

The Shop On Wheels

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, and Josiah Pim almost began to despair of doing any more trade that night.

"Never knew things to be so quiet," he muttered, in a tone of deep disgust. "It's more like a country churchyard than London town."

Mr. Pim had a pleasant habit of talking to himself, which was probably the result of so often having no one else to talk to.

"Blest if I don't think I'll take the old shop home," he added, with a threatening look at his giant coffee-urn. "I'll take you home, and break you up for old iron! Business," he continued, turning to the teapot for sympathy, "what's the good of talking about the state of trade, when a coffee-stall at the corner of Sloane street can't take more than three in two hours? I shall chuck it, that's what I shall do."

It was one of the advantages of Mr. Pim's business that if customers came not to him he could take his wares, shop and all, to them.

Just then a party of young people returning from some scene of social festivity came in sight.

Mr. Pim eyed them scornfully. "Tots!" he said confidentially to the sugar basin. "Not worth two-pence to us!"

But for once even Mr. Pim's sagacity was at fault. The young man who was leading the way called out to the rest:

"Here's a coffee stall! Who wants coffee?"

"Oh, I would like to have some coffee at a street stall! Shall we stop?"

Then a young man, who was evidently a humorist, observed that they might as well do there as anywhere, so the whole party pulled up, much to Mr. Pim's astonishment, and demanded coffee, hot.

Mr. Pim was not at all flustered at this rush of aristocratic patronage. Indeed, he often boasted that at his temporary coffee-stall he served all classes of society, from noble dukes to artful dodgers.

So he served the party with hot coffee of the most aromatic and refreshing quality in his power, talking all the time, in a low voice, as was his custom, to the various articles about him.

"Well, it is a rum world, and no mistake," he said in a confidential whisper to his most intimate friend the coffee-urn.

"Here's a lot of swells—downright out-and-outers, as you may see—who could have every blessed thing they asked for, must needs come to a coffee-stall at three o'clock in the morning for penny cups of coffee."

"It's jolly good coffee!" said the noisy young man who had led the way.

"That's the rat," said Mr. Pim, drily. "That's the rat, indeed! Seeing that I've only been making coffee for the last forty years, you would expect me to know anything about it."

"That's one for you," said a member of the party to the noisy youth. "I suppose you see some funny sides of life here, don't you?" he asked, turning to Mr. Pim.

"Yes," replied the hotel proprietor in the same slow, sarcastic tone of voice. "I get all sorts and conditions of men and women, and loafers, Prime Ministers, and jockeys, rogues and vagabonds, wise men and"—here he looked quizzically at the noisy young gentleman—"fools."

"What heading do we come under?" asked a young lady, turning a pair of beautiful grey-blue eyes to Mr. Pim inquiringly.

"The old man, who had been reading human nature in the stillness of the night for nearly half a century, turned his keen eyes to her at a moment, and after a glance at the young fellow who stood by her side, said, in a softer voice:

"At present you are among the under no heading. You have not yet qualified yourself."

Then he looked again at the young fellow by her side, who had a curiously striking face, and said to the girl:

"Your opportunity may be coming."

By this time most of the party had gone on, and these two were alone at the coffee-stall.

The girl appeared to be struck by the old man's remarks, for she said:

"Is my opportunity really coming?"

"I wonder if I shall make use of it?"

"What about me, old boy?" asked the young man. "Am I among the sheep or the goats?"

"At present you are among the goats," said the old coffee-stall keeper grimly.

The young man was evidently half offended, and said sharply:

"Oh, I think it's time we got on, Miss Trent!"

With a nod from the girl, and a somewhat gruff "Good-night!" from the young man, they went away, leaving Mr. Pim to his own caustic shrewd thoughts.

"That's the way of the world," he muttered to his friend the coffee-urn. "A crowd goes by, and out of the whole crowd, there's one man, and perhaps one woman, who is worth noting."

He proceeded to pack up his utensils, chatting to his silent companions all the time.

"Yes, we shall see him again," he said. "Up the tree or in the gutter. Who knows? She doesn't know; and yet it is she who will write his fate. And perhaps she doesn't even know that his fate is in her hands. That's the pity of it—she may not know that the fate of a man is in her hands!"

A couple of years rolled by, and

still Mr. Pim wheeled his temperance hotel night by night to the corner of Sloane street.

He was still making caustic observations on the ways of the world at large, and holding confidential chats with his coffee-urn.

But his coffee-urn was not his only companion, for many improbable people stopped at his hotel, and learnt to appreciate the queer old man's acuteness.

There was one man—a young man—who had taken to coming almost every night—or, rather, morning—to drink one of Mr. Pim's cups of coffee.

He was very pale and shabby-looking, and there was a pinched, sharp look about his face that told quick-eyed Mr. Pim clearly enough of the tale of semi-starvation that was being told.

Hardly anyone would recognize in him the well-dressed young swell who once stopped at the stall at three o'clock in the morning, with a young lady who had singularly beautiful grey-blue eyes.

But Mr. Pim had not forgotten the fact, though he had not once referred to it.

"Good-evening, sir," said Mr. Pim one night to his queer customer. "And how's the world been using you?"

"Oh, well enough!" said the young man, quietly.

Mr. Pim looked at him keenly. People who are half starved and wear shabby clothes don't often speak of the world as treating them "well enough."

"I paint pictures which the world won't buy," said the young man; "but I don't know whose fault that is."

"Can't you manage to paint pictures which the world will buy?" asked Mr. Pim.

The young man looked at him with a smile.

"Of course I could if I wanted to," he said.

"Only you don't choose to?" remarked the old man.

"No, I don't choose to," said his customer.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. Pim with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm blest if I wasn't right when I said you were the one man in the crowd worth noting!"

"When did you say that?" asked the young man.

"A couple of years ago," said Mr. Pim. "when you stopped here one night with a party of toffs. You were differently dressed then, and you had a young lady with you."

The young man colored slightly, paid for his coffee, and went away hurriedly.

But one night when he was visiting the coffee-stall he took out his notebook and made a sketch of Mr. Pim and his temperance hotel.

"Oh," said Mr. Pim, quizzically, when the sketch was finished. "You're the young man who paints pictures that the world won't buy? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you care to scribble a copy of that on the front of my stall, for my customers to look at while they drink their coffee, you can come here for coffee every night free of charge."

The young man laughed.

"What's the good of a sketch of you?" he asked.

"That's my business," said Mr. Pim. "It's a business offer; you can take it or leave it, as you like."

"I accept," said the young man. "Why should I not? I have painted a good many pictures, and got nothing for them. At any rate, I shall get coffee for this."

So the following night he brought his materials with him, and worked away for over an hour, with apparently a keen sense of enjoyment.

"How is it that you've come down in the world?" asked Mr. Pim, suddenly. "You used to look as smart as any of them."

"Because I'm what most people would call a fool," said the young man. "I can't get a good enough living. I choose to do so, by sketching for the illustrated papers. But I've got a conceited notion in my head that I'm fit for something better. So I plough away at a class of work which the public won't buy. See?"

"I see," said Mr. Pim quickly. "You won't mix chit-chat with your coffee."

"At present there is a certain celebrated artist in London who loves art for itself, and not merely for what it brings in. He is a queer, wandering Bohemian character, who delights in roaming about the great old city at night, when, he thinks, he sees more real human nature than in the day."

He was an occasional customer of Mr. Pim's—a fact which Mr. Pim no doubt had in his mind when he asked for a sketch to adorn his stall—happened to catch his name.

He looked at it carelessly. But it seemed to rivet his attention, and he put down his cup of coffee to look at it more closely, while Mr. Pim smoked his pipe in observant silence.

But the great man was not satisfied with merely looking at the sketch, for he took out a glass and examined every bit of it anxiously.

"Who painted that?" he asked at last.

"A young friend of mine," said Mr. Pim briefly.

"A young friend of yours?" echoes the artist incredulously. "What's his name?"

"I don't know his name," said Mr. Pim. "no more do you."

"I know the name of every painter in London."

"Yes; but you don't know the name of this one," insisted Mr. Pim. "He doesn't advertise in any paper, and he doesn't run about asking the successful for help."

"Tell me his name!" said the artist impatiently. "Tell me his name. I say! We haven't many artists in England; let me find this one quickly!"

That was how the tide turned.

In two or three mornings the great man had taught him more of painting than he had learnt in so many years. More than that, he introduced him to the public; so that his work got fair attention, and he no longer had to slip out at night

to take his walk in order to hide his shabby clothes.

In some way the public heard of the strange manner in which he had been discovered; but there was a circumstance connected with his career which never became public—no, not even when his marriage with the beautiful Miss Trent was announced—and that was a pile of letters, carefully hidden away in his trunk, which had cheered him week by week, without once disappointing him, all through the long time of struggling—letters which had only one message: "I am waiting for you. Struggle on; fear nothing."

Not once had they met after that night when he first knew her; but Mr. Pim could have told how once or twice a young lady, carefully wrapped in a long cloak, had come to him late at night, merely to hear him talk of a customer who was very, very shabby, and very poor—London Answers.

WOMEN AND THE CORONATION.

Matters of Dress Which Excite Interest in England.

The cloth of gold for King Edward's coronation robe is being woven and is, upon completion to be handed over to the Royal School of Art Needlework. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein is responsible for this move, the school being her hobby. Her proteges are to work upon the cloth a bold design in colors.

Queen Victoria's coronation robe was ornamented, in like fashion, with a gorgeous design of roses, shamrocks and thistles.

The royal wish that English silks should be used for the coronation was helped on by the recent exhibition of British silks held for the benefit of the Queen's Nurses' Fund. The Princess of Wales, who is president of the National Silk Association, attended the exhibition, and so did all the great ladies who happened to be in or near London; for aside from loyalty, there was a keen curiosity in regard to the life size model of the coronation robe approved by the Queen.

Rumor has it that in spite of loyalty and royal wishes to the contrary, many coronation orders have already been placed with the great Parisian dressmakers.

The Queen's maids of honor, not being necessities, have least to worry over than the other women who take part in the coronation ceremonies. They are not sitting up nights agonizing over coronets and wondering what the state of their hair will be after the brief donning of those awkward emblems of their rank.

The maids will wear white with silver trains and will sport the traditional ostrich feathers in their hair. So the chances are that their enjoyment of the ceremony will be more whole-hearted than that of the rest of the feminine contingent.

Apologies of head adornment, the new Queen is to have a new crown, made expressly for her, and it is said, more becoming than the small jewelled crown of her mother.

Another coronation item now exercising the thought and skill of designers and workmen is the coronation Bible which will be gorgeously bound in crimson, emblazoned with the Royal Arms in gold, and fastened with elaborately wrought gold clasps. This Bible is one of the perquisites of the prelate who administers the oath.

SUNSHINE AND SLEEP.

No syrup of poppies, no tincture of opium, no powder of morphia, says one of the medical journals, can compare in sleep-producing power with sunshine. The worst soporific is laudanum, and the best is sunshine.

Therefore, it is easily understood that poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the sunshine as possible. Many women are martyrs and do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses; they wear veils, they carry sunshades, they do all that is possible to keep off the subtle and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength, beauty and cheerfulness.

THE FUR ANIMALS.

It will be interesting to mention the animals that figure most largely in Canada's fur trade. In point of numbers the muskrat comes first, 485,000 in 1887 to 649,000 in 1894. It is rarely found north of the timber line and its favorite haunt is the lower Susquehanna basin, where in some years, it fairly swarms.

The skunk, a fur that is in large demand, is abundant both in the prairie and in the wooded country of the Northwest. 500,000 more of them sometimes reaching the market in a season. Canadian rabbit pelts seldom reach the market in excess of 100,000 a year.

The animal is found all over the country and is subject to periods of phenomenal increase or scarcity. Mr. Oliver, the editor of the Edmonton Bulletin, wrote while ago that rabbits increase for years till the country is fairly overflowing with them. When they are numerous, the Indians have abundance.

DURING THE WINTERS.

Then the rabbits unaccountably decrease more rapidly than they had increased and the Indians are deprived of one great supply of winter food. Sometimes an abundance of deer makes up for a scarcity of rabbits, but when both are scarce many of the Indians starve.

The otter, yielding one of the most valuable of furs, is now nearly exterminated. The catch of over 14,000 in 1887 was reduced about one-half five years later. As the fur is very valuable, the returns are still quite important. The animal is still shot in the water or on land. Marten is holding its own very well, though about 100,000 of these valuable animals are taken in wood or on staked traps every year. This animal is found everywhere north of the far as the tree limit. The supply of mink has very greatly diminished.

A CHEERFUL SOUL.

Citizen—"How're you coming on this winter, Uncle Henry?"

Uncle Henry—"Laws, chile, I got dere roomazint—an chil-blains in bofe my han's an' bofe feet—an' my nose an' my ears done bin fro'—tate, but thank heben, I see all right myself."

Passenger—"Can you tell me, my good man, the name of that fine bird hovering about?"

Old Salt—"That's a halibutross, sir." Passenger—"It's a rarra avis, is it not?"

Old Salt—"Dunno, sir, I've always heard it called a halibutross." Passenger—"Yes, yes, my good fellow; but I call that a rarra avis just as I call you a genius homo."

Old Salt—"Oh, then, I call that a halibutross just the same as I call you an old idiot."

"Yes," said the head of the firm. "Miss Addie is a good bookkeeper, but she makes some queer mistakes."

"What, for instance?" asked the efficient partner. "Well, she enters our messenger boy's wages under the head of running expenses."

FURS IN CANADA

HUDSON BAY COMPANY TO HAVE COMPETITION.

The Hudson Bay Company has met no important rivalry in the great fur trade of Canada since that long fight with its stronger competitor, the North West Company, which ended eighty years ago.

Since that time the Hudson Bay Company, which absorbed its competitor, has controlled the field, though there has been no legal obstacle for many years in the way of any other company that might choose to enter the fur trade of British North America.

In 1859 this trade was thrown open to the world; but the old company, with the many advantages derived from the numerous posts it still maintains, and with its large concessions of territory, which embraces one-twentieth of all the fertile lands lying within the fertile belt from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, has been so strongly entrenched that, till the present time, no rival enterprise has entered the country.

The news comes from Winnipeg, the headquarters of the company, that an organization of British and Canadian interests has been formed to enter the fur trade and that a young Englishman named C. R. de Vanderville, a person of wealth and a relative of Lord Rosebery, is at the head of the enterprise, which includes also old traders who know all the ins and outs of the business. It is said that the rival company intends first to establish a number of posts on both the east and west sides of Hudson and James Bays, where the Hudson Bay Company has many establishments.

One of the officials of the latter company is reported to have said, last week, that his company did not regard the newcomers as invaders and would give them

A VERY HARD FIGHT.

If they wanted it. He added, as a strong point in favor of the Hudson Bay Company, that the natives were wholly controlled by it, a very significant statement in view of the fact that the Indian trappers and hunters supply most of the furs.

These Indians and French half-breeds wander over the prairies and along the streams, trapping to a smaller extent, shooting the fur-bearing animals, whose pelts they carry to the posts of the company for trade. Coin is now used to some extent, but the business is mainly on the basis of barter. For years, whenever it has come to the knowledge of the company that any hunter or trapper has sold a pelt to anybody except the company's agents, the name and description of the offending native has been sent to every post of the company that he was likely to visit, and he has suddenly found himself unable to sell a pelt or procure any supplies at any of the company's stations. It has been the policy of the company, for keep on good terms with the natives by dealing honorably with them. They have traded clothing, guns, and other articles of the necessary articles at very reasonable figures, while the natives may fancy, but do not really need. The influence of the company is, of course, very great among these people, and many of them will certainly be likely to think a little better of the fur trade, which has been the great corporation which has so long been their sole dependence.

THE BEAVER'S CANADIAN HABITAT IS ALMOST EVERYWHERE EXCEPT ON THE NAKED PLAINS. He is found as far north as trees grow, from the Rocky Mountains to the Labrador coast.

The hunter sets his trap in the animal's house or gets him by SHOOTING OR SPEARING.

In spite of the wide range of the animal the supply of fur is rapidly falling off, being only about half that of ten or twelve years ago; in other words, Canada supplies only 50,000 to 60,000 skins a year, while only about 2,000 silver fox skins are secured. They are caught in steel traps or by poisoning or shooting. In 1888 over 78,000 lynx skins were taken, but the number dropped a few years later to about 18,000. The lynx lives on rabbits and is particularly numerous in the region of Great Slave Lake. The skin is worth only 75 cents to \$2. About 7,000 wolf skins, mostly from the Northwest Territory, are now regarded as a good yield for the season. The wolverine is almost worthless and a great pest. He is the enemy of the poor Indian because he destroys the wooden traps set for the fisher, marten and lynx and is too wary to be caught himself. Bishop Applin, who has been in the Northwest for many years, says: "The wolverine is the most cunning animal I know and he has uncommon malicious instincts."

WORMS IN THE SOIL OF POT PLANTS MAY BE ROUTED BY SATURATING THE SOIL WITH RAIN WATER. If the first application does not kill them, try it again four or five days afterward.

The Chinese can beat us in roasting pork. After it comes out of the oven they hang it in the smoke of aromatic herbs which gives it a fine flavor and robs it of the porky taste. Take a quantity of currants and mash them to a pulp and strain through a sieve. Slice very ripe bananas and pour the sweetened juice of the currants over them. The combination is delicious.

To get a cork out of a bottle, loop a wire and insert it, getting it over the cork. To burn a candle in a jar or bottle slide a piece of poster board into the neck, thus causing an outward and inward draft.

When shoes are too large at the heel and are rendered unpleasant by slipping, a piece of velvet should be cut out and fitted in the heel. Glue this velvet to the inside bottom of the heel and the slipping will be stopped, as the velvet clings to the stockings and prevents it.

It is an encouraging fact that the most attractive things about a woman are the very ones she can gain for herself if she will make an intelligent effort. Excellent physical health is possible to all except the constitutionally weak and deformed. Health means so much—a fine, clear skin, shapely figure, graceful walk, good teeth, bright eyes and glossy hair. They are all obtainable. Add to these a pleasant smile, a cordial manner and a cultivated mind, and last, but also important, good taste and neatness in dress. You may have all of these if you will take intelligent care of your health by cleanliness, exercise, wholesome food and pure air; the cultivated mind by reading good books and talking with intelligent people. Of what use are brains to a woman if she cannot learn to make herself attractive mentally and physically?

If the leaves of house plants turn yellow and drop examine the plant. If you find bits of web on the under side in which tiny red-brown specks are seen, the red spider is at work sucking the life from the plant. The remedy is water. Dip it in a tub of rather warm water, submerge it several times for half a minute at a time, and repeat till the spiders are all gone. Then keep them away by having the air moist; shower the plants with two inches of sand or set them in a box of sand and keep it saturated with water.

There are improved methods of doing everything nowadays, even in making rag carpets. Do not follow the tedious method of sewing the rags together. A quicker and stronger way is to cut the strips about half an inch wide; snip near each end of each strip a little slit large enough for a strip to pass through. Place the cuts of two strips over one another, take the opposite end of one strip and pass through both slits; pull the loop together gently and firmly. It will hold better than sewing.

To take off a ring that is too tight, thread a needle with thread that is strong, but not too coarse. Soap it and pass the head of the needle under the ring. Pull a few inches of the thread towards the hand and wrap the other end of the thread tightly and smoothly around the finger towards the nail. Take hold of the needle and begin slowly to unwind the coil, carrying the ring along with the thread until it slips easily from the finger.

The plants in the living room become dusty, and dust is not healthy for house plants any more than for human beings. If the plants could talk they would thank you for taking them out of doors during a warm spell and giving them a shower bath. Make the dirt around the roots soaking wet, and they will not need moisture again for a week. It is surprising how a good bath from the sprinkling can will brighten them up.

Nature gives you warning of a cold in the first chilly feeling that creeps over you. Heed it at once or pay the penalty. Take a brisk walk or run, breathe deeply and keep the mouth closed. If situated so that you cannot do either, breathe deeply, rapidly and noisily till you are satisfied that your circulation is acting properly.

About the ...House

DELICIOUS LAYER CAKES.

Of good homemade cakes those made in layers fill a need for an evening collation or company dessert. The recipes given are unusual and therefore of special value.

These are called Coffee Cakes—Few people are familiar with this name. The recipe for layer cake, yet it makes one of the most delicious known.

For the layers, cream one-half pound of butter and one pound of sugar. Add six well beaten eggs, one pound and one ounce of flour, one-half pint of milk and two even teaspoonsful of baking powder. Beat vigorously and bake in round jelly cake pans.

To make the filling tie two large teaspoonsful of well ground Mocha and six well beaten eggs, one pound and one ounce of flour, one-half pint of milk and two even teaspoonsful of baking powder. Beat vigorously and bake in round jelly cake pans.

To make the icing stir one-quarter of a pound of confectionary sugar into the tablespoonsful of hot coffee and spread over the surface of the cake.

Black Chocolate Cake—Cakes in which chocolate is used are familiar to all households, but this cake is a novelty and well worth a trial. Beat three eggs, the whites and yolks separately. To the yolks add one and one-quarter cups of sugar, half a cup of sour cream, one large cupful of flour, one-quarter of a pound of unsweetened chocolate melted with a second half-cupful of sour cream, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, and lastly, the whites of the eggs, and lastly, the whites of the eggs, and lastly, the whites of the eggs.

For the filling boil one cupful of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water together until it spins a thread. Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and add to it one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and the sirup little by little, beating all the while. Whip evenly and vigorously until cold. Flavor with a little lemon juice.

Cake—Familiar as this delicious cake is, it is but little known to housewives in some parts of the country. For the layers make a good sponge cake by beating the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, then adding to the yolks sugar and flour, and finally whipping the filling of one ordinary-sized cake grate one large tart apple, after peeling. Add to it the white of one egg and a few drops of lemon sugar. Whip all together with an egg beater until white and foamy. Spread between the layers and on top of the cake.

Banana Cake—Abundant as bananas are, there are many housewives who have little conception of the various dishes which can be made with them as a basis. This delicious cake makes a notable example, and will be found an addition to the family table. For the cake use the recipe for sponge cake layers already given. For the filling mash two ba-

nanas, which have been thoroughly chilled, through a colander and sprinkle the juice of one small lemon over the pulp. Add the white of one egg and beat until white and foamy.

Have ready one coffee-cupful of granulated sugar boiled with half a cupful of water until it forms a soft ball when dropped in water. Pour this sirup slowly over the banana cream, beating briskly all the while. When all the sirup has been consumed add one teaspoonful of granulated gelatin which has been dissolved in a tablespoonsful of water. Beat until the mixture becomes cool and begins to thicken when spread lightly between the layers of cake and over the top.

Orange Layer Cake—Cream thoroughly three-quarters of a cup of butter with two cups of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, half the grated rind of one orange and a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Put the strained juice of two large oranges into a cup and fill up with cold water. Add this to the butter, sugar and eggs, beat in three and a half cups of flour, then the stiffly whipped whites of eggs. Sift two teaspoonsful of baking powder with the flour. Beat hard for several minutes, then bake in layer tins. For the filling scald a cup of milk in a double boiler. Beat till light three level tablespoonsful of cornstarch, two tablespoonsful of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Add this to the milk, stir till it thickens; take from the fire, add half the grated rind of an orange and two tablespoonsful of strained orange juice. Set aside to cool, then spread between the layers.

Into two tablespoonsful of the juice stir powdered sugar sufficient to make a thick icing and spread on the top.

WORTH KNOWING.

Worms in the soil of pot plants may be routed by saturating the soil with rain water. If the first application does not kill them, try it again four or five days afterward.

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