hair and blue eyes, of whom her neighbors had no opinion whatever, and couldn't help thinking it must have been Mrs. Montague. Yet all the while Mr. Pippo "stuck up" for his tenent, on the score that the captain was a good fellow, had paid three months' rent in advance, and had begged him to see that his wife, who had no friend in the city, was safe during his absence.

It was the first Monday in the month. Mr. Pippo had to attend to a

business meeting of the society to which he belonged And Mrs. Caw, Mrs. Maw and Mrs. Daw, desorted by their spouses for the same reason, were spending an hour with Mrs. Pippo She had just made a comfortable cup of tea and got some cake, when Mrs. Caw, sitting near the register, afted her finger and began to becken.

The ladies understood and approached. All were silent; and down the

aperture came plainly the voice of Mrs. Montague:
"Oh, Dick! What would I do without you?" shosaid tenderly. 'Kiss "Oh !" ejaculated Mrs. Pippo, in dumb show. "Ah !" said Mrs. Daw in

the same way.

"You love me so dearly, don't you?" said Mis Montague above.

"I love you dearly," said some one else. " Dearly, dearly, I love you

"Is it Satan?" asked Mrs. Daw, in an awful whisper. I never head

such a voice."

"Hush !" said Mrs Pippo.

"Oh, what a love you are!" soid Mrs. Montague overhead.
"What a love you are," repeated the other speaker. Then kisses were heard, then there was silence.

"Now you have heard it, ladies," said Mrs. Pippo, retreating from the register. "I can't over get my husband to listen. What shall I do?"

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Maw. "Let's go up sturs and go in without knocking, and find out who he is. Then you can act."

"Yes," said Mrs. Daw.

"That's the thing to do," s.id Mrs. Caw, and Mrs. Pippo, trembling with excitement, led the way up steirs. The door was not even locked. Mrs. Pippo opened it softly. A student's lamp shed a soft light over the pretty room, and near the register sat Mrs. Montague. On her kne perched a big green parrot, and as she arose it jumped down, and walked towards them with its head on one side in an alarming minuer.

"Very glad to see you, ladies," she said. "Take seits. It is very kind of you to come and cheer me up. I am so lonesom now the captain is

of you to come and cheer me up. I am so tones. In now the cipt in is away. I must make him take me with him next voyage. This is all my family. Dicky, speak to the ladies. Say, 'llow do you do?' "

"How do you do?" said the parrot, in the fiendish voice of its kind.

"It is very intelligent," said Mrs. Montague. "Calls me by name, and declares its love for me. Do you love me, Dicky?"

"What a love you are!" crocked the parrot,

"There, you hear," said Mrs. Montague, laughing.

"What an intelligent crocking " said Mrs. Propos

"What an intelligent creature !" said Mrs. Pippo.

"Astonishing!" said Mrs Maw. "Wonderful!" said Mrs. Daw.

"Quite too sweet for anything!' said Mrs. Caw.
"You see we come to ask you if you wouldn't come down and have a cup of tea with us. All our husbands are away."
"Yes, we are all widows this evening," said Mrs. Daw, linking her arm

in that of Mrs. Montague, "and we were saying how lonesome you must be."

Then they all went down stairs together, and Mrs. Montague never guessed what it was that these good neighbors roully had been saying about her, or what a scandal the parrot had given rise to.

OUR COSY CORNER.

An old-time housekeeper said the other day: "None of your newfangled lemon-squeezers for me. Anything—especially acid—squeezed through metal, such as many of the improved ones are, is very bad. The wooden ones do not have this fault; neither do those made of glass or porcelain. But they all have one fault that there is no getting rid off, and that is that the skin of the lemon is squeezed so that its flavor mixes with that of the juice.

This is all wrong. There is but one way to squeeze a lemon, and that is the simple, old-fashioned way, between your fingers. Plenty of power can be brought to hear, especially if the lemon is well rolled first. There is as great a difference between the flavor of the juice extracted in this way and that by the other methods as there is between old-fashioned buckwheat cakes, where the meal stands over night, and the new isashioned kind that

are made while you wait.

CRAZY AFGHAN.—Collect odds and onds of Zephyr and Germantownall colors and shades—mostly bright ones, break and tie together of various lengths—none longer than a yard, and wind in balls. Crochet in strips 12 inches wide and the length of afgban in star stitch, keeping the knots cr the wrong si.e. Alternate the crazy strips with plain black in crazy stitch or star stitch. Crochet the strips together with yellow. T.e fringe in ends, or crochet a black border edge with yellow. I have 3 strips of crazy work 12 inches wide and 4 strips of black 6 inches wide. It is wery handsome, and much easier than tricot stitch embroidered, beside using up bits of worsted one don't know what to do with.

The same idea can be carried out in a chair scarf, or sofa pillow, using velvet or wool canvas for the black strips.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

The new top-garments for the promenade are both long and short, the most attractive designs being former favorites improved and modified to adapt them to the diminished size of the tournure and to the prevailing textures.

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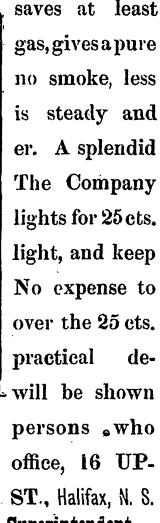
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