A pure apple salad, as distinguished from an apple and celery salad, is made with a half-dozen tart apples. These are cored, peeled, and cut into very thin slices. The bottom of a glass dish is filled with a layer of these slices and a little powdered sugar and cinnamon sprinkled over them; then another layer of apples is added and more cinnamon and sugar until the apples are all used. A gill of sherry is poured over it and it is set in the ice box for an hour before serving.

* * *

At the house-furnishing shops is seen a new tool for the carver, which will be especially liked by the inexperienced. This is a joint divider, and is a rather formidable looking combination of knife and scissors, which cuts the toughest joint in a fowl or bird at once. It may be added that the practice of having the joints carved in the kitchen and served in slices on a platter is a very sensible one to adopt in the average private family. It is one man out of twenty who is a good carver, and the other nineteen simply accept their ignorance in the matter, and never try to better it. If the mistress of the household superintended the carving in the kitchen for a few meals, she would find that any but a very stupid old maid learns very quickly how to slice roast beef, lamb, mutton or a fowl properly, and the relief it would be to the former carver, as well as to the other diners, cannot be appreciated until it is experienced.

* * *

Leather bedside slippers can very easily be made at home. The leather is of any color that is desired, and it is often a very gay one, and is mounted over the toe of a lamb's-wool insole. A bit of fur finishes the edge, and thus is evolved a comfortable toe slipper. A comparatively small piece of the skin makes two or three pairs, and the expense of both money and effort is very trifling.

* * *

The secret of having croquettes firm lies in their being mixed for a long time. The meat should be chopped very fine after being freed from all fat and gristle, and about one-half pint of milk allowed to each pint of meat. The milk should be put over the fire while a teaspoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour are rubbed together. The hot milk is then added, and the whole cooked to a thick, smooth paste. Meantime, to a pint of chopped meat is added a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, the grated rind of a lemon and a teaspoonful of onion juice, if that is liked, or some cooks simply rub a halved onion over the mixing bowl. The seasoned meat is then stirred into the paste, and the whole turned out to stand for at least two hours before it is molded into croquettes. Dip first in eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat. Powdered shredded biscuits will be found a pleasant variety to the bread crumbs. It is a caution, by the way, in the use of these biscuits, where bread crumbs are required, that they are very unsuccessful in escalloped tomatoes. They are too starchy, evidently, to be of use there, and they form a gummy mass that is not appetizing.

* * *

A set of very simple engagement pockets was seen recently at a woman's exchange. It was a long piece of denim, and had its overpiece divided into seven pockets, of a size to hold easily a visiting and invitation card. These pockets, one below another, were lettered in a simple outline stitch with each day of the week, and in its appropriate division was whatever card was to be honored on that day. Of course, some were on Tuesday and some on another, but if every Tuesday morning the whole lot in one pocket was gone over, there was no escaping knowledge of the engagement, and the embarrassment of announcing to a friend that you were looking forward to a tea that had taken place the week before could not take place.

* * *

A young housekeeper, in planning her furnishings, should regard the uses of her company room before she decides upon its fittings. If it is to be a reception room pure and simple, it should take on the look of formality which belongs to such an apartment. If, however, it is to be reception room and family best room besides, little touches of use are indispensable. Where only one room can be devoted to the combination use of reception room, parlor and perhaps family sitting room also, its scheme of furnishing should be very different from that which heads a suite of three rooms to be devoted to these respective purposes. Book-shelves may line the walls to the hight of five feet, perhaps, and at such intervals as are needed to store one's library, the furniture being solid and durable, and of a character that will stand exposure to light and sun. The rugs and hangings must be of the same order, and if this quality of wear is taken into consideration, there is no reason why the room may not preserve its freshness to the point of reception formality, even under constant use. The trouble is that the inexperienced furnisher buys for such a hybrid room the dainty brocatelles and light gilt and enameled furniture that are sold under the generic term of parlor furniture. These belong to the formal reception room, and not to the apartment under consideration.

* * *

Cocoa is as useful in making chocolate frosting as the plain chocolate. A confectioner's recipe for a quick soft frosting is to mix a heaping tablespoonful of cocoa with a cupful of confectioners' sugar. Enough warm water is then added to make it spread easily over the cake—perhaps four tablespoonfuls, or possibly a little more. If a bit of essence is desired to tone the chocolate flavor, it may be used.

A delightful story comes from Connecticut, and is the result of a forage in that promising place for antiques. In a village home was found a lady who displayed with pride her beautiful collection. One of its cherished pieces was a very old two-handled silver cup, which the exhibiter explained belonged to an ancestor. "I have offered a hundred dollars for it, but I cannot buy it," she said, "so I rent it to have it to look at. It costs me ten dollars a year, but is a never-ceasing satisfaction." Such devotion to one's hobby should really go into a book.

* * *

If the wall of a kitchen in a new house is painted before the drying of the plaster, it is easier to clean when the smoke and steam and fly-specks have defaced it. The modern kitchen admits, from a sanitary point of view, no inch of space that cannot be washed. The hard wood or varnished cheaper wood wainscoting can be wiped off constantly, and if the space above the wainscoat cannot be painted it may easily be covered with the varnished paper, which also is easily wiped with a damp cloth. Porcelain sinks with no dark closets for any tucking away of dirty rags or other litter should continue the sanitary scheme. The recent interest in household economics is doing much to impress upon housekeepers the fact that the kitchen is, perhaps, the most important radiating influence of the house, and it is being treated accordingly.

* * *

A pretty garnish for other sweet dishes is iced oranges. The oranges are peeled and pulled apart into sections, each piece being dipped into a soft icing until it is perfectly covered. They are then strung with a fine, sharp needle on a thread and put in the warming oven to dry thoroughly. If the hot oven of the range is not too hot they can be suspended there from the top grate, and the drying process is more quickly accomplished, but they must not be browned, only dried white. They are then laid around a mould of lemon jelly or of plain blanc-mange, or of any dessert whose flavor is not very positive.

* * *

Rum omelet is offered in French hospitals to patients whose digestion has completely forsaken them. The omelet is delicately made, a little powdered sugar sprinkled over it, but along the side of the dish, the rum poured over and lighted. It is, of course, eaten at once, the burned liquor contributing, according to the French idea, to the digestibility of the dish.

* * *

A correspondent asks for a formula for date bread. One, given by a cooking teacher, calls for two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and enough whole wheat flour to make a very stiff batter, to a pint of light white flour sponge. Into this is stirred two cupfuls of stoned dates, and the mixture is then put into the bread pans and set to rise again. When light, it is baked in a moderate oven for a short hour and a half.

* * *

Golf has reached the parlor. A children's game of parlor golf proved very popular during the holiday buying.

* * *

A delicious pudding, made from bananas or pineapples or almost any kind of fruit, is recommended by an English housekeeper. The banana is cut in long fingers and put to soak for half an hour in lemon juice and powdered sugar. This marinade may be flavored with a little liquer if preferred. While the fruit is soaking, make a rich custard with a pint of fresh milk, four eggs and an ounce of powdered sugar. Have ready in mold a caramel made by putting an ounce of loaf sugar into a pan, after dipping each lump into cold water. Stir this over a clear fire until it melts into a dark-brown color almost like molasses. This is poured into the bottom of a mold, the mold being put in cold water for a moment to set the caramel. The fruit and custard are then mixed together, both being cold, and all is poured into the mold. The latter is then covered either with its own tin or with a piece of buttered paper and steamed for an hour. It may be turned out and served hot, or left to cool and served with whipped cream. The same pudding is especially good with a cup of chestnuts as a foundation instead of the fruit. If these nuts are used, they are, after being shelled, laid in a little weak lemon juice and water to remove the second skin easily, and they are afterward gently stewed in their bath of lemon juice, instead of being put into the pudding raw as is the case with the fruit.

The Sweet Old Way.

We live, alas, in an age of greed,
Greed of power and greed of gain—
Gold begins and ends our creed,
We weigh the purse instead of the brain!
Chivalry's buried, never again
To be resurrected, so they say—
But, in spite of the struggle for riches, men
Still fall in love in the same old way.

The days when honor was all are dead;
We have little time for rhyme or art;
The world of to-day obeys the head,
We have turned in rebellion against the heart;
But through the rush and the strife and the roar,
Still come the sounds of gentle signs,
And men are thrilled as they were of yore
By the looks of love in women's eyes!

Strephon has ceased to ride away
With the ladye's scarf upon his shield;
Strephon is in the rush to-day
For the jingling crops that the wheat pits yield;
But above the wild—the frantic roar
And the screams of Right in the grip of Might,
Strephon still hears, upon the floor
The sweet word Chloe said last night!

Fame is no longer for him alone
That wins in the field or charms with his pen;
By the lengths of their bank accounts are known
The grades of our modern gentlemen;
Few of us even have time to pray
To the God that is till enthroned above—
But women still charm in the sweet, old way,
And money-mad men still fall in love.
—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

A Young Strategist.

Johnnie: "Papa, see what I've found—a bicycle cap."

Papa: "What are you going to do with it, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "Well, ain't you going to buy me a bicycle to fit it?"—New York World.

MR. CHILTON'S WIVES.

CHAPTER I.

A few years since I was summoned to the bedside of a patient by the following note:

"Dear Madam: If you can spare half an hour for the succor of a distressed sister-worker, pray do so. I have been to half the doctors in London, and they one and all persist in taking an adverse view of my case. I want a fresh and more hopeful opinion. I have heard myself discussed from the masculine standpoint. Please come and prospect me through feminine glasses, and give me a verdict more in accordance with mine own beliefs. Yours sincerely,

"JOAN CHILTON."

I drove to the address given—an obscure street in Bloomsbury.

The door was opened by a maid of the "Marchioness" type. She opened it "on the chain," with an air of caution and an eye belligerent, as though she had reason for regarding the outside world as a force to be kept at bay.

"Does Mrs. Chilton live here?"

She answered my question by another. "Be you the lady doctor?" Curiosity banished belligerence.

I confessed myself. She looked me up, and down with widening eyes.

"My!" she said, candidly, "you don't look not so very much different from other folk." Whereupon she admitted me.

She took me up a flight of dingy stairs and rapped with her knuckles on a door.

"He is in," she said; "I can smell the terbakker. Mr. Chilton ull come 'isself, and it does anybody's eyes good to see him, he's that 'andsome. A real gent, he is, every inch o' him."

The man who responded to her summons was certainly handsome—a fine, stalwart-looking fellow. On seeing me me removed his pipe and bowed.

"The laidy doctor, Mr. Chilton," the Marchioness announced, "and ef the copy's ready, sir, perhaps you'll let me 'ave it now, and save the stairs, becos that there boy he's that aggravatin' this mornin'."

Mr. Chilton found me a chair, and, excusing himself, rolled up a bundle of manuscript and carried it to her.

Then, "I will tell my wife you are here, Dr. Ramsey," he said, and went into an adjoining room.

The room in which I sat was shabby to an extreme and aggressively untidy. On a table stood a tray, bearing an empty dish and two plates, whereon lay denuded chop-bones. Two tumblers, to which an unwholesome-looking froth clung, and a bottle labeled "Stout" betrayed the nature of the beverage which had accompanied the meal. The air was redolent of tobacco, remote and recent. The chairs and tables were strewn with manuscripts and proof-sheets. Coats, sticks and masculine boots further littered the place. From a basket on the hearth a baby terrier tumbled and flung itself toward me with yelps intended to appall.

When presently summoned to the other room I found the invalid smiling on her bed. She was a pretty, fragile little creature, with brilliant dark eyes and a tangle of curly hair.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, with the softest of brogues, "how charming of you to come so soon! I really am not a bit of an urgent case, though they all look so grave over me. And isn't it just nonsense to shake their heads so sayrlously over an energetic creature like me? I tell them I shall outlive them all." She laughed brightly, winding up with a cough which lasted some minutes.

"The ethics of my last article have got into my throat," she explained, challenging me with abnormally brilliant eyes, the while she strove for breath; "it's a wonder it didn't entirely choke me. 'I look forward to the time,' says I, 'when woman will revert to her natural position, when bicycles and latch-keys, professions and "rights" will be as obsolete as nose-rings, when the parlor, the kitchen and the nursery—her proper domain—will be graced by her perpetual presence, and the outside world will know her no more.' Isn't that sentence enough now to suffocate a woman who was two years at Girton, works hard for her living, and sends for a doctor of her own sex to prescribe for her? But the 'new woman' is my editor's bugbear. If he only knew, he wouldn't have me write a line. He thinks Tom—that is my husband—he thinks him the perpetrator of all the nonsense I send him. 'That's right, Chilton,' he says, 'give it 'em hot. We've got to take off our coats, tuck up our trousers and put down this new woman business with a strong hand.' Of course, it's horribly mean of me to write against my principles, but it isn't so easy to find work. And, really, I take off me coat and tuck up me trousers to such purpose against the poor creature that I am honestly sure I enlist people's sympathies for her."

So she rattled on, her eyes gleaming, her cheeks flushed, her soft brogue rounding off the edges of her speech.

Her bed, like the outer room, was strewn with manuscript pages, printer's proofs and newspaper clippings. From a hook on the door hung a faded pink dressing-gown, with a fresh frill of lace in it, and from beneath a chest of drawers which did duty for a dressing table a row of boots peered forth, pathetically small and shabby.

Despite the litter of work, the room was neat and fresh and had an atmosphere of daintiness about it which a certain type of woman lends to any room she occupies.

A pair of slim black stockings, with a darning-needle and worsted attached, lay over the bed rail. She pointed to them, smiling.

"I have been trying to teach Tom to mend them," she said, "but he doesn't get on. I am afraid he isn't a bit domesticated. The only thing he can do in that direction is to cook chops. He cooks chops magnificently."

I was jointing my stethoscope and taking mental notes.

"Mr. Chilton is at home, I suppose, looking after you?"

"No," she answered, a little shamefacedly, "he is generally at home—if you call this home." She cast a rueful glance about her. "You see, I have been the breadwinner of the establishment for the last two years. Tom was well off when we married, and had not been brought up to a profession. So when he lost his money it was fortunate I could write."

"Hum!" said I, "and so he mends the stockings."

"I only wish he could," was her gay rejoinder. "It would take them off my hands. But nobody would expect a big, splendid fellow like Tom to become a Dorcas. Though I have to do them, I believe I should despise him if he could. We are terribly illogical creatures—we women," she added, reflectively.

"I hope he will soon succeed in doing something," I said, when my investigations had been made—poor little woman! Poor little woman! "because if you do not wish me to echo the men doctors' depressing views of you, you must promise to take absolute rest. You must have rest, absolute rest of brain and body."

Her lips quivered weakly like a child's. She shook her head.

"I know," she said, a little bitterly, "turtle soup and truffles, hothouse grapes, '49 port, drives and sea voyages in winter in the Riviera. What prodigal imaginations you doctors have! Freedom from mental anxiety, unbroken sleep, cheerful society, wine and nourishing food, frequent changes of air—these are the impossibilities you order in a light and airy fashion to the careworn mother of a clerk's children. Isn't it a bit hard-hearted of you, now?"

"My dear," I answered her, "I have prescribed you none of those things. I have so far ordered only rest. And, though I mean to supplement it with a more or less nauseous potion and possibly cod-liver oil—ah, I thought I should ruffle that fine composure of yours—I am not suggesting the impossible. That 'big, splendid fellow' of a husband——"

"Ah, you are jealous," she cried, roguishly, her eyes sparkling half with laughter, half with tears. "Ah, you are envying me my Tom!"

"Why, of course I am." I turned and hid my cynicism in my instrument bag. My mind was on her fragile face and frame, her wasted limbs, the swollen weakness of her white feet (which struck so pathetic a note out of that row of small and shabby shoes)—the valve-failure of the poor heart.

"Of course I am jealous," I mumbled from out of my bag. "Who would not envy you so magnificent a masculine possession?"

"Ah, why haven't you married, doctor?" she questioned. "Where is the joy of working when there is nobody to share results with?"

"It is rather gingerbread without gilt," I admitted. "But sometimes one gets more gingerbread, my dear."

"Oh, you are never so selfish, I know I am a reader of faces. Perhaps there was some one—but perhaps I am treading on tender ground."

I turned my stalwart inches broadside on her. "Do I look like a person with a tender past?" I demanded.

She could not say I did. She laid a thin hand on mine and looked pathetically into my face.

"I am sorry," she said.

"Then you are wasting good sympathy. Do not read your own failings into others, little woman. There are women and women. And not one woman in fifty knows anything of love, except as a convenient sentiment which leads to an establishment. And the woman who does," I added viciously and sotto voce, as I severed the limbs of my "binaural," "generally gets her heart broken!"

CHAPTER II.

I was interviewing Mr. Chilton in the other room. The terrier accompanied me with tuneful "yaps."

"He is such an energetic little brute," his master apologized, bundling him into his basket. There was a curious heavy languor over all his movements, giving him that appearance common to a certain class of big men of being too small for their bodies. He stood lounging against the mantelpiece, rolling the pup lazily over and over with a foot.

"I hope you do not find my wife's case serious," he said. "I think the doctors must have taken an exaggerated view of her. She has been strong and well, and always has good spirits. It is only lately she has felt a bit hipped."

"I am sorry to say I find your wife's case only too serious—so serious that if she does not have absolute rest I will not answer for the consequences. You know, of course, the condition of her heart?"

"That has been wrong a long time," he said.

"Well, she must not write a line or exert herself in mind or body for a month at the very least."

He ceased from rolling the pup.

"Is it so bad as that?" His face whitened. I meant to alarm him. But I did not mean to take all the nerve out of him.

"She has had too much on her hands. She is thoroughly worn out. You must not let her make any more efforts—certainly not until she has had a long rest."

There was a pause.

Then, "Did she tell you how we are placed?" he asked, embarrassed.

"She told me something."

He shifted from one foot to the other.

"I haven't been able to get anything to do; I was never brought up to anything, and I'm not as clever as she is. I couldn't write to save my life."

I stood with my bag in my hand.

"I am afraid it is not a question of choice."

He was aware that I was not regarding his fine build with unmixed admiration.

"What is one to do?" he broke out, sullenly. "I have tried most things, and cannot find an opening. And she writes so easily—laughs and chats all the time. Tell you what," he wound up with a sudden energy, "it's a great mistake you women working. It takes the backbone out of us."

"Work is not a thing which can be done vicariously. The fact that one person works does not relieve another of the obligation."

I was a woman's doctor, not a man's mentor, but I thought the circumstances called for a little plain speaking. He did not readily take offence.

"I'll try again," he said. "I'll find something to do, even if it's only sweeping a crossing. I'll take away her pens and paper. I'll tramp London over before I give in."

"I am sure you will," I said, and shook hands heartily with him. I was pleased with myself in the capacity of mentor.

But the next morning found her with pens and paper, hard upon her task.

"It's nothing at all," she protested, guiltily. "I woke up early with a notion, and I had to commit it to paper before I could rest. It would never have done to deprive the world of so brilliant a notion, especially a notion which needed only a little padding out to make it 'pay the rint.'"

Chilton was out.

"I hope he has found some other means of 'paying the rint,' so that you will no longer need to wake up with 'notions' when you should be sleeping."

"He almost succeeded in getting something to do yesterday, but was just too late. When he does I really will obey orders, because I have no mind at all for death, and leaving my poor Tom all alone by himself."

Two mornings later I found her poor Tom at his old avocation—lazily rolling the terrier over and over with a foot.

He met my eye defiantly, vouchsafing me a mere "good morning." The air was heavy with tobacco fumes, and a half-smoked cigar lay smoldering on the mantelpiece, where he had just placed it.

"He has been in such wretched spirits all the morning," Mrs. Chilton said. "I had to cheer him with a box of cigars I was saving for his birthday. He has trudged nearly all over London these last few days and met with the rudest rebuffs. I don't mean him to try again. And it is no use. He has a splendid head for business, but, as he says, you can't do anything in business without capital. And, doctor, don't scold me, whatever you do, because I really couldn't stand it this morning. I've been pitching into the new woman again."

She laughed a rather melancholy laugh, which wound up with a cough. Her handkerchief came blood-stained from her lips. She stuffed it away among the bedclothes with a guilty eye on mine.

Another day she was in the gayest spirits. "Tom thinks he knows somebody who'll buy the pup. He thinks we may get as much as two guineas for it. Of course, we should miss poor Bijou terribly, but two guineas are two guineas in this hard world, and Tom really must have a new overcoat."

Her bed was strewn with papers, and she was writing rapidly as she spoke.

The undarned stocking, with its needle and worsted, lay over the back of a chair. I caught it up and carried it into the other room. There I presented it to him.

"That, I think, is your work!" I said, spitefully.

I expected to feel better after it. But he accepted it silently and with so helpless an air that I was sorry after all I had not mended it myself. Though to mend it at all were now lost labor.

The intending buyer discovered that the pup had a crook in one of his legs—a crook which came, I honestly believe, of the indomitable little creature's unceasing efforts to intimidate me. So the pup remained on their hands—a chimerical two guineas eating off his head.

Chilton, having time and to spare, devoted some portion of it to instructing the pup in the higher education of tricks. He begged, walked on his hind legs, fetched slippers and opened doors. He barked for the Queen, tossed biscuits from his nose and caught them again in midair. He sat up and smoked a pipe and carried his young mistress her bundle of proofs. It was a pitiful business enough—my poor patient in the one room keeping the wolf from the door with her pen and dying wits, in the other the man who depended on her teaching the terrier tricks.

"Tom is so clever with animals," she said, proudly; "he can do anything with them. And, of course, if we should find a buyer for the pup, his tricks would make him so much more valuable.

"We are in luck's way this morning," she said once. "A friend of Tom's gave him a five-pound note yesterday. And, doctor," she submitted, "do you think if I were to spend a little of it on a bonnet, the fashion would have changed by the time I should be well enough to wear it? Are the fashions changing now? And will I soon be well enough to wear it? I do so love new bonnets," she added, wistfully, "and it seems such an age since I had one."

To this momentous question I advised delay. It was just between seasons, I reminded her, and there was no knowing what tremendous innovation fashion might not have it in her fickle mind to make.

"It is possible even," I said, "that wide, high crowns will come in, and if you were to spend your money on one of the present flat shapes, where would you be?"

"I should be in despair," she cried, tragically, "and Tom would be ashamed to be seen out with me. Poor fellow, he is getting shabby himself. Do you think I shall be ill much longer? And have you noticed how worn his coat is at the wrists and elbows?"

I shook my head emphatically. I had not bestowed the least attention on his wrists or elbows.

"It can't be so noticeable as I feared," she said, relieved. "He must have a new coat, though, when I have my bonnet."

He had it sooner.

"He could not possibly get anything to do so long as he wore that shabby coat," she explained. "And he thinks of applying for the post of Secretary to a Member of Parliament or a Cabinet Minister. Those are capital appointments if one is lucky enough to get them."

With all his selfishness he was kind-hearted. He read to her when her eyes were tired. He kept a pillow cooling at the window to refresh her poor hot cheek. Though his pence were scarce—and, it is true, of her making—he rarely came in without bringing her a bunch of violets or such fruit as came within his means; he took pains to concoct soups for her and to vary the fashion of her milk foods. For she had no appetite now for his chops. But she steadily declined. The money set aside for the new bonnet provided supplies for half a week, when she was too ill to hold a pen.

"It's just the dark before the dawn," she panted, with a flickering smile. "When I get over this I'll be as strong as a horse again. And when I can lift my voice once more in denunciation of the new woman, the editor will exult and dip his hands deep"—she waited for breath—"deep in his pockets, and things will look up, and he shall have new coats and I will have new bonnets."

She was right. It was the dark before the dawn.

Her husband had come in. Her eyes followed him.

"Tom, dear, I don't see you very plainly," she faltered. "My eyes are giving out. I'm afraid I shall have to take to glasses, and you wouldn't like me in glasses." She started up trembling. "I don't see you at all now," she wailed. "Oh, Tom, come! Come to me! Do you remember when you used to kiss my eyes dear? Kiss my eyes now, dear!"

She lifted her hot cheek and laid a wasted arm about his throat. Her dark head, with its tangled curls, was at rest for a moment against his. Then she slid down quietly among her pillows.

"I feel tired," she said.

The dog in the next room started howling piteously.

A minute later she was dead.

CHAPTER III.

It was three years after when a boy in buttons shambled bashfully into my consulting-room. He tendered me a crocodile-skin-pocket envelope profusely scented.

"I was to give it into your very hands with Mrs. Chilton's compliments, ma'am, and could you come at once?"

The note ran thus: "Mrs. Tomas Chilton presents her compliments to Dr. Ramsey, and could she kindly see Mrs. Tomas Chilton as early as possible, as she is extremely unwell, and trusts, as the morning is so exceptionally fine, to be strong enough for a drive, if Dr. Ramsey will be good enough to time her visit before 12 o'clock."

The name seemed familiar, despite its forlorn ring. Then I remembered where last I had heard it. I dismissed it as a mere coincidence. I wonder what has become of my Mr. Tomas Chilton I reflected as I drove.

Mrs. Tomas Chilton was a plump and handsome blonde, whom I found reclining on a couch in one of a well-furnished suite of rooms.

"Excuse me rising, doctor," she apologized, holding out a fleshy, pallid hand. "I am trying to collect a little strength for my drive. I feel it would do me so much good. I am a perfect martyr to nerves; that you will see at a glance. The merest trifle unfits me. Do you know the fact of your being a stranger has set me all of a tremble; I am so stupidly sensitive."

I had no difficulty in making a diagnosis. But I did not shock her delicate sensibilities by stating it. The while I pursued my investigations she ran on:

"The truth is, I require carriage exercise. I cannot live without fresh air"—I opened a window; the air was heavy with musk and aromatics. "Oh, pray be kind enough to close it," she objected peevishly; "I get neuralgia from the slightest draught. Thank you. Do you know I am so dull and moped from being continually in the house. I do not expect to be well until I am able to get carriage exercise. My husband is not wealthy, and, unfortunately, I lost my little income before we were married, but he hopes soon to give me at least a dogcart. I need fresh air so much, and I cannot live without excitement."

While turning a civil face upon her complainings my eye was caught by a photograph on the wall.

"I think I have met your husband," I said.

"He was married before. You attended his first wife, I believe. He was not then in good circumstances. I dare say she did not know how to manage him. He needs a little stirring up."

Her fingers were decked with rings—not very valuable rings, it is true—and the bangles jingling at her wrists were more numerous than they were costly. But she wore a handsome tea gown of satin and lace, her stockings were silken, showing the pinkness of flesh through a perforated pattern; her high-heelede shoes were silver buckled. It was plain she had "stirred up" Mr. Tomas to some purpose. She was half-way through the second volume of a sensational novel, which she supported in one limp hand. The other clasped a bottle of smelling salts.

She held the book up. "My life would be insupportable," she said, "if I were not such an enthusiastic reader. I adore society, but I cannot return my friends' calls, being such a poor walker, and so I drop out of things. When I have my carriage it will make things altogether different."

I had prescribed for her, and I prescribed neither carriage exercise nor excitement, and was descending the stairs when a sharp-faced, bustling woman met me and beckoned me into a room.

"If you want to know what's really the matter with my lady," she said caustically, "I'm her landlady and I can tell you. It's laziness, ma'am, that's what it is—downright, sinful, wicked laziness. It's ringin' the bell for Eliza if she drops her handkerchief; it's ringin' the bell for Eliza if the fire wants a poke; it's ringin' the bell for Eliza if she wants her powder puff, not but what her complexion calls for it, and her never takin' a good wholesome spin. It's nothing all day long but ringin' the bell. I declare, ma'am, I'd never stand it, not if it wasn't for Mr. Chilten, who's the nicest, well-manneredest gent you ever saw, and as handsome as she's good-for-nothing. And he's got to look that pale and peaky it would make anybody's heart ache. She rates him from mornin' till night, and from night again till mornin', because he ain't rich enough to please her, though my husband says he's doin' uncommon well. She will have everything of the best. Breakfast in bed, and wines, and little dinner parties, till I'm wore out with cookin'. He works like a drayhorse, but he don't satisfy her. He's got to fetch and carry like a dog, and bring her titbits and fineries from the city. It's too much grumble and too little to do. It's too much feedin' and too little bustlin' after things, like other people has to. That's what's the matter with my lady!"

On the doorstep I encountered a familiar face. But now it was worn and lined, and those stalwart shoulders of his stooped. There were symptoms of gray in his hair, and he had lost his debonnaire look. But there was neither languor now nor indecision in his movements. He carried in one hand a heavy leather bag, in the other a basket of hothouse grapes and a small bonnetbox. Despite his less fine physical condition, he somehow looked a better man. Where before he had presented an appearance of having shrunk within his body, now he seemd to properly fill it.

He raised his hat with an embarrassed air and hurried into the house.

"Now," remarked I to myself, "Mrs. Chilton No. 2 is, to all appearance, a superfluous factor in the scheme of things, yet, to my knowledge, she has served two useful purposes. In the first place, she has avenged the wrongs of poor, brave-hearted, dead little 'Joan'; in the second, she has made a man of 'Tomas'!"—Woman at Home.

Victory.

There's the paean of the victor and the yell of wild delight
That always greets the winner when he carries off a fight;
There's all kinds of jubilation, from a cheer up to a whoop,
And you'd think none of them do justice to a great, big scoop.

There's the boy who works the story, and his heart is full of glee
But he doesn't show he's tickled, he's as calm as calm can be.
And you'd think to see him writing that his health was on the droop,
But you bet he's fairly humming with his great, great, big scoop.

Then the boss, who reads the copy, marks "first page" and lets it go,
And he'd like to let a yell out so that all the world might know
How he's got the opposition most completely "in the soup"
When they wake up from their dream and read the great, big scoop.

Yes, there's lots of ways to show a sense of overpowering joy,
From firing off a cannon to cavorting like a boy;
But it's time that some inventor to the mammoth task would stoop,
And get up some celebration for a great, big scoop.

Trying to Make It Out.

Theodore—I declared myself, Alfred; but I don't know whether she accepted me or not. That's what I'm trying to make out, you know.

Alfred—What did you say to her?

Theodore—I said I thought the world of her, and she said "It's a queer world." That was all, don't you know, and deuced if I know whether it meant she is in love with me or not.—Boston Transcript.

"How did Ferkasie come to be called Colonel? He never had a military command."

"He married a Kentucky widow."—Puck.

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