from either side are carefully investigated; a servant found to be in the wrong and twice complained of for the same fault is not again recommended and loses all her privileges. An employer, too, who is unjust to her servant and does not improve her conduct is expelled from the society. The organization aims at a practical betterment of domestic service, and its workings will be noted with interest.

* * *

The mustard mixed for ordinary use at the table is too biting for cold meats in sandwiches. Mrs. Lincoln's formula for such is a tablespoonful each of butter and sugar worked to a cream; add to this two tablespoonfuls of mustard with one tablespoonful of salt. Beat an egg very light and whip into the creamed mixture, adding a half cup of vinegar heated to the boiling point. The vinegar should thicken the mixture and if it does not, set the bowl over boiling water a few minutes, stirring constantly until thick.

* * *

"Cranky ranges," said Miss Parloa in one of her Pratt Institute talks, "do not exist. They are like most of the cranky persons in the world, merely misunderstood." A cook complains that her range won't bake in the afternoon; her mistress turns back the door in front of the fire grate and finds the space filled with ashes, absorbing the heat and dulling the fire, or she finds the chimney draft wide open, the heat sailing out over the roof to warm the world, but not the oven, or the oven drafts are wrongly set, or there are clinkers holding the heat, or something else. The range exemplifies an exact science; if all its parts are in working order, the fuel burning free, and drafts properly adjusted, its usefulness must be uniform. A part of a housekeeper's knowledge should be a perfect comprehension of her particular range. When the millennium of electricity arrives her labor will be lessened, but until then she must know her cook stove as she knows her sewing machine. If the coal clinkers, throw in a small lump of lime to burn with it, or two or three oyster shells; insist that the fire shall be kept level with the inner top of the range, leaving a free draft over it; clean the oven often, and the spaces at their side. With careful attention there should never be any trouble.

* * *

In arranging pictures it should be remembered that oils, etchings and water colors should not hang together and that the drawing-room walls are not to be packed with canvases if one is fortunate enough to be able to buy them. Two or three fine oil paintings are about all any room can stand, too many giving the effect of a picture gallery.

* * *

Mice will not infest pantries where pieces of gum camphor are laid about, and Croton bugs flee from shelves strewn with the coarse salt used to freeze ice cream. The camphor should be used only at night, and all cans and boxes holding eatables should be carefully covered, as otherwise its pungent, penetrating smell will affect cereals, crackers and other food.

For the "Record-Union."

LOGIC VER-US FAITH.

We may scout at the story of Eden
In the modern conventional way;
We may sub "Geological epoch"
For the Genesis kind of a day—
We may doubt the ancestry of Adam,
And "evolute" up to the race,
Deny the scriptural deluge
And "glaciate" its every trace—
We cannot in all of our connings
Hold God too fast to His laws,
And for every "effect" written after
Look too close for the "primal cause";
Yet in seeking a logical basis
For the great original plan,
Faith must bridge a whole series of chasms
In our search for the primitive man.

—HIRAM HOYT RICHMOND.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Old Ironsides! Old Ironsides!
Preserve the decks our heroes trod
When 'mid the roar of hostile guns
They gave their fearless souls to God.
They shed their blood for native land,
They fought that freemen should be free,
With steadfast hearts, and sword in hand,
Beneath the flag of liberty.

Old Ironsides! Old Ironsides!
Touch not those noble timbers true
That under Captain Hull's command
Performed the deeds that warships do.
The Guerriere she met at sea
To dare her to a deadly fight
And poured her broadsides gallantly
For honor, glory, and the right.

Old Ironsides! Old Ironsides!
"Hull her," the shout the hero gave
As onward came the Guerriere,
"And sink her in a watery grave."
Yet when the British ensign fell,
And Dacres tendered Hull his sword—
"No; one who uses it so well,"
Said he, "should keep it—not a word."

Old Ironsides! Old Ironsides!
"Twas well that gallant Stewart taught
A lesson to the foe when both
The Cyane and Levant were caught.
Torn were their beams by solid shot,
The Constitution hurled below,
And not a man on board forgot
The Yankee guns incessant glow.

Old Ironsides! Old Ironsides!
Hail to that ever-hallowed name
That cheers the nations of the earth
With clarion ring of Freedom's fame.
No vandal stroke should wound her deck,
No sacrilegious blow destroy,
But she should float that grand old wreck,
A grateful people's love and joy.

Old Ironsides! Old Ironsides!
That good old ship should stand for aye,
A relic of the glorious past
Like Nelson's war-won Victory.
Oh, save the ship that bore on high
The stars and stripes through battles' din!
Her brave old flag shall proudly fly.
A nation's reverence to win.

—David Graham Adee.

Sago Cream Soup.

Take four ounces of the round sago and cook thoroughly in a quart of new milk. Take a pint and a half of good white stock, a finely grated carrot, a shallot, a bit of celery, and a bunch of herbs, pepper and salt to taste. Boil slowly for one hour, strain, and add to the sago and milk. It should now simmer gently for ten minutes, then add half a pint of thick cream and two teaspoonfuls of flour, bring to the boil, and when just at the turn of boiling pour out into the tureen and serve. This soup will curdle if allowed to stand after the stock and cream are mixed.

A new flour sifter consists of a wire mesh ball, in which the flour is placed, revolved by means of a crank, the whole device being placed in a tin case.

THE REJECTED PHOTOGRAPHS

(Written for the "Record-Union" by Harold Francis.)

Julia Jay, while she was not what one could call handsome, in the strict sense of the word, was nevertheless pretty, dignified and fascinating. The Jays were always considered refined and exclusive, and these characteristics, coupled with the further facts that they were wealthy and of an old New England family, made them very desirable people to have on one's calling list. It was the boast of the Jay family that Julia had been eminently well educated and well brought up. Her parents spared no expense to make her mental equipment as complete as possible. They availed themselves of every advantage which Los Angeles possessed.

In due time she graduated from the Grammar School and took up a private course at the High School, which, however, was checked for a time by the death of her father. On his death he exacted a promise from his wife that she would devote her life to their daughter, and see that she was properly equipped for the battle of life and the social position to which she was entitled by heritage.

Mrs. Jay carried out his wishes to the letter. No one could have been more zealous over the future of their offspring than was this conscientious mother. After her daughter had completed her course at the High School she consigned her to the care of Mrs. Laton, who conducted a select academy for young ladies. Here Julia made giant strides and added a great deal to her already rich store of knowledge. As soon as she began to get a foothold in one branch she was whisked off to another. She learned a little of everything. She flirted with rhetoric, trifled with geometry, coquetted with English literature, and even tried a little Latin and Greek. As a side diversion she took a finishing course in voice culture and lessons on the piano. Accordingly, when she had completed the entire course at Mrs. Laton's academy, she was graduated, and it was admitted by all that she had far surpassed any of her classmates.

Mrs. Jay was pround of her daughter, and feeling that she knew enough about rhetoric, geometry and English literature, thought it was time that she should be initiated into the mysteries of other equally important matters. She impressed first upon her mind the necessity of making a favorable impression upon the sterner sex, and from that time until her formal debut her entire attention was engrossed in planning stunning creations, both in millinery and gowns, which would set off her charms perfectly.

Her debut at an elaborate ball given by her mother was a grand success. Many dowagers with marriageable daughters still on their hands looked on with envy, and felt certain that another eligible young man would slip from the charmed circle and fall a victim to her wiles. And their predictions came true. From the first she had hosts of admirers, and it seemed as if it would be but a short step from the debutante's ball to the event of her career—her marriage.

For a period Julia Jay nettled all. She seemed to favor none of her admirers more than the other. But gradually she bestowed her sweetest smiles upon Albert Edouin, a handsome young druggist, whose future seemed most promising. Society looked on askance. They were so disappointed. They had pictured her being sued for by some millionaire's son, but they argued that she evidently knew what she was doing.

Her life became a rosy, butterfly existence—a succession of teas, dances, theater parties, receptions and dinners. Mrs. Jay felt that her efforts to launch Julia properly upon the world had been repaid a hundredfold, and never tired telling how she had spared no expense nor time in fitting her child for the duties of life. Other mothers harkened to her words and hoped that their daughters, now in short dresses and braids, would some day reflect as much credit upon them as Julia Jay did upon her mother.

Occasional trips were made to San Francisco, where the dry goods stores were rifled of their choicest silks and laces to adorn the charming Julia. She was acknowledged to be the most fashionable girl of her age and wore her clothes with such style. She had, indeed, reached the highest position in the social world of Los Angeles.

But Julia Jay was ambitious. She was not content with leading the aristocratic set in her native city. She longed for pastures new, and soon persuaded her adoring mother to buy a winter home in San Francisco. An elegant home on Van Ness avenue was purchased, and before long the teas, receptions and dinners given by the Jays were talk of the gay metropolis.

As before, Julia Jay was borne along triumphantly on the top wave of popularity, and again had a bevy of admirers at her feet. When she had left Los Angeles she was really sorry to part from her Albert, but with the change of surroundings came a change of taste, and her letters to him grew less frequent, and still less frequent, until at length her former lover became but a memory. As a fact, Julia Jay had never been really in love, and it was not until she met Jack Leland at a masquerade ball that she allowed herself to be carried away. He, too, was handsome, superior to Albert Edouin in education, wealth and social prestige, and when they appeared at several important social functions under the chaperonage of Mrs. Jay the gossips were delighted, and agreed that it was such a man that they expected Julia to wed.

When the Jays returned for the summer to Los Angeles every one was anxious to see Julia. Her stay in San Francisco had put the finishing touches to her personal charms, and when she appeared in her open landau she was the cynosure of all eyes. How the men envied Albert Edouin his good fortune!

Albert Edouin was one of the first to welcome the Jays back, and although he had been piqued at the irregularity and frigidity of Julia's letters he ascribed it all to the fact that she was so taken up with the new life into which she had been thrown that she had little time for writing and when the novelty wore off she would be her dear self again. But Julia, whatever she was, could not be accused of hypocrisy or flirting. With her usual tact she explained to Albert that it was all a mistake, and as she was now engaged to Jack Leland they could be nothing more than friends.

Soon the gossips began whispering it about that Julia Jay had broken off with Albert Edouin and was engaged to a wealthy San Franciscan. People began to wonder what it all meant. Some of the aristocratic set applauded Julia's move and others felt for poor Albert Edouin. No matter what function he attended he was bound to hear whisperings behind his back about his having been jilted and when at the theater society divided its attention between leveling its opera glasses at the stage and himself.

At first the world seemed a blank to him, and in his hour of discomfiture he retired from society and devoted himself to his business. But as with everything else, time healed the whole matter. The Jays returned to San Francisco and the broken engagement gave place to other topics for the gossips to discuss.

One day, shortly after they had taken up their residence in San Francisco, Julia arranged to have her pictures taken, and accompanied by her maid, repaired to Bore's studio. She spent the greater part of the morning posing and was photographed in every conceivable attitude and costume. In a few days she received the negatives, and after consulting her mother, ordered ten dozen Paris panels to be delivered on the 1st of the month.

Meanwhile the Jays decided to make a flying trip East to be present at the horse show and the opening of the opera season. All was in readiness for their departure. The pictures, however, did not arrive on the 1st, and the naturally placid countenance of Julia was clouded with a frown when her maid informed her that they had not been sent. She bit her lip in anger and on the impulse of the moment went to the telephone and rang up the photographer. She wanted to know if they intended to send those pictures, or not. Excuses of every kind were sent over the wire. None the less they promised that they would send them as soon as possible. At the time of their departure for the ferry to catch the overland the pictures had not put in an appearance and Julia, thoroughly disgusted, ordered them sent back when delivered.

As soon as the return of the Jays was announced in the society columns of the papers the manager of Bore's photograph gallery called upon her and on bing granted an audience, begged her to accept the pictures. But Julia Jay was a woman of her word. She was firm. She had been disappointed and nothing could influence her, once she had made up her mind. She was invulnerable to all his entreaties.

"But, madam," said the manager beseechingly, "what am I to do with ten dozen pictures?"

"I don't care what you do with them," retorted Julia fiercely. "All I have to say is that I shall not take them. Hereafter you had better not make promises which you cannot live up to."

With this scornful remark she swept majestically from the room, leaving the astounded manager standing in the hall. He made a hasty retreat, and as he walked down the marble steps, wondered if such deportment was considered proper in the upper social strata.

* * * * * * * *

While Julia Jay was carried along in the giddy whirl of metropolitan society her former lover, Al Edouin, was devoting himself to the drug business. He had one day hoped to become rich by a brilliant marriage, but that was all a thing of the past. He was now trying, by close application, to build up a prosperous business. Day after day he toiled unremittingly, working often until late at night experimenting. And his energy was rewarded. He concocted a tonic, a blood-purifier, which he hoped would lead him on to fame and fortune. He kept his discovery secret, and when he felt certain that he could place it on the market at great profit he left for San Francisco, where he could more advantageously arrange for its introduction.

After a week of negotiations all the details were arranged except the adoption of a trade mark. He wanted something out of the usual order, and at first thought of using a tropical scene of Southern California in the design. One advertising agent suggested booming it up with the photograph and autographic recommendation of Lillian Russell, Ada Rehan, Modjeska or some famous actress. So he went to Bore's studio to see what terms could be made.

He looked over the pictures of hundreds of handsome women, but in each and every case the price was more than he could afford to pay, as the expenses contracted thus far were quite large and it could not be positively guessed how successful his blood purifier would be. He was about to give up the idea of using a picture of a woman at all, when the manager happened along and entered into the conversation.

"What? Can't you find anything to suit you in this vast collection," said he, smiling.

"No," answered Edouin. "You ask too much. All I want is a pretty face. It doesn't necessarily have to be a celebrity, but still I want something attractive."

"I understand," said the manager. "Let me see!" He meditated for a moment, running his fingers through his hair, and suddenly adding: "I think I've got just what you want. Just be seated a moment."

He disappeared into an adjoining room and presently returned with a photograph which he dropped on the table.

"How would this suit you?"

Albert Edouin took up the picture and when his eyes fell on the familiar face of Julia Jay he almost fainted.

"This picture—?" he managed to say. "Is this also for sale?"

"Yes," answered the proprietor; "we have ten dozen on hand and will let you have them for a trifle."

Albert Edouin gazed upon the features of the woman he had once hoped to make his wife. The cold, aristocratic face seemed to scorn him and he could not help thinking of the night she had dismissed him and of the humiliation he had suffered. And then a thought struck him. Here was a chance for revenge—a chance to get even with Julia Jay. Surely dame fortune was with him.

"Whose picture is this?" he queried. "I must know before I consider any proposition."

"Oh," said the proprietor, reassuringly, "it's the picture of the beautiful Julia Jay who is at present the acknowledged leader of the local Four Hundred."

"Yes," ventured Al Edouin, "but don't you think she would object to having her picture on the trademark of my bitters?"

"Doubtless," he said laughing, "but she has forfeited all rights to the pictures. When she ordered ten dozen she signed an ironclad contract which I always use, when large quantities of pictures are desired, to protect myself. In it is specifically stated that, should the contracting party fail to take the same, I reserve the privilege of disposing of them in order that I may suffer no loss. Isn't that safe enough?"

Albert Edouin was delighted and the transaction was closed then and there, whereby for the sum of $50, he received the ten dozen photographs and the contract.

The trademark having thus been created and the bitters called "Edouin's Blood Purifier," he let contracts for thousands of circulars, posters, bottle cases and newspaper advertisements. The outlook for his venture was indeed brilliant and when he went to rest that night Albert Edouin felt that his turn had now come and two birds would be killed with one stone—he would be revenged and make money.

* * * * * * *

His plans would have been exactly as he had contemplated had not Bore, the photographer, interfered. When his manager informed him of the sale of those pictures he was stupefied. He immediately grasped the weight of the situation. This deal would be the downfall of his years of toil. The Four Hundred would desert his establishment. Better a thousand times to have lost the paltry sum those pictures were worth than lost the patronage of the Four Hundred. He dispatched a message next day to Julia Jay informing her of the disposal of her pictures and inclosing the address of Albert Edouin.

Imagine her consternation when she heard of the fate of her pictures. At first she threatened dire vengeance on Bore and his entire establishmnt. She scolded and fumed and cried and wrung her hands in agony. What should she do? And to think that it was Albert Edouin, above all others, who had purchased them. Julia Jay, when in her normal state of mind, was what one would call sensible and in spite of the horror of it all, soon became calm and dispatched a messenger for Jack Leland. She decided to make a complete statement to him.

Jack Leland, the gay, handsome fellow, that he was, hastened to her call and when she had told her story, how she had jilted Albert Edouin in his favor, he took her in his arms, and promised to get those pictures if he had to fight a duel.

He found Albert Edouin and when he learned that Julia—his Julia's picture was within a week to be placarded all over town to advertise "Edouin's Blood Purifier," he was beside himself with rage. But he was informed that $2,000 had already been invested, the printed matter finished and all the contracts signed. Jack saw the uselessness of further dispute. He realized that Edouin had the legal if not the moral right to use those pictures.

When Julia Jay heard that her pictures would certainly be used for advertising purposes, she fainted dead away. Mrs. Jay was summoned, and Jack, much as he dreaded it, told her the whole story. She carried on even worse than her daughter. Oh, the shame of it all! Was all her labor, all her hopes to be blasted by this imposter? How she regretted that Julia had ever met that plebian druggist! What would the Four Hundred say when they saw her daughter's picture placarded about town? All afternoon the three talked together like conspirators. Finally Mrs. Jay thought it best to see if they could not persuade him to discard the pictures by a liberal offer.

Once again Jack Leland wended his way to Al Edouin's apartments and once again he begged mercy for his fiance. Albert Edouin at first treated him haughtily but when he talked money, he became more passive, for that was his ambition now, to make a start in life. After all he was only human and perhaps he even still had a warm spot in his heart for the faithless Julia. At any rate after much pressure he consented to change his trademark for $5,000.

Thus was the famous name of the Jays saved from disgrace, the foundation of Albert Edouin's fortune laid, and the love of Jack Leland put to a severe test. And Julia Jay, the accomplished, the pretty, the aristocratic Julia, triumphed once more—for the gossips were cheated out of a scandal which would have given them food for reflection for at least one week.

THE COWARD.

If he had lived when knights rode forth in
search of bloody frays,
And risked their lives for ladies' smiles
and for their words of praise,
He would have been a swineherd, or, perchance some baron's thrall,
For he had little wit, and no heroic blood
at all.

They dubbed him "gawk" and "dolt" at
school, and boys of half his years
Were wont to chafe and bully him, and
cuff his ample ears.
And he would take his bruises and weep
o'er them apart,
Nor dare to seek revenge, because he had
a coward's heart.

And when the workmen in the mill made
up their minds to strike,
This dastard held aloof, of course, and
worked on, coward-like!
They told him that he robbed their wives
and children of their bread;
"My wife and children have got to live!"
was all the coward said.

One evening, as this craven passed along
his homeward way,
He saw, straight in the motor's path, a
little one at play!
The car came on at mighty speed—each
witness held his breath,
And waited for the child to meet a horrifying death!

Then something flashed before the car and
someone screamed with fright,
And men and women closed their eyes upon that awful sight!
Oh joy! Oh joy! The babe was saved,
and where it was at play,
Naught but a coward's lifeless form, in
mangled fragments lay!

—S. E. Kiser.

GEMS HAVE DISEASES.

Some Precious Stones Lose Color, Some Gradually Fade and Die.

Gems have diseases just as men and women do, with this difference, that the infirmities of precious stones can rarely be cured. Some gems deteriorate, grow old, in other words, and gradually become lifeless. Pearls are most subject to this fate, and no means have been found to restore them to life.

Among infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones, that of fading, or losing color when long exposed to the light. The emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby which has lain for two years in a show window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which was kept in the darkness.

The causes of the change are not very clear, even to expert chemists, but it is evident that the action of the light on the coloring matter of the gem effects a deterioration, slow, but exceedingly sure.

In the case of the garnet and topaz the change is more rapid than in that of the ruby and sapphire. Opals that have successfully passed the ordeals of grinding, polishing, and setting do not often crack afterward, but it is best not to expose them to even the moderate heat involved by the wearer sitting in front of an open fire, for the opal is composed principally of silicic acid, with from five to ten per cent. of water, a combination which renders them very treacherous objects. The idea that they are otherwise unfortunate in the sense that they bring disaster to the wearer may be dismissed as superstitious.

Of all precious stones, however, the opal is the most open to be diseased.—Philadelphia Times.

A Nebraska man has invented a new stovepipe joint, which turns on instead of sliding. One complete turn fastens the pipe.

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