The House and the Vine.

The house is old—its windows racked;
Its doors are falling down;
Where once the dainty tintings were
Is now a faded brown.
The steps are rotting; in the porch
Great gaping holes are seen;
The roof tree's broken; with thick mold
The boards are fairly green.

The yard is filled with weeds and trash;
The walk is crumbling fast;
The trees and shrubs are broken—all
Their beauty-days are past.
The sagging rails tug at their posts
As though they fain would drop,
Aye, all is drear and desolate
From floor to chimney top.

And yet about the crazy door
And round the tottering stoop
Clambers and clings a tendriled vine
In many a verdant loop;
And on that vine bright blossoms glow
And smile through all the day;
From every dainty flow'r the bees
Sweet burdens bear away.

The broken house—a ruined man
With blighted life and fame;
Soul-windows dimmed, a tarnished coat—
A more than tarnished name.
The clinging vine, a woman's love—
Perchance a mem'ry dear
Whose fragrant blossoms bless the world
Through all the changing years.
—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

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STORY OF MONTE CRISTO

The Paris Police Case on Which the Novel of Dumas Seems to Have Been Based.

PARIS, France.—The Police of Paris had it origin in 1667, during the reign of Louis XIV. From that period dates the systematic classification of all official documents relating to matters over which the police had jurisdiction. The completeness of this collection has been more or less dislocated by the ravages of political or revolutionary upheavals, notably during the Commune, in 1871, when through the partial burning of the Prefecture of Police of Paris, the building in which these documents were housed, many of the more valuable records were destroyed. Fortunately the various archivists of the police who had charge of these papers had arranged complete dossiers, each relating to a particular case, which from time to time for 200 years were put in print and thus preserved from complete annihilation.

Alexander Dumas, Eugene Sue and others have drawn largely from these scarce police reports, disguising the source of inspiration with such skill, enveloping them in such a cloud of decorative accessories that the bald originals were ornamented almost beyond recognition.

The narrative which I am about to give is taken from one of these rare dossiers of the Police of Paris put together by an archivist of the Prefecture in office during the early years of the last century. It will disclose the possible source from which Alexander Dumas derived inspiration in the construction of his famous romance, "Monte Cristo."

In Paris in 1807, Francois Picaud, of Nismes, a journeyman cobbler, on a certain Sunday set out to call upon his fiancee. On the way he stopped in the Place Sainte-Opportune at a cafe conducted by a fellow townsman. This man, Giles Loupain, was older than Picaud, a widower with two children. He was noted for malice, contempt of the prejudices of others and intense jealousy of his more prosperous or fortunate neighbors.

When Picaud arrived at Loupain's he found him with three men, all natives of the district about Nismes. These were strangers to the cobbler, nor were their names made known to him during his brief halt at the cafe. The gala appearance of Picaud aroused the curiosity of Loupain. When it was learned he was on his way to visit his fiancee; that she was the rich Marguerite Vigoureux, and that the day of the wedding was to be the one after the morrow, the malice and jealousy of Loupaine were aroused. He determined forthwith to thwart the cobbler and to postpone the wedding, if not permanently to prevent it. With this in view, when Picaud had departed, he consulted with his companions, and a plan of action was agreed upon. One, however, Allut by name, declined to join in the conspiracy. He warned the others that evil consequences would surely follow and that Picaud would not fail to seek revenge.

It was agreed that Loupain should go before a Commissioner of Police and denounce the cobbler as a spy in the employ of the English. This he did two hours later. At that time the Vendeans were in revolt against the Government. The Duc de Rovige, then Minister of Police, when the case was reported to him, was convinced that in the unfortunate cobbler he had arrested a spy of the insurgents and an important personage.

On the very night of the visit to his fiancee Picaud was arrested. His capture was enveloped in such mystery that no one was a witness to it; no one saw his departure. From that day all trace of him was lost.

In 1814 the Empire had ceased to exist. On the 15th of April of that year there emerged from the chateau or prison of Fenestrelle a man bent with suffering. In seven years he had changed as if he had lived for half a century. No one would recognize in him the young and good looking Picaud of a few years before.

He had been incarcerated under the name of Joseph Lucher. During his imprisonment he acted as servant to a rich Milanaise ecclesiastic. The prince of the church treated him more as a son than as a domestic, and when he came to die, on the 4th of January, 1814, indignant at the little effort of his relatives to procure his release, he conveyed to Joseph Lucher, the quondam cobbler, 7,000,000 francs on deposit in the Bank of Amsterdam and described to him a hiding place in Italy where were concealed 1,200,000 francs worth of diamonds and three millions of specie, consisting of ducats of Milan, florins of Venice, Spanish quadruples, French louis d'or and English guineas.

When Lucher was at last free he proceeded to Milan, found the buried treasure, with which was a multitude of antique gems and cameos of great value. Then at Amsterdam he made good his title to the amount deposited in the bank, and, having divided it into three parts, he distributed the money equally among the banks of Amsterdam and Hamburg and of England, after reserving for his immediate use a million francs and all the diamonds from the Italian hiding place. Then on February 15, 1815, eight years, day for day, since Picaud, now Joseph Lucher, had disappeared, he arrived in Paris and went forthwith to the cafe in the Place Sainte-Opportune.

Here he found that after mourning him for two years, his fiance had married the restaurant keeper, Loupain, and brought him enough money to set up the finest and best equipped cafe on the boulevard. Nobody could tell him the names of the men who had caused his undoing, but he was told that Antoine Allut knew them and that he had gone to live at Nismes. To Nismes Joseph Lucher went and lodged at the well-known Hotel Luxemborg, disguised as an Italian priest—Baldini. After much difficulty he found Allut, got into his confidence, told him that he had been a fellow political prisoner in the Chateau del Oeuff, at Naples, with a Nismoisian, Francois Picaud, who on his deathbed, in 1814, at about thirty years of age, had implored him to find out the names of those who had consigned him to that living death and expressed confidence that they were known to Antoine Allut, a fellow townsman of his at Nismes. He authorized the priest to give to Allut a superb diamond, which had been given to him by a noble English prisoner, if he would disclose those names. Then the priest flashed the diamond before the eyes of Allut, who yielded to the temptation and gave up the names when a jeweler had offered 63,000 francs for the stone, to be paid in a farm and 50,000 francs in money. The names were Gervais Chaubard, Guilhem Solari and Giles Loupain. When, four months later, the diamond was resold to a Turkish merchant for 102,000 francs, the jeweler was murdered and Allut was obliged to take refuge in Greece, where he fell into great poverty.

Picaud went to Paris, and by a clever device, being unrecognized in a shabby disguise, he secured employment as a waiter in the Cafe Loupain and there found as fellow employes Gervais Chaubard and Guilhem Solari. One day the former disappeared, and at last his body was found by the other on the Pont des Arts, killed with a poignard. Then a superb dog belonging to Loupain was poisoned; then the favorite paroquet of Madame Loupain; then the pretty daughter of the family was courted by a reputed marquis. As he boasted of his enormous wealth, the Loupains were overjoyed when he married the girl and ordered a rich wedding supper at the Cadran Bleu. But when the guests arrived they waited in vain for his coming. At the dessert a note was found under each plate announcing that the reputed marquis was an escaped convict; that he was in flight and the police were after him.

Loupain was ruined by a fire in his cafe. Only a pittance was left to him. His son joined a band of thieves, was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Only Prosper (the name by which Picaud went) remained true and worked without pay in a modest cafe which he had obtained for Loupain from means furnished by putative friends, and where Solari also was employed. One evening Solari died in frightful convulsions from poison.

One evening while Loupain was walking in a little frequented path in the Garden of the Tuileries, he was killed by a poignard in the hands of a masked man.

With this, his last act of vengeance completed, Picaud was about to leave the path in the Garden of the Tuileries, when he was seized by the collar and thrown violently to the ground and carried away to a place which seemed to be some recess or cavern of an abandoned quarry.

Here in the darkness the captor said: "Well, Picaud, what name are you passing under now? The one assumed in your release from Fenestrella?"

"Are you still the priest Baldini, or the waiter Prosper? Has not your ingenious mind invented a fifth? For you, without doubt, vengeance is but a passing amusement, or is it a furious mania of which you would be ashamed had you not sold your soul to the devil? You have devoted the last ten years of your life to the pursuit of three poor creatures that you should have spared. You have committed horrible crimes, and last, but not least, you have dragged me to perdition."

"You, you; who are you?"

"Your gold has been my undoing. The cupidity you aroused in me has never been quenched. The thirst for riches has made me mad. I killed him who cheated me. On account of this I was obliged to flee with my wife. She died in exile, and I, arrested, judged and condemned to the galleys, have suffered shame and exposure, dragging for years a ball and chain. At last, enabled to make my escape, my sole thought was to reach and punish the priest, Baldini. This evening I was about to speak to Loupain and warn him of your intentions; but you anticipated me, and before I could interpose you had killed him. However, after all what does it matter? You are in my power now and I can retaliate upon you all of the evil you have done to others. Do you recognize me? I am Antoine Allut.

"How much will you pay for bread and water?"

"I have no money."

"You have sixteen millions," replied Allut. He then proceeded to tell Picaud of the amount of his investments in England, Italy, Germany and France. The information was so accurate that his victim shivered with apprehension.

"You are dreaming!"

"And you—dream that you are eating."

Picaud was deprived of all nourishment for twenty-eight hours. He asked pity of his jailer.

"Listen," said Allut. "These are my conditions. I will give you something to eat twice a day; but you shall pay me 25,000 francs for each meal."

The miserable prisoner passed the rest of the day and night in raging hunger and despair. His sufferings became acute; he was seized with spasams; his mind wandered. The merciless Allut saw that he had gone too far. If his victim died, he would have no certainty of securing his great fortune. Picaud evidently divined the thoughts that were passing in the mind of his persecutor. A cynical smile lighted for a moment his livid countenance. This was too much for Allut. Aroused to fury by the sardonic leer of his victim, and by baffled cupidity, he threw himself upon Picaud and stabbed him until life was extinct.

From Paris Allut fled to England. There in 1828 he fell ill. Brought to a realization of his crimes, he dictated to an ecclesiastic the details given in this narrative. Allut died repentant and received Christian burial. After his death the priest P—— sent to the Paris police the document which records the strange events here related.—New York Sun.

Animals That Go Insane.

Insanity is not wholly confined to the human race. To say nothing of dogs, that are known to frequently become afflicted with rabies, other beasts seem to be affected at times with what may be termed "mental aberration." Many cases, according to Dr. Snellson, will lead to the permanent loss of self-control. Cattle driven from the country through a crowded town will often work themselves into a frenzy. Horses have gone mad on the battlefield. At Balaclava an Arabian horse turned on its attendant, threw him down and kneeling on him, attacked him like an infuriated dog. An instance is related of a docile horse suddenly going mad on a hot day. Everything that came in its way it seized in its teeth and shook as a terrier does a rat. A scientist of authority even goes so far as to prove by what appears to be incontestable evidence that cats, dogs and monkeys have been observed to have delusions very similar to those of insane people

Moros Left-Handed.

To judge Moros by inflexible Occidental standards of motives and morals is to lose at once the key to the situation. The very structure of their language differentiates them from ourselves. Verbs are in the passive voice. The man who was slashed and killed provoked the trouble. The under dog in the fight is always the aggressor. The thief is not blamed for "finding" things lying about at loose ends; the man who lost the property is the real criminal—besides, he is a fool. If he were a sensible man he would have exercised vigilance against the approach of the thief. Moros reverse everything. Like all Orientals, they venerate the past and their folklore, myths and legends abound in tales not unlike those of the Arabian Nights entertainment.

They turn to the left of the road, extend the left hand naturally in greeting, and the scribes write from right to left, turning the paper sidewise, as any left-handed man would do.

Viewed as a Pastime.

The man from Chicago looked with scorn at the Bramblevilla ticket agent as he handed out a dollar and pushed it through the opening.

"You've got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of five cents a mile from here down to Bushby on a miserable little crawling one-horse branch road," he said, bitingly.

The ticket agent looked at him with a calmness which nothing could disturb.

"I'd like to call your attention to one fact before you go on usin' any more language," he said mildly, "and that is that while it may be five cents a mile, it's only thirty-five cents an hour!"—Youth's Companion.

An "Old Man's" Monologue.

There was a benefit performance in New York for a hospital not long ago, says the Saturday Evening Post, and Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, volunteered. His part was to make a short speech, telling how the funds realized were to be applied.

Two singing and dancing girls came from their dressing room. They stopped to await their call. One of them thought she would see what was going on, and peeked out on the stage.

"Who's on now?" her companion asked.

"Oh," said the investigator, "it's an old man doing a monologue, and, say, he's something fierce. He's been on ten minutes already, and hasn't had a laugh."

The Reward of Virtue.

Both Admiral Togo and Admiral Yamamoto, the Japanese Minister of Marine, in their dispatches attribute the recent success before Port Arthur to the "glorious virtue" or the "illustrious virtue" of the Mikado, and the phrase seems to have grievously puzzled and slightly amused the public. It may be an Oriental expression of courtesy and deference to the throne, but it may also be a statement of the deeply rooted Buddhist belief that men accumulate virtue, and that extreme good fortune is, in fact, payment for good deeds committed in this or a former life.—London Spectator.

The Size of Colombia.

Colombia, exclusive of Panama, is as large as the two States of California and Texas combined. Three high mountain ranges cross the republic from north to south, making high tablelands, between where the days the year round are scarcely hotter than those of a temperate zone

The Wide World Over.

By J. O. F.

I WAS recuperating on a New Mexican hacienda. At the death of my father I had been left quite a comfortable little sum, and I had at once started out to see the world, being at last able to satisfy my craving for travel to its full extent and having no parental ties to hold me to any one particular spot of the world's circumference.

But I had somewhat overdone the thing, not being possessed of a constitution that would stand much of a strain. So I had settled down at Las Vegas to take things quietly for a while, before going further.

It was on the evening of October 12, 1896, that the news was circulated in the town that there had been an awful wreck on the Santa Fe just below Watrous. A special was rapidly made up of an engine and two coaches, and the call made for volunteers to assist in any way that their services could be of value. I made one of the number that promptly responded, and hastily clambering aboard, we started for the scene.

I shall never forget that distressing sight, as, reaching the spot, we leaped to the ground almost before the train had slackened speed sufficiently to make it safe to human life and limb to alight. There lay a tangled mass of wood and iron piled in heaps, from which came moans and cries from the imprisoned passengers and crews. One of the forward coaches, together with the mail and express car, was in flames. While part of the improvised wrecking crews gave their attention to helping the poor unfortunates in the passenger coaches, others of us started in to save what part of the mail and express car's valuable contents still remained out of the reach of the tongues of the flames rapidly drawing nearer the end of the car farthest from the engine. I was one of those who started to work on this car, and lustily I began to pull out the sacks of mail and what merchandise could be reached through the tremendous heat from the burning end of the car.

The last sack of mail was not snatched away in time to prevent half its length being burned away entire. I had hold of the leather handles and gave a fearful tug, for the heat was now unbearable. For a minute the bag held to some object that weighted it down, then gave suddenly, landing me backwards, while a shower of letters and small packages completely covered me.

After we had done all we could to save the contents of the car, and taken the last man from the twisted coaches, we started back to Las Vegas with our mangled, suffering human freight.

It was after one o'clock when we arrived, and had tenderly carried the sufferers to the nearest point where they could receive medical and surgical attention, and, being quite fatigued with my unusual exertion, I crawled into bed and slept soundly until the sun had arisen high in the heavens the next day.

Being nearly dressed, I reached for my vest, when something fluttered to the floor. Picking it up I was surprised to find a half burned photograph. Evidently it had been caught in my clothing in some way when the mail bag scattered its contents over me as I lay upon the ground, and, when I arose to my feet, had slipped between my vest and shirt. I said it was a half burned photograph, but that does not tell much. It was the photograph of a beautiful young lady, perhaps eighteen years of age. Beautiful? The most beautiful, I think, I had ever seen.

I sat down in my half dressed state and stared at it for many long minutes. And before I had finished staring at that beautiful image I had to confess to myself that I was helplessly in love with the pretty, rounded face, with its smiling eyes looking up so confidently into mine, that shapely, tempting mouth with its saucy, curling lips, that wealth of tastily arranged hair thrown back over the high forehead.

Who was she? I cursed the flames that had totally eaten away the part of the card that might have given some clue as to whom the photographer had been, or in what place the photograph had been taken. If I could only know what town or city it would be enough. I would go at once to the place and search every artist's establishment until I had found some trace of my ideal.

Up to this time I had bothered but little about women. But here was a dear little girl whose eyes looked up into mine so smilingly, so confidingly, so pleadingly, that my heart ached to have them something more than images on paper, to have those lips open and speak to me, to have those dainty little ears capable of listening while I poured my story of complete slavery into them; ah, I was hopelessly in love, and I did not know with whom! With a photograph! A photograph, tossed at my very feet, coming to me by such a strange channel, to tease me, to agonize me, to craze me!

And then the thought came to me that to every photograph there must necessarily be two sides. Perhaps the reverse side would tell me something; a new hope! I held the photograph, and my fingers trembled and my heart beat furiously, fearing to turn it that I might be disappointed. At last my shaking fingers moved of their own volition. Writing! Feminine writing, in a neat, small hand.

And then my first love dream received its rude shock of awakening—a mighty death-blow. A sickening sensation overcame me, I turned sick, and my eyes blurred as I read the words which had evidently preceded a signature, of which the flames had removed all trace.

"Yours, the wide world over."

Mine? Perhaps by right of the possession of this bit of cardboard; but my heart, had I that? Had I even the right to the bit of pasteboard, seared and crumpled by the devouring flames? "Yours"—another's!

I dropped the photograph to the floor and, short though my little love affair had lived, its death hurt me much, and with tearful eyes I sadly gazed across the spreading plains lying before my window and felt for the first time all the emptiness and barrenness of a loveless world.

* * * * * * *

Ten years have passed. I am no longer a reckless scapegrace of a fellow. The passing years have somewhat sobered me into a recognition of the fact that the world requires more of a man than simply looking to his own pleasures and chasing after mirages that but lead him a merry dance and leave him worn out and disappointed at the first point his maturing mind shows him the uselessness and folly of his course.

However, much of the credit for my change of nature should be given to another party, a sweet, charming little woman whom I met here at Versailles and who had quite captured my heart.

And to-night, as we sat close together under the flowering trees, with a fair moon casting pale shadows about us, I felt how happy I was in having won such a prize, for we were soon to wed.

There came a little lull in our conversation and my mind was running back to my previous little love affair, the remembrance of which incident had never quite left me. Then I made a resolution. Turning to my fair companion, I said:

"Vera, I must confess to a little deception practiced upon you. Oh, don't start, it was quite harmless. You remember the other evening you asked me if I had ever loved before? A woman's natural question, and such a foolish one. And I answered, as most wicked men will, and as the question justly deserves, perhaps, that I never had. I have thought upon it since, and feel that truth is best, whatever be the consequences. I have loved before."

Vera gave her breath a little inward hiss and turned her flashing eyes upon me in surprise, but said nothing. She apparently awaited my further confession.

"Some ten years ago I came by the photograph of a young lady in a peculiar way. It was such a dear little face that, I frankly confess now, I fell in love with it. But my love did not live long, for a few words on the reverse side of the card told me much. She loved another. I have carried this card with me until now, and to-night, after having confessed to you, I shall properly destroy it."

I drew the card from my inner pocket where I had carefully guarded it ever since the night I so strangely came by it, and not without some slight feeling of the old passion, placed my fingers in position to rend it asunder. Then Vera asked to see it. I promptly handed it to her.

She gave a cry of surprise, and turning to me, asked hastily—

"Where did you get that?"

"I found the photograph in a railroad wreck in New Mexico. The flames from the burning mail car had removed all trace of the name of the photographer, or I should have—eh, that is, I——"

"Or you should have gone in search of your ideal. Am I not right?"

"I—I—think so; but—but you see I had not met you then," I stammered in my confusion.

"It seems we are old friends. You would have gone in search of your ideal! how long it has taken you to find her!" And, to my utter amazement, instead of being angry, as I had supposed, Vera burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ah, but Vera, you know as the time goes on our ideal changes."

"Oh," pettishly, "does it? That is too bad. I referred to the particular ideal of ten years ago, not only the one of to-day."

Her words mystified me. She saw my wonderment, and again broke into a hearty laugh.

"You foolish dunce! Yet how strange. Have the passing footprints of time stamped out all semblance and erased the beauty in the original, the substance, that you admired in the shadow? That is a photograph I had taken twelve years ago in San Francisco."

At this revelation of the strange workings of destiny, I could only sit and stare like a man bereft of his senses. Then I remembered the rude shock I had received upon turning the card. Again torments began to rack my soul.

"And Vera, the—the wording on the back?"

"You foolish, jealous boy! I had mailed this very card to my mother, then in New York City, and that scrawl was only for her. I had often wondered why she failed to receive it."

"And now, darling, you are mine truly, 'the wide world over'?"

For answer she nestled closer to me.—Waverley Magazine.

Turkish Booksellers.

A writer who spent much of his early life in Turkey observed that Turkish books and booksellers were among the curious features of the country. "The Turkish bookseller," he said, "has a soul above trade. He rarely or never attempts to push his wares, and treasures some of his more valuable books so greatly that he can hardly be induced to sell them, although they form part of his stock in trade. Many of the books displayed by the bookseller are in manuscript, which the old-fashioned Turks esteem more highly than print." The Koran he may not sell. He gives it away—in return for a present of its value in money.

Rubber on the Wane.

With an ever increasing use of rubber in manufacturing, it is disappointing to have to record a gradual diminution in the supply. Some figures have been published purporting to show the total production of rubber in different parts of the world, and according to these the production in the two years from 1900 to 1902 decreased by some 3500 tons—that is to say, whereas the total output in 1900 was 57,700 tons, that of 1902 was only 54,000 tons. This decrease is certainly not a large one, but it is important as showing the tendency of the rubber supply to diminish.

Mother and Teacher.

Many mothers watch the departure of the children every morning for school with a sigh of relief, and a feeling that for the greater part of the day their responsibility in regard to them has been transferred to another. There will be no childish disputes to settle, no hurt fingers to bind up, no faults to correct. But the mother's influence is not confined to the home, and if she has the best interests of the children at heart she can help the teacher in her efforts to drill and train them for future usefulness, says the Ladies' World.

The child should be taught to obey the teacher without question. In no other way can a teacher maintain the order that is necessary to produce good results from her work. Sometimes Johnnie comes home telling how severely he has been punished for a slight offense. Remember, when such a story comes from the schoolroom, that you hear only one side of it, and that even adults are likely to pass over their own wrongdoings when they are telling the story to others. If you are sure that the teacher has made a mistake in correcting a child, it would be the worst thing you could do to let him know that you think so. If something must be done, go to the teacher kindly and ask her about it. Nine times out of ten she will meet you courteously and give you all the information you desire. We often fail to understand our own children. How then, can we expect the teacher, who never saw them before this school term, perhaps, and who has from thirty to fifty restless, mischievous little ones in her care, to always do the best and wisest thing for each one.

Keep Young.

If a man's age is, as we have been told, merely a matter of his own feelings, it should stand us all in hand to feel as young as we can. Dr. Madison J. Taylor, in a recently published article, goes into detail somewhat and ventures the opinion that men do not stoop because they are old, but that they are old because they stoop. In other words, a proper system of exercise, which keeps the upper truncal muscles and the muscles of the neck in good order, will also have a beneficial effect upon the hearing, sight, and cerebration.

Applying the same rule to the other half of the old saying, which maintains that woman is as old as she looks, we find a great deal to be said in favor of judicious exercise as a beautifying agency. If woman will properly care for her health of body and mind, she, too, may avoid growing old; at any rate, she may postpone indefinitely the fears of old age. To the woman who has preserved an attractive serenity of eye and featur by right thoughts and correct living, old age has no terrors any way, for what is usually so denominated is really the crowning glory of life.

The main thing for us all to remember is that we may keep young in heart and mind, if we will, and that we owe it to ourselves to keep not only our muscles, but also our opinions and sympathies both pliable and healthful to the very last. In this way we shall be counted young, even in the "sear and yellow leaf" because we have not allowed our hearts to become crusted with age.

Wake Up Naturally.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation is not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly, states the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs—waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly. Don't be in such a hurry. But stretch and yawn, and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and the legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.

Wake up like the baby, like the kitten. Stretch every muscle in your body. Roll over and yawn and stretch and stretch and yawn, and you will get up feeling wide awake and the heart and the lungs and the stomach will resume their work without shock or jar, and the bodily functions start off in a normal, healthful manner.

Rubber Complexion Brushes.

Rubber complexion brushes are being more and more highly prized by women who want to be beautiful, both because they are sanitary, being so easily cleansed, and also because they supply a very agreeable friction.

A rubber mitt recently introduced makes it possible for women to enjoy the benefits of massage, even if they cannot afford the services of a professional masseuse. The mitt fits snugly over the fingers, and with its aid all the various manipulations may be performed with much greater ease than by the sole aid of the fingers. Wrinkles on the forehead and around the eyes may be subdued and finally removed by what is called punctuating, pressure and release with the finger tips encased in the mitt, while circular friction upon the neck and shoulders will fill out hollows and beautify the skin.

Rubber brushes may also be had fitted with adjustable straps, so that they can be firmly strapped in the palm of the hand.

Abyssinian Women's Dress.

"For downright gorgeousness there is little that can surpass a family party of Abyssinian women bound from one village to another in festival time, notably about Easter, for the Abyssinians are Christians," writes Mr. Broughton Brandenberg, describing the life of the women of Egypt in an article in Pearson's.

"A brilliant, bangle-adorned headdress is bound over the brow and drawn back to fall down the shoulders. The upper part of the body is clad in a blouse of red and white literally covered with gold and silver ornaments, that are handed down from generation to generation. A short skirt in the same style comes below the knees, and the legs are encased in brilliant-colored strips wound tightly about like putters, often beaded and spangled. The feet, usually bare, are variously adorned with toe-rings, ankle bracelets and other ornaments."

The Gift of a Hot Temper.

One of the common complaints of parent against child is, "He has such a temper!" This is not meant to be a compliment and is not commonly received as such. But isn't it?

A child without a temper may be very sweet and satisfactory to its parents; but it can hardly be a child of any great force of character. Who ever saw or heard of a person with positive qualities, capable of being a strong influence, that did not have a high temper? A high temper gone beyond control is an unruly servant and a hard master, but there are few more favorable abilities than the ability to get intelligintly angry for good and just cause, says the Saturday Evening Post.

But to be ill-natured—that's a vastly different matter. It proves that one has either a very small mind or a very poor digestion—usually both.

Nursing and Matrimony.

It appears from the report of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses, says the London Graphic, that this way lies matrimony, and that, though nurses may not marry as early in life as some of their sisters, suitors are forthcoming in due course for most of them. This is a right and proper state of things. No doubt their becoming uniforms are less effective than their solid qualities in captivating the male imagination; but that does not matter. The standard of solid qualities at the hospitals is high; and a pretty nurse is, ceteris paribus, likely to make a better wife and mother than the pretty idler who entraps mankind by what the rude Americans call "parlor tricks."

Inserted bands and motifs are still the vogue for garniture.

Even the simplest costumes this season show an elaboration of detail once considered consistent for only the dressiest occasions.

Mitten cuffs formed of lace insertion and joined to large, puffed upper sleeves, around which run little frills or ruches edged with lace are seen on other models.

Inset lace is more difficult to manage than lace edgings or frillings, and when inserted in intricate designs such trimming requires much skill and patience. The summer models often show a prodigality of this inset lace work, and the effect is charming if the work is well done.

The up-to-date blouse is very full, but drawn in by rows of corded shirring in the shape of a corselet or high girdle, the lines being highest at the back and sloping down toward the front. The lowest cord comes just at the waist line and an inch of the plain stuff is left below.

Some skillful home dressmakers are producing some very pretty yoke effects by means of the pretty embroidered handkerchiefs. The centre is cut out and a collar of embroidery fitted to it, while one point is placed at the front, one on each shoulder, and one at the back, that at the back being cut open and faced for hooks and eyes.

Linen collars are very much worn with tailor gowns. The most fashionable of them are of the turnover styles to be worn with ribbons. Hemstitching, embroidered dots, and even borders of hand embroidery are seen on stiff linen nowadays. Once or twice going to the laundry unually finishes them, so they must be regarded as extravagant. Few colored borders are worn at present.

Gruesome Violin.

A violin owned by a resident of North London consists of the greater part of a human skull, over which is stretched a piece of sheepskin acting as the sound board. The finger board is formed of a human thigh bone, while the pegs were once the small bones of the hand of a South African native.