

A BROKEN CHAIN.

(Translated from the French.)



ACQUES ran rapidly up the five stairs and stopped on the landing of the sixth floor. There he stood a moment between two doors which faced each other, gazed longingly on the left, took out his key and opened the door on the right; turned once more toward the door on the left, heaved a deep sigh and slowly entered the room on the right. Once inside, he removed his coat, donned a smoking jacket, placed a chair near the wall, took his favorite position astride it, and, leaning over, applied his ear to the partition, evidently anxious to hear from the other side. Then he lighted a cigarette and watched the smoke as he blew it into fanciful shapes toward the ceiling. He had already smoked several cigarettes and repeated the listening operation many times when his face, dark until now, suddenly brightened. He could hear some one moving. "She is in!"

A clatter of knives and crockery was now heard. "She is getting her dinner!" And leaning still farther forward he strove to catch every move of his unconscious neighbor.

Never seeing her he still felt happy to feel that she was living there so near him.

That he saw her no more was indeed a cruel fact and a cause of much grief. At one time he used to see her almost every day. He would plan accidental meetings so cleverly that they really appeared a pure favor from a kindly fate. They were the result of much scheming, no doubt, and it required a great deal of patience to bring them about. For instance, Jacques would watch for hours in front of the house to see her coming home. As soon as he caught a glimpse of her approaching form he would quickly run up the stairs, wait an instant to give her time to reach the house, then slowly go down as if chance alone brought him thus to meet her as she was climbing up to her room. Unfortunately at that important point his self-possession would always desert him. Her modest, unconcerned mien as she passed by so upset him that he would find himself bowing awkwardly, casting down his eyes and feeling like a bashful schoolboy.

After such failures he would reconstitute himself severely, vow to be less timid next time, practice graceful bows, invent pretexts for addressing her and study subjects of conversation. But all preconcerted arrangements would tumble confusedly to the ground the moment he stood near her, and the consciousness of defeat but increased his nervousness. One day he clumsily dropped his hat and then he determined to never see her again.

"Thus," thought he, "I may at least avoid making a bad impression, as I can't make a good one." Her name was Charlotte; he had learned that somehow, and her occupation that of a seamstress. She generally was out all day. She was a good, honest girl, to that he could swear,



FELL WITH A CRASH.

for he knew that she often worked late into the night. How he admired the brave, beautiful girl who alone in the world had so well resisted its temptations!

He wondered when and how he began to love her! She had come to this house the year before. At first he had noticed she was pretty but for a long time had given her no further thought. Then by degrees this sentiment had entered his heart and finally possessed his whole being. How had it come? Through the walls, as it were. It is the attraction of the woman one feels living near. At night, wonder, is she in? In the morning, is she up? until all our thoughts are of her.

Be it as it may, Jacques had not the least doubt as to the nature of his feelings for Charlotte. Had she allowed him to speak, and admitting such a possibility, had he but had the courage to address her, his declaration would have been short and to the point: "Mademoiselle, I love you; will you be my wife?" would have been the speech to convey all he thought, felt and desired.

But, then, one cannot offer one's empty hand to a woman! Jacques was poor. He was a painter—one of those aspirants whose wealth is still a matter of hopes and dreams. Just at present he found no sale for his canvases and in order to pay the last quarter's rent the room had been relieved of several pieces of furniture. In fact, a bed and a chair were about its sole ornaments. Upon this chair our young artist spent his evenings, ever on the alert and interpreting every movement of the unconscious in the next room. The

rustling of her dress, the moving of a chair, the noise of the dishes, all spoke of her occupation at that particular moment.

"She is laying the cloth—she is clearing up—she is sitting down—now she is going to sew." "I wonder what she thinks of me? Does she suspect I am so near? If only she knew how I love her!" Often he felt tempted to attract her attention, even though it were silly, but again the fear of displeasing her held him back.

"And yet she must think of me sometimes. She knows I live here. She cannot help seeing the light through my ever-gaping door. She must be a little curious, being a woman. She must notice I am always in. Perhaps I did attract her attention in spite of my blunders; on account of them, perhaps. Possibly she knows I love her and is expecting an avowal, and, seeing I dare not speak—who knows (so much may be expected of women)? She may some day drop her work, cross that landing, push open my door—which I never shut—enter my room and say: "Since you will not come I shall!"

Ah! but that might be a long time coming!

Still straddling his post of observation he would ruminate on the many devices presenting themselves to his mind in order to hasten matters. To slip a note under her door? He had often thought of that, but would she read it? And supposing she did, would not the first passionate word offend her and cause her to tear up his mislaid note in anger? To get some one to speak for him? Whom? They had no mutual friend. Decidedly none of these means were practicable and the only thing to do was to wait. How long?

It was getting late, very late. Charlotte, still at work, began to sing to keep from falling asleep. Jacques kept time, following the rhythm by rocking himself to and fro, which went very well when the movement was slow, but when it quickened with the spirited passages of the song the game became a dangerous one and taxed the poor old chair beyond its capacity for gymnastics.

The whole modern repertory was reviewed. Now came "Faust."

"Ah, if he were here!" "But he is there!" Jacques almost cried. In turn came selections from "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," "Barber of Seville," etc. Hours flew by and Jacques never tired of listening to this concert. Charlotte herself must have wearied, for presently the programme altered. Romances and reveries succeeded cavaterias and operatic airs. The vibrating tones of her voice were subdued to suit the low, sweet melodies which followed her former efforts, one of the soothing effects of the change being to lull Jacques into a slumber, though even in his sleep he kept alive to the music and followed every note uttered by the fair singer.

All at once Charlotte, who probably decided she must keep awake at any cost, started into a lively song, "La Valse des Roses," by Oliver Metra, one of those wildly delirious waltzes which would make the dying long for the use of their feet.

Jacques must have been dreaming and dreaming he was waiting, for, enfolding his chair, he started, whirled two or three times and then both madman and chair fell to the floor with a crash. There was a dreadful commotion; the floor shook. A scream rang through the air but it did not issue from Jacques' lips.

It would have been impossible for him to utter any sound. He had fallen on his face, split his forehead open and fainted.

When he came to himself, a few hours later, he was lying upon the bed, his head was bandaged, and a woman sat near watching him.

"What! you here, mademoiselle?" "Certainly, monsieur, I heard such a noise in this room last night I feared some terrible tragedy was taking place. I came quickly and found you lying upon the floor unconscious. It is all right now, there is no danger. In a few days no trace will remain but a slight scar. But, tell me, how did you happen to fall in such an absurd manner with your chair?"

Jacques made no reply, but blushed uneasily.

Women are quick in seeing a passion they inspire; Charlotte soon read Jacques' heart.

They chatted quietly until breakfast time. The first step was taken. The ice broken. How easy to wait now!

They are now married and happy. Charlotte does not work by the day any more. Jacques has reached that happy state of things which comes to all who strive and his paintings are sold quite easily, bringing enough to provide for the demands of their unpretentious mode of living.

Two things have been and are still a matter of wonder and comment among their friends. On their marriage day the "Valse des Roses" was played on the organ and a conspicuous place in their drawing room is filled by an old broken chair, so weak and rickety that Charlotte has to fasten it together with ribbons in order to make it stand.

Fate's Perversity. Knockitt—Did you hear about poor Scorchhitt? He was run into by another fellow on a wheel and killed Sprockitt (interestedly)—Is that so? What make of wheel did the other fellow have?—New York Journal.

A bicyclist in Marquette, Mich., saw a small animal in his path, and as it made no effort to move, he ran over it. It proved to be a porcupine, as his collapsed tires quickly demonstrated.

A TRAINED WHALE.

EDUCATED TO TOW A BOAT FOR ITS CAPTORS.

It Was Caught While Only a Baby and Carefully Raised on a Monster Bottle—Now It Works Very Gently in a Harness Rig.



OL. F. W. BLACK, of the customs department at Sand Point, Popoff Island, situated in Shunagin group of islands off the Alaskan Peninsula, is authority for a remarkable story of a captive whale, which, if the plans have not miscarried, is now being driven to San Francisco, harnessed to a boat and driven by his captors down the coast through the waters of the ocean.

The whale, named Bulshoy, an Aleut word for immense, was captured in the spring of 1894, when a calf of some 18 or 20 months old. It was then about 15 or 16 feet long, and, though so young and small, was possessed of considerable strength.

During a chase for whales by whites and Indians, it was driven into Pirate Cove, the entrance to which is not over 100 feet wide, though it is fully twenty fathoms deep. John C. Whitley, storekeeper at the island, immediately stretched across the mouth of the cove a strong wire net. Shortly afterward Whitley and his native servant attempted to feed the animal, and were successful. Whitley rigged up a walrus bladder, to which was attached six or seven feet of rubber tube. About half a gallon of cow's milk was put in this improvised nursing bottle, and Whitley and Etteha put it in a bidarka, or canoe, and paddled alongside the pup, which by this time would allow them to come alongside him with their boats. After several hours of patient coaxing the Indian succeeded in getting Bulshoy to drink from the rubber tube. When the bidarka turned for the shore Bulshoy followed close behind it. More

milk was obtained, and this time Bulshoy needed no coaxing to drink it. For the next six weeks Whitley and the Indian fed the pup twice every day. The pup would stick his head out of the water, close to the landing, and look out for his nurses long before the feeding time. It was not until the following spring that the actual training of Bulshoy began to take definite form. Whitley one day said: "I am going to train that pup so that I can drive him to San Francisco."

He and Etteha were constantly to be seen on the bay playing with Bulshoy, who, by this time, had become so accustomed to his owner and nurse that he would come to them whenever they called him from any part of the bay, and allow them to handle him at their pleasure. While this process of taming was going on Whitley had taken the pup's measure for a set of harness, and both he and his native spent the nights for several weeks in making it.

The climax was reached on Friday, September 20, 1895, when, for the first time probably in the history of the world, a four-year-old, twenty-five foot whale was successfully put in harness. When Whitley and Etteha, after putting on his harness, started for the shore, Bulshoy as usual started after the bidarka, and in doing so made the discovery that everything was not as it should be, and then he reared and plunged around at a lively rate, lashing the quiet waters of the bay into foam in his efforts to free himself of the offending harness. But the harness was well and strongly made and there was no shake-off to it.

Bulshoy kept up his antics for two whole days. Next morning he refused to come to the call of either Whitley or the Aleut. Hunger, however, soon brought him to his senses, and on the morning of the third day, as the native was out on the bay in his bidarka, Bulshoy came meekly alongside and seemed to beg for his breakfast, which was given him. From that day Bulshoy made no trouble.

On October 1 Whitley and the native took the long boat belonging to the station and attaching a tow line to the harness band immediately ahead of the fore flippers, began to cruise around the bay, and in a surprisingly short time, according to Colonel Black, Bulshoy would pull the boat in any desired direction.

During the rest of the year the pup was daily exercised. On May 21 of this year Whitley and his Aleut took the net away from the mouth of the cove, and, according to the programme laid out, struck out in deep water for the island of Onga, 16 miles away. The voyage was made without mishap. They afterward made a voyage from Popoff to Kariuk Island.

It is the plan of Whitley and his Aleut, according to Col. Black, to leave for San Francisco, going in easy stages. It will probably be September 1 before they reach San Francisco.

THE COLD SPONGE BATH. Not Only Delightful but in Every Way Beneficial. Bathing is chiefly for cleanliness, but it should be practiced also for its good effect upon the skin, the circulation and nutrition.

It affords an excellent stimulus for the skin, improving the tone of its minute network of vessels, increasing the excretion that is carried on by its glands, and thus relieves the kidneys and liver of much of their work. It acts as an additional stimulus to the circulation by causing the blood to flow more thoroughly through all the organs of the body as well as through the minute blood vessels of the skin itself.

It improves nutrition by causing a more rapid removal of the waste products from the system. One of the most invigorating forms of bathing is the cold sponge bath taken in the morning before breakfast. Persons who do not react readily after such a bath, such as the very young, the very old, or those who are seriously weakened by disease, should not practice it. For a person of average health, however, the cold bath is an excellent tonic.

After a cold sponge bath of short duration there is a feeling of well-being and exhilaration. The whole man is refreshed, the mental faculties are cleared, the muscles seem strengthened and there is a desire for both muscular and mental work. There is also a feeling of warmth due to the dilatation of the blood vessels of the skin after the contraction caused by the cold water. The exhilaration and warmth of the

cold sponge bath may be increased by drying and rubbing the body with a rough towel. Care should always be taken not to have the bath too prolonged, or of a temperature so low as to prevent the reactionary dilatation of the vessels of the skin.

If the cold sponge bath be taken regularly the blood vessels of the skin are trained to contract and relax easily, and therefore habitual bathers are comparatively little liable to catch cold. The number of red blood-corpuscles and the amount of coloring matter in them is increased by cold baths. An excellent way of becoming accustomed to the cold sponge bath is to begin with water that is tepid, and gradually reduce its temperature until absolutely cold water may be borne and enjoyed.—Youth's Companion.

A Puzzling Phenomenon. "I'll give it up," said the scientist. "The action of sunlight is too much of a mystery for me to solve." "Have you been trying to account for some of the changes that take place in photography?" "No, that's hard enough to understand. But it's easy compared to the problem that I have undertaken to solve. I've been trying to find out why it is that on Saturday afternoon a man'll sit down under an electric fan with his shirt collar open and say the heat won't let him do a stroke of work, and the next day put on a sweater and ride his bicycle thirty-seven miles between the hours of 10 and 4, and never say a word about the weather."—Washington Star.

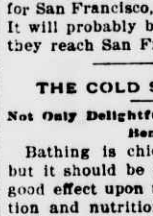
A Foolish Question. A gentleman traveling in England some years ago, while walking near a railway, encountered a number of insane people in charge of a keeper. Nodding to one of the lunatics he said: "Where does this railway go to?" With a scornful look the lunatic replied: "It doesn't go anywhere; we keep it here to run trains on."—Philadelphia American.

Much disgust is felt at the demands of the Australian banks for modification of the scheme of compromise entered into by them three years ago with their creditors.

THIRTEEN A HOODOO.

WOMAN DISCOVERS WHY THE MOORE BROTHERS FAILED.

Fatal Number on Their Door—Hotel Clerks Have Difficulty with Guests in Attempting to Assign Them to Rooms, with the Odd Figures.



HE prime cause of the great failure which has shaken the foundations of the financial world is known and is about to be disclosed to a breathless and waiting public. Moreover, this important discovery was made

by a woman unfamiliar with business affairs, says the Chicago Journal. It does very well to talk about margins and options and things unintelligible to the lay mind, but the woman who has unearthed the new theory is sure of her ground. Moore Bros. occupied a suite of rooms in whose number the ominous figure 13 appeared.

"I knew their prosperity could not last forever," a fashionably dressed woman was heard to observe to her friend in a street car the other day. "One of the Moore Bros. was a great friend of my husband's, and I have visited the offices several times. The moment my eye first fell upon the 13 painted on the office transom I knew that firm was doomed. My husband was once upon the point of renting an office numbered 13, but I begged him not to do so, and he heeded me for once," and the woman heaved a sigh of self-gratulation as she considered what might have been had her husband ignored the advice.

It is little short of astonishing to note how generally the ancient superstition regarding the figure 13 is entertained. The proof of this is to be had by observation of hotels, apartment houses and to a certain extent office buildings, where the figure 13 in the labeling of doors is conspicuous by its absence.

Many of the hotels especially omit the undesirable figure, among those to eschew it being the Great Northern hotel. In those hosteries where the fatal figures prevail difficulty is often experienced in assigning the corresponding room.

Robert L. Grant, clerk in the Palmer house, has had much experience in this connection. He had one sample of the prevailing superstition during the recent convention. The first day of the convention a delegate from Kentucky approached the desk and asked to be assigned to a room with a bath.

Mr. Grant wrote 213 on the register opposite the newly-inscribed name and as he did so the man from Kentucky turned pale. "What do you take me for, sah?" he gasped. "Do you imagine that I will occupy a room in whose number the figure 13 appears?"

The clerk explained that there was no other apartment provided with a bath vacant at the time. All of the unassigned rooms were smaller. "That makes no difference, sah," indignantly retorted the southern gentleman. "I am not accustomed to such treatment, sah. I desire a room whose number is not a menace to the party I represent. I am a believer in free silver, sah, and do not propose to sacrifice my principles for the sake of a measly bathtub."

The delegate was given a small upper room without a bath and then appeared to be satisfied. "I occupied room 513 in a hotel in Cincinnati for several years," said Mr. Grant. "I never experienced any bad luck there, but it is a funny thing about that room, too. One day an invalid guest was brought to the hotel and no other room being available I had the invalid conveyed to my room, No. 513. Although his immediate death was not dreamed of, he died within fifteen minutes after entering the apartment. His people were positive the number was responsible for their relative's sudden demise."

At this point a guest lounging near interrupted with a reminiscence. "When I was across the water," he said, "I remember of being assigned with a friend to room 13 in a hotel there. The individual who saw us to the room was evidently onto the fact that there might be a kick coming if we noticed the number, so he covered it with his hand as we entered. "I noticed the action, but my friend did not. When he discovered the number he was for moving, but the room was so much better than any other then vacant that I was determined to remain. My friend finally pasted a piece of paper upon which the figure 1 was inscribed over the objectionable 3, after which he was content to stay there with me."

Afraid to Wear Their Laurels. Of the eight young women who received degrees at the Yale commencement only four had the courage to take part in the commencement procession. The others yielded to their fear of a little guying on the part of their brother seekers for diplomas. The four brave virgins were treated with distinguished consideration and along the line they were constantly applauded. In lieu of the famous and traditional low Yale bow that all students make to President Dwight, the young women swept him a courtesy without removing their mortar-boards, a concession permitted by the faculty on account of the difficulty in removing a masculine mortar-board from a feminine coiffure.

Wholesome and Delicious. "One of the most wholesome, delicious and convenient ways of using Lima or other shelled beans while in the green state is in a puree," said a matron whose dinners are always delightful. "Cook the beans in boiling water for ten minutes, then drain, rinse and put again into boiling water, plenty of it, and cook until very tender. Turn into a puree strainer and press all the pulp through. Put on to boil again and add milk or cream sufficient to make it the usual puree consistency. For each quart of the mixture cook one tablespoon each of butter and flour together as for white sauce and stir it into the boiling liquid. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with wafers. It is convenient to cook a large quantity of the beans at once and sift them, then add milk and thicken only to whatever portion may be needed for that meal, as the pulp will keep longer without the milk and butter. Then it is but a few minutes' work to prepare a puree for the next day's dinner, or a nourishing portion if one of the family comes in faint and hungry and does not care for or cannot wait for solid food. I learned the value of this easily prepared dish one summer when I had a guest who could not eat solid food, and again when friends came in after mealtime, faint and exhausted from long fasting and severe exertion at a railroad accident. There was nothing else that I could prepare and they thought it the best lunch they ever tasted."

French Westminster Abbey. Paris seems to be turning the Luxembourg garden into a sort of French Westminster Abbey. The latest bust it is proposed to set up there is that of Sainte Beuve, the critic. Fortunately, in the mile or more of avenue between the palace and the observatory there is room for all of France's great men, if they are only set close enough to each other.

SOME MARRIAGE OMENS. The bride who dreams of fairies the night before her marriage will be thrice blessed. If the groom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket he will always have good luck. Ship marriages are considered anything but lucky. Get married on land or don't get married at all. No bride or groom should be given a telegram while on the way to church. It is positively a sign of evil. No bride, if she would have good luck, should bake her own wedding cake. To do so invites ill fortune. Don't wear an opal in getting married. Some people declare that opals are lucky. History proves the contrary. If the wedding ring is dropped during the ceremony the bride may as well wish herself unborn, for she will always have evil luck. Kiss a bride right after the ceremony and before the newly made husband has had a chance to do so and you will have excellent luck throughout the year. Maidens eager to wed should give dish water heated to a boiling point a wide berth. It means that they will not marry for a long time if they attempt to cleanse dishes in water so hot.

TAKEN FOR A SHOPLIFTER.

A Fine Looking Old Man with a Score of Full Pockets.

"Excuse me, but will you come this way a moment, sir?" said the shopwalker to a stout, well-dressed man of about 50, with a frank, honest face, who had just purchased a collar, according to the St. Louis Republic.

"Certainly," was the surprised reply, as he followed the young man into the private office of the head of the firm. "Mr. Ribbons," said the young shopwalker as he entered, "I have made an important discovery. See this!" and he pulled a protruding piece of red ribbon from the old man's pocket, with the result that about fifteen yards of it were brought to light.

"You are right," said Mr. Ribbons, "go and fetch the police at once." The old gentleman protested that he was innocent of any theft, but to no purpose and the search proceeded. His clothes were lined with extra pockets and before long fifty yards of ribbon of various shades, and three pounds of confectionery, half a dozen packs of playing cards, two dozen colored handkerchiefs, some small flags, a dozen oranges, a white rabbit, half a bushel of artificial flowers, two guinea pigs, a canary in a small cage and some eggs were produced.

The poor old fellow's dimensions had, of course, decreased in size and he looked a wo-begone mortal. Just then there was an impatient knock at the door and immediately a short, business like man entered in great excitement. "I was told I should find you here," he gasped. "What in the world do you want to take up all this time to buy a collar for? But what's the matter with you, anyway?"

"This man has just been taken up as a shop-lifter," said the detective, and he pointed to the goods lying about. "Shoplifting be blowed," angrily replied the short man. "He's the magician's man at our show and has been with us for years. How do you expect the 'Bouquet of Mystic Novelties' to be gone on with and all the other tricks without the honest-looking, white-whiskered old gent sitting down in front to let things be taken out of him after they have been put in boxes on the stage? It can't be done and he must come with me."

"Young man," said Mr. Ribbons, as the others left the room, "you are very careless and have made a serious mistake. Be more careful in future."

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