

Cobwebs

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

White in the rosy glow of morn,
Dew dampened and sun kissed,
Upon the green each lacy piece
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 found one nearer than herself.

"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 to 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 somehow, 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 cheerful.

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 men love 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 rebuking 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 every one: "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 is wholly mine.

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

sent to the nursery, loving, lovable, always ready to spring into her father's arms, the baneful root in Lillian's heart took fresh start. Every caress he gave to Nellie she felt herself defrauded of, every fond word a robbing of her right; to herself she said she could not bear it, that her own child should come between them, and at times she almost 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.

And yet, impalpable as the thinnest breath of vapor, not to be grasped or defined, but none the less present and felt, was the shadowy something that seemed to have come between her and Robert in the hour when she could claim him as hers, and hers only.

At first she recognized this with an incredulous petulance that in turn gave place to a vague alarm. Not that he was less tenderly kind or attentive—the more so, if anything; but he went his way as if no longer touched by her moods; frequently he said he had writing to do, and shut himself in the little room that had been Nellie's play-room, now made into a "den," it almost seemed; but then it could not be that he was living a life of his own apart from her.

At last one evening petulance and alarm flamed into speech, and as he was leaving the room on the plea of "writing a little while," she threw herself before him. "Robert," she cried, holding him fast, "what is it? What has come between us? What are you doing?"

"I am writing on the book you have often heard me speak of," answering the last of her questions.

"But I don't want you to write that book; I hate it," the tears beginning to gather. "You are so changed to me, and now for what to come in. You have never been the same since Nellie died; I always knew you loved her best; I wish I could have died instead of her. You never loved me, or you would not make me so miserable."

"Lillian," and there was a note in his voice she had never heard before, "I married you because I loved you; I have loved you always; I love you now. You are sweet and true at heart. The trouble has been that you wanted and exacted of me what I did not ask of you, what no one has a right to demand of another, my whole and only love. Love is like a fountain, the more freely and in larger measure it flows, the purer and fuller it is; choke it up, and it either diminishes or becomes unhealthy. This, your selfish jealousy—forgive me if I speak plainly—has done for both of us. Because of it you hardened your heart to Helen, who would gladly have loved you, and loving whom would have made your own life the richer, and led me to weakly fail in the gratitude and devotion I owed to her; because of it you were an untender mother to Nellie; you neither gave her your own love nor allowed me to show her mine, for the lack of which her whole young life was clouded."

"Do not think that I blame you alone for this. I blame myself even more; for that seeing it I weakly yielded, that I was not strong enough, clear-sighted enough, to have crushed it for you as you would not for yourself; but as it is, it has spoiled my home and marred my happiness and filled my heart with remorseful memories. "You say that I have changed to you since Nellie died. It is because I have thought of these things since then as I never did before, because I have come to some conclusions that it were well for both of us had I done so long ago. In the future I shall give to you, as I have always had in my heart to do, the best of my love and confidence and care; but at the same time I shall remember that I have my own life to live, and give to its duties and claims what I feel they deserve. You ask me, Lillian, what has come between us? It is the only thing that ever could have come—yourself."

She had loosed her hold on him and dropped into a chair; he bent and gently kissed her and left the room.

For once Lillian's usual flow of words failed her. If there had been a trace of passion in his tone—but there was none—it was the pitiless calmness of his words that had chilled her heart as with an icy touch. Heavy draperies at the windows shut out the wintry storm outside; in the grate the fire glowed red; warmth and light were all about her, but she shivered in their midst. And this was her Robert, who had used his words with it, seemed to her, as little of ruth as an executioner's sword. Listening, she followed his steps as they passed up the stairs; then the door of his study closed, and its sharp click to her echoed. "What has come between us? It is—yourself."

About it.

"Mr. Wheeler is not a long stayer, is he?"

"No; he only stays long enough to borrow some money."

"Oh, then with him it is a case of touch and go?"

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 a visit to 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 "Tongs" or society. The other would show Lee to do a daily or nightly business of some three hundred "shells," or \$375, for many of his customers call for a second and third "shell of hop." Fifty per cent of this is profit, and many of the "regulars" purchase opium for home consumption.

The third of the cheaper "joints" is found six doors further down, and 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 password, 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 at the Chinese restaurant. 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."

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 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 conformity. When properly cooked, and emitting the peculiar 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

the performance repeated until the smoker has had enough.

The second of these "joints" is presided over by a person known as "Kid Lee," a half breed Chinaman, who was at one time valet to a famous Yankee jockey. Under his management this place has become the rendezvous of foreign "crooks" and "graffers," pickpockets, touts and confidence men. This place is known to the fraternity as the "Dream Shop," and is run on a slightly better plan than "Chick's," the charge being \$1.25. Partitions divide the smokers, the surroundings also are somewhat better, the walls cleaner, and the paraphernalia of a better kind, and there are two exits for use in case of emergency, unknown as yet even to the habitues. A fair estimate would show Lee to do a daily or nightly business of some three hundred "shells," or \$375, for many of his customers call for a second and third "shell of hop." Fifty per cent of this is profit, and many of the "regulars" purchase opium for home consumption.

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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 in the cost of the work 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 are liable to fade. Sofa 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, 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 homes 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 neat 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 from 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.

Spice Fingers.

Cream thoroughly three tablespoons of butter with a scant cupful of brown sugar, adding a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a half teaspoonful each of nutmeg and allspice, a quarter of a teaspoonful 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 into it three tablespoons 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.

Virginia Fritters.

Put a pint of water, into which has been stirred a teaspoon of salt, over the fire and bring to hard boil. Add a teaspoonful of butter, and without removing from the fire turn into the boiling water two cupfuls of sifted flour. Stir steadily until it has boiled three minutes. The flour will have absorbed all the water. Turn the paste into a bowl and set aside to cool from the floor, with 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 mollusc. "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 added fee of \$1.25 is necessary. The man then says: "One guinea (\$5.00) please," and, taking the money, leaves the visitor to himself.

Put Furs Away Dry.

"Always put furs away dry," advised an expert furrier.

When you come in on a stormy day shake every possible snowflake and raindrop from both muff and bag and spread them in a place to dry.

Before putting them in the closet brush the fur the wrong way with a good, stiff brush.

The renewal of your diligence will be the renewed fluffiness and softness of your furs.

White furs or light ones should be kept in pasteboard boxes between layers of tissue paper.

These delicate furs may be cleaned with lamp magsine. If the collars on the darker furs are soiled, clean with a piece of cotton wet with gasoline.

Cure for Cracked Fingers.

Take one tablespoon of lime water in milk or water three times a day. How to make the lime water: Get a piece of stone lime, or unslacked lime, about as large as English walnut, put into two quarts of cold water, stir until dissolved, then let it settle, pour off the clear water in bottles to keep. Will keep good until used up. This is all right for babies.

Tasty Breakfast Dish.

Chop or grind a cupful of cold boiled ham (cold fried ham can be used). Get the spider quite hot, put in a tablespoon of butter. When it melts add the ham, stir until heated through, then break over it as many eggs as you need. Add a little pepper and stir until the eggs are set. Serve good and hot.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT

"CAP," THE BUSINESS DOG.

Takes Money and Buys His Master His Paper Every Morning.

"Cap" is a wise dog. He buys the paper every morning, and carries it home to his master to read. Unfortunately "Cap" cannot read himself.



Cap Carrying Home the Paper.

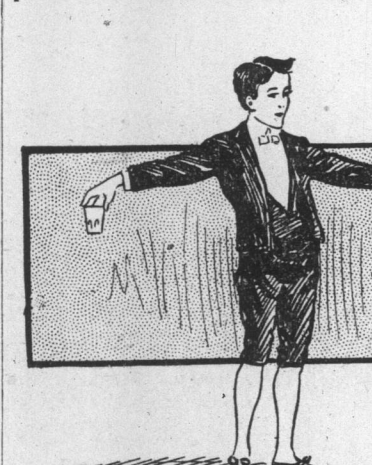
If he could, he would also get the news out of the paper.

"Cap" is a black and white English setter, owned by A. E. Dayton of 11 Summer street, Dorchester, says the Boston Globe. He is seven years old, and since puppyhood he has shown himself an unusual dog. All the common tricks of dogs come easily to him.

THE YOUNG MAGICIAN.

How He Can Do a Coin Trick with Handkerchief and Glass.

The performer exhibits a small glass, allowing it to be examined. He so requests the loan of a silver quarter, which is marked for identification. He exhibits a large colored handkerchief, showing both sides. Next he places the marked coin under the folds of the handkerchief and requests one of the audience to hold it firmly. He then places himself in such a position as to be able to hold one of



The Flying Coin.

the drooping corners of the handkerchief while the other hand grasps the glass. At the word of command the handkerchief is pulled from the fingers of the observer, and at the same instant the coin is both seen and heard to fall in the glass, and both are instantly passed for examination.

Procure two large red and white handkerchiefs, alike in pattern and stitch both together by the four corners, having previously placed a quarter of a dollar between the two. This coin, of course, will fall into one of the angles of the double handker-

"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 peas 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 curls and pinafores, you really couldn't tell which was which; but when he got rid of his curls 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 broke in:

"I should say not! If Jessie is to darn your stockings, there must be tit for tat. Now listen to my plan for the winter, which, understand, and mamma shook her finger warningly, "must be followed rigidly. From today I or, gaining a 'Tit for Tat' society. Jessie, I know, will agree to darn your week's supply of stockings, in return for which, every Wednesday and Saturday you must play blackbook. 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 unpollished. 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.

United Ages of Fourteen Burials.

The united ages of the last 14 residents of Goldanger, Essex, England, whose names appear on the burial registry, total 1,105 years. The ages were 83, 82, 85, 70, 91, 72, 91, 72, 73, 78, 79, 76, 67 and 86. Before those entries 18 months passed without a burial.

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 that the boy will sell him a paper.

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.

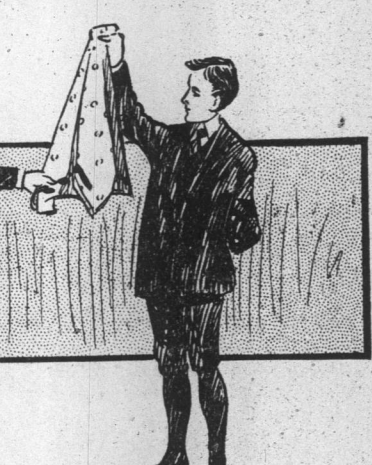
When "Cap" gets home, and his master's paper has been delivered, he is a very merry dog indeed. The serious business of the day has been dispatched, and he feels happy and relieved of responsibility.

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

It would take considerable money to buy "Cap."

chief as the latter is held in the center.

Then request the loan of a quarter and have it marked. Exhibit this marked coin in the right hand (the left being underneath the handkerchief), and as the fingers of that hand (right) pass beneath the folds it slips and carries with it the corner of the handkerchief containing the hidden coin up and underneath to the center of the handkerchief, where it can be felt and held by the observer, at the same time palming the marked coin. Request that the holder grasp the handkerchief for security just be-



The Flying Coin.

neath with the left hand. This is really to prevent any uninvited examination. The performer now takes a position, one corner of the handkerchief in his left hand, the empty glass in his right, in the palm of which is the marked coin, and at the words of "Presto, pass" or other word of command releases the muscles of the right hand, allowing the coin to fall visibly and audibly into the glass, and at the same instant twirling the handkerchief from the fingers of the holder with his left. Glass and coin are then passed for identification.

SOME RIDDLES.

What animal is never old? The gnu (new).

What part of a household does a half-frozen wren most resemble? The children (chilled wren).

What serpent is like a little boy doing his first sum in arithmetic? The adder.

What is the difference between a pair of pants and a pie? You cut the pants first, then make them; you make a pie, then cut it.

What is the first thing a man puts in his garden? His foot.

Who is that lady whose visits nobody wishes, though her mother is welcomed by all parties? Misfortune.

What thing is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

What burns to keep a secret? Sealing wax.

Why does the eye resemble a school master in the act of flogging? It has the pupil under the lash.—Boston Herald.

Needn't Take Off His Hat.

There is just one English nobleman who doesn't have to take his hat off to King Edward. This is Baron Forster, whose ancestors in the time of King Henry VIII. were granted this special privilege because of some service they performed for the crown.

This was a noticeable feature of the king's coronation, but Lord Forster, after wearing his hat for a few moments just to confirm this peculiar privilege of his family, took his hat off like the remainder of the crowd of English, Scottish and Irish noblemen.

Mischievous Princes.

The sons of Emperor William when they were younger were about as mischievous as any small boys could possibly be.

Opening suddenly upon a courtyard was a staircase, at the bottom of which a guard was stationed. The princes spent nearly one whole afternoon running down these steps and bursting upon the sentry. Of course, every time a prince came down the guard had to salute him. He had the busiest time of his life saluting.

Impossible.

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

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

REASON FOR WOMEN'S "NERVES"

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