ALL morning they had tracked him over the dry, blistering plains. The midday sun beat down upon them with that fierce, penetrating heat peculiar to the Westralian desert, but still they kept on with unflagging ardor. Two of them were zealous troopers, intent only on their duty, but the third, Moran, a dark, sour-looking sergeant, held raging in his breast a fiery, implacable hatred of the man he pursued.

The blinding passion steeled him against the hardships of the desert track, which were rapidly becoming a torture to his two mates. A year ago, in a scuffle they had together in the ranges, Romany King had disarmed Moran, and had laughingly ridden off leaving him bound to a tree, to be discovered a few hours later by the other troopers. It was a humiliating position, and the memory of it embittered his soul. He was a half-breed, and all the savage instincts of his native mother's race clamored insistently for revenge.

As the day went on and the horses began to pant and whinny with the thirst that shrank their ribs, the troopers began to talk about returning to one of the camel-soaks on the plain. Their own supplies of water were exhausted save for a few drops in the bottoms of their canvas bottles.

"There's a wind coming straight from the east," said Gordon, a big sun-tanned trooper, "and that means a dust storm, sure as death, on a day like this."

Duncan, his companion, nodded assent, but the sergeant looked at them fiercely.

"I guess I'm giving orders in this outfit," he said, "and we're going to push on till we put the bracelets on that scoundrel, dust storm or no dust storm."

His face assumed an expression that was almost evil in its intensity, and the other two men were silenced. But, as if in confirmation of their fears, there sounded in the distance a low humming like that of a bee.

Gradually it grew in volume, rising and falling as does the lowing of a herd of wild cattle when they camp at sunset. The troopers knew only too well what it meant, and their faces blanched at the ominous sound.

As the moments went by the air grew vibrant, as if the whole plain vibrated with the notes of an organ. Then, in the distance, appeared tiny clouds like volleys of smoke. A shadowy film crept over the face of the sun till its rays grew dim and yellow, and all the atmosphere became pregnant with an uncanny sensation as if something unearthly were about to happen. The horses felt its presence and began to whinny with fear, their eyes showing red in their sockets.

Even the sergeant began to feel something of the animals' terror of the incoming storm, and gave the order to gallop back over the track. The horses raced for their lives, their ears laid back, and their limbs stretched out to the utmost. All creation seemed to boom with the roar of the wind, and behind them came the impenetrable wall of advancing dust. The singing, whirring note of its music crept into their brains and maddened them to greater speed. Then suddenly, with fierce power, it burst upon them, blotting them out from one another's sight, and enveloping them in utter blackness.

Instinctively they threw themselves off their horses, and lying flat on the plain buried their faces in their arms. It was the only way to get relief from the smothering dust which smarted in their nostrils and the back of their throats. The roar had become deafening, and the sand whirled along like a limitless column of tiny hailstorms, shutting out the sky above and the light of the sun. To the troopers it seemed like being buried alive.

Then suddenly the thunder of the rushing columns grew fainter. The troopers, raising their heads, saw the sunbeams struggling weakly through the mist of fine dust, and knew that the fury of the storm had abated. But the tiny particles had penetrated their throats, sucking up the moisture of their bodies, and making them burn with a fiery thirst.

"Guess we'd better make tracks for the nearest camel-soak," said Gordon. "I've mopped up every drop of my water."

The sergeant looked at his own empty bottle and sullenly assented. He felt bitterly that an adverse Fate was dogging his footsteps, for he had made certain of getting the outlaw that day. He knew that they were hot on his tracks, and that the storm was the only happening that could have saved him. Wherefore his passion for revenge raged more fiercely as he rode back.

But as they hurried on a feeling of horror came over them as they found the track blotted out completely by the storm. On that lonely desert there were no landmarks, their horses' footmarks were the only guide to show them the trail over which they had come. Now that these were filled in by the shifting sand they were as hopelessly adrift as a rudderless boat at sea.

With the consciousness of this, they felt more keenly the burning dryness of their parched throats. The choking dust became a sponge, soaking up bit by bit the life of their systems. Their joints ached with dryness, and they looked at one another uneasily, each seeing the fear of a horrible death written plainly on his mates' faces.

At sunset, though they peered eagerly around the rim of the horizon, they could see nothing but the long stretches of sand. The sergeant cast himself down and said he could go no further. He had not the stamina of the other two, and his bloodshot eyes roved round him in a frenzy of pain.

The other troopers lay down beside him, and night came creeping over the desert. They tried to sleep, but their tortured throats clamored for water.

The sergeant, growing demented with agony, tried to tear the clothes from his body, feeling the choking suffocation of their touch, but his hands fell weakly by his side. Then, towards morning, a dreamy stupor came over them, making them for a time unconscious of their parched and withered bodies.

Moran, the sergeant, awoke first to find a figure appearing over the stretch of desert. His eyes were blinded by the films of dust, and it was not till the stranger was but a few yards away that he recognized Romany King, his enemy. Instantly the old passion swept in a tide over his brain, and groping feebly for his revolver he fired quickly at the bushranger.

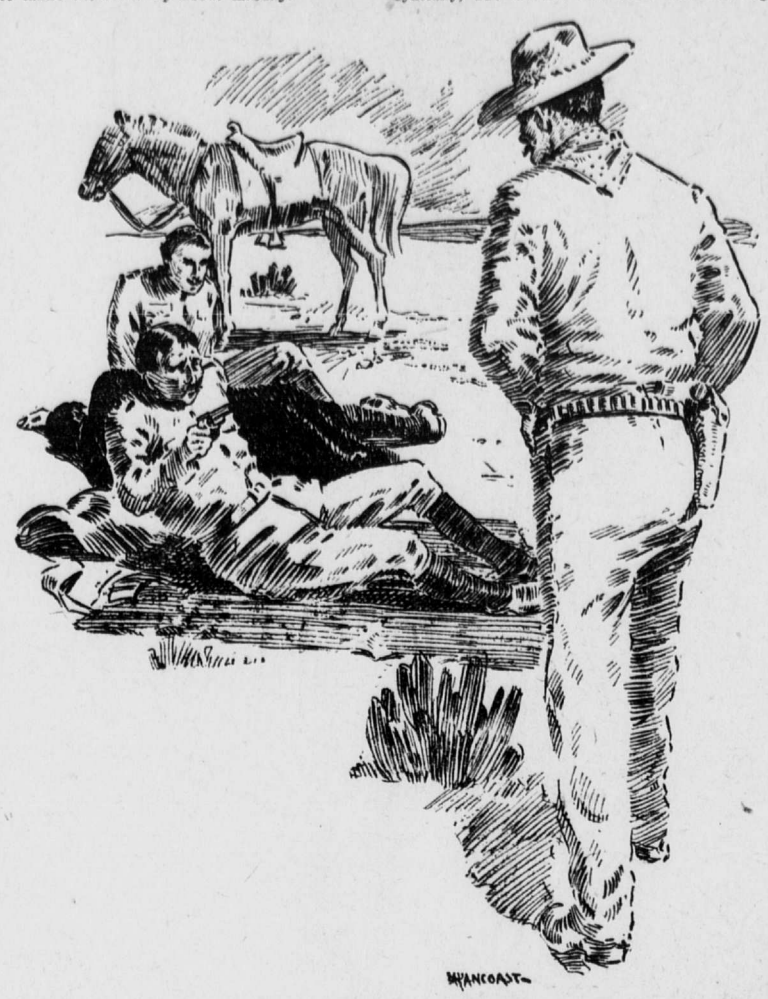
But the shot flew wide of the mark. In a flash, Romany King knocked the weapon from his hand and knelt down beside him on the ground.

"I guess this isn't the time for shooting," he said curtly.

He took the water bottle from his belt, and applied it to the mouth of the sergeant. The latter drank eagerly, the cool liquid acting like balm on his swollen tongue and throat. There was something almost magical in the way it restored the shrunken tissues of his body and soothed his fever-wrecked frame. The bushranger noticed that the frenzied look was passing from his eyes and he turned his attention to the others.

They were strong, hardy men, and a few drops revived them from their torpor. There was something pathetic in their looks as they saw the man who had rescued them from a terrible death, and they struggled clumsily to express their feelings of gratitude. But Romany King stopped them abruptly.

"You'll find a camel-soak about three miles to the right, mates," he said, "and I think you ought to make the township about midday."



INSTANTLY THE OLD PASSION SWEPT IN A TIDE OVER HIS BRAIN.

He turned to go, but was confronted by the sergeant, who pressed the muzzle of his revolver to his forehead.

"I reckon you're my prisoner, Romany King," he said.

The bushranger gave him a scornful look of contempt, and a hot flush of shame mantled the cheeks of the troopers.

"Drop that now, Moran," said Gordon. "Be a man for once."

"I've got my duty to do," said the sergeant coldly.

"It's no duty; it's a low-down dirty spite," the trooper answered.

The sergeant's eyes kindled evilly with a dangerous light.

"I shall report you for gross insubordination as soon as we get to barracks," he said fiercely.

Romany King looked at his captor and laughed cynically, but Gordon was filled with the rage of a wild beast. Like a flash he sprang on the sergeant, bearing his back to the ground and pinioning his arms to his side.

"You cursed half-caste," he said, "haven't you got any of the instincts of a human being?"

The other trooper possessed himself of the fallen man's revolver and pointed it at his head.

"You scoundrels," the latter panted, his black, snake-like eyes gleaming with passion. "I'll make you bleed for this before the sub-inspector."

But they laughed in his face. Romany King caught his horse and vaulted lightly into the saddle.

"Good-bye, mates!" he said to the two troopers. "Hope we'll meet next time under happier circumstances. As for that skunk on the ground, I don't want to see him again except along my revolver barrel."

And he cantered off over the desert.

The sergeant's threat was not an idle one. When, some hours later, the three men rode into the little mining camp on the edge of the desert tired, disheveled and dusty, he hurried off to the sub-inspector, and laid the case before him.

Burke, the sub-inspector, grew white with anger at the story, and instantly summoned the troopers to his presence. As they shuffled into the little weather-boarded office, their uniforms ragged and their faces stained with the dust of the desert, they found him waiting for them, his whole attitude rigid with severity.

"Well," said the sub-inspector, "you know the charge. You've assaulted your superior officer and let a villain escape."

"It was only common humanity," said Gordon.

"Humanity!" said the fiery old sub-inspector. "What the deuce has that to do with you troopers? You've dishonored your uniform and insulted your superior officer, because he was man enough to do his duty. You shall be tried on those charges at the sittings of the next court."

And, turning to Moran, he gave orders for them to be handcuffed and led away. Ignominiously they were thrust into the little log jail to await their sentence.

But, a few days after, a mysterious notice, addressed to the sub-inspector, was posted upon the door of the jail.

"Dear sir," it ran, "if you give me your promise to release the two troopers who were jailed on my account, I will deliver myself up in their place right away. You can accept my offer by putting a notice at the camel-soak, just outside the township. ROMANY KING."

Burke, the sub-inspector, looked puzzled.

"I suppose he means it," he said to Moran

"I reckon so," said the sergeant. "Anyway, we can let Duncan and Gordon out for a time and if he turns up we can nail the three of them."

The sub-inspector was a convention-loving man, worshipping routine like a god, but he broke in instantly:

"'Pon my soul, Moran, I believe you could break a thousand promises without winking an eyelid. I'm inclined to think those poor beggars of troopers had more honor in them, after all."

The sergeant walked away, raging inwardly, and the sub-inspector sent a trooper to the spot appointed, accepting the offer of the bushranger.

There was some excitement in the little mining camp next day when the news leaked out. A crowd of miners gathered at midday to see if Romany King would come to redeem his promise. And, punctually to the hour appointed, there appeared on the desert track a spot of white, half-hidden by a cloud of dust.

At once a whisper ran down the line of waiting men.

"Romany King's coming, mates."

The sub-inspector and Moran were waiting for him at the barracks—Moran, pleased and exultant, with a look of insolent triumph on his face. Romany King colored as he saw his enemy, and his hand made an instinctive movement towards the revolver at his hip. He was longing to meet the sergeant on the open plain to fight a battle to the death; but he conquered himself, and passed along good-humoredly to the sub-inspector.

"I guess I'm up to time," he said, smiling.

"Right to the tick, Romany King," said Burke. "Moran, release those troopers."

"Wait a moment," said the outlaw. "Do you promise to reinstate them, inspector?"

The sub-inspector hesitated.

"I promise," he said at length.

Romany King looked for a moment at the stretch of desert behind him, the rolling, limitless plain which called to him like a mother. Thoughts of the freedom he was foregoing were surging in a tide within him. He hesitated for a moment, and then held out his hands for the manacles.

"I reckon it's a bargain, then," he said.

The sergeant gave a malicious grin of triumph as he clicked the handcuffs on his wrist, and from the throats of half a hundred miners arose a cheer—a ringing cheer of admiration for the honor of an outlaw.

* * * *

The same night Romany King lay in his cell, his brain plotting and planning for some method of escape. He had fulfilled his part of the contract when he stepped inside the prison door; and now he heard the call of the desert in every breath of the roving wind, and all his being clamored to respond.

But the walls of the jail were made of thick, stout logs of iron-bark, hard and impervious as granite.

Suddenly it occurred to him that one of the wooden logs of the wall was lighter in color than the rest. It was dark in the cell, but the moonlight pierced between the chinks, and his practiced eye told him that the log in question was not of seasoned hardwood. If it were pine he knew there would be little doubt that it would be eaten to the heart by white ants.

He walked over to it noiselessly, and felt it with his hands. It was sound and smooth, and bore no traces of decay. But the ground around the jail was of the light dusty soil in which white ants abound, and he knew they would be attracted to the pine as steel to a magnet. He took out his knife and cut into the hard white wood.

It was an almost helpless task, but if his conjecture were right the log would be rotten to the core. Feverishly he toiled, seeming to make no impression on the almost impenetrable wood, but he persevered with an energy that would not be beaten. At last, after two hours' labor, he felt his knife sink into a mass of decayed pulp, where the white ants had done their work of destruction.

Success was surely coming to him, and with all the eagerness of hope he hacked away with his knife. It was no great matter to make a hole in the rotten wood large enough to slip his body through. He felt the fresh air of the desert in his face as he crawled out of the opening.

Then, outside of the jail he heard the tread of footsteps. He knew instinctively that it was Moran who was guarding him with untiring watchfulness. His hands were clenched with passion, and he crouched in the shadow of the wall and awaited his coming.

* * * *

Next morning the news that Romany King had escaped ran around the camp. The cell was found empty; and, gagged, bound and nailed by his ear to the wooden door of the jail was Moran.

On his breast was pinned another letter to the sub-inspector. It ran:

"Sir: You have dealt with brave men according to your idea of justice. I have dealt with a villain according to mine.

"ROMANY KING, the Outlaw."

Museum of Oceanography

NEARLY, if not all, of the revenues of the great gambling hall at Monte Carlo are expended in the construction and equipment of the Museum of Oceanography at that place, which institution originated in the mind of the Prince of Monaco some time ago, and has been maintained by that gentleman since. For many years boats have been fitted out by the Prince for the work of ocean research, and much valuable knowledge has been secured on this interesting subject. The small museum originally established by the Prince on the shores of the sea has been recently replaced by a very pretentious structure, which will before long be regarded as one of the world's most important scientific centres. The new structure is an imposing one of stone, built on the side of a precipice. It is a long structure, extending about 325 feet along the edge of the rocky declivity. The basements are just above the sea, while the upper stories are above the top of the upper ground level, and in this manner quite a large structure has been reared without marring the beautiful landscape of that portion of the country. Viewed from the land side, the structure appears to be three stories in height, while from the sea it is a seven or eight-storied structure.

The main entrance is really in the very centre of the building, there being three floors above and three below. After entering the main doorway, the visitor finds himself in a great hallway or vestibule and on either side are large rooms, which are designed to accommodate specimens, when the institution is in full working order. These three rooms are capable of being thrown into one large hall meant to afford accommodation for large gatherings, such as congresses and conventions.

In the lower part of the building is where the actual work of investigation and research is conducted. Here there are private rooms for the use of visiting scientists who may be conducting some line of work at the institution. On one of these lower floors there is a macerating basin large enough to receive a whale.

In one of the wings located on the lower floors are a large number of aquariums, ranging in length from three feet to twenty, for the exhibition of live specimens. One of the rooms contains a cement table, 70 feet long and three feet wide.

The upper floors are given over to the exhibition of apparatus used in securing specimens of water and animal life from the depths of the sea, investigation of the amount of light penetrating the depths and for the study of the ocean's currents. In addition to all this there is a very excellent library and a photographic studio.

The Imitation Pearl

THE imitation of gems has always existed, but in recent years this work has been brought to a state of perfection rarely dreamed of by the workers of ancient times, and the manufacture of imitation gems of specially prepared glass, paste, etc., has become quite an important industry, says a writer in the Jeweler's Circular-Weekly.

The means of ascertaining the genuineness of pearls, which are frequently imitated with marvelous skill, is especially important to the layman, even though the jeweler may quickly detect them. Imitations are usually lighter than real pearls, and generally are brittle (although some are made solid of fish scales, and do not break so easily), while the holes, which in the real pearl are drilled very small and have a sharp edge, are in the false larger and have a blunt edge. As a rule, the imitation pearls are like hollow spheres of glass colored internally with a coating imitating the orient of natural pearl.

The manufacture of these articles embraces two series of operations, the production of the sphere and the introduction of coating. The spheres are produced by the glass blower, who by aid of an enameler's lamp solders the extremity of a tube when the substance is of the right consistency. In this way are obtained very regular little spheres that serve for the composition of the ordinary quality of false pearls. In the more beautiful imitations the tube employed is slightly opalescent, and the glass blower, besides, gives to the little spheres while they are yet malleable certain slightly perceptible inequalities of surface by gently tapping them with a small iron bar. This gives them a still greater resemblance to natural pearls, which are very seldom absolutely regular.

AN ANCIENT ART.

Imitation pearls were manufactured in Egypt at least fifteen centuries before our era, say some authorities, and the manufacture seems to have remained stationary there for a long time. The manufacture of a false pearl at Rome goes back to the period when the taste for fine pearls became general, and Pliny indicates this in the most precise manner. The silence of other ancient authors on imitation pearls allows us to simply conjecture what must have been their use among the inferior classes, which in all ages have considered themselves obliged to imitate cheaply the luxuries of the higher circles, so we must abandon those remote times and come directly to Venice, where we shall find, if not the origin, at least the mention of this industry, the first productions of which are lost in the night of time.

The first authentic mention of imitation pearls dates from the year 1318, when the manufacturers, called by the name of paternoster-makers and pearl-makers, were established either at Venice or at Murano. At first the glass balls were filled with various materials, generally with a base of mercury, but in the year 1680 a rosary-maker named Tacquin conceived the idea of using, in the place of this mercurial mixture, a harmless substance that produced an infinitely more perfect color.

This substance, the essence of orient, is formed from the scales of the ablette, a little white fish which abounds in the Seine, the Marne and the Lorret. The fishes are rubbed rather roughly in pure water in a large basin, and the water is then strained through a linen cloth, and the residue is left for several days to settle. The sediment thus obtained forms the essence of orient. It requires from 17,000 to 18,000 fishes to obtain 500 grammes (a little over a pound) of this substance. The scaly substance is liable to decompose quickly, and numerous chemical agents are employed by different manufacturers to preserve it.

COATED WITH FISH SCALES.

The discovery of a method for preserving the brilliancy of fish scales has led to their export from Restov-on-Don, Russia, for the last five or six years. The fish used are so small that nets of 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 strands in the mesh are used. Seventy-two pounds of fish yield 14 ounces of scales, which are powdered with some preservative, packed in 10-lb tins, hermetically sealed, and sent by parcel post to Berlin, Stettin and Paris. Over eight tons have already been exported. The scales are thought to be used for the making of artificial pearls and similar articles. The trade is growing, and St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Vitelsk and Astraklan have begun to export.

The process of coloring the pearl is commenced by lining the interior of the ball with a delicate layer of perfectly limpid and colorless parchment glue, and before it is quite dry the essence of orient is introduced by means of a slender blowpipe. It is allowed to dry, the pearl is filled with wax, and, if intended for a necklace, is pierced.

Artificial pearls are also made from beads of opalescent glass filled with gum, the polish of the glass being reduced by the vapor of hydrofluoric acid. Very good imitations of the genuine pearl are made from mother-of-pearl also. This material is cut to required shape and polished beautifully, when it has an appearance very similar to that of the genuine article, though an expert can readily distinguish the imitation from the genuine gem.

Imitation pearls manufactured by known processes, and more particularly the largest variety, are too fragile when hollow and too heavy to deceive the gem dealer when sold. The manufacture of pearls of irregular form, termed "baroques," is more costly than that of pearls of regular form in consequence of which a special molding process has to be adopted. This process obtains artificial pearls having a nacreous lustre, and, to a high degree, the qualities of strength and lightness and irregularity of form which imparts an exact resemblance to genuine pearl "baroques."

There are at present on the market imitations of pearls consisting of a central sphere of china, stone or mother-of-pearl, with an outside coating resembling celluloid in structure, but having a color and luster that closely simulates that of genuine pearls. Some of these are made in spheres and pear shapes too perfect in detail by far, but others show defects in form such as are met with in natural pearls. A simple and quick way to detect these imitations is to touch them to the tongue, upon which they appear warm as does celluloid, and not cold as do natural pearls. The outer coating may also be easily scraped with a sharp knife.

For a Child's Party

IN arranging a program for a child's party, it is well to have the refreshments as early as possible. The object of this method of procedure is easily seen; most people find that the children are strange at the outset and, alhtough they have been introduced to one another, they fail to make themselves at home. It is not until refreshment time that they "warm up," the strangeness and reserve wear off and they are full of fun. It is really hard work for the hostess to keep things going before tea, and the party often looks like being literally a dismal failure. A good start is a great advantage, so the "warming-up" process must take place at once.

A neatly-written program should be given to each guest; this gives them all an idea that the evening is to be full of amusement. There may be intervals for the especial purpose of permitting the children to propose some games of which they are all fond, and this scheme gives them a feeling of partnership in the entertainment.

However fond children may be of the old games, there can be no question that something fresh, provided that it be simple enough to be easily understood, is a great joy to them. Therefore if some game can be devised that is novel, so much the better.

The following is a good idea for a children's party. A tray, on which are displayed from twelve to twenty articles, is brought in and the guests are told to look at it closely, because a prize will be given to the one who can afterwards most accurately describe the things which they see on this tray. The time allowed for examining the contents of the tray may be one minute or two; then it is taken away and the guests commence the competition. The answers may be written down, or the hostess may retire to a corner and take each child separately for a verbal description. If the articles are very distinctive it will aid the children. Doubtless some of the guests will notice only half the articles, while others may be able to enumerate all and give a fairly good description of them. There will be keen excitement during this competition.

If the ages of the guests vary much, two trays may be used and the children divided into sections according to their years.

THE BLIND BELLRINGER.

A game that will create uproarious amusement is called the blind bellringer. The room is cleared as far as possible, and a bell is hung from a cord at one end of the apartment. An easy way to suspend this bell is to stand two screens wide apart and place a long rod from one to the other; the cord is tied in the centre of the rod and in that way the bell can swing clear in the space between the screens.

Each child is blindfolded in turn and tries to knock the bell with a cane. The start is made from the other end of the room and the candidate for the post of bellringer walks carefully forward until he or she thinks that the intervening space has been covered, and then aims a blow at the bell in the full belief that success has been achieved. Instead of hearing the bell ring, the candidate hears a peal of laughter, and she is still a long way from the bell, having traversed only half the distance or she has gone sideways and is trying to strike the wall. All the children who do succeed in touching the bell receive a prize. It will not be necessary to purchase many prizes.

SPLITTING THE AIR.

If the room is large enough the game may be varied. A flower pot, or a cheap cup, may be suspended, but it should be enveloped in a cloth. Instead of merely touching the object, the game is to hit it hard enough to smash it. As only one stroke is allowed, the candidate aims a terrific blow and usually strikes air. The spectacle of this child hitting vigorously at nothing is intensely ridiculous.

Another good item is to have someone at the piano to play well-known tunes. Each child has a slip of paper, or a card, and a pencil; she must write down the title of each tune without saying anything to her fellow guests. Those who have written the greatest number of correct titles gain a prize.

This, too, may be varied according to circumstances. For instance, the idea may be that the guests shall call out the title as soon as they recognize the tune and the one who gives the greater number of correct answers the most quickly receives a prize. Some children can recognize a song on hearing the first three or four notes, and it will be fun for both guests and entertainers to note the rapidity and eagerness with which the replies are given.

A CONSOLATION HUNT.

In order to prevent disappointment on the part of those who have not gained prizes, consolation gifts may be offered. These presents are hidden in the room or about the house, and the guest without a prize is told she can have the first present which she finds. She may hunt alone or have the asistance of one or more of the prize-winners. Only one gift is allowed and as soon as a child has discovered one, she retires and another goes hunting. Or all the non-prize winners may hunt at the same time.

It is well to end with some refreshment, just as we commenced with it. Before going into supper, or whatever it may be, the children are told to take a paper from the puzzle box. This box contains as many slips as there are guests and the thing is managed in this way. Suppose there are twenty guests. The hostess has selected ten riddles and has written the question on one slip and the answer on another. If any guest has picked an answer she must find the one who has the question, and those two are partners for the supper. If there are an equal number of boys and girls, the questions and answers should be placed in separate boxes, one for the lads and the other for the lasses; in that way the sexes will be properly paired. The lads may have the questions and they can go the round of the lasses asking for the answer.

The Making of Perfumes at Home

THE story of perfumery is just as old and just as entrancing as the story of Beauty and her power, for the two run side by side in the history of the world.

As to the health-giving properties of perfumes, much remains to be learned; but a German professor affirms that living in a perfumed atmosphere prevents consumption, and points to the town of Grasse, where perfume distilleries are so numerous, as an illustration. Here, as everyone knows, phthisis is conspicuous by its absence.

And what a wonderful range of perfumes we have to choose from!

First come the natural extracts of flowers, roses, jasmin, violets, lavender and geranium being responsible for three or four odors each, as well as many more from combinations. The animal world contributes musk and ambergris; and the chemist opens an entirely new vista when, from oats and turpentine, he creates essences of "lemon," "cinnamon," "pineapple" and "vanilla"; from the pine, "essence of violets"; and from petroleum, "essence of lavender."

To make one's own perfumes is a fascinating occupation, with many possibilities about it.

Of course, to enter into the matter thoroughly is only practicable when one has collected numerous phials and certain apparatus; but it is possible to mix and combine oils and extracts so as to produce happy results—more can be done later.

* * * *

PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

The basis of these may be rectified spirits of wine, to which can be added otto of roses, oils of cedar, lavender, almonds, cloves, rosemary, extracts of tuberose, jonquil, styrax, or tolu, according to taste. An example:

Rectified spirits of wine.....	20 parts.
Triple otto of roses.....	4 parts.
Essential oil of cedar.....	1 part.

* * * *

SACHETS FOR THE DRESS AND WARDROBE.

The basis of the powders for sachets may be orris root, and to this can be added rose leaves, lavender flowers, tonquin beans, benzoin gum, musk, vanilla beans, otto of roses, oils of bergamot, lavender and neroli.

Example—Wood Violet:

Powdered orris root	1 lb.
Oil of bergamot	12 drops.
Oil of bitter almonds	10 drops.
Otto of rose	8 drops.
Musk seed	6 grains.

Place in an air-tight jar for at least a week, and then sew into the silk bags.

* * * *

A MOST CHARMING SACHET.

is made of rose leaves and lavender flowers. They must be well mixed together, and sprinkled with oil of lavender and otto of roses. Place in a covered box or jar in a warm and dark place. Take out now and again in order to mix. Coarsely powder—with knife or coffee mill—and it is ready for use.