

Cobwebs

I passed the fairies' gypsy camp
Beyond the wood at dawn,
And saw their slimy garments spread
To bleach upon the lawn.

White in the rosy glow of morn,
Dew dampened and sun kissed,
Lay like a bit of mist.
—Frederick Fairchild Sherman, in Lip-
pincott's.

A JEALOUS WIFE

By ADELE E. THOMPSON

(Copyright.)

"Helen, dear, I have something to tell you."

"Yes, Robert," and though the lip trembled a little, unseen by him, the voice was bravely cheerful, "I think I can guess what it is."

"Can you?" and the happy look on the boyish face, such a boyish face still for all its 25 years, grew still brighter. "Of course, I have written you about Lillian, the dearest girl in the world; but it seems so wonderful to think that she loves me as dearly as I do her, and I wanted you to be the first to hear it," and Helen listened while he sang a lover's praises, and smiling, hid the little pain in her heart that would come with the realization that this only brother had hated the child for it.

One day there was white crape on the door, and a white casket was carried out of their home.

Lillian shed many tears, she felt the keen stress of grief; but yet deep down, far deeper than Helen's death, lay the thought that she would hardly have owned to herself, but was none the less present, that now, for the first time, Robert was hers alone, no longer was there right or claim beside the child.

"There have always been two of us," he concluded, "you and I; but now there will be three, Lillian, you and I."

"No, Robert," she said, even more cheerfully than before, "there will be two still, Lillian and you."

"Nonsense, Helen," he protested, hotly. "Nobody is ever going to crowd you out; we have come too near each other for that. When I come to tell Lillian all you have been to me, mother and sister, both, and all I owe to you through these years, I know that she will love you as well as I do."

Helen smiled a little dubiously; she could not say to him that some one else would have opinions and a voice concerning the home; and she had no desire by look or word to mar the few hours they were to have together after an absence of months.

Helen did not come for the wedding; but after they were settled in their home, yielding to Robert's repeated letters, she went on for a visit. Lillian received her with sweet frostiness, so subtle as to be felt rather than observed.

Robert had built such hopes on the results of this visit, but somewhat, if he began to talk to Helen of the days when they two were alone in the world together, Lillian was apt to develop a headache that shut her up in



"What Has Come Between Us So?"

her room; and if Helen petted him in her old loving way, Lillian would show her displeasure by punishing him with a cold if not sulky silence, that made the household atmosphere anything but cheering.

In time another guest came into the home. "I'm sorry," Lillian said weakly as Robert bent over her and the other, the tiny head, "that it isn't a boy. They say that sometimes a wife loves a daughter better than their wife; but it would break my heart if you should love the baby best. Promise me that you never will?"

"What a foolish Lillian," he answered; "of course I never will."

When it came to naming the baby he had his way. "There never can be but one Lillian to me, so Helen it shall be," and he wrote, "Aunt Helen" wonderful stories of the beauty and brightness of Baby Nellie.

After a little he began to catch a note, a something, between the lines in Helen's letters that vaguely troubled him, and one day there came a letter in a hand so changed he hardly knew it; she was sick, would he come to her?

Lillian was in her room with a cold and slight fever when he carried the letter to her. "Surely you are not going to leave me here sick," she exclaimed. "How can you be so cruel? If Helen is very badly off she could not have written herself. Well, if you go, only wait till morning; half a day won't make any difference."

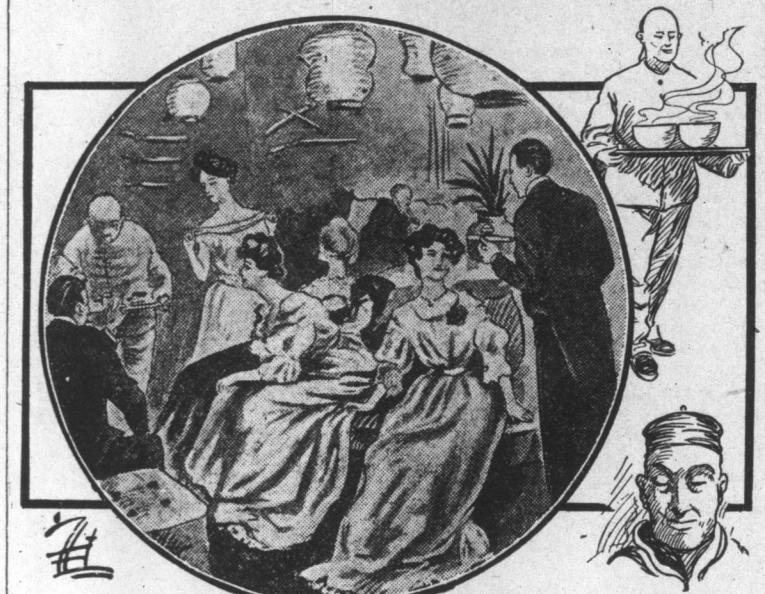
Robert hesitated, he felt impelled to go at once; but if he crossed Lillian, it might make her so much worse that he could not go at all. In the morning, as he was stepping on the train, a telegram was handed him—"Helen is dying."

"You are too late"—he felt the re-buking accent in the nurse's tone—"and she was so anxious to see you."

Lillian wrote him a letter full of love and sympathy, she said to everyone: "Dear Helen, how sad it is." At the same time down in her heart there was a little feeling that she never put into words or even concrete thought—now he was wholly mine.

But not entirely hers; there was the little Helen. And as the child grew beyond the years when she could conveniently be put to sleep or

LONDONERS HIT THE PIPE



THE ASSOCIATION ROOM AT WONG'S

Chinatown of New York, and of San Francisco, and even of Chicago, is known throughout America as one of the sights worth seeing on a visit to any one of the cities named. And foreign visitors to this country always feel a special curiosity to go through the queer section of the cities, and think perhaps that no city of Europe can in any way duplicate the sights, the people and the customs. And yet London it seems has its Chinatown, as much as either New York or San Francisco, though perhaps not on so extensive a scale.

There are four opium dens of "Hop Joints" in London which cater for the public. Three of these are controlled by a syndicate of Chinamen, members of a "Tong" or society. The other "joint," perhaps the most luxuriously appointed place of its kind in existence, is owned by a notorious Chinaman of great wealth, Ah Wong, who, until the great feud in San Francisco three years ago, led between two powerful "Tongs," which led to wholesale murder, was known there as the mayor of Chinatown. This man's establishment was furnished by a well-known west end firm at a cost of \$10,000. Whereas the cost of a "layout," or use of one, ranges from ten cents to \$1.25, according to the amount of opium used, in the "syndicate joints," Wong's charge is \$5.00. All these places are within a stone's throw of each other. The Oriental saloon has less than a hundred yards to walk from the docks to reach the cheaper "joints," while Wong's place in Limehouse is just round the corner in an old-fashioned three-storyed brick building, formerly used as the freight offices of a world-famed shipping company. The day trade is composed mostly of sailors or Chinamen residing in the neighborhood, for the latter are barred at night, much as the residents of Monaco are denied the privilege of gambling at Monte Carlo. By three o'clock the places have been cleaned and put right for the coming night trade, and a little later the swallow-faced, hollow-eyed habitues are returning—for they have a "yen yen," which means that the terrible craving has come on them, and there is no denying it.

The visitor to "Chick's" establishment—one of the "joints" controlled by the Chinese syndicate—pays 60 cents and is given half a walnut-shell filled with opium. He then enters a large room, the floor of which is covered with rows of mattresses, and chooses his favorite bunk; and "Kip," a well-known personality in Chinatown, who acts as a sort of servant, approaches with the "lay-out." This consists of a small square Japanese tray, containing an oil lamp, a "stem," or pipe and bowl, the floor of which is about five inches long, much like a woman's hat-pin, known as a "yen hok," and "shy needle," and a glass of water. The smoker now lights a cigarette, and proceeds to "cook a pill" by turning the needle with a small ball of opium rapidly about in the flame of the lamp. Every few moments the needle is withdrawn, and the small ball of opium it contains is rolled on the edge of the bowl for the purpose of removing a certain amount of poison and also to give the pill consistency. When properly cooked, and emitting the peculiarly pungent smell so sickening to the uninitiated, the pill is placed directly over the small hole in the bowl and the needle is pushed through; then the smoker, placing the bowl over the flame of the lamp, inhales the fumes into his lungs. A beginner usually takes short, quick pulls; but the habitue takes what is known as the "long draw," never stopping to take a breath until the pill is consumed. The bowl is then rubbed over with a small damp sponge, and

Yours pay your bill, then ascend the heavily carpeted stairway to the rooms above. At the top of the first flight, in a small recess, sits a Chinaman spotlessly dressed in white. He gives you a keen glance and awaits your pleasure. "I wish to rest awhile, Lou; let me have a room." Lou bows, and an attendant comes forward and leads the way into a small but luxuriously furnished apartment fitted up as a sleeping-room, the bed, however, being a divan raised some six inches from the floor, with a silk-covered mattress and silk cushions, or a pillow. The attendant waits for further orders. "Bring me a lay-out." With a bow the man departs, to return with the paraphernalia. The tray is a work of art, the stem is inlaid with ivory, and the "shell" is a moluscous. "Shall I cook for you, sir?" inquires the servant; but the visitor has been there before, and requires no assistance. Should the attendant be called upon to do the necessary "work" and add fee of \$1.25 is necessary. The man then says, "One guinea (\$6.00) please," and, taking the money, leaves the visitor to himself.

MAURICE VERNON.

Elasticity of conscience has been a one handicap to our financial system.

every man was quoting from "The Heathen Chinee," and generally carrying the verses in his pocketbook. There was, I thought, a good deal of curiosity felt about the office as to the sort of man the suddenly popular author would prove to be. He was good looking (and exceedingly well dressed), extremely self-possessed, with a gracefully friendly and even affectionate manner to the new business and literary acquaintances of his own age in the establishment, with whom he speedily became intimate. Atlantic Magazine.

The reply, which came in due time, I think, not only expressed a willingness to become a contributor, but spoke of the writer's probable departure from California. I cannot say how long it was before the Harte family reached Boston and became the guests of Mr. Howells in Cambridge. I only know that it was the time when

BERLIN WOOL WORK AGAIN.

Fashion's Wheel Has Brought Old-Timer Into Favor.

So many of our "new things" turn out to be old things slightly disguised and brought into fashion by a turn of the wheel. Here's "Berlin work" as the latest arrival. This is work in wools on canvas in either "cross" or "tent" stitch. The cross-stitch is the easier and, on the whole, the better adapted to elaborate patterns. It was in cross-stitch that the dames of olden days embroidered the elaborate tapestries that adorned the walls of hall and castle, some of which are highly esteemed as art treasures.

If a girl is very enterprising and wishes to give a very handsome present to some friend, she could not do better than work a chairback and seat cover. The back of the chair might be worked in the coat of arms of the recipient. Cross-stitch lends itself particularly well to such conventional designs. The seat of the chair might be the crest only. Care must be taken to do the work in the very best grade of wools, as the others liable to fade. Soft pillows worked in cross-stitch are always acceptable, and many charming patterns (most of them old ones revived) are shown this season. Hand fire screens are very pretty, but they should be worked in silk on very fine canvas. A very little practice will enable any girl to pick out even the most complicated pattern with ease, but for the lazy, patterns are bought already stamped on the material.—Detroit Free Press.

PRETTY AND CHEAP SCREEN.

Beautiful Ornament for Any Room in the House.

Something beautiful in a window screen will cost you only the price of some very thin blue lawn, providing you already have a frame, and many houses have screen frames which have once done duty and only await something new in a covering. It takes a double thickness of lawn for the screen, because the designs are pasted lightly between the covers and when the light shines through the screen there is a beautiful shadow effect. One great design is a stork standing amid cat-tails and pond lilies, another is bunches of grapes and leaves, and the odd little figures of dancing Dutch children or pretty geisha girls make good shadowgraphs. A handsome covering can be made with white lawn, the pictures being in colors which reflect through the material. It is best to cut the patterns from paper and paste very lightly to one piece of the material after it has been tacked in place. Always iron the pieces to the material to prevent wrinkles. Or the patterns can be cut from dress goods and attached in the same manner. A large screen will be attractive if covered with cheap unbleached muslin and the figures cut from heavy paper, which show in bold relief on the white background. Shades for lamps can be made in the same manner, either with floral effect or any of the conventional patterns commonly used.

The third of the cheaper "joints" is found six doors further down, and at this time, instead of descending to the basement, one ascends the stairs of a comparatively new house, the ground floor being occupied by a fried fish shop. This place, known as "Hop Harbour," is exclusively used by Orientals, and a white man finds it exceedingly difficult to gain an entrance. Each of these places has a manager, the Chinese syndicate which owns them remaining in the background.

At Wong's there is no secret pass-

word, no special knock is necessary,

for almost the moment you approach the door it opens, two Chinamen in ordinary clothes look you over, and, being satisfied, bow you to a second door, which opens silently. The hall is lighted by four large lamps bearing red shades; the walls are covered with Chinese hanging screens and ornaments, while a red sign with black lettering reads: "Chinese Restaurant."

On the first floor to the right of the entrance hall is a dining room containing eight tables. Chinese lanterns hang from the ceiling; the decorations are in red and black, and even the floor is painted black with a border of red around the room. Here come any number of respectable people to dine a la Chinoise. They have not the remotest idea of what goes on above the dining room floor, though others use the restaurant only for a blind, and later on, smoke a pill or two upstairs.

Spice Fingers.

Cream thoroughly three tablespoonsfuls of butter with a scantful of brown sugar, adding a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a half-teaspoonful each of nutmeg and allspice, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of ginger and salt. Stir one teaspoonful of sifted baking soda into one cupful of rich sour cream, and as it foams add it to the spice mixture alternately with enough graham and white flour (half and half) to make a soft dough. Turn on a floured board and knead it three tablespoonsfuls of seeded raisins, three of currants, and one each of chopped citron and candied orange peel. Roll out very thin, cut in strips with a jagging iron, then sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven until brown and crisp.—The Circle.

TIT FOR TAT SOCIETY.

Jessie Was to Darn Jim's Hose and He Was to Shine Her Shoes.

Jim and Jessie were twins, as much alike as two peans in a pod, with this awful difference—one was a boy and the other was a girl. While Jim was small enough to wear long curl and pinafore, you really couldn't tell which was which; but when he got rid of his curl and went into trousers, everything was changed. He began to put on lordly airs and to order Jessie about. Jessie opened her blue eyes at first in astonishment; she never thought about the trousers, but though she was only a girl, she had plenty of spirit, and would not be imposed upon.

"I wish," said Jim one day, "that you'd mend these holes in my stockings, Jess," and he held up a pair of dreadful-looking objects.

"What will you give me?" asked Jessie.

"I'll say 'thank you,' and let you watch me sail my new boat," he answered condescendingly.

"That's not fair," began Jessie, and mamma bade in:

"I should say not! If Jessie is to earn your stockings, there must be tit for tat. Now listen to my plan for the winter, which understand" and mamma shook her finger warningly. "From day to day I organize a 'Tit for Tat' society. Jessie, I know, will agree to darn your hose for the winter, in return for which, every Wednesday and Saturday you may play hooky. If you fail to polish her shoes on those days you will be forced to carry the holes in your stockings over till the next week; and if Jessie fails to see that you are properly provided, the boots will go unpainted. Now, all in favor of my plan say 'Ay.'

"Ay, ay," they both cried, and it was adopted at once.

If the boys and girls would like to know how it worked, let them try it and see.

RAILROAD MAN

Didn't Like Being Starved.

A man running on a railroad has to be in good condition all the time or he is liable to do harm to himself and others.

A clear head is necessary to run a locomotive or conduct a train. Even a railroad man's appetite and digestion are matters of importance, as the clear brain and steady hand result from the healthy appetite followed by the proper digestion of food.

"For the past five years," writes a railroad man, "I have been constantly troubled with indigestion. Every doctor I consulted seemed to want to starve me to death. First I was dieted on warm water and toast until I was almost starved; then, when they would let me eat, the indigestion would be right back again."

"In a week, I believe, I had more energy than ever before in my life. I have gained seven pounds and have not had a touch of indigestion since I have been eating Grape-Nuts. When my wife saw how much good this food was doing me she thought she would try it awhile. We believe the discoverer of Grape-Nuts found the perfect food."

Monty—Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?

Zelia—But how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?—Royal Magazine.

such as sitting up, shaking hands, rolling over, begging, playing dead, and all that. Indeed, they are so easy that "Cap" doesn't care much for them. He is an ambitious dog, and goes in for more serious things.

His chief delight is buying the paper. He is an early riser, and every morning he fidgets and whines about until his master gets up and gives him two pennies, wrapped up in paper, with which to get the newspaper.

"Cap" wags his tail happily when he starts out with the money in his mouth, for Edward Everett square, which is not far off, for he knows he will find a newsboy at the square, and carries it to his master to read. Unfortunately "Cap" cannot read himself.

If the boy is busy "Cap" waits his turn. Then he thrusts his nose up toward the boy, and opens his mouth. The newsboy takes out the little package, and opens it. "Cap" watches him anxiously when he takes out the money.

On getting his paper he starts straight home. All the dogs in Boston could not divert him from his path of duty. But "Cap" is cautious and if he sees trouble coming his way he makes a detour. He is suspicious of strangers until he has satisfied himself that they have no designs on his paper, and takes the middle of the street when he sees anyone approaching he thinks he cannot trust.

When "Cap" gets home, and his master's paper has been delivered, he is a very merry dog indeed. The serious business of the day has been dispatched, and he feels happy and relieved of responsibility.

He watches the reading of the paper with satisfaction, wagging his tail if he says to himself: "You wouldn't have that if it were not for me."

It would take considerable money to buy "Cap."

On getting his paper he starts straight home. All the dogs in Boston could not divert him from his path of duty. But "Cap" is cautious and if he sees trouble coming his way he makes a detour. He is suspicious of strangers until he has satisfied himself that they have no designs on his paper, and takes the middle of the street when he sees anyone approaching he thinks he cannot trust.

When "Cap" gets home, and his master's paper has been delivered, he is a very merry dog indeed. The serious business of the day has been dispatched, and he feels happy and relieved of responsibility.

He watches the reading of the paper with satisfaction, wagging his tail if he says to himself: "You wouldn't have that if it were not for me."

It would take considerable money to buy "Cap."

On getting his paper he starts straight home. All the dogs in Boston could not divert him from his path of duty. But "Cap" is cautious and if he sees trouble coming his way he makes a detour. He is suspicious of strangers until he has satisfied himself that they have no designs on his paper, and takes the middle of the street when he sees anyone approaching he thinks he cannot trust.

When "Cap" gets home, and his master's paper has been delivered, he is a very merry dog indeed. The serious business of the day has been dispatched, and he feels happy and relieved of responsibility.

He watches the reading of the paper with satisfaction, wagging his tail if he says to himself: "You wouldn't have that if it were not for me."

It would take considerable money to buy "Cap."

On getting his paper he starts straight home. All the dogs in Boston could not divert him from his path of duty. But "Cap" is cautious and if he sees trouble coming