HOUSEHOLD.

VARIOUS CAKES.

Molasses Cake.—One cup each of sugar and molasses and a quarter cup of butter warmed together. Dissolve one-half cup of strong coffee and add to the mixture, together with two beaten eggs and two cups of sifted flour. Eat while fresh.

Breakfast Cakes.—Soak one-half cup each of oatmeal flakes and stale bread crumbs in one pint of sour milk. Add one teaspoonful of soda, one of sugar and one-half teaspoonful salt, a beaten egg and flour to make a batter that will dip nicely into the griddle.

Ice Cream Cake.—This is also a western recipe and is a good contrast to the devil's food. Cream one-half cup of butter, add two cups of sugar and one cup of milk gradually. Sift four level teaspoons of baking powder and three cups of flour together and add to the first mixture and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Beat and bake in two layers. Cut a very thin slice from the outside so that no brown edge will show through the frosting.

Make a boiled frosting. Cook two cups of sugar with six tablespoons of water until it threads. Pour gradually over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs; flavor with vanilla.

Nut Spice Cake—Cream one-quarter cup of butter, add gradually one-half cup of ground sugar, one-quarter cup of molasses, the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and one-half cup of sour milk. Mix and sift one and one-quarter cups of flour, one-half level teaspoonful each of soda and cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful each of clove and grated nutmeg. When well mixed stir in one-half cup each of seeded raisins and English walnut meats cut in bits, also one-quarter cup of currants. Sift over all three-quarters teaspoon of baking-powder and beat thoroughly. Bake in a shallow pan 35 to 40 minutes.

Chocolate Frosting.—Melt two squares of chocolate add one level teaspoon of butter and three tablespoons of hot water. Cool slightly and add confectioner's or powdered sugar until of the right consistency to spread. Flavor with vanilla.

Shrewsbury Cakes.—Cream together one-half pound each of butter and caster sugar, then work in one-half pound of fine sifted flour, moistening it with one whole egg; roll it out very thin, cut or stamp it out in lozenges, rounds, etc., ornament each with two or three caraway comfits or finely shredded candied peel, and bake in a moderate oven. A very nice variation of this is made by using one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, two whole eggs, six ounces caster sugar, two ounces grated chocolate, or one and one-half ounces ground cinnamon, and enough milk to make a nice dough. Finish as before.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Curried Eggs—Melt an ounce of butter in a frying pan and add a small onion, sliced, and fry for ten minutes, taking care that the onion does not brown, then stir in a tablespoonful of flour and a small dessertspoonful of curry powder, and fry all together for five minutes, add a pint of milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, and stir until the sauce is smooth. Pour this over hard-boiled eggs, which have been sliced and kept hot on pieces of toast.

Tomato Sauce—Slice two onions fine and cook for five minutes in a saucepan with one tablespoon of butter, add to the onions one-half can of tomatoes, one cupful of stock, a pinch of thyme and laurel; cook one hour. Sift through a sifter, and to the pulp obtained add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and when ready to serve add two tablespoons cornstarch mixed with a little stock or water.

Prune Whip.—Whites of five eggs, beaten very light; beat in two-thirds cup of sugar, then one cup stewed prunes chopped fine, chop meat of one-half of prune stones and add. Pile in a buttered dish. Bake seven minutes in an oven not too hot; serve when cool with whipped cream.

Cocoanut Pie—One-half cup shredded cocoanut soaked in one cup of milk, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg. Bake with lower crust. Nice with meringue on top.

Boned Turkey.—Few cooks can bone a turkey properly, but with a proper knife it can soon be accomplished. The bird must first be neatly sawn down the back, spread it open, and then remove the bones. When neatly done they are easy to carve, and nice for breakfast; boned and glazed turkeys are seldom eaten hot. The bird must be filled with a rich forcemeat and neatly pressed into shape. The bone may be left in the top part of the leg. The forcemeat should consist of chopped blanched oysters, fine crumbs of bread, minced veal, shallots, parsley, finely chopped. The bones from the bird should be boiled down with the remnants to a glaze to screen the bird when cooked and cold. Should the gravy not be strong enough, little isinglass and beef gravy must be used. If any of the gravy remains when cold, it can be chopped and arranged in little hillocks around the bird with bunches of parsley here and there.

Cream Buns—Put one pound of flour in a basin, make a hollow in it with your knuckles, pour a tablespoonful of yeast dissolved in a teacupful of tepid milk into this, mixing into it a little flour from the sides, then cover and let it rise near the fire. Meanwhile cream six ounces of butter or use five ounces or six ounces of clotted or thick cream, beat it up lightly with four whole eggs and a little flavoring to taste, and add this to the flour when well risen. Work the whole well together, again let rise for an hour or so; when well risen put little balls of this dough on the well-buttered baking tins, two or three inches apart, being light, these drop into bun shape, brush each over with egg and milk beaten up together, dust with roughly crushed loaf sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

CHILDREN'S BATHS.

The old-fashioned habit of enveloping the child's head in a thick veil should be abandoned. It is a good plan to let the little one run about naked with only a little shirt on, for a while every day in a warm, sunny room. A bare wooden floor or a square of closely woven matting, that can be kept scrupulously clean, is much to be preferred to dust-collecting carpets.

From the tenth to the twelfth month one should accustom the child gradually to cold baths. The best way to begin is after its daily warm bath to rub the child a few times with the hands dipped in cold water, and then wipe it rapidly. By and by one may begin with cold sponging, and later on with a little douche. In the use of cold water it is absolutely necessary that the reaction should rapidly follow. This reaction is manifested by a pleasant warmth perceived by the child, and externally is made visible by a reddish appearance of the skin. Whenever cold water is applied to the skin one will notice at first a certain whiteness or pallor, which is caused by a contraction of the external blood-vessels. The return of the blood to the external surface causes the reddening of the skin. Whenever reaction is lacking or tardy, the advice of the physician should be sought.

HOUSEKEEPING NOTES.

The best way to use old bread is to cut in thin slices and dry or toast in a drying closet, then passing while warm through a clean meat chopper. This is called rusk, and can be eaten in milk or cream. It costs much less than cereals and is more palatable and is highly recommended by physicians.

We saw some very good rugs made of two colors of carpet rags woven alternately with warp left to be tied for fringe. They looked neater than anything I had ever seen made from rags. They looked much prettier than the stripes or hit or miss carpets. Another way might be given to weave at the ends of the rugs (which are any lengtg desired) enough warp to turn under and hem.

A good way to cook old hens is to simmer them until nearly done and then fry in hot fat. They will taste like chicken, if not better.

When making entire wheat bread if two measures of the flour and one-measure each of rye and wheat are used the bread will be lighter.

MURDERED BY MATCH-HEADS.

Crimes Committed in Many Curious Ways.

A man named Cross was found dead in the locked-up cellar of his cottage near Belfast one winter morning eight or nine years ago. His wife, with whom he was known to have been on bad terms, was suspected of murdering him by poison. But the doctors disagreed as to the poison and she was acquitted. She disappeared soon afterwards, and other tenants took the cottage. Some months later the favorite dog of the new tenant was found dead in the cellar, and—what was most peculiar— no cause could be assigned for its death, for it had been perfectly well the day before. This led to an investigation. Next to the house was a lime-kiln, and it was discovered that the fumes of poisonous carbonic-acid gas leaked through the wall of the cottage and at times settled heavy in the cellar—especially if the place was left closed for a day or two at a time. It became almost certain, from evidence afterwards unearthed, that the wife of Cross had discovered this fact, and had decoyed her husband into the death-trap, and left him to perish.

Equally cold-blooded as this crime and even more terrible, was the plot of a man named Ferjaud, who had a long-standing quarrel with his brother-in-law. Ferjaud bought a couple of what are called bass-dogs—a cross between a mastiff and a wolfhound. These he trained to attack a dummy figure. Then, after starving them for a couple of days, he

LAY IN WAIT FOR HIS ENEMY,

and, when he passed, set the two great brutes at him. The wretched man was almost torn to pieces. This insane piece of revenge caused, however, the immediate arrest of the murderer.

Murder by match-heads is the crime for which an Englishwoman named Haine was sentenced about a year ago. She had married a second time unhappily. So, in her misery, she cut off the heads of a box and a half of matches steeped them in her little girl. The child died. Then the mother took a larger dose herself of the same gruesome compound; but it failed to kill her, and she was arrested before she could renew the attempt.

Several poison-by-post crimes have come to light of recent years, but none more mysterious than that at Paris in August, 1900. The European secretary of the Chinese Minister received a letter from a Polish lady asking for monetary assistance. From the letter dropped a flower resembling an ox-eyed daisy. The secretary picked this up, and, as he was looking at it, fell back fainting. Doctors found that he had been poisoned. But what such a poison could be that a mere whiff of it so nearly killed a strong man was never ascertained. The lady who sent it declared that she was detested by a certain countess, who possessed the poison secrets of the Borgias, and that this countess must have placed the deadly blossom in the letter after it was written.

Mrs. Gadabout—"What sort of person is Mrs. Mildman, who has moved in the next house to you?" Mrs. Chaffer—"I don't think much of her. Between you and me, I think she is next door to an idiot." Mrs. Gadabout (innocently)— "I think so, too, my dear."

HER VERY BEST.

She was tall and angular; her gray hair was brushed smoothly back from her thin pale face, and coiled in a tight knot at the back of her head. She wore a close-fitting bonnet of black velvet, with a white bow on it, partly hidden by the black feather. There was a slight stoop in the shoulders; and while her clothes were made with some pretense to style and seemed befitting a woman of her age, they seemed strangely out of place on her; and it was plainly seen that she felt ill at ease as she stood in the centre of the waiting room, and watched the tall, dignified-looking man who was at the window of the ticket office.

"You don't mean it. Certainly you are mistaken," one lady said to another, "that can't be Dr. Carter's wife."

"It certainly is. I saw her last summer when I was visiting in L——," her friend replied, "she sat in front of me in church the first Sunday I was there, and I was as much surprised as you are. I of course expected to see a—well quite a different looking woman. She seemed to take no interest in the sermon, and you know what a fine one Dr. Carter would give. She takes no part in anything and seldom appears with him in public. I met him several times, his daughter was with him, a beautiful accomplished girl, very much like her father. They say that he is—just a little ashamed of his wife; and no wonder, she is not at all intelligent and cannot converse on the simplest subjects. I tried to talk with her one evening when there was a reception given by the church; she seemed so ill at ease that I really pitied her; and I noticed that she soon slipped out of the parlors. I believe that she did say something about her little girl being sick and having been up all the night before, perhaps that made her duller than usual. She certainly is a stumbling block to the doctor. I do not see what ever attached a man like him to her, she could never have been pretty. It is another case of marrying beneath one intellectually. He certainly is to be pitied."

The two ladies hurried from the room, never dreaming that their conversation had been overheard.

The woman standing in the centre of the floor turned and looked after them as they disappeared. There was a tremulous quiver of the thin lips, and she hastily brushed aside the gathering tears as her husband joined her.

"Come, hurry, Alice," he said hurriedly. "I see Jim Barker out on the platform. I hope that he is going our way. I have not seen him for quite awhile, not since before he was made judge."

"Jim Barker! Which is he?" she asked, sudden interest in her tone.

But in the bustle Dr. Carter did not hear her question, and as soon as he had her settled, he left her and she saw him laughing and shaking hands with a gray bearded man at the other end of the car.

"I wonder if that is Jim Barker? Why he don't look at all like himself. I wonder how Jane is? Perhaps he will come back when he sees me. We used to have good times together," and there was an eager look on her face. "He never looks this way," and there was a sharp pain at her heart. "Perhaps he is ashamed of me too."

Dr. Carter did not return until after Judge Barker had left the train. "Jim had certainly changed. He said that I should remember him to you," he said dropping into the seat beside her.

"I thought that he would come back here to speak to me," she ventured to say.

"Why—we were so busy talking, and he had to get off so soon." Dr. Carter said hesitatingly. He did not say that he had never thought to tell Judge Barker that she was on the train. It was not done intentionally, but he had become so accustomed to not speaking of her, and she knew so few people, that he had taken it as a mere courtesy that Judge Barker had wished to be remembered. He felt sorry for his thoughtlessness, for he knew that she and Judge Barker had known each other all their lives; while he himself had never met him before their marriage; but he did not say so, and after a few general remarks he pulled out his paper and began reading.

While she leaned back and gazed out of the car window, but she saw without seeing. The words, "He is ashamed of her," and "A stumbling block," kept ringing in her ears, and it seemed that the very wheels echoed the words as they spun along on the steel rails. "Ashamed of me! Well, I guess he and the children all are; and I have tried to do the very best I could."

"The very best she could." Hers was a case of which there are plenty all around us.

Years before when she had married Rob Carter, and settled down on the little farm left her by her father, her life had looked very bright to her. She had received as good an education as any of her acquaintances, and was very fond of books and reading of every kind. She took an active part in all the church and social life of the neighborhood. She was at that time her husband's equal intellectually, some thought his superior. It had been a happy night when he had gone forward and with some others had joined the little brick church. She felt that her cup of happiness was running over; and then as days and weeks went by she noticed that he seemed to have something on his mind. She had been surprised when he at last confided to her that he felt that he was called to preach; but it would take several years of preparation, and how would they live and whence would the money come for his college course. for he felt that no other would do.

Then she began to plan and work. It was very hard, but when September came, she saw him drive off one day to the station on his way to college, while she hurried back into the house and took the crying baby from the cradle.

How she had managed she scarcely knew. She never had a moment to spare for reading, and she was not even to church for six months. She had dismissed the girl, and had no one to take care of the children. How he had improved when he came home at the end of the year! Then one year, when the crops had failed, she would not hear to his giving up, but had mortgaged her farm and taken in sewing. He never knew how poorly they had lived; but she felt repaid when he stood up in the little church and preached a sermon, which every one said was the best ever preached there. How proud she was when he had his first charge, although it was very hard for her to leave the people whom she had known all her life, and go among entire strangers. The pay was small and she had hard work to make it reach.

How hard it was he never knew, taken up as he was with his duties as a minister; and she felt that if he was worried over the household affairs it would interfere with his success. So she had told him that she would manage the house and he was to preach so that she would never feel ashamed of him. She had not time to attend the various societies and take part in the social life of the church. There was always so much to do and so many children to take care of, and for years she had no more time for reading than when he was at college, there was always a little dress to mend or a stocking to darn. At first her husband had brought his books into the kitchen and tried to read aloud while she was working, but the children annoyed him and it was given up. She had promised herself much leisure and reading after a while, when the children became larger, and the salary was more.

Dr. Carter had risen fast, but the children had to be educated, and there were so many demands for money that she felt that she dare not spare herself in any way that would demand extra expense.

"I do wish, Alice," Dr. Carter said as they were entering the house, "you would try to act more like others when you are out, and not make people think that you cannot talk. It makes me almost ashamed of you." Dr. Carter did not know that he could never have made the remark at a worse time; but the ladies they had met on the train were the wives of a couple of ministers in an adjoining town, and were very accomplished women in every way; and he could not help but notice the difference between them and his own wife, who seemed more embarrassed than usual, and the comparison had irritated him.

Mrs. Carter did not answer, but caught up little May and buried her face in her curls; and then went out to see if everything would be all right for dinner. She scarcely ate anything, but no one noticed it until little May said:

"Why, mamma, you are not hungry one little bit."

"Are you not feeling well, Alice?" her husband asked.

"I am only tired," she answered with a sad smile.

"You had better retire as early as possible. I have to go down to meet a committee of ministers tonight," he replied.

"Oh, papa, the Carltons are coming this evening, and I wanted you to help entertain them," Lillian exclaimed. "They will be so disappointed if you are not here at all. Of course, you won't care to come in, mamma. Papa, come home real early, won't you? Annie Carlton said her brother told her, that he hoped you would be home."

Dr. Carter laughed. "I am sorry that I cannot accommodate Mr. Robert to-night; but I think, Pussy, you will be able to console him for my absence."

When Mrs. Carter entered her room that evening, she went and stood before the mirror, and looked at the pale, thin face with its frame of thin gray hair reflected there. She studied it intently for a few minutes; then she opened a drawer and took out a photograph, it was of a young girl with soft curling hair and smiling face, not unlike Lillian's whose laugh floated up from the parlor.

"To think how I am now, and the way I used to look," she said half aloud. "I have tried to do my best, but perhaps I did not do the right way. I see now that it is not right for a woman to give up everything and never think of herself, but I don't see how I could have done much differently; but it is too late now for me," and she leaned her head on the table.

Presently an arm stole around her.

"Why, mamma! what is wrong?" and Tom's face was pressed against hers. "Does your head ache? What would we ever do if you were to get sick?"

She looked up in the handsome boyish face bent over her. "Don't Tommie," she said, pushing back his hair, "you see I have got all ugly and faded, and can't feel at home among strangers, and, I don't blame you for being ashamed of me," and there was a sob in her voice.

"Ashamed! Why what ever put that into your head?" and his arms were around her again. "You are the best mother a boy ever had, and what would papa be if you hadn't have helped make him what he is? I guess I know. Harry told me once how you worked while papa was at college; he says he can remember it, if he was only a little chap; and you have just worked for us all ever since. What if you can't feel right in society, you never had no chance. You are just mamma, and I tell you some of the boys would give a good bit to have one like you. Will Teal said—you know his mother is the one papa seems to admire so much, he says she is so good at church work—well, Will says his mother never has time to be bothered with him, she has so many societies on her hands, and he asked me how many you were president of, and I told him you had your hands full with us heathens at home, without going clear to Africa for any others. He said that he wished that his mother had some time for one heathen that he knew of," and Tom caught up the hands that she had thought so unshapely and kissed them in regular boy fashion.

She felt strangely comforted after he left. An hour later, Dr. Carter entered the room He picked up the photograph that she had left on the table. A sigh escaped him as he gazed at it.

"I never thought that Alice would change so when we were married," he said to himself. "We seemed to be so well suited in every way, but, somehow, we have grown apart, she has changed. She gets so embarrassed when in the presence of strangers that it is really painful to see her; and it mortifies me when I meet acquaintances like I did today. She is growing old-looking when she ought to be in her prime. No wonder Barton did not recognize her. His wife is so brilliant in society, and such a fine conversationalist, and she used not to appear near so bright as Alice. She used to be so fond of reading, but I do not believe that she has read a book for years. She feels hurst that I do not take her out more, but"—he hesitated an instant—"I suppose that she can't help being as she is," and he sighed again as he gazed at the picture.

Suddenly he gave a sob and letting his arms drop on the table buried his head in them. Sob after sob shook that stalwart frame which had enthralled hundreds from the pulpit.

"Why have I been so blind?" he asked himself, "and so selfish, to allow it. It is my fault, and I never thought of it before." He did not hear his wife's step when she stopped in surprise at the door.

"Why, doctor, what is wrong? Are you sick?" she asked anxiously, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"No," he said with a sob.

"Why, Rob, Rob, what is it? Won't you tell me?" She was down on her knees beside him, with an arm about him, fright and alarm depicted on every feature. She had never seen him sob like this, this brilliant distinguished, dignified man for whom she had done so much.

He put his arm around her and drew her convulsively to him, pressing his handsome bearded face to her than one.

"Oh, Alice! I am the most selfish man on earth. Can you ever forgive me. I never can myself, no, never," he said, brokenly.

"Why, what have I to forgive?"

"Everything. Allowing you to sacrifice yourself for me the way that you have done, and I so blind that I never saw it. My poor, poor wife. I will try to undo what I can. You have borne all the burden, and I, what have I been to allow it!"

"You didn't mean it, and do you think that I am sorry? Why, I would do the same thing all over again. Oh, Rob, I have not been so happy for years," she said with a sob.—May Everett Glover in New York Observer.

SHIRT WAIST OR BLOUSE.
32 to 40 Bust.

The smart blouse waists are acknowledged favorites of fashion and grow in favor and variety with each change of season. This latest design includes many novel features, and is admirably adapted to afternoon wear. The original of white moire poplin, stitched with heavy white silk, shows gold ball buttons with white silk cords effecting the closing at the centre front. All waist materials, such as taffeta, peau de soie, flannel, serge, cashmere, pique, cheviot, and the more substantial wash fabrics are appropriate.

To cut this waist in the medium size 3¾ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

THE OLD MAN'S ADVANTAGES.

A man past 50 can do with less sleep than younger men. He can endure greater study and prolonged strain. He can bear his burden day after day, with less need of recreation. The young man can "sprint," but he can not "stay" like the man with brain grown iron and nerves steel by many years of training, says the Washington Times. Elderly men are less temptable. They are of fixed moral habit. Appetite and passion are under control. For better or for worse they are a calculable quantity, with slight variations to be taken into account. Elderly men are more loyal as friends, if they are friends. Their attachment to a cause or a commercial house is less changeable. They have, moreover, given bonds for good behavior in the persons of grown families, whose respect is to them dearer than life. They know the difficulty of repairing mistakes. Elderly men actually have experience. The older man best reads character. He is the wisest to select agents.

Finnick—"If you'll notice, the poets invariably refer to the earth as 'she.' Why should the earth be considered feminine?" Sinnick — "Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."

ONE OF OUR GOVERNORS.

HOW THE DUKE OF RICHMOND DIED AT KINGSTON.

Bitten by a Fox at Montreal and Hydrophobia Ensued a Few Weeks Later.

There has just passed away in London Lady Sophia Cecil at the age of 93. Lady Sophia was the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who died of hydrophobia while Governor-General of Canada. The Duke was at Waterloo with Wellington, and in 1818 came to Canada as Governor-General, with all his family. His son, Lord William Pitt Lennox, thus describes his death:—

"My father made his way from Quebec to Montreal (then called Hochelaga and a mere outpost of Quebec), and thence by the St. Lawrence to Kingston, on the Northern bank of Lake Ontario. He was accompanied by Colonel Cockburn, Deputy Quarter-master General, and by Major Bowles, his military secretary. At Montreal a pet fox belonging to an English private soldier, flew at the Duke's favorite lap-dog, Blucher, and in endeavoring to separate them the Duke was bitten by a fox in one of his fingers. The wound healed at once and no bad consequences were apprehended during his stay at Kingston, where he remained for a week

IN HIGH SPIRITS,

playing cricket and rackets with the officers of the garrison. He then set off to lay the foundation of a new town near Kingston, to be called Richmondville, after him. There was no road leading to the spot, and the Duke and his companions proceeded on horseback, carrying with them a tent and provisions, so that they might sleep in the woods. They had a very merry party at dinner, the only drawback to their gaiety being that, towards the close of the meal, the Duke remarked to Colonel Cockburn:—"I don't know why it is, but I cannot relish my wine to-night, and if I were a dog I feel that I should be shot because I was mad.'

"Next morning Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles found the Duke very feverish, and towards evening he became worse. Before going to bed he rallied, a little and ordered his servant to bring him some hot Port Negus. On raising the glass to his lips he put it down with a shudder, exclaiming, 'I cannot touch it!' Next morning he resolved to return to Montreal, but his companions were more alarmed than ever when they heard from the Duke's servant that his master could not take his ordinary bath, but had to content himself with rubbing his face and hands with a wet towel.

"In order to expedite his journey a canoe was brought to the river bank. As the Duke approached the water he was seized with

VIOLENT SPASMS.

Still, with a desperate effort, he forced himself to get into the canoe exclaiming, 'Charles Lennox was never daunted by anything and will not turn back now!'"

The boatmen pushed off, and it was hoped that the paroxysm would not return. In a few moments, however, the Duke commanded the boatmen in a frenzied tone to row to the bank. Leaping from the boat as though it had been on fire, the unhappy sufferer ran at the top of his speed to an adjoining wood. Colonel Cockburn sprang upon the back of a horse and followed the Duke into the wood. The latter was carried into a house hard by, but the broad surface of the river was in sight, and the Duke's sufferings soon became so agonizing that he was removed to a barn farther away from the stream, where a rude bed of straw was prepared for him. It soon became evident that death was rapidly approaching, and with entire calmness and self-possession the Duke, although suffering the most intense agony, gave his parting instructions to his old friend, Major Bowles, and breathed his last. His body was removed to Quebec, and after lying in state, was interred beneath the Communion Table of Quebec Cathedral.

DOING HIS BEST.

The limit of conjugal devotion is pictured in the following dialogue, which was overheard some time since. An eminently practical, matter-of-fact husband is bidding good-bye to a sentimental wife.

She puts both her arms about his neck.

"John," she sobbed, "you are going away!"

This was so palpable that it would have been madness on his part to attempt a denial; so he merely observed, "Look out for my collar, Maria."

"You will think of your wife while you are gone?" she whispered huskily.

He was a trifle nervous under the pressure of her fond arms upon his collar, but he spoke reassuringly; "I will bear it in mind, my dear."

"You will think of me as mourning your absence and anxiously awaiting your return?" she murmured.

"You can trust me to attend to it," he replied with as much firmness as if it had been a request for a barrel of mackerel.

"And you'll be very careful of yourself, for my sake?" she suggested, in a broken voice.

"I will see it attended to, my dear. But it is almost time for the train" and he gravely sought to remove her arms from his neck.

"John! John!" she convulsively cried, "don't forget me! don't forget me!"

"Maria," he said, with a tinge of reproach in his tone, "I have made a memorandum to that effect."

His Wife's Mother (in a terrible flutter) "Oh, dear! Oh, my! That heavy Louis XIV clock upstairs has just fallen off the wall with a terrible crash on the very spot where I stood but a moment before." Her Daughter's Husband (absent-minded) —"I always said that clock was slow."