

A SATIN SLIPPER.

Leon and his bride were seated in a compartment by themselves. They had given the conductor a fee and promised themselves solitude on their wedding journey.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. Just as the train was about to move an elderly man sprang on the step and entered the compartment. The door slammed, the bell struck, and the train moved away. Although annoyed by the intrusion, the young couple continued their conversation in English, when they were interrupted by their fellow traveller in much better English than their own, "Monsieur," said he dryly, "if you have any secrets to relate I would advise you not to do so before me in English, as I am conversant with that language. I am sorry to intrude upon you, but this is the only compartment I could find place in. However, I will try to go to sleep."

And he faithfully tried to do so. But his efforts were in vain, and finally he drew a book from his valise and began to read. When he plunged into his sack, he drew therefrom a large roll of Bank of England notes, and showing them to Leon asked if he could change them at the next town. Leon replied that it was probable he could do so, as the road was much frequented by English travellers.

When they reached the next town, the Englishman descended first. After him came Leon, who endeavored to conceal his wife's ankles as she descended the steps. Such are young husbands. Suddenly there darted from the group of loungers on the platform a young man of peculiar appearance. He was tall and unshaven, his eyes were bloodshot and bloodshot, his clothing was shabby to the last degree. His once black coat was buttoned closely to the chin, probably to conceal the lack of a shirt. He advanced toward the elderly Englishman, "Uncle," said he humbly, "is that you?" said the other angrily. "Be off! I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"Come, uncle," said the other, with a mixture of menace and humility, "don't be so hard on a man." He seized the elder's arm and led him aside. After some moments' conversation the uncle seemed so satisfied and opening his valise he drew out some bank notes. The nephew devoured the remaining roll with his eyes, and after a curt word of thanks disappeared in the crowd. Leon and his bride entered the hotel and were shown to the best room in it. Their status as a newly married couple procured them that honor. The walls were covered with paper representing scenes around Natal. Unfortunately certain idle travellers had added moustaches to all the female faces and pipes to all the male, so the effect was to a certain extent lost. The room was called the "blue room," the furniture having once been of that color.

Leon ordered dinner to be served in their room. The difficulty in procuring it excited his wonder, and on inquiring he found that officers of the Fifty-second hussars were giving a dinner to their comrades of the Sixty-first chasseur, that very evening; hence the confusion. To his horror he found that the banquet was spread in the room immediately adjoining the blue chamber. However, there was no help for it. The host swore that the officers were the quietest men he ever saw in his life; that, excepting the chassateurs, there were no more tamable individuals in the service than the hussars, and, besides, they always rose from the table before midnight.

As Leon, somewhat troubled in mind, returned to the blue chamber he noticed that his English fellow traveller occupied the room on the other side. The door was open, and through it he saw the Briton seated before a bottle and glass and contemplating the ceiling.

"Well, gentlemen," replied the host, "I don't know for sure, but I think she's a bride and that they're on their wedding tour."

"Bring her in," roared the revelers. "Bring her in," roared the revelers. We want to drink to the bride and talk to the husband."

Our friends in the blue room trembled. They feared an assault would be made. But the same voice prevailed over the din, and it was evidently that of a superior officer. He lectured them on their lack of courtesy, and there was a general "quiet for awhile. But from a muffled laughter that broke

out from time to time Leon and his bride had an idea that they were still the topic.

Suddenly there was a roar from the left hand room. "Garson!" shouted the Englishman, "give me another bottle of port."

The port was brought and the Englishman grew quiet. Finally the officers, having drunk all they could carry and some of them more, departed after having joined in a parting toast to the bride.

Quiet at last reigned over the hotel. The night was clear, the moon shining brightly. Leon and his bride looked out from the window and inhaled the fragrance borne from the flowers in the garden below. Suddenly Leon's gaze fell upon a man who was snuffing and sniffing the air. He walked with his head bent down, a cigar in his mouth and his hands thrust into his pockets. As he turned the moonlight fell upon his face. It was the Englishman's dissolute nephew.

The night wore on. Leon and his bride had almost forgotten their English neighbor, when they heard a strange sound in his room. It was the fall of some heavy body. Mangled with this there was a peculiar crashing grating sound, followed by a stifled cry. Silence. Then there were two or three muttered oaths, and silence again.

The young couple shuddered. What could it mean? Leon tried to reassure himself by the thought that he was interrupted by the cautious opening of the next door. It was softly closed again, and then slow and apparently careful footsteps were heard in the hall. They were lost in the distance. They ceased. Again all was still.

Soon the young bride was sleeping calmly. But not so Leon. In spite of himself the sinister face of the Englishman's nephew returned to his recollections. There was hatred, he thought, in the glance cast upon the uncle by the young man when he left him. And then that roll of bank notes in the valise, and that dull, heavy sound just now like the fall of a body upon the floor—the cry—the curses. Such was the train of thought that ran through Leon's mind.

Mechanically he fixed his eyes upon the door which communicated with the Englishman's room. There was a little space between the bottom of the door and the flooring. But by the dim light falling from the partially turned door he could see something forcing its way under the door. It seemed at first like a knife blade, for the edge was thin and reflected back the light. It moved slowly toward a little blue satin slipper, which had been thrown carelessly near the door.

"What can it be?" thought Leon. "Is it a knife? No, for it has divided into two parts. And now it divides again, and goes again. What can it be? It is some liquid."

The thing slowly crawled toward the little blue slipper. It encircled its head in the slipper, and it was a liquid of strange and unmistakable color—the color of blood.

For a long time Leon lay and gazed upon the stained slipper, and the red light stream which encircled it. He pictured to himself the corpse lying in the next room; its discovery the following morning; the door opening into the room, of which the boots were red with blood; the blood stained slipper. These things passed through his mind, and a cold sweat started out upon his face.

"What is the matter?" she cried. Leon explained to her the terrible situation in which they were placed. He arose and attempted to remove the telltale stains from the slipper, but it was useless.

Day was breaking. Already the servants were moving round the hotel. In a few hours the crime would be discovered, and the officers of the law would be upon them.

"Alas," said Leon, "our only hope is this. At 8 o'clock the train leaves for Natal. If the Englishman's body is not discovered before that time, we are safe. We will take the train and lose ourselves in the great city. There we shall be safe."

His weeping bride hung herself upon his bosom. She felt almost as though she had committed the deed. But there yet remained two mortal hours before the train left. At each step in the corridor they trembled with fright. They made their preparations for departure. Leon's bride wished to burn the bloody slipper, but he restrained her and concealed it on his person.

Seven o'clock sounded. The hotel was alive again with bustling servants. Leon forced his wife to take a cup of coffee, although she declared that her parched throat refused to swallow. Then they descended to the waiting room, and Leon demanded his bill. The host presented it and begged his pardon for the noise of the previous evening. Leon assured him that they had passed a very quiet night.

"Well, I am glad of it," said the host. "However, your neighbor on the left didn't disturb you much, did he? He's sleeping like a dead man yet."

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

MAKING MANURE EFFECTIVE.

A large part of every farmer's capital consists of the stable and barnyard fertilizers made from the excrement of stock worked up with the coarse hay, straw and other fodder produced on the farm, but which for some reason is not eaten. It is usual to pile this in heaps and let it ferment before applying. If it is reduced in bulk without much loss of its nitrogenous elements the manure becomes exceedingly valuable as a fertilizer. On the success of the farmer in making this needed change, and putting the manure where it will do the greatest good, depends his cash balance at the close of the year. There is, therefore, no subject which at this season of the year is more practical than the best methods of composting manure; it may be done so as to waste most of the nitrogenous elements of fertility, and causing the manure to "fire bang," or by the use of some cheap minerals like gypsum and kainit, the ammonia given off in heating will be absorbed and form mineral nitrates, which possess much greater effect in stimulating plant growth than any other method of manuring.

Most of the farm-made manures are so deficient in lime and potash that they need these additions to adapt them to growing crops, and especially in fruit production, which requires extra fertilizing with potash. The kainit, or the German potash salts, supplies without being caustic as wood ashes are, and causing the manure to heat violently and lose its ammonia. The kainit absorbs the ammonia as fast as it is formed, holding it in a soluble form, so that the plants can easily use it. If some phosphate of lime is mixed with the compost it will make a nitrate compound from fermenting manure with the phosphoric acid and lime that the mineral fertilizer supplies. The mineral is also benefited by this union, as it prevents the phosphate of lime from reverting into insoluble conditions.

We believe the time is coming when very little manure will be put upon land until it has been fermented, not merely to reduce its bulk, but to make it time and more evenly distributed in the soil. While we write this we are aware that the bulk of barnyard manure is now drawn out and spread as evenly as possible, and then plowed under to ferment under the hood. In this way most of its manurial fertility is lost, for as plowed under the manure does not rot down until late in summer that no crop then growing can use it, and not only the minerals fertilizers, but much of the nitrogenous as well, are washed out by the melted snows and rains of the following fall, winter and spring.

Perhaps the best of all ways to make manure effective is to follow the same as possible after its application with a clover seeding. If the small clover seed finds acid of stable manure or a pinch of phosphate added to it, it will grow up and add another year to its life. It also enables it to put forth earlier the warty nodules on its roots which decompose the air. We have seen these nodules on clover which had been sown on ground that had been covered by the manure, and which had only grown from April till September. It is known that a dressing of manure will bring clover in a favorable season, and even to the point of making the first year of its growth. If the clover seems to be making too much growth it should be either pastured or cut for hay to prevent it from becoming rank.

In applying phosphate to land there should be either a rotting sod or a dressing of barnyard fertilizer to go with it, and keep it from reverting into insoluble forms. Wherever either of these is used, a dressing of salt at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds per acre will add greatly to their effect. In this small quantity the salt has a decomposing effect on all vegetable matter. This causes the formation of carbonic acid gas, which is a powerful solvent and will dissolve the phosphate so that it can be used by the roots of plants.

THE DAIRYMEN'S MISTAKE.

Probably the first and greatest mistake is that the dairyman fails to make the best of his environment. Writes M. J. S. Shattuck. Possibly he does not have as good cows as his neighbors, but he should make the best use possible of what he has. He should keep them better and raise more grain, thus lessening the expense of maintaining his herd. Grain is very costly in this part of the country and ought always to be raised if possible. He should not make the mistake of keeping too many cows. Discard the poor ones of the herd, and give the remainder better stables, better feed and use more care in handling the milk. I do not believe with many that the profits of the dairy are smaller than they used to be. We have gotten into the habit of shipping milk, which may be more profitable for the time being, but I am afraid of the final outcome. In my section we have a condensing factory which, in competition with the Borden factory pays more for the milk and consequently supplying this competing factory is a paying business.

Another mistake the dairy men depend too much upon buying cows to replenish their herd, instead of raising them. I can raise a good calf on middlings, water and oil meal, and have raised calves on bread and

water. I can raise a calf very much cheaper than I can buy a cow. Up to the time she is two years old she will cost me but \$15, and as a rule is much better than a cow which is bought on the market for \$35 to 40.

Another mistake is in having milk shipping stations inside the village. It would have them outside for the reason that it is easier to keep the milk pure if it is away from buildings, and then there is no temptation for the farmer to stop at the hotel on his way home and drink up the price of many quarts of milk. It is much better to give the 10 or 20c to the wife and children. Another great mistake is the failure to treat the cow with kindness. Anything that disturbs her nervous condition will lessen the flow of milk. Make her comfortable by good bedding, good stables and the like. Never scold or swear at a cow.

FROZEN WHEAT.

In Manitoba, where there are frequently large quantities of frozen wheat, experiments have been made with cattle and hogs to determine its value. In one test it required 52 lbs of it to produce 100 lbs weight of pork, while at the same time and with a similar lot of hogs it required 522 lbs of a mixture consisting of equal parts of No. 1 wheat, barley and peas to produce the same increase in weight. The second test was with younger hogs. 383 lbs frozen wheat was required to produce 100 lbs of increase in weight. In both trials the frozen wheat was ground and soaked for 12 hours before feeding. The test indicated that it is practically equal in value to grains that have not been injured.

GAMES FOR THE FAMILY.

The "proverbs" need not of necessity be strictly proverbs. Any well-known saying or line of poetry will do quite as well. The point of the game is in the illustrations, and the pleasure for all concerned is only enhanced if some of those who play this game draw very childishly and others very wisely. It is most fun when played by quite a large party. Each person thinks of a line of proverb to be illustrated and makes a picture at the top of a sheet of paper. He then reads it out to his left-hand neighbor, who writes his guess at its meaning at the bottom of the sheet of paper and folds it up; as in the game of "Consequences," each folds the top of the sheet. For example: Suppose the proverb illustrated was "Birds of a feather flock together." The illustrator has made a picture of three owls sitting on a branch of a tree. Perhaps his first left-hand neighbor will guess "wisdom is better than riches," remembering that the owl is the bird of wisdom. It will be passed on round to the next person, and the next person may write the proverb "make no mistake, other people's goods are better than yours" as their picture came hurrying to him from the right.

Thus everybody has made a picture and has also guessed the meaning of everybody else's picture. And when each illustration has at last his own picture in hand again he unfolds the crumpled paper and in turn reads off the guesses of the rest of the party. There is sure to be a refreshing amount of cheering laughter, particularly over the guesses at the meaning of pictures which are so badly done that the picture-makers themselves can scarcely tell whether they look most like cabbage beds or last roses of summer!

"Marching to Jerusalem" is an old game which always makes fun for a party of young people who are in the mood for a genuine old-fashioned romp. The fun is sure to be hilariously increased if an older person plays, so that if chances allow call a grand-mamma or a dignified uncle on his first round the merriment is certain to start well, for by the curious law of contraries in "fun-making, even a stale situation, if judiciously handled, will bring forth a new and interesting side to the old story."

All that there is to the game of "Marching to Jerusalem" is run on for a while, and if a dozen or more people to have ready against the wall chairs for all but one. Then one of the party at a piano or cottage organ strikes up a march. If there is no instrument, everybody beats time for a march by clapping hands like primary school children learning to keep time in marching. All march round and round the room. The leader at the piano suddenly stops playing, or the leader of the band clapping suddenly stops that, and on this signal of silence everybody rushes for a chair. One must of necessity be left out, since, if a dozen or more people to have ready against the wall chairs for all but one. Then one of the party at a piano or cottage organ strikes up a march. If there is no instrument, everybody beats time for a march by clapping hands like primary school children learning to keep time in marching. All march round and round the room.

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A large piece of wrapping paper pinned to the wall is a good substitute for a blackboard in making the "study from life," called a "patch-work portrait." The first would be artist left out, since, if a dozen or more people to have ready against the wall chairs for all but one. Then one of the party at a piano or cottage organ strikes up a march. If there is no instrument, everybody beats time for a march by clapping hands like primary school children learning to keep time in marching. All march round and round the room.

When each person's paper drapery pinned over his part of the "patch-work portrait" is taken off and the whole "statue unveiled," so to speak, the result is more than likely to be laughably worthy a situation as a scarecrow in a corn field rather than in a museum of art. But when people are playing at picture making they sometimes also develop or reveal talent.

NOT ACTING HIS PART.

Customer—Gracious! How loud-mouthed and domineering that man is! Salesman—Yes, he's the silent partner.

MAGIC OF A NAME.

What's that ugly yellowish-brown thing you have on, Dorothy? Ugly! This is my new khaki coat! It is. Oh, how ugly!

HE INDICTS THE BOERS.

JULIAN RALPH GIVES HIS OPINION OF THEM.

American War Correspondent Discusses the Methods of Warfare Employed by the Boers.

The most serious indictment of the Boers' methods of warfare which has yet appeared in England comes from Mr. Julian Ralph, the American war correspondent, in a letter from Kimberley, published in The London Daily Mail. It is in part as follows:

"It is a war steadily and stealthily planned by the Queen's Dutch subjects and the Dutch republics for fully twenty years. For between four and six years they have been equipped for it. They began purchasing arms and planning defences before the Jameson raid. Let no one fool you with the falsehood about that. Finally, President Kruger begged President Steyn to declare war three weeks before President Steyn consented. Next day your mind of the notion that you are crushing two farmer republics. There is not a farmer in the two countries, and only one, the Free State, was a republic in any way except misnaming. These people are herders of cattle, sheep and goats, like the Israelites of old, and the Afriids, Turks and Balkan peoples of to-day. His, the Boer's, so-called farms are as nature made them, merely reaches of veldt whereon his cattle graze. On each one he has put up some hut, and its surroundings are almost invariably more.

REPELLANT AND DISORDERLY.

than any houses I ever saw, except the cabins of freed slaves in the United States. Their camps are strongholds from which we have routed them in the fittest places I have known men of any sort to live in, and I have seen red Indian, Chinese and Turkish camps and the camps of many sorts of black men. As to their bravery and honour I have seen and heard sufficient to fill a page of the Daily Mail with accounts of their cowardly and dastardly behaviour before I came to Kimberley. But here I find they have been guilty of different and original enormities. Here they killed our wounded and laid their bodies in a row after one of the forays out of town. Here they armed many blacks to fight against us, showing all the world how scandalously fraudulent were their exclamations of horror at the idea of our employing native Indian troops. There has hardly been a battle in which the Boers have not abused either the white flag or the Geneva Cross or both. At Spion Kop our people saw them loading maxims in ambulances, in order to get them safely away. This we saw them do at the Modder River also, and Kimberley is where the Boers.

SHELLED THE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF GEORGE L. ABRAHAM, AN AMERICAN.

At many places they fired on our ambulances. I saw them do it at the Modder River, and saw them fire on our stretcher bearers in that battle time and time again. When we entered Jacobsdal it looked like a city of doctors. Every man in the streets wore the Red Cross bandage on his arm. These were the men who had just been shooting us from behind garden walls. There was nothing novel or original about their seeking their cowardly shelter in a doctor's badge. We have become quite accustomed to it. We once entered a Boer laager after a victory and found 27 of these bogus doctors and seven or eight wounded for their patients. They have not been content with looting the houses of the loyalists in the British colonies, but in Natal, in scores of instances they have smashed into buildings and torn into raiments whatever they did not want or could not carry off. Worse yet, they have fouled the walls of the homes of defenceless women with obscene writings. They never knew the value of an oath or promise, and have not learned it since the war began."

A KAFFIR "SMOKER."

In South Africa the native woman smokes incessantly. Your native servant smokes as she cooks and as she washes. The tobacco she likes is rank. The daily cigarette of an English or Russian lady of fashion enjoys, smoked through a quill, so that no nicotine can stain either teeth or fingers, would be sneered at by a Kaffir. "Give me a pipe and something in it I can taste," is in effect what she says.

The men Kaffirs are beyond tobacco. They smoke something so vehement that it makes them cough and splutter, lose their breath, choke and sneeze to an alarming degree. They like snuff, too, and are fond of offering and taking pinches of it. "Schnuff!" they call it, when they meet and visit one another.

Regarding tobacco as too mild for their taste, the Kaffirs take another weed and smoke that. They proceed to arrange a smoking party, by squatting on the ground and getting ready their "pipe," a cow horn with a thin tube in it inserted halfway down at right angles to the horn. The end of the tube is in a basin, and it is from it that the smoker sucks the strong stuff that makes him incapable of anything but a series of coughs and chokes for some time after he has had his turn at the pipe, which is passed around from man to man, until a perfect chorus of coughs rends the air. The tobacco the Boers smoke looks like poor tea, and is peculiar in flavor, and yet Englishmen who have become used to it acquire such a taste for it that they never ask for any other kind.

Nothing is so wretched or foolish as to anticipate misfortune. The madness it is to be expecting evil before it comes.—Seneca.

HEALTH.

THE ARM AND HAND.

Many men declare that nothing fascinates them so much in woman as a beautiful hand.

However, a well kept hand can scarcely be considered a merit in anybody, man or woman. It is a matter of course. There is no readier way to gauge the breeding of an individual than by a study of his hands and nails. Not every one has beautiful hands. But, no matter how badly shaped the hand may be, one can always have a well groomed finger nail, and soft, clean skin.

This may not constitute beauty, but it is a very good substitute.

Many women neglect their hands for six days of the week, and spend an hour on the seventh at their manicure's. They wonder why it is that their hands are never fit to be seen. It is with the hands as with the hair, and complexion, and everything else pertaining to beauty or health. The care must be constant. Every day must contribute its mite.

The requisites for the finger nails are few. A nail brush, an emery file, a nail scissors, a cuticle knife, a polisher and an orange stick, some hot water, a little paste and a pink nail powder comprises the outfit. The woman who does not know how to use these things could not spend fifty cents or a dollar more profitably than by going to a manicure and having her nails attended to.

She can thus learn from observation to perform the manicure's office for herself.

At first it may not be easy to manœuvre the fingers of the right hand, but with practice that difficulty can be overcome. A few minutes every morning devoted to the care of the hands will make and keep them soft, white and pretty. If the hands be red and rough the following preparation will improve them:—

White almonds, three ounces; cold cream, four ounces; honey, two ounces; orange flower water, five ounces. Pound the almonds in a mortar to a paste add the cold cream and mix with the other ingredients. Apply at night. Washing the hands and arms in oatmeal water is another means of whitening them and improving their texture. The oatmeal should be boiled in water, a cupful to the gallon, and the hands and arms bathed often in the strained water.

Young girls are often troubled with red hands and red arms. These defects are usually caused by poor circulation or by tight lacing. Then, of course, no amount of "local treatment" can have any beneficial result. Remove the cause. Others are annoyed by perspiring hands. The malady can be checked to a certain extent by washing the hands in hot water and powdering them with tulle's starch.

GROWN PEOPLE AND DOLLS.

Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, in less engaging periods when no bloody war is being fought, loves to play with the dolls that pleased her in childhood.

W. S. Gilbert, of opera fame, preserves not only miniature scenes of his various plays, but doll figures of the characters therein introduced. A famous ventriloquist is never so happy as when playing with his dolls, not merely professionally, but in his own home. Their marvelous antics and conversation serve to dispel "the blues," proving a source of delight to his youngsters. Does he take a short holiday, his favorite figures journey with him, and it is reported that on occasions he has frightened one or more worthy landladies out of their senses by the magical flexibility of his voice and sudden production of his most hideous dolls.

Equally a fashionable is the proprietor of a travelling wax-work exhibition. Long after the waders have cleared on the public he wanders through the dimly lit corridors, unveiling figure after figure, to discover damages or deficiencies, but to talk to the silent beauties.

One fair lady especially dressing her doll with her own hands. Great care is exercised in packing and replacing her. She is unlabeled and uncatalogued, and a knowledge-thirsty admirer receive an evasive reply when prompted to ask who and what she represents. It is a striking portrait of the proprietor's dead wife worshipped by him even as he worshipped the living model.

The most extraordinary doll collection in the world, perhaps, is that belonging to Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland. Although these were presented to her when she was a little girl, she is still very fond of them.

They are dressed to represent the residents of every part of the vast Dutch colonial possessions, chiefly brown little men and women of Java and Sumatra, not dissimilar to America's new found men and brothers in the Philippines.

A lady of title possesses a family of dolls which form a perfect diary in themselves. Each figure is elegantly and expensively habited in a facsimile of the gown worn by the owner at different periods of her life. The eldest doll wears a wedding dress of satin, lace and blossoms, the next a reproduction of her first ball dress, another a habit of mourning. Theatre gowns and so on are represented, and a fair dolly sports an outfit precisely similar to one which graced my lady on the occasion of a lucky hit at Monte Carlo.

As a panorama of fashion's follies the tiny persons take one back to the time of hopped skirts and gigot sleeves; the dressing of hair being carried out in faithful imitation, while styles in jewelry have not been omitted. When it is stated that the costume of another plainly attired doll cost \$10 one may judge that no expense has been spared to attain accuracy.

Every woman likes to talk of the "gray monotony" of her life.