

THE RIGHT ROAD.

"I have lost the road to happiness— Does anyone know it, pray? I was dwelling there when the morn was fair, But somehow I wandered away.

"I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures, And ran to pursue them, when, lo! I had lost the path to happiness, And I know not whither to go.

"I have lost the way to happiness— Oh, who will lead me back? Turn off from the highway of selfishness To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along, and you can't go wrong, For as sure as you live, I say, The fair, lost fields of happiness Can only be found that way. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Good Cheer.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XIII.

Confined to her bed and room as was Madam Walton, and only vaguely alive to what might be going on in the household—for there were days when she lay dull and apathetic, yet mercifully spared from suffering—it was Esther's duty and fondest care to minister to her mother's needs even at a time when her heart was torn with anxiety on account of her husband, now a prisoner in the hands of the United States marshal at the capital, and of her brother, who, under the orders of the general in command of the department, had been sent under guard to New Orleans, there to await his trial by court-martial for the crime of desertion. The visits of the old family physician were frequent, for the invalid had had too much to suffer and seemed incapable of further struggle. Floyd was twice permitted to visit his mother during the two days that elapsed before telegraphic orders came in his case. She knew him, clung to him, yet seemed unable to realize that he was going from her. She once or twice asked if Judge Summers had been heard from, for Cousin Bart had written full details of Floyd's trouble, and the family united in urging him to make an appeal to certain influential friends of the ante bellum days, who had scandalized the Waltons by their loyalty to the old flag. Then Lambert wrote a letter which Close signed and sent to the department headquarters, and the boy, remembering some kind words said to him by his father's old friend, ventured on a personal letter to the general himself, pleading the family's distress. It was this letter that overcame Esther's objection to the advice of Mr. Potts to the effect that they take Mr. Lambert in as a day boarder. And within 48 hours of his initial appearance at their table Mrs. Scroggs, as he was the first to address his blushing hostess, was more than reconciled to the step.

But if she was, Miss Kate was not. The wrath and indignation of that young lady can hardly be described. It was one thing, she declared, for her to sell eggs and butter to a gentleman who was a friend of Floyd's, who told her he despised his captain as much as she did, who had enlisted only because he had been promised immediate promotion to a captaincy, and who never would have done so even then, had he known that soldiers could be used to persecute the people of the south. He was only waiting for his commission to come—or his discharge—to tell Capt. Close what he thought of his conduct. It was all very well to make friends with a gentleman like Mr. Riggs, who had been dear brother Floyd's friend at Quitman before he fell in love with that horrid designing Yankee girl who had led him on to "cohtin" her when she was all the time engaged to that rich raggicker or whatever he might be. Mr. Riggs had behaved like a perfect gentleman. (She had forgotten the little bill he had been running up and was so long vainly impertuned to pay. She also attached slight importance to Barton's statement that "Brother Floyd said Riggs was a fraud and liar, and responsible for much—though not all—of his trouble.") As between Mr. Riggs and this new Yankee lieutenant, who had dared to disguise himself and seek to make her acquaintance, she had but one opinion: Riggs was driven to drink and desertion by having had to serve under such brutes. She declared she would starve rather than eat under the same roof with Lieut. Lambert, insisted on staying in her mother's room and being served there, and was conspicuous by her absence from the table for the first 48 hours since Lambert's admittance, despite Esther's pleading and Barton's ridicule. "You may think it fine to take money from such people, Mrs. Scroggs," she declared, with high disdain; "but you never would if you were well enough to know what was going on." (Moh is the only alphabetical combination that I can think of which even approximately represents Miss Kate's pronunciation of the term by which she was accustomed to refer to her mother.) But if Miss Kate were indignant before, she was simply furious when her married sister responded, with exasperating calm:

"And yet you took Mr. Lambert's money in payment for your butter, Katesie."

"Ah didn't. How day-ah you say so, Esthuh? It was Mr. Riggs."

"Floyd says it wasn't. Floyd says that man had not had a cent for three weeks. You know yourself it was Mr. Lambert there at the fence both nights, and you know why that wretch couldn't have been there."

"Ah'll wunk every finguh to the bone, then, till it's paid back," cried Miss Walton. "An' it was mean an' contemptible an' cowardly in him to fawce it on me as he did—to listen to what wasn't meant for his yubs at all." By his "yubs" Miss Walton meant those or-

gans of hearing that lay so close under the brown curls on either side of Mr. Lambert's shapely head—ears which she could gladly have pinched, or tweaked, or even banged, in her wrath at that moment. The hard-earned, long-expected five dollars had been sent to town and expended before this sisterly conference took place, or beyond doubt Miss Katesie would have hurled it back at the donor when he came so sprightly up the walk that crisp December evening.

Two days later brought a long letter from Floyd, written from the barracks at New Orleans. He was not confined in the guardhouse, as he had feared and expected to be. The prisoners awaiting sentence were there, but those yet to be tried were kept in an old storehouse that was not uncomfortable, and on the evening of his arrival an officer, Lieut. Waring of the artillery, took him into a separate room, "treated me like a perfect gentleman," wrote poor Floyd, leaving his readers to divine whether this lavish descriptive were to apply to the lieutenant or himself, listened to Floyd's story from beginning to end, and told him to keep up his spirits. "Lieut. Lambert had written urging him to do all he could to help me, and had asked old Gen. Ducaannon to restore me to duty without trial, in view of the way I had been tricked. If he does, and will send me out against those infernal Indians in Texas, by heaven I'll show them I can fight as hard for the flag to-day as I did against it three and four years ago. All I ask is officers and gentlemen like him—or young Lambert—to serve under, and I'll earn my pardon."

They had been utterly blue and hopeless on Floyd's account since his transfer to New Orleans, and this letter was a revelation. Esther took it up to her mother's room and strove to make her understand its purport, "Katesie" sitting silently, and, at first, scornfully by. Mrs. Walton's faculties seemed to date to follow, and Esther had to reiterate and explain. Then the doctor came, and the hale old gentleman's eyes filled as he read. "That young fellow is a trump," said he, referring to Lambert; and he, too, bent over the gentle invalid and whispered hope and courage. Later, when Kate was wanted, it was found she had quit the room. Esther discovered her after considerable search, shivering in a room upstairs. She wouldn't talk, but that evening came to tea.

For several days Miss Kate contrived to hold aloof from the general conversation, but it was a hard fight against every natural impulse. Before the end of the week her resolution had failed her utterly, and time and again her ready tongue had challenged Lambert to debate; and now, to her chagrin, it was he who declined. When formally presented to "my sister, Miss Walton," by Mrs. Scroggs, the young gentleman had bowed very low and had striven to be civil. As they sat facing each other, and only the width of the table apart, her downcast eyes and determined silence proved embarrassing, even though long, curving, sweeping lashes and flushed cheeks appeared, perhaps, to dangerous advantage. "Aw pshaw!" said Cousin Bart that evening, as he and Lambert were smoking the pipe of peace and the young fellow ventured a fear that he had offended the damsel in the butter business, "just you pay no attention to that child for a day or two, an' see how quick she'll come round. She just wants to be huffy. She'll be hawbly cut up when she finds you don't notice her." Potts had not a little worldly wisdom when he wasn't drinking, and since his installation as ex-officio head of the house he hadn't touched a drop. Lambert was beginning to like him very much, but couldn't induce him to come over to camp. "I can't stand that captain of yours," was his sole explanation.

From frigid silence on Katesie's part to occasional monosyllable and thence to brief and caustic comments on the remarks of her sister and cousin the transition was easy; but now that Lambert addressed no remarks whatever to her, yet chatted smilingly with the others, the girl's position became exasperating. She was willing enough, at the start, to keep at wide distance, but that anybody should presume to hold her there was a very different matter; in fact, simply intolerable. Esther noted in silent amusement how the girl began to display unaccustomed solicitude as to the fit of her gown, the effect of such poor little efforts at ornamentation as her simple store of lace or ribbon afforded. Such quaint, old-fashioned bows and flounces as came forth, such queer combinations of shade and color! Esther caught her more than once glancing shyly from under the long lashes and looking furtively at her vis-a-vis, for Lambert, with malice prepense and aforethought, began telling Mrs. Scroggs of the belles and beauties of last summer at the Point, and one evening when the verbal blockade had lasted perhaps three days he turned to Esther as they were rising from the table—and if it wasn't taking a mean advantage of a defenseless foe, what would be?

"I brought over these two to show you, Mrs. Scroggs," said he, producing some carte-de-visite photographs from an envelope. "This is Miss Fordham, who was considered the prettiest girl at Cozzens' this year, though that fashionable street suit is perhaps less becoming to her than evening dress. And this is Miss Torrance. I think I told you that our ladies are no longer wearing crinoline, and that these short dresses are worn even for calling in the daytime."

And Katie Walton was halted at the threshold as she would have left the room. What woman could resist a peep at these pictures of reigning belles garbed in the height of the fashion of the day—a fashion these fair southern sisters had never seen, and had only vaguely heard of! Cousin Bart could have laughed outright when he caught a glimpse of Katesie's face, but mercifully refrained. She flushed, stopped, bit her lip, turned and fairly ran up

stairs, but came down five minutes later, as Lambert knew she would, "looking for a book," and Esther, yearning over her, called her sister to her side. Looking at northern girls' pictures wasn't making friends with their friends anyhow! "Ah don't see anything pretty in that one," was Katesie's prompt comment. "And Ah couldn't be hi-uhd to weah a gown like that." But Lambert felt that he had won the day, and the next evening fetched over a whole album full. "Ce n'est que le premier pas," etc. Miss Walton, having looked at two, concluded she might as well see the others, but she never meant to ask questions about them—as she had to when Esther went in to see what moh would like for her tea. Cousin Bart had brought in a bag of plump and tempting "partridges" that evening, and was beginning to puzzle Esther very much, when she remembered how impecunious a person Bart had ever been, to account for the supplies which he began to fetch from town.

And so things were going a trifle better at the old homestead towards the end of December. Hopeful letters came from Walton. The Parmelee party were having difficulty in getting reliable evidence against him; his friends were making him entirely comfortable in his confinement, and his lawyer assured him that his release would be effected in a very few days. Floyd wrote that an aid-de-camp of the general commanding had come with Lieut. Waring to see him, and to say that his case was being investigated and that, as yet, no charges had been preferred by the commander of his troop. Little delicacies and luxuries in the way of tea, jellies, preserves and wine—things to which they had been strangers since early in the war—were finding their way in and greatly comforting the invalid mother, and, could their doctor but say the dear lady was really mending, the girls would have had hope and courage, but the doctor could not say.

"I've got to go to Quitman for two days on business, Esther," said Cousin Bart one morning, "and I reckon I'll ask Dr. Falconer to come back with me, 'if you don't mind, and have a day at the birds. They'll all be gone in a week 'if this weather keeps on."

"You have deeper reason than that, Barton. I saw you with Dr. Coleman when he went out last night. It's a consultation, is it not?"

"Why, of co'se I want Coleman to have a chance to talk it over with Falconer,

and he'd like it, too. Falconer's more up to date, the old man says, and he thinks perhaps the new school knows something wuth tryin'. You see, Cousin Lou ain't pickin' up fast as she ought to."

"I see it all too plainly, Bart. What I don't see is where all the money is to come from to pay for doctors and consultations—and—!" Big tears began welling in her soft, sad eyes. "Bart, where does it all come from now? Iow do we get all these dainties? You can't spare it. It mustn't be Mr. Lambert's."

"Now just don't you bother 'bout that, Esther. I made a raise, I tell you. There's old Uncle Pete and that no-count nigger Frank been owin' your mother on last year's crawp o' caw'n' all this time. I made them pony up, an' I told Hicks I'd sell out his mule an' cart 'f he didn't pay—made him bawwo the money—"

"That wouldn't begin to cover the cost of what you've been having sent up from New Orleans—the expressage even—"

"Now just don't you bawwo trouble." (One r in a sentence wasn't too much for Potts. When they doubled up on him he confessed judgment.) "Lambert tends to all that. Uncle Sam, he says, pays freight on commissary stores. Just do's I say, and I'll fetch Cousin Lou round all right yet, and find somebody to rent the old place and send you all down to Biloxi for the winter. But I'll tell you what I do think, Esther; you ought to have Lambert over to sleep in my room while I'm gone. He'll come."

But when Lambert came to tea that night half expecting to be welcomed to Cousin Bart's place in his absence, a surprise awaited him. Esther, with joy in her eyes, blushing told him that her husband would be with them before nine o'clock. A telegram had announced his release and speedy coming.

"There's no train over before morning, is there?" he asked.

"No—but—Mr. Scroggs took the stage at noon for Vernon, up north of here, and will get a horse there."

And, as it was evident that she looked any moment for that longed-for coming, Lambert decided to slip back to camp instead of spending an hour in chat or reading, as he usually did. At this Miss Katesie's big blue-gray eyes were opened wide with surprise, then lowered in confusion, for he turned to look at her.

"Oh! Good-night, Miss Walton," he laughingly exclaimed. "I had almost hoped you would ask me to stay."

"Ah don't know wh' Ah should," was the prompt and pouting reply. "Sister Esthuh can if she likes."

"She doesn't like, to-night—as a matter of course. I couldn't expect her to. But as your good mother is sleeping and Mrs. Scroggs will be able to leave her to welcome her husband, and you will be—well—rather superfluous, I thought I might profit by the situation to the extent of having an hour's chat with you—about your fair compatriots up north, for example."

"Ah don't know of any subject that would interest me less. And they're not my compatriots, as you call them," answered Miss Kate, with fire in her eyes.

"Ah, true," said Lambert, with provoking coolness, and a mischievous smile twitching the corners of his mouth; "I recall your indifference to their photographs the other evening. Will you kindly say good-night to Mrs. Scroggs for me, and tell her—"

"Ah'll tell her you were simply hateful and Ah thought you'd never go!"

"Well, I won't, if you think I ought to stay," said Lambert, returning smiling to the door and proceeding to hang his forage cap upon its accustomed peg. She promptly snatched it from his hand.

"Ah wish you and your photographs wuh freezing up nawth, wuh you b'long, 'stead of coming down huyh ty'annizing over people—"

"Now do you know I was wishing that, too? It's so much nicer freezing up north than being frozen here; and then next week's Christmas. Oh, you don't have any mistletoe here, do you?"

"We did, before you all came. You Yankees ruined everything nice you didn't carry off."

"Now, what am I to say, Miss Katesie? If I don't say you're nice you'll think I'm ungalant; and what Yankee would ever dare try to carry you off?"

"Lieut. Lambert, Ah think you're simply horrid, and Ah wish you'd go, 'stead of standing there pulling your mustache in that silly way."

"Now, Miss Katesie!—the idea of your being the first girl to set her face against this struggling mustache! I never should have thought of it, you or was it the mistletoe put you in mind—"

"Will you go?" she cried, with flaming cheeks and stamping foot. "How day-ah you stand there laughing at me? Oh, if I were a man—"

"If you were a man nobody would think of such a thing. As I'm one, I can't help it."

"Ah wish Ah could help you down those steps and back to camp," she retorted, trying hard to look furious.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**DIDN'T YEARN FOR WEALTH.**

After He Found Out How to Obtain It.

"But a man kin make money very fast in this town if he likes," remarked the Oklahoma man, in a casual sort of manner.

"I suppose so," put in the stranger at once, with an earnestness that showed he was eager to be let into the secret of it.

"Yes," rejoined the other; "I saw a man here the other day make \$1,000 almost at once, ye might say."

"Indeed!"

"Fac', sir; he was a stranger, just like you—I don't know whar he came from or anythin' about him mo'n I know about you; but anyhow he comes here, sir, an' gits in with some o' them thar insurance agents over to the station yonder, an' gits his life insured to one't, d'ye see?"

"I see."

"Yes, gits his life insured, an' then, sir, out he comes and begins shoutin' his politics around right straight. Oh, he was business, he was, I tell ye! Well, sir, 'tworen't mo'n half an hour from the time that feller landed at the station a poor man till the insurance company was writin' out a check fer \$1,000 fer his widder. It was the sharpest thing I ever see. Deng if I ever see sich a plan! Did you?"

The stranger agreed most cordially that was a sharp trick indeed, but added as he rose to see when the next train would leave there that, unfortunately for him, he didn't have any politics at all, and what was more, he had no wife. "Besides," said he, anxiously, "I'll tell you straight, I don't crave wealth at all just now."—N. Y. World.

**Egyptian Darkness.**

"It is as dark as ever I seen it," said the grocer, looking out into the blackness.

"Call this dark?" said the man with the ginger beard.

"You couldn't see your hand before you got out there," answered the grocer.

"But you kin see where the light from the lamp hits the hitchin' post," said the man with the ginger beard; "an' down in Mexico whur I run a enjyne some years ago, I've seen a streak of dark come across the track so durn thick that the light from the headlight would come up agin it an' jist curl up like a shavin'. Many a time!"

And the man with the ginger beard looked defiantly at the man from Potato Creek, whom he suspected of having snickered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Great Khan of Tartary.**

The personal appearance of the great Khan, as described by Marco, is as follows: "He is of good stature, neither tall nor short, but of middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh, and is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, and the eyes black and fine, the nose well formed and will set on." But the portrait of Kublai Khan, drawn by a Chinese artist, does not exactly correspond with the pen portrait given here by Marco. We know also, from Marco's own narrative, that the emperor was subject to gout in his later life, and we are led to infer that he was rather corpulent, as he is represented in the drawing given by the Chinese artist.—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

TWO OF A KIND.

**But the Dry Goods Salesman Objected to Fellowship with the Puller-in.**

A smart-looking and well-dressed gentleman lounged in the elevator entrance of a Broadway wholesale dry goods warehouse. Apparently his sole occupation was watching the faces of passers-by. Now and then he would make a feint at starting for some passing figure, and then generally resumed his listless attitude against the door-jamb. At last he did make a frantic dive for a stout gentleman who was passing. Unfortunately a crowd of pedestrians obstructed his purpose, and before he could clutch the arm of the stout gentleman, who was a buyer for a well-known retail store, another smart-looking, well-dressed gentleman who had been lounging at the elevator entrance of another wholesale dry goods warehouse darted out, seized the stout gentleman by the hand and had him in the elevator in a moment.

That same afternoon the first mentioned of the two smart-looking, well-dressed gentlemen was walking from Worth street to the bridge on Park row and had nearly reached Baxter street when a tough young man seized him by the arm.

"Say, boss, can't I sell you a first-class spring overcoat? Our goods is de best on de row, an' we'll make de price fit yer pocket. See? Come in an' let me—"

He tugged vigorously as he said this, and the gentleman was growing red in the face.

"Let go my coat, you blackguard, or I'll have you arrested," he shouted, struggling to shake off the other's clutch.

"Oh, no, you won't. We're in de same biz. See? Jes come in an' look over our goods. I'm sure we can suit yer."

With a violent wrench the gentleman shook himself free and turned indignantly on the puller-in:

"If I could see a police officer I'd have you arrested, you—!" Then words failed.

"No, yer wouldn't. Yer not'n better 'n a puller-in yerself. I see yer on Broadway layin' fur people an' yankin' 'em in jes' es we do. Yer jes' a puller-in, same as I am, but y' ain't got no pride nor sympathy in de biz. See?"

And the smart-looking, well-dressed gentleman hurried off without saying yea or nay or uttering a protest. The canker of comparison had entered his soul.—N. Y. Sun.

**LATE SHADES IN GLOVES.**

Six Button Suedes in Light Shades for the Summer.

The newest gloves for summer wear are the six-button suedes in all the light shades. The glove is a thing of the past, at least for the summer. They are too warm. Besides, the suedes are much easier to put on when the hand is warm, and, perhaps, moist with perspiration.

The lightest tints in gloves are trimmed in darker shades of the same color or contrasting colors. By trimmings are meant the stitchings in the back, the pearl buttons, and the binding of the edges. A very pretty effect is obtained in the new shade of yellow which is called "amber," and which is bound all around the edges, including the five or six big scallops around the wrist, with a dark brown glace kid. The buttons are a pearl of the same dark-brown shade. Other colors, such as blue, heliotrope or pink tints are trimmed with black glace and buttons and stitching. In contrast to these are shown also the darker shades trimmed in white in the same manner.

There are two new cycling gloves for ladies—the ventilated glove and the adjustable gauntlet. The ventilated glove is made with heavy glace dogskin palm and a suede finish back, both palm and back being perforated with little pin-head holes for ventilation. The adjustable gauntlet is a good dogskin glove with patent snap buttons and a separate gauntlet, which also has snap button fastening, besides an extra snap which buttons to the ordinary glove wrist, fitting as closely as a gauntlet which is sewed fast to the entire wrist of the glove. These gauntlets being separate, and of the best kid in all brown shades, and taps as well, will fit over any glove, and will outwear several pairs of the ordinary gloves. If desired one may also wear the gloves without the gauntlets. Thus a riding glove may be made into a walking glove, or vice versa.—Chicago Tribune.

**Household Helps.**

Lemons are improved and kept fresh by keeping in cold water till ready for use.

A pan or saucapan of hot water placed in an oven will keep meat and pastry from being scorched or dried.

Tin tea kettles may be made as bright as new by simply rubbing them with a woollen rag dipped in oil and then wiping quite dry with a clean cloth.

A spoonful of vinegar added to the water in which meat and poultry are boiled makes them more tender.

The water in which potatoes have been boiled is very effective in keeping silver bright. It can be bottled for use, and if required to be kept a long time a tenth part of methylated spirits will do this.—Chicago Record.

**Pickle for Meat.**

We have successfully used the following recipe in hot weather to keep venison, mutton, etc.: One-half ounce of carbonate of potash, one-half ounce of saltpetre, one-half pound of sugar, one pound of salt. Mix, make one gallon of brine; dissolve in cold water. Cut up the meat and salt very lightly, over night, to draw out the blood. Then cover with the brine.—Housekeeper.

**Creamed Fish.**

Take cold boiled fish, remove bones, flake it, mince a few sprigs of water-cress or parsley, cover with sweet milk, scald and season with salt and white pepper just before sending to the table. This is a delicate breakfast or lunch dish. Meaty fish, like cod, halibut and salmon, require strong seasoning.—Boston Budget.

HUMOROUS.

—Teacher (angrily)—"Why don't you answer my question, Bobby?" His Brother Tommy (answering for him)—"Please, sir, he's got a peppermint in his speech."—Tit-Bits.

—Fuddy—"You call money 'stamps,' don't you?" Cuddy—"And money is currency. So I suppose that when you speak of an elastic currency, you refer to rubber stamps."—Boston Transcript.

—French Waiter (in London restaurant, to Yabsley, who has been trying to make himself understood in bill-of-fare French)—"If ze gentleman vill talk ze langage vot he was born in, I vill very mooch better understand."—Tit-Bits.

—At the Intelligence Office.—"Have you any cooks that weigh 200 pounds?" "Goodness! What do you want with such a big one?" "Well, we would like one that won't always be trying to ride my wife's wheel on the sly."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Did that lawyer get a clear view of the case?" inquired the litigant's friend. "No, I'm afraid he didn't. I told him that my trouble was about money, and he seemed to be proceeding on the theory that by relieving me of my money he would cause the trouble to disappear."—Washington Star.

—An Interpretation.—"I wonder," said Mrs. Cumrox, thoughtfully, "what that nice, old-fashioned lady means by putting 'P. C.' on her card?" "That means she is going away," replied her daughter. "Oh, I see, and she wants us to know that she is going to travel in a Pullman palace car."—Washington Star.

WHEN TAPE WAS HAND-MADE.

**Women of Colonial Times Had to Know How to Spin Thread.**

Among the many household industries of colonial housewives, which include spinning, pen, ink, wine, glove, shoe and lace manufacture, was the making of tape, though this was considered of minor importance. The preparation for weaving tape on the small hand loom was the same as for making yards of linen cloth on the great looms that stood in the weaving room attached to the kitchens of colonial farmhouses.

The flax when harvested was "rippled" on the field, the rippler being a large comb fastened on a plank. The flax was beaten on the comb to remove the capsules containing the seeds. Then it was "rotted" to make the fiber soft and flexible. This was generally accomplished by laying it beneath the waters of the meadow brook or pond. Some colonial farmers laid it on the ground for the winter's snow to render it fit for the scutcher, the machine that whipped out all the particles of bark and stalk adhering to the fiber.

The next and last process before it was ready for the spinning wheel was hackling to straighten the flax, free it from tangles and bring it to the requisite fineness. This was done by a very primitive machine called the "hatchel," an immense comb, whose long iron teeth were set perpendicularly in a board.

The operation of hackling requires much skill, and this part of the long preparation was particularly women's work, as it needed delicacy of touch. After the flax was hackled it was carefully sorted, according to the degree of fineness. This process was called "spreading and drawing." Then it was ready to be wrapped in its soft, fluffy fineness, about the spindle.

The spinner seated herself at the machine and soon the "music of the wheel" and the deft fingers of the colonial housewife brought the fiber into long, even thread, ready for the small loom and shuttle, to be converted into tape.

The shopper of to-day little realizes the long and tedious processes practiced by the woman of colonial times before she could wind her linen tape into a neat roll for the workbasket's uses.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE AFRICAN PIANO.

**Playing the Madimba Is an Art Practiced by a Few Specialists.**

Among the musical instruments used on the Congo we notice the long and short drum. Some drums are used to beat the time of the dance. Some other drums are used as telephones for the transmission of messages to neighboring villages. The string instruments represent the African harp. The ivory horns are used for the convocation of popular assemblies. The double bell is used to call the attention of the people to some proclamation of the chief. The Africans everywhere are very musical, but their music does not always suit European taste.

The African dance is not always indulged in for amusement alone. Dancing enters into some of the most solemn ceremonies—as, for instance, the inauguration of a new king. Then the chief-elect of the tribe dances very gravely before the assembled elders and the people.

The madimba has been called the African piano. It is made of calabashes of graded sizes, which are surmounted by boards, of graded size, all being attached to a semicircular frame. Each board represents a note and emits its appointed sound when struck by one of the two rubber balls at the end of the two sticks which are cleverly handled by the musician. While almost every native can beat the drum or play some of the minor musical instruments, the playing of the madimba is an art which only a few specialists learn. They must be paid for playing at festivals or ceremonies and their art supports them, either partly or entirely.—Journal of American Folk Lore.

**Could Not Go That Far.**

"You wait till I come out," said the farmer's wife. "I've got a big dog in here."

"Thanks," returned Rural Rags, pleasantly. "But I ain't hungry enough to eat dawg."—Brooklyn Life.