MIDNIGHT.

Tis midnight's holy hour. When all the world in alumber lies Beneath the watchfires of the skies And feels the wond'rous pow'r Of still, sweet rest

A sliver colm broods o'er The tiny leaves, which trembli The holy grandeur, and reveal A sacred joy—none more Supremely blest.

For softly whisper they The mysile secrets of the night
That are not told in broad daylight.
Which secrets to convey
Make them thus blest.

The wind takes up the tale And giadly wafts it on his wings O'er sea and land: the message brings Through chy, hill and vale. Of peace and rest.

There is a deeper sense, ighty breath of onseen things a hour uneasy alsopers brings And holds them in suspense As if addressed

By some supercal sprite.
With meanings which they cannot guess.
Whose import deep them still oppress.
Of which they cannot quite
Secounce the quest.

They turn and sleep again, wind has died, the leaves are still, cred hush is on the fill. No vision hauses their brain, is they not heat? For see the watcher pale. In rapt reflection dream away The silent hours till break of day, And still, does be not fall

In this same quest Nay, from the whisp'ring wind And rustling leaf he learns to rise Upon the mounteams to the saics, And other spheres to find, And waves to breast.

Though none can fully know The full-cried spies for of the spheres, Where God's unclouded light appears. The reconsume from them flow To guide our quest. —Emil M. Martinsen in Chicago Standard.

A TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

I had been trudging for twelve hours through the streaming rain, which had penetrated even the thick tweed suit I wore. It had rained steadily for twenty-four hours, and, judging from the thick, colorless sky and the white cloud wreaths that hung about the lower slopes of the moun-tains, there seemed every probability that a spell of bad weather had set in.

Driven as with a goad by the utter discomfort of the dirty inn I had left behind me in the morning, I pressed on in the rain-lashed gloaming towards the old Roman watering place on the southern side of the Stelvio pass, Bad Bormio; there, I knew, the joys of good food, clean linen and luxurious bath waited for me. Of course, I ought not to have cast one thought on these comforts of civilization, for the Stelvio pass is one of the grandest in Europe, and it has been my privilege to behold the great Madatsch glacier and the cloud-veiled head of the Ortler Spitz. as I stood at the top of the pass and looked over the glories of the Tyrolean

mantenu had gone on by post-the sarry-all, omnissient post of foreign parts. At Bornie I would rest me for three whole days; good dinners would.

She looked very pretty and fresh; She looked very pretty and fresh; parts. At Bormio I would rest me for three whole days; good dinners would I eat and sparking Asti would I drink, and I would make merry with any pleasant folk chance might throw in my was. And so the pains and penal-

moment what was then my condition. The relentless rain had worked its way to my skin; only my feet were dry, thanks to the waterproof boots and stout leggings I wore. I was as yet within some miles of my goal when I within some miles of my goal when I pertook two pedestrians whose case was much worse than my own, for these two beinted wanderers were women, and the poor creatures' skirts were wet and draggled and clung miserably about their limbs. Both were slender and young, and the heavy rain beat mercilessly on their heads and shoulders. Bedraggied though they were I saw at a glance they were ladies, and a few words uttered by one their touch, and her knowledge of per the site of the situation was apparent to the sake of old times, when we used to come alread together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio; and when you called me Miss Blount Rittle was delighted, and instead on keeping up the joke."

"That was a little rough on me," I said, in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to the sake of old times, when we used to come alread together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio; and when you called me Miss Blount Rittle was delighted, and in the costume of a member of marrying, and she persuaded me, just for the sake of old times, when we used to come alread together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio; and when you called me Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio; and when you called me Miss Blount again. It was she who was the whole theatrical percentage when we used to come alread together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who was the whole theatrical percentage when used to come alread together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who at which everybody present approaches the married last year; she was told me that they were countrywomen of my own. My interest and sympathy

Another hour, Betty, at most, and we can knock off. What a tramp we've had, and how it can rain in this won-

derful country!"

I glanced quickly at the girl addressed as Betty. She was wet, but even prettier than her companion. The tramp of my steps probably Betty some alarm, for she caused Betty some alarm, for she looked nervously over her shoulder. It was then that I saw what a very pretty girl she was, despite her somewhat

On the impulse of the moment I raised my hat and muttered some sort Oh, you're English!"

The accent of pleasure was unmis-talkable and gratifying.

The exclamation came from Hetty,

spection was favorable, for Betty smiled, and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of the lips that enframed them. The young latest and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of the lips that enframed them. The young latest little wrench would be red from the red of the lips that enframed them. The young latest little superiority her friend I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful faces the gist of a little romance that had, no doubt, been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the control of the lips that enframed them. The young latest little superiority her friend I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful faces the gist of a little romance that had, no doubt, been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the control of the lips that enframed them. The young latest little superiority her friend I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful faces the gist of a little romance that had, no doubt, been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the control of the lips that enframed them. mplexion was slightly exposure to the sun; but the lashing of the rain had brought a flush of pink not, lingered too.

remarked.

"Oh, we only came from Frazenhobe the thought of Betty tramping unprothis morning; we had some lunch at Sants Maria, and we hope to reach Soulf illed me with dismay. Already I Bormio by dinner time." said the other girl, whose name I afterward knew to protection.

It at where they went I would go, for the day of two later, and I stayed on, for we all found four a pleasanter number than three in our mountain expeditions—and really, Kitty Morison—she has another name now—was and girl, whose name I afterward knew to protection. be Kate; "for, to tell you the truth, we

are both awfully hungry." inquired. "The Nuovi Bagui."

was unstrapped and attached to the cess for myself, and wealth for her, behaversack I carried. I saw, with satisfore we were five years older. Of such faction, that the slender figure, revisions is love guilty!

looked over the glories of the Tyrolean hat and a pink cotton blouse.

But I was very wet, very tired, very hungry; and I longed for my Capua down in the pleasant valley. My portunatenu had gone on by post—the sarry-all, omnissient post of foreign. my way. And so the pains and penalties of the poor pedestrian would be forgotten, or remembered only as a foil to the comforts of the present.

I hurriedly pulled myself up at this stage of my reflections, for anticipation had made me forget for a brief tion had made me forget for a brief tion had made me forget for a brief tion. Betty is all right, thanks, only girls had turned up, for there were no tresina."

slows of travel stain about the trim bins 1 stared at her incredulously for a

"Oh, Betty is all right, thanks, only

rather sleeps. I thought it a pity to waste one single hour of this heavenly morning, and I wanted to make a little sketch from the bridge."
"An artist as well as a singer?" I in-

She closed her sketch book, and we walked back together to the hotel. In "We did not mean any harm," she the garden we met Miss Betty. She, too, looked dainty and fresh after her night's rest. The same source of in-

At breakfast I happened to mention her by name, and I fancied a look of tered."

You know my husband?" surprise crossed her face at the glib-ness with which I uttered it. But her manner showed no displeasure, and I hall." I answered, dryly. was encouraged to offer my escort for an expedition to the town of Bormio. The quaint, old-world place, with its and I—I shall be so happy to see him rough pavements and narrow streets, at Pontresina. We are a model couple, so Italian in its aspect, with the yellow-washed houses and curious log-that youndmired Kittle Morison, she is gias, and musty, silent church, delighted Miss Kittie, and gave much occupation to her penell. But Miss Blount, whose artistic superiority her friend I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face

weight a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormio. I lingered on, hugging my chains; and the two girls, for what reason I know not, lingered too.

See a since our meeting in her oran ever since our meeting in her o

of the rain had brought a flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose perfect contour was apparent as she turned toward me.

"Yes, I am English," I said, in a comfortable, elder-brotherly tone calculated to win the confidence of these two independent damsels-errant; "and I am on my way to Bad Bormio."

"Sa are we and we are a borrile."

The place had a curious charm; it had must call her by the name I have called her always in my thoughts—Betty had allowed the freak to be indiged, and I was a broken-hearted man—for fully thirty-six hours. But logether, Their utter unconvention—to graph the two forlors women to trudge together to Fontresina, especially now that I wonted the something had been said once or twice meet one of them was the wife of a something had been said once or twice meet one of them was the wife of a something had been said once or twice meet one of them was the wife of a something had been said once or twice meet one of them was the wife of a something had been said one or twice meet one of them was the wife of a something had been said one or twice meet one of them was the wife of a something had been said one or twice meet one or twice the strength and grandeur of the mountains and the glory and glamour of the south had allowed the freak. Betty—I "So are we; and we are so horribly something had been said once or twice knew one of th yet, and the road seems as if it would grow about extending their walking tour to brother barrister. By the time we be to brother barrister. By the time we be to be to be brother barrister. By the time we be to brother barrister. By the time we be to be to brother barrister. By the time we be to brother barrister. By the time we reached our Alpine Mecca we were the best of friends again. Field turned up that where they went I would go, for a day or two later, and I stayed on, for we all found four a pleasanter than three brown in our manner.

The two girls listened respectfully, almost obediently, to my advice, and What hotel are you bound for? I made no objections whatever when I Strand Magazine. declared that I too intended to visit the Engadine, and would go when they

carry that bag?" I added, pointing to how my romance was to end. I would a fair-sized meksack stranged to the fair-sized rucksack strapped to the marry Betty; we should be poor, but I upple back of Miss Setty.

After a little demur the rucksack would work trebly hard and win suc-

haversack I carried. I saw, with satisfaction, that the slender figure, relieved of its burden, drew itself more erect, and moved forward with greater ease.

The two girls, tramping uprotected along that lonely road which winds down from the summit of the pass to thaly, seemed quite free from any fear of danger. The discomfort of rainsoaked clothing, boots heavy with mud, and the fatigue consequent on the long tramp, seemed to be the only cause of complaint they had.

"You see, when one is on a walking tour one can't stop for weather," remarked Betty, with a comprehensive glance round at the mist-shrouded mountuins, the rain-lashed rocks show-

marked Betty, with a comprehensive glance round at the mist-shrouded mountains, the rain-inshed rocks showing their rich brown in vivid contrast to the gray sky and patches of vivid green moss; "one must take the good and the bad just as they come, like the rough and the smooth places on the road. My friend and I are good walkers, and we enjoy a trump like this, in spite of the weather."

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got to know more about my damsels-errant. They had walked most of the way from linishruck, through the Brenner pass to Botzen; there they had taken the train to Meran, and from thence had pursued their tramp, stopping several days on the road at Spondelak. Trafor and Franzenhohe.

"We shall stay at Bormio a few days and rest, and then we shall meet our bags again. You can't think how glad we are to see those bags; we quite love the very straps and buckles. Do you know loraio at all?"

I avowed my ignorance. the very straps and buckles. Do you know florado at all?"
I arowed my ignorance.
"Nor do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbruck who recommended the Nuovi Bagni to as. I think she thought us quite mad, but she was extremely kind.
"Kittie," she added, suddenly addressing her companion, "do look down there at that heaping water; that must be the Addin."

The sun had set, and a civil breeze was whispering among the boxed leaves was whispering among the boxed leaves.

there at that leading water, that must be the Addin."

"Oh! our first Italian river, Betty! How jolly?" cried the enthusiastic of the fig trees in the grass the drone Kate, her gray eyes beaming out from under her dripping hat brim.

Then she looked down to the valley samphow this unwonted shyness and and tried, I think, to realize that this rain-beaten scene really was Italy.

"Cheer up, Kittie; it will be fine to-things, as if I were entitled to her symmetric things, as if I were entitled to her symmetric." "Cheer up, Kittie, it will be fine tomorrow, and won't we revel in the sunshine when it comes?"

It was Betty who spoke. The
manner of the girls toward each other
amused me; they seemed to take the
role of guide and consoler in turns, just
as I have no doubt they had taken it in
turns to carry the ruck-sack which I
had now in my care.

The next morning was a sumptuous

The next morning was a sumptuous

The next morning was a sumptuous one. I was soon dressed and out of doors. I caught the sound of a woman's voice trilling out the refrain of an Italian voiksited.

The lark-like joyousness of the song seemed in harmony with the glorous morning. In a dreamy mood I listened. The singing voice floated nearer. I caught sight of a white straw sallor hat and a pink cotton blouse.

sessed tone:
"You must forget that you have ever spoken so to me. Mr. Aslehurst: that you have ever thought of me—in that way-for I am married already-my husband is coming to join us at Pon-

moment.
"But, Miss Blount-." "I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs. Field now. Perhaps you know my husband; he is a barrister, too; he could not get away sooner because he had some important case to work up," she went on, rapidly. "It is all Kittle Morison's fault-this-this dreadful mistake. Kittle was my greatest chum before I married last year; she was

her touch, and her knowledge of per- side of the situation was apparent to scally, hamorously and by the law of spective.

She closed her sketch book, and we panes of decoised love.

spective.

She closed her sketch book, and we panes of decoised love.

an disciples demonstrated that it is

murmured, humbly. "We used to have such splendid times together when we toured about, Kittle and L. When I night's rest. The same source of in-formation that had made me acquainted with Miss Kittle's name had told me her's—Blount.

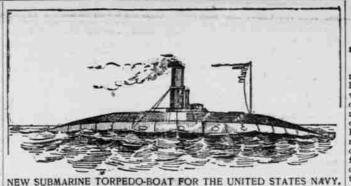
"Poor Field! He would not be flat-

"Slightly. We meet pretty often in

tainly much less independent than when I first made her acquaintance.

-At 11 p. m.-He-"I'm not myself "Ah, I am going there, too. Will went.

You allow me to walk with you and to In my own mind I had fully planned It hadn't occurred to me." this evening." She (wearily)-"Indeed?



NEW SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY
section, the larger-and upward, having a maximum diameter of eleven feet, and stanch enouge
to withstand hydrestatic pressure at a depth of seventy-free feet, a reasonable factor of said
to it its stanch enough to withstand hydrestatic pressure at a depth of seventy-free feet, a reasonable factor of said
till remaining. Within, for three-fourties of her total longth from her bow aftward, she will
be strengthened by an inser hull, between which and her outer sain she will be divided by
the strengthened by an inser hull, between which and her outer sain she will be divided by
the strengthened by an inser hull, between which and her outer sain she will be divided of the
omicer of the vessel there will be shorame of used and read built of the sain and the control steel eight her
hide, be hind which rises an unworsel tube containing, concentricing, the air-shaft and smake
shach, housing by braudically, and made sub-right by a thick metal cover sawing into place
and fastened by internal mechanisms; and between the sanke-stack and the confine-lower
small sube, also mater-tight, carries the belescopie ramers beat less than the confine-lower
small sube, also mater-tight, carries the belescopie ramers beat less there feet below the sur
face. Tapering armor about the saig exposed position in the awash condition gives reasonal
protection amines saint said from explication runs, while the submarques of there feet woul
shield the body of the craft. Steam, by the means of triple-oxpansion engines and twin server
will be the motive bower for both of the surfus econditions, waite esterilator from storage bat
teries will be the source of emers; for submerged runs. The cost is to be \$150,000.

Berliners Love to Indulge in Terpsichorean Dissipations.

Actors and Actresses fiblicule the Prus sian Eureanerats in a Ciever Way—
A Bit of the Tyrol in Berlin—
A Swell Affair.

(Special Berlin (Germany) Letter.) [Special Berlin Germany Letter]
Berlin isn't Paris, and there never
was any Jardin Mabille nor any Clearie des Lilias there, but in point of
dancing, I think, the German capital
beats the French. This year's ball surson especially, short though it was, brought an immense number of terpsicherean dissipations, and among them there were a few that deserve

There is an uncient law on the statute books in Prussia, dating from the time when actors and opera singers were strolling about the country and, by lint of "one-night stands," cking out



ENTRANCE TO ALPINE CLUB HALL.

a miserable and precarious livelihood. This law classifies stage folk with domestic servants, with the "Gesinde," and even vouchestes to their boss, the owner of the theater or chief of the troop, the right of "manual correc-tion," i. c. of slapping the members in the free and administering other mild

servant class. It had been arranged by half a dozen of the daintiest and most popular actresses, including Reisenan disciples demonstrated that it is folly to class them in the year 1895 with the kitchen maid or the valet. The critics of Berlin were present, of course, and a score of the most popular writers, such as Stinde and Blumenthal and Ludermann, and a few siry literary trifles, written for the occasion, were performed. But the chief joke of the ning was, of course, the The very flower of the profession, both male and female, disported themselves clad as nurses and cooks, chambermaids and body servants, coachmen and footmen and ushers, porters and butlers and imagination had lent them wings



TYROLESE NATIONAL DANCE.

sprites. The fact that some 20,000 marks were added to the pension fund for superannuated actors shows that, ially as well, the affair was a suc

ARE FOND OF DANCING, room (where on other mights the fluest concerts in the capital are performed) had been changed into a landscape near Meran, Tyrol, and the festival celebrated there was a counterfeit of that of the vintners of grape-buried Meran, with gayly-decorated village streets on the main floor, and glinting glaciers in the background. A Meran band of Grunmers and floor and of Grummers and fifors played the Passeyer march, the same which led Andreas Hofer and his Tyroleans into battle against the French in 1899; and everybody was an Alpine boy or lass for the time being. The costumes worn by the participants were genuine, as most of those present were members of the Alpine club and had used those same "duds" before in climbing steep paths high up in the Bavarian or Tyr-olese mountains during recent sumners, and enough of the natives had mers, and enough of the natives had been imported from their far-away homes to complete the illusion. There were a band of yodlers, a number of gither players, a half dozen of expert dancers of the "Schulplatti," and a whole score of villagers from the Vintschgau in the Tyrol to perform the famous "Bandel" dance around the May pole. The wine rooms and necessary to have the stamp of Worth around norse grown in order to secure uni-

the feee and administering others in a suit against a the president of the police in Berlin, Baron von Richthofen, finding that a provincial court in a suit against a theatrical manager had resuscitated this old law and applied to it the case in hand, issued a ulmae calling public attention to the fact that actors and actresses, from the prima donna to the weazened old intriguants, were "Gesinde" and, as such, amenable to the rules and regulations in such case made and provided.

The press ridiculed the order; the "profesh" first laughed at it, then waxed wrathy and held indignation meetings; the public wondered, smiled and said nothing. The order was not rescinded. It remains nominally in force to-day, although in "innocuous desactude," I suspect.

Becently the whole theatrical profession in Berlin gave a ball at the Kaiser-hof, the most aristocratic hotel in town, which they styled "Gesinde ball," and at which everybody present appeared in the costume of a member of the servant class. It had been arranged by half a dozen of the daintiest and most pooular actresses, including Reisen-



BELLE OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE BALL.

was a month ago that a sedate old aris- A new material is chiffon, a ridged co tograt, member of the reichstag and ton goods, weven of threads of differ-owner of large estates in the eastern out shades of the same color. It is 50 provinces of the monarchy, one evening inches wide, and but 75 cents a yard, after a fine dinner at Dressel's allowed 2½ yards making the cover and ruffle himself to be lured to this place by a for a large pillow. At several shops couple of gay young diplomats who had they are already made up in greens shared the meal with him. Next morning the old gentleman was dead, and the last penny of a large sum he had had upon him was gone. There had had upon him was gone. There had been an orgy in one of the boxes, and ed hair is not to be the fashion m ensale and similar establishments to a more rigorous supervision. At present they are forced to close at 2 a. m., and, since the regular customers of these places, both men and women, as a rule, only begin to show up at midnight, this "early-closing order" means the financial ruin of the owners unless it be rescinded before long. The Blumensale are the acuse of material ele-Austro-German Alpine club at the Philharmonic building, and of its kind it was, perhaps, even more enjoyable. The whole interfor of the huge building had been transformed into a bit of Alpine country. The immense ball
Wolf von Schressen.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE LATE MR. WORTH,

sured by the Stundards of Success He Reached a High Place. Charles Frederick Worth, the famous man milliner and dressmaker, is dead, having passed on to that far country where his services will not be in re-quest, a victim of the dread influenza quest, a victim of the dread inhecuts now raiging so virulently in foreign capitals. By his death the gay city of Paris, where he has reigned without a rival since Eugenie's time, will lose one of its most prominent fascinations for female tourists. Scarcely any woman of wealth or fashion has deemed her tour in foreign parts a complete success unless she brought back with her gowns, hats, or other articles of cos-tume designed and executed in his studio. In some respects he resembled the late Ward McAllister. He was an arbiter eleganticrum. As an artist, how-ever, he was clearly superior to McAl-lister. The latter knew, none better, what men and women should wear, what designs were graceful and what fits were perfect. Worth knew all this, and not only knew it, but he could con-



the May pole. The wine rooms and beer cellars were fitted up to match, and once past the grim barrier at the entrance gate, where Austrian revenue officers sat and collected tribute, the visitor was not in Berlin, but in some Alpine village, high up and away from the busy world.

To talk of the subscription ball at the Royal opera house at this late day seems superfluous, for this most resplendent and aristocratic of all private balls given occurs regularly once every year during the carnival time. Suffice it to say that it was more brilliant and glorious of diamonds, colors and handsome women and stately men than ever, and the emperor strolling up and down the emperor strolling up and down.

women and stately men than ever, and the emperor strolling up and down among the immense crowd for upward of an hour, with his train of glittering aides and flashing cuirassiers, added not immaterially to the picture. For it was a picture—not a ball. Although the space given up was that of the whole opera house, holding many thousands, and although the price of admission is purposely fixed rather high, the pressure was so enormous as to make dancing quite impossible.

From this ball to those which, just to the matinees and make a popular

among his lieutenants there are those who by long experience are fitted to fill it. It is one of the compensations of nature that no man is indispensable. Other geniuses will appear in the world of fashion, and some one of them ere long will dominate it as supremely as did Worth. Meanwhile it will be, in one sense at least, a relief that stage per formers of the female sex can no longer assert their artistic excellence becau their gowns were made by Worth.

fillows are legion. Pieces of last sum-ner's thin silk can be used, and for s hearth cushion there is nothing better than the front of one of those te patterns which were used a few years ago, and which were embroider sian designs and colorings. At any Japanese store can be for in its most alluring garb has been stalled ing rampant for months and years.

The Blumensale (flower halls) is a good specimen of this latter kind. It any amount you may be willing to pay.

Suitable materials for the covers of

A Terrible Rumor from Paris A rumor comes from Paris that parta couple of the handsomest members of longer; that, even more trying still, a couple of the nanosomest memoers of longer; that, even more trying still the demi-monde were arrested, but soon let go for want of proof. This inclient in metropolitan life, an incident which had often occurred before, induced the police to subject those Blumtime over which the hair is brushed ling the ensale and similar establishments to a will once more be used. With the hair more rigorous supervision. At present brushed back in this fashion it is to be

CARE OF THE PIANO.

The Better the Instrument is To More Melodious It Is.

A musical instrument may be regard-ed in the light of an exotic, costly and requiring constant and careful atten-tion.

It is also like a race-horse; the better its treatment the more it responds to the hand, and even in the evening of its old age is a thing of beauty with a past record of great things accomplished.

plished.

Frequently, though, a costly and beautiful piano grows worthless and tuncless because it has been neglected.

Like a race-horse, also, it needs to be kept covered after use.

In frosty weather, especially, always close it when not in use, and, if possible, throw a cover over it. Keep in a moderately warm room not too pear moderately warm room not too pear.

moderately warm room, not too near the source of heat, and let the tem-perature be even. Not cold one day and hot the next, but warm all the time-say 60 or 70 degrees the year round. Always place the piano against an

inside wall, and a little out from it.
Shun the itinerant tuner who comes unrecommended, and of whom you unrecommended, and of whom you have no previous knowledge. As soon intrust your own ills to a quack as your delicate, high-strung instrument to an ignoramus who had much better be ahoeing horses or sawing wood than meddling with pisnos.

Do not allow children to drum on it. True, Prof. Banghard may expend a like amount of strength upon his key-

like amount of strength upon his key-board—I doubt if it thoroughly enjoys either treatment. But if the right keys are struck it will not affect it nor you so seriously as where children amuse themselves and wreck the Christian tempers of all listeners, but those of their fond mammas, by their soul-dis-tracting sounds.

Resolutely avoid littering the tops with bric-a-brac, for it unquestionably affects the tone.

A well-known maker recommends frequent wiping off of the case with chamois skin wrung out of tepid water, and where the case is very highly pol-ished and dark, this is not only neces-sary but productive of good results and little else will answer to remove the dust that settles resolutely in the right-

ly named fret work.

But if you are afraid to try this and you want to remove finger marks and blue mold, take salad oil and vinegar, and rub on a very little of this mixture with a soft rag and with vast persever-ance, mighty muscle and a soft woolen rag—rub until your arm threatens to drop from the socket; then survey your work with a critic's eye, and you will doubtless pronounce the result good.— L. E. Chittenden, in Chicago Record.

NEAT LAUNDRY BAG.

to Make a Protty Receptacle for

For persons who do not care to give up space to a large basket for holding solled linen a laundry bag is the only resort. This may be made of plain



ticking or may be elevated to the rank of a decorative object, and it is a laufi dry bag of the latter description that is illustrated. It is made of stript of heavy canvas embroidered in a crod-sitch tapestry design separated by bands of colored crocheted insertion. The bottom of the bag is flushed with a crocheted edge to match. The em-broidered sides are divided by straight plate rices to make the haz canaplain pieces to make the bag capa-cious, and the whole thing is lined. The top of each side has small brass rings attached at intervals, through which are run brassrods which hold the bag in shape.-Cheerful Momenta.

Changing One's Strip of Dre The woman with a talent for dress says: "A great number of women ruin their appearance by not changing their style of dress when nature changes their style of looks. A woman does not keep one style all her life; she starts out blonde and thin; within ten years she becomes much darker in effect and omes broader and stouter; but ten to one she clings passionately to the colors and general character of gowns and bonnets that were always becoming to her. She is a lost wom-an. She is sure to look passe. It great thing not to fall into a rut in

present effect of the things you try on." Eggs a l'Italienne. Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Be-more the shells and cut in dice. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a sauceoan, add as much flour as it will absorb, and thin with boiling milk, stirrin constantly until it is about the consist ency of thick cream. Add a handful of parsley, chopped, salt and pepper and the eggs. Boil up once and serve. parsley, chopped, a the eggs. Boil up Farm and Fireside.

Surprised at Her Knowledge Tramp-Pleas, mum, I'm a financier,

Housekeeper—Huh! You look like it, Tramp—You surprise me, mum. I'd hardly have suspected that a lady in this out-of the way place would be so familiar with Wall street as to know a man on the wrong side of the market when she sees him.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Sign Needed. Peddler-Want any "Please Shut the

Door" signs? Jimson—Don't need 'em. "People always shut it when they go

"That's queer."
"I'm a tax assessor. They shut it with
a slam."—N. Y. Weekly.

He Was as Good as a Menagerie Mr. Van Doublet-Now, pway, don't let me detain you, Miss Wobberts, if you are in a huwwy, don'tcherknow. Miss Robberts-Oh, not at all. I was only going to the menagerie, and—er—and, I don't think I care about going there now that I have met you. - Truth.