********************************* The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

CHAPTER XVII.

The results of Lady Damer's piculc The results of Lady Damer's piculo have been many and varied; and my lady, in tidaking them over, with knitted brow and perturbed mind, is fain to confess to herself that le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. She has brought about greater intimacy between her nephew and Gillian, but at the cost of a broken arm to Gillian, and the risk of a much greater intimacy with of a much greater intimacy with George Archer, since the young heir-

s is actually his guest.

But I think I have decidedly placed a barrier to any presumption on that her ladyship says, with her

Thin red lips with pointed corners can so easily smile cruelly.

And her ladyship speaks but the truth. For she has banished the master of Darragh Castle from his home, forbiden him approach there-to in fact, with one brief phrase-a

"Society"—pronounced as if with a capital S—"society does not permit 'Society" therefore-since the hour

of the accident—obliges George to quit his huge, roomy old castellated abode, and take up his residence at abode, and take up his residence at Murphy's public house and "general shop" in the village, to his great inconvenience and discomfort. My lady's invitation to Mount Ossory, though given with much gracious condescension, George absolutely declines. Society" has brought Mrs. Lynch

and Miss Deane's maid to take up their abode in the castle, to the tribulation of poor old Nellie Higarty, George's housekeeper, whose work is doubled and her anxious tips out the supplied to the supplied t p their about the tribulation of tribulation of the tribulation of tribulation of the tribulation of tribulation of the tribulation of tribulat

Her ladyship says that it is not to be thought of that Mr. Archer can even enter his house to inquire for his guest except at the regulation visiting hours.

And having found George most amenable to the Draconian laws of "society." and most patient beneath the gracious kindness that instructs his rustle ignorance—indeed, he has been far more deferential, patient and quiet than she has ever before knowh him to be—she takes the advantage that a woman of Lady Jeannette Damer's character always takes of an enemy whom she finds placable and forgiving.

She is drinking of tensors tests him behind his back.

She is drinking of tensors tests him being drinking of the grant model.

With George's books and models and models and tables of dark Spanish malogany reflecting the firelight from every shining rung and modeling.

She is drinking afternoon tea now in George's sitting-room, with Lyuch in attendance; and Gillian, very fail and white, but fair as a little cloistered rose in her pale pink tea-gown and downy white shawl, is

ing on the sofa.
"It is such an extraordinary thing hat Mr. Archer does not sometimes all to see how you are, Gillian dearst!" her ladyship says, in tones of keen reproachfulness. He has asked Mr. Damer once or twice how you are—only think! And I said to him. Of course you will come in of an aftergoon when I am taking tea with Miss Deane! And I understood thin to say he certainly should! Well, it is odd, to say the least. One would think he was afraid of being caten!" her ladyship says, with a despairing sort of shrill laugh. "Men always do get bearlsh by living alone. Mr. Archer was quiet—quite—nice and gentlemanly, you know," with a dublous cough, "when he first came here."

Gillian says nothing now. At the first mention of his name on the day after her accident. Lady Da-mer's steel-colored keen eyes had detected certain ominous signs of silent emotion, the changing of color, the nervous quiver of lips, and drooping eyelids. But that was four days since, Gil-lian has been nearly a week in Day

lian has been nearly a week in Dar-ragh Castle, and it will be days yet ere she is well enough to go back

lian has been nearly a week in Darragh Castle, and it will be days yet ere she is well enough to go back to Mount Ossory.

A sort of low fever has supervened, and whilst Dr. Coghlan emphatically declares that Miss Deane is not able to be movel without danger, Miss Deane herself professes her perfect willingness to remain, and so, for the present Lady Damer is obliged to submit.

Not for long, though. She does not wish to endanger Gillain Deane's health, but not one hour beyond the time it is absolutely necessary for her to remain shall Gillian Deane stay beneath Goorge Archer's roof. She can effect Gillian's departure as easily as Goorge's banishment, and by the same potent means—the fiat of "society." She paves the way for it, however, in deprecating little speeches.

"What exceedingly good tea that poor old soul, Mr. Archer's house keeper makes!" she exclaimed, sipping it with great satisfaction, and breaking morsels of the rich, hot "slim-cake" which it is poor old Nelly Hagarty's daily anxiety to belongings.

breaking morsels of the rich, hot "slim-cake" which it is poor old Nelly Hagarty's daily anxiety to provide for her ladyship's afternoon

She tries to do all she can, poor old woman, to make things co

******************* able," Lady Damer pursues, graciously commendatory; "but it must be difficult for her to do anything in that awful kitchen. Fancy, the poor old soul roasts your chickens in a little tin affair before an enormous turf fire. And Lynch actually saw her trying to cook a custard pudding for you, Gillian, darling, in a thing she call; 'a bastable,' a sort of round iron pot with a lid! Didn't you, Lynch?"

'Yee, my lady," Lynch says, glancing a little uncomfortably from her mittress to Miss Deane, whose pale check; have grown as pink as her gown in a troubled flush; "Mrs, Hagarty would do anything for Miss Deane, my lady; she never thluks it a bit of trouble, she says."

"I am sure she doesn't, poor, good old scul!" her ladyship says enthy.

it a bit of trouble, she says."

"I am sure she doesn't, poor, good old scul!" her ladyship says enthusiastically; "but we must give her awful trouble, nevertheless. She is working herself to death, I suppose, to do honor to her master's hospitality. I am sure, Lynch, you do try to make it easier for her?"

'I'm sure I try, my lady." Lynch says dryly, having an instinctive feeling t'at her mistress is making a tale-bearer of her, and that Miss Deane is displeased.

Deane is displeased.

Deane is displeased.

"Can't Mrs. Hagarty get some person to assist her?" (i.lian asks coldly. 'It is not quite a pleasant reflection that a person is being 'worked to death' on one's behalf."

"My dear child," her ladyship says, with a hopeless shake of the head, "do you suppose I did not suggest that, and urge her to have the kitchen-maid, or have anybody else she chose? But it was not the least use—she wouldn't hear of it; she would 'rather be left to herself, 'she sail; diin't the, Lynch?"

'Yes, my lady," Lynch says. huriedly; "but I do ail I can in the way of helping her with a sauce or an omelet, or a thing like that, and she always says she is much obliged to me."

"I dare say, poor soul." Lady De.

George's books showin With George's books showing streaks and spots of gold in the fitful flame, and George's neat writing-table, and George's dead favorite—a big, rough, black and white does splandidly. ing-table, and George's dead lavor-ite—a big, rough, black and white dog splendidly stuffed, and with bright brown eyes, lying on the cushicand pedestal, keeping guard by his master's chair, as he had done

Now, what with Lady Damer's Now, what with Lady Damer's shawls and cushions, and carriage-baskets, and novels, and papers, and parcels, and Lady Damer's ideas of making the place habitable," as she declares—which consists in pushing all the heavy furniture huddled into one, corner, and covering the bare floor with a blue-ani-red Turkey rug, and a luxurious recking-chair, upholand a luxurious recking-chair, uphol-stered in red satin—the old sitting-room looks thoroughly disorganized and disordered

ant disordered.

She has wrought the same improvements, as she terms them, in the adjoining room, which is crammed with articles of superfluous luxury from Mount Ossory, in spite of Gillain's protest.

Mount Ossory, in spite of Gillain's protest.
"It is Mr. Archer's room." she says, with the swift gir ish blush she tries to hide with the swift girlish frown. "It is aftering all his arrangements to change everything in this manner."

Poor George's severely-plain bache Poor George's severely-plain bache-lor apartments hay'e been transmog-rified with si'k affd muslin curtains, embroidered toilet covers, dress-bas-kets, and dressing-case, a chair-bed for the nurse, and an invalid-lounge for the patient, until it is rather like a pantechnicon of ill-assorted furni-ture.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it falls to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. By and by, in the cool of the even-ing, her ladyship is gone in her pony-carriage with Lynch, whose evening it is to return to Mount Ossory, and when Anne O'Neil comes to take her

place;
And then Gillian makes up her mind
and rings the bell.

"Preston," she says to her maid,
"please tell Mr. Archer's housekeeper,
Mrs. Hagarty, that I should like to

"She looks for all the world like one of those pale, rosy, fragile little blossoms of the cucko-sorrel that grow in the nooks amongst the granite bowlders," George thinks, contemplating her. "The idea of her being a great helress and a fash-lonable London belle, I suppose, by and by."

And then, when he has gazed until his heart has ached with hot, impatient misery, he is under the impression that he has been about five minutes in the room and that it will soon be time for him to take his departure.

soon be time for him to take his departure.

For, in the quarter of an hour, they have not spoken half a dozen sentences to each other.

She has said, coldly, with an indifferent upraising of the delicate hazel brow, "I did not know you ever came up to the Castle to inquire for me," And he has said, "Oh. yes," in the briefest way, but, looking down and nervously drawing pencil marks ow the table cloth.

Then Gillan says, ha a woman of.

the table cloth.

Then Gilian says, in a woman- ofthe-world tone:

"I confess I rather wondered, but
I assure you I had never been told
of your visits."

"Oh, it was of no consequence. My
visits were only pail to Nelly Hagarty, my housekeeper," George says,
smiling confuse aly and unconsciously
initating Mr. Toots.

"Indeed? Thank you," Gillian
says, with the coldest little sarcastic
tone her gentle voice can utter.

tone her gentle voice can utter.

And George looks up from his pen-ciling with a sudden flash in his eyes

and a frown.

"You know I don't mean that I wouldn't have called every day to see you, Miss Deane, if I thought I should not have been intruding," he says, in a slightly unsteady voice and with an accession of color which he is glad the twilight hides.

But the twilight does not hide from Gillian a certain alteration in his manner, a certain deferential humility, and at the same time a certain impatience and reproachfulcertain impatience and reproachful-ness in tone and bearing, which dawn-ing, womanly instincts are quick to detect and interpret.

And as she interprets them, she

grows more imperious and George more submissive.

"You would not have been intruding," she says, curtly.

"Excuse me, I should," George retorts, more curtly and these says. torts, more curtly, and there ensues a long silence, and George is telling himself silently, "five minutes more, four minutes, three minutes more, and I must go," when Gillian speaks. "Was it Lady Damer who told you you would intrude?" you would intrude?"
"Lady Damer only told me what

was right and according to the rules of society," George says, very formof society," George says, very form-ally.
"Oh!" Gillian says again, sarcas-tically. "the rules of society appear to suit Lady Damer."
"How do you mean?" George asks in a very low! tone.
"The rules of society have turned you out of your own houses the minute.

fair, gentle little girl of nineteen assumes as she might an elderly matron's cap and gown, and with about the same success as a disgulse. Her sweet, dark eyes are full of light, and dark with passionate, womanly feeling; her fresh, sweet sympathetic young voice is tremulous with suppressed agitation.

"I assure you the obligation, if there be one, is quite canceled by your kindness in thanking me, so warmly, for what little I have done," George says, rather huskily, and

George says, rather huskily, and holding his head down.

holding his head down.
"I have no right to be here," he is saying to himself. "I must go away out of her sight—forever! I must do it, though I'd gladly risk my life to stay."

"You did a great deal for me!" Gillian says, hastily and reproachfully.
"Do you think I do not know? I might have died through the cold and wet and exposure that night of the accident only for the care you took!"
And cre the words are spoken, Gillian recollects the care he took of lian recollects the care he took of her, and how he had shielded her in his arms, close to his heart, from the cold night air and the cold wet ground, and has much ado to keep from coming to a full stop in her hasty little speech of gratitude. And George recollects also, only too well, and there is another silence. "It is a very warm evening," Gil-lian says, presently, appropos of noth-It is a very warm evening, Gilian says, presently, apropos of nothing, but rushing at some subject of conversation. "The room is very warm, don't you think so? Lady Dates." would have such a large fire

"She considers you are an exotic flower, I dare say," George says "I am nothing of the sort!" Gil-lian says, indignantly. "Lady Damer takes a great many things for granted!"

granted!"

And to exhibit her independence, she rises from the sofa and walks across the room to the window, where she is fain to lean against the old-fashioned shutters. She is very weak and trembling from her four days' illness and confinement to two overheated rooms, but she stands her ground bravely, and smiles willfully at George as he turns around from the writing table. fully at George as he turns around from the writing table and looks at

And he meets the willful smile, and And he meets the winder since, and she meets the ardent light of his blue eyes, bent on her with a look like that she had seen the night her face lay on his breast, and she looked up at him in the starlight. And Gillian grows crimson and then pale with the furious beating of her heart, and George trembles from head to foot as he half turns away on his chair.

"I must go away, if I'm not a knave as well as a fool," he thinks, desperately. "I wish she had stayed on her sofa. I wish I had not come here to-night. I wish I had never been born!"

"I think you had better allow me to bring over the easy-chair to the window," he says, aloud, and rising. "You cannot stand there very long and I must go."

"You cannot stand there very long and I must go."

And Preston, who is as pert a young lady as ever wore a coquetish cap and apron, is impressed enough by her mistress manner to give the message as respectfully spoken as she has received it.

And presently Mrs. Nellie Hagarty, a comely, pink-cheeked, gray-haired dame of sixty, with a broad bosom and comfortable hips, with her bright plaid woollen shawl pinned across her breast, her clean blue-check apron, and snowy cap, with its "tallied" borders of well-starched lace, appears at the door with a deferential courtesy.

"Come in, Mrs. Hagarty, please; I have something to say to you," Gillian says, smilling and coloring softly in her timid fashion. Her little heart, indeed, is beating fast at her own resolution. "I have given you a great deal of trouble since I have been here," she commences, hurriedly, plunging into her subject; "and I want to thank you for it as well as I can."

"Lawkles, now, miss, my dear, sure! I beg your pardon, miss, I mane; but it isn't the laste manner o' thrubble!" Mrs. Nelly says, very flurried, and bashfully beginning to plait the hem of her apron. "It on'y, you know, miss, that I haven't the way o' cookin' them sort o' dishes that you're accustomed to, an Masther George he likes everything as

way o' cookin' them sort o' dishes that you're accustomed to, an Mas-ther George he likes everything as

ering a taste in common It brings her a little nearer to him, she thinks her a little nearer to him, she thinks, timidly, surely a little nearer, since the is in his house and thus pleasantly discussing matters with his old servant in this pleasant domestic way.

"I like everything very plain and simple," she continues, so confidentially and smiling so brightly that Nelly edges a little nearer, regarding the fair, young, slender form with eyes of broadest admiration.

"Those delicious dishes you send in those gooseberry tarts and cream

Those roast and boiled chickens, those geoseberry tarts and cream and custards you make,—are good enough for any one, Mrs. Hagarty," Gillan says, very decidedly "and quite good enough for me. Only that Lady Damer will give herself such unnecessary trouble in bringing and sending quantities of things from Mount Ossory which I do not wish for in the least."

"I am very borry, too"—there is a decided frown on the smooth, gentle brow—"that Lady Damer has crowded up these rooms in such a manner with extra furniture. I liked them much better as they were the first evening that I came here, Mrs. Hagarty; they looked beautifully neat and clean and orderly then," says Gillan, glancing around, and frowning and flushing.

"They look like a rag-shop now, and I am quite ashamed to think how everything has been uses and all.

"The rules of society have turned you out of your own house the minute I entered it, have altered all your arrangements and put you to great inconvenience," Gillian says excitedly, sitting up very straight and speaking very clearly and haughtily. "I am the immediate cause of it all, and I have been prevented, by Lady Damer's rules of society, from offering you a word of thanks or apology!" "Nose are needed, I assure you, Miss Deane," George says, earnestly and gravely. "I, am only too happy that my poor house and everything in: it is at your service."

"You are exceedingly kind to say so, but I feel the deep obligation I am under to you quite the same, especially since I have been prevented from making you even the poor return of a word of thanks," Gillian gaswers, in the cold, decisive, woman of the world tone and manner, which this fair, gentle little girl of nineteen assumes as she might an elderly matron's cap and gown, and with

couldn't:" she gasps, "It's five pound, miss! Oh, law, miss! what 'ud the naybors be saying if I took nigh half naybors be saying if I took nigh half a year's wages for doin' nothin' at all out o' the common!"

She attempts to push the note back into Gillian's hand with trembling fingers, but Gillian, with a gay, excited little laugh, glides back-against the wall.

the wall.

'You can't put it into my other hand, at all events," she says merrily, glancing at the poor little munnied arm, in its sing of a soft

munimed arm, in its sing of a sol, white, sik square. "You'll have to keep it. Mrs. Hagarty!"

And at this moment, as she is opposite the sitting-room door, which is a jar, she sees in the hall beyond a man's figure standing by one of the man's figure standing by one of the narrow slit casements.

The golden light through the aperture pours through in a stream of faint radiance, but his back is toward the light, his face in deep shadow is looking teach the

low is looking toward the sit ng room door.
But the gleam of yellow light in

the cull, shadowy hall, reveals to her a glimpse of a tall figure, a fair, close-cropped head, and big, broad shoulders, teaning rather wearily against the wall.

against the wall.

"Who is that standing waiting in the hall?" Gillian asks, sharply, her face cr'msoning and paling, and her heart leaping wildly.

Poor Nelly colors a little, too, and fidgets and smiles deprecatingly.

"It's only the masther I expect, miss," she says, confusedly; "he come up a while ago—he comes to ax how you are of an even'n', miss; but he sel I wasn't to say. He sed he'd come an' pay you a visit when you were

sel I wasn't to say. He sed he'd come an' pay you a visit when you were better, miss, but he comes up to spake a word to me about his linen, or the gardin, or some little thing or another, an' he axes me how you're getting on, miss. He'll be raal mad wud me for lavin' the dure open, but faix I cidn't see sighth or lighth of him in the hall."

"Oh," Gillian says, very calmly and coldly, though the little hypocrite is trembling like an aspen-leaf in passionate thrills of gladness, hope fear, and the hot, sweet anger of wounded love. "Would you give my compliments to Mr. Archen please, and say that, unless he prefers the hall to the sitting-room, I should like to see him in here."

Nelly does not know what to make

Nelly does not know what to make of this speech; but she opens the door wide and looks toward her master

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Brome-Quinine Tablets cure a celd in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 2i centa.

George has been sitting a quarter of an hour in the twilight shadows of the old parlor, looking at Gillian nestle amongst her soft white shawis on the sofa, just where the last flush of light falls from the west, revealing the fair form and face like a flower in her delicate pink and white draperies, the big, starry eyes, the soft, red lips, and, more than all, above all, the pure, wistful, emotional beauty of her youth, her maidenly innocence and woman's tenderness.

"Oh, must you?" Gillian says, averting her head quickly, and speaking in a frigid tone. "No, thank you. I hate easy chairs; at least, sometimes," and she perseveringly gazes out into the gathering shadows of the old-fashioned garden with its close-clipped box-hedge beyond.

"Yes, I must be off," George repeats, in a careless tone, hesitatingly, moving a few inches nearer. "And—can Idó anything for you in Dublin, Miss Deane? I am going up to-morrow morning on business,"
"Are you?" Gillian asks, quickly, half turning around. "Indeed! Going to stay there a few days?"
"Oh, no," George says, rather slowly, and drawing his moustache through his finger. "I am coming CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh, no," George says, rather slowly, and drawing his moustache through his finger. "I am coming back from Dublin either to-morrow night or the following afternoon, but I am thinking of taking a longer journey than that." (To be continued.)

White Cocanut Ple.

One cup of milk, two tablespoons sugar, one rounded tablespoon starch, two or three ounces grated coconnut, pinch of salt. Boil the milk alone. Mix the starch and sugar together dry and stir them in, then the butter and cocoanut. Set it away to get cold. Whip the whites (that were left from making hollandaise) to a firm froth and mix them with the pie mixture. Bake in thin crusts of puff paste. Makes two small ples.

She sees before her a treme vista of dinners in days to when the grown up Sally will be rspoon as the infant does, a simply cannot let her alone. This day, a gray-haired woma calls and resents the reproof lady who said, "You should no your mother; you only like a berries." It was not true; should not be mixture. Bake in thin crusts of dinners in days to when the grown up Sally will be respoon as the infant does, a simply cannot let her alone. The supply cannot let h

with a nervous smile, and much per-turbed twisting of her apron.

"Misther George," she says, "the young lady see would you place to walk in, sir?"

Sozodont Tooth Powder

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HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal,

To Keep Your Hair Waved. First dampen your hair with alcohol and a low it to dry thoroughly. Then take it, a piece at a time, dip your brush in any good scent—eau de cologne for preference—and brush the strand to be curled with the damp brush. While still damp apply heated curling irons or wavers and hold the hair in place with them till it is quite dry—probably a minute. Then take the next strand and treat it in the same way till all are curled. Done in this way the waving will last for several days unless the weather happens to be very damp.

Snubbing and Nagging.

Snubbing children is very nearly as wicked as nagging men, and I hold that the latter habit is an unspeakable vice. The ultra fastidious person, seeing little Sally hold her fork or spoon awkwardly, cannot let the child eat her dinner in peace. She sees before her a tremendous vista of dinners in days to come, when the grown up Sally will hold her spoon as the infant does, and she simply cannot let her alone. To this day, a gray-haired woman recalls and resents the reproof of a lady who said, "You should not say you love strawberries; you love your mother; you only like strawberries." It was not true; she still loves strawberries, and always has, and it was mean to nag her. Snubbing and Nagging.

HALLOWE'EN SPORTS NIGHT OF MIRTH NEAR.

Hallowe'en is regaining lost popularity ap a festive occasion, and the direct cause of the increasing favor is the growing taste for country life. It is no town festival. It calls for great barns full of shadows, and awe-

great barns full of shadows, and awesome garrets and sepulchral cellars,
and kale patches.

The big kitchen of an old country
house is an ideal place for Hallowe'en
merry making, and a country barn is
a Hallowe'en happy hunting ground,
if the weather is not too cold, A big
bonfire must be kindled in front of
the barn, and there all the peering
into the future that needs fire may
be done. As a matter of fact no Hallowe'en party, wherever held, is the
real thing unless it includes a bonfire.
In the old days every Scot built a
bonfire in front of his dwelling house
on Hallowe'en, and the Scottish hillon Hillowe'en, and the Scottish hill-sides were abiaze with flaming bea-cons as soon as night fell. In many parts of both Scotland and Ireland they went further and built two fires

in observance of the old Celtic beltane custom. Apples and nuts play an important pat in Hallowe'en frolics. Apple bob-bing calls for a complexion and front hair that will stand water, and the successful apple bobber may be considered to be devoid of self-conscioussidered to be devoid of self-consciousness and vanity. If a girl goes in enthusiastically for apple bobbing, it might be wise for a man to lead her aside and propose to her at once, without waiting for any supernatural information or advice. The without waiting for any supernat-ural information or advice. The chances are the would make a sen-sible wife. Six apples is the usual allowance

Six apples is the usual allowance for the tub of water. One or two may have had cubes cut out and tiny souvenirs inserted, the cube then being replaced. The person kneels beside the tub, his hands behind his back, and tries to lift the apple brom the water with his teeth. Or he may hold a fork with his teeth and try to spear an apple with it and then take apple, fork and all from the tub with his teeth.

A less messy, but much more difficult apple game has the apples sus-

icult apple game has the apples supended from the ceiling or door trame, and the asplrant, with hands ficult apple game has the apples sused behind him, must get a bite om one of the swinging apples. Fate apples hanging from a small tree may contain, in places of cores, mes-

may contain, in places of cores, messages of prophecy and advice.

An apple paring thrown over the head will take the shape of the initial of the future wife or husband. The maid who will go to a room alone and sit before a mirror by candlelight, combing her hair and eating an apple at the same time, will see the face of her true love looking over her shoulder into the mirror.

with the nuts, the favorite experiment is to place two nuts on a slovel or on the hearth near the blazing fire, and name them. If the two kindle and burn quietly together

blazing fire, and name them. If the two kindle and burn quietly together the pair should marry and will be happy. If one pops and cracks and jamps, that nut's namesake is unfaithful. If one burns quietly, it is a sign of faithful devotion.

Kaling was one of the most important features of a Scotch Hallowceu celebration, and if a modern hostess is not lucky enough to have a cabage patch in her garden, she may, if she lives out of town, have some cabbage stumps planted a day or two before her party and firmly pressed into the soil. The knowledge scekers must hie themselves forth to pressed into the soil. The knowledge seekers must hie themselves forth to the kale patch. They may go singly or hand in hand, and they may go blindfolded or walk backward, but they must not see the kale. Each person must pull the first kale stump he can find by groping. If the stump comes out of the ground easily, the sweetheart will be easy to win; if the reverse, hard to win.
The shape of the stump will hint at the figure of the prospective wife or husband. Its length will suggest age. If much soil clings to it, the life partner will be rich; if not, poor.

or husband. Its length will suggest age. If much soil clings to it, the life partner will be rich; if not, poor. Finally, if the stump is carried home and hung over the door, the first person outside the family who passes person outside the family who under it will bear a name who itial is the same as that o

The white of an egg dropped into water is supposed to tell the profes-sion of the future husband. It takes on queer shapes, out of which imag-ination may conjure all sorts of ob-

The "auld Scots' luggles" must never be passed by, for they are a tradition as ancient and honorable as the kale. Three basins are to be placed before the hearth. One is filled with before the hearth. One is filled with clear water, one with middy water, and one is empty. A maid or a man. blindfolded, is led to the basins and puts a hand gropingly into one. If the fingers touch clear water, the mate will be young and handsome.

the fingers touch clear water, the mate will be young and handsome. If the muddy water is chosen, an ill-favored widow or widower will be the mate, and if the empty bowl is the sign, the questioner will live a single life.

The window candles, too, are an old Scots' custom. A maid may take as many candles as there are men whom she likes exceedingly well. She must name all the candles and set them in a row on the sill of an open window. By the order in which they go out she may know the sincerity of her admirers, and the one that burns longest points out the man to tie to.

must throw the ball through window of a house. By rights window of a house. By rights the house should be empty, but if an empty house isn't on hand, a peopled one will do, only the lass must be alone outside.

She slowly winds the yara repeating, "I wind, who holds?" over and over again

over again, and before the end of the yarn is reached the face of her husband will look at her through the window, or his name will be whisper-ed in her car. ed in her ear.

The girl who goes backward down cellar stairs with a mirror in one hand and a candle in the other will see her lover's face in the intror, and if she walks around the house alone and in the dark three times she will hear his name.

alone and in the dark three times shie will hear his name.

Sowing hemp-seed was an old-time Hallowe'en test. The sower must go out into the wight and sow the seed. Looking over her left shoulder she will, if the spell works, see her future husband gathering the crop.

Supper for a Hallowe'en party should be of a homely country sort, and Scotch dishes are eminently appropriate, though, unluckly, the American palate doesn't take kindly to haggis and cockaleekie and other concoctions that sound more delectable than they taste. Cold turkey and chicken, cold ham, cold game pics, cheese, baked apples, baked beans, doughnuts, gingerbread, pumpkin ple, sait bloaters and herring are all appropriate, and hot Scotch bannocks (out cakes) and scones are things to conjure with when eaten with clotted cream and marmalade in Scottish fashion.

A pumpkin hollowed out and filled

ted cream and marmalade in Scottish fashion.

A pumpkin hollowed out and filled with fruit makes a charming table centrepiece, and plate cards afford scope for Hillowe'en sentiment. They should be done in heavy black and white, and decorated with black cats, witches, broomsticks, bats, fourwhite, and decorated with black cats, witches, broomsticks, bats, four-leaved clovers and anything pertaining to sorecry and the black arts; while Shakespeare will furnish creepy quotations enough for all. At Hullowe'en pie, on the creer of the Christmas and birthday pies, may be made, the souvenirs being attached to blue yarn, and each trinket being emblematic or prophetic.

to blue yarn, and each trinket being emblematic or prophetic.

Jack o'lanterns should do most of the lighting of the house, and sheet and pillow-case costumes are not a bad idea, for they add to the weirdness of the occasion. Someone should be able to tell ghost stories in a fashion to make his hearers' hair sit up; and, when the evening is over, each guest must be sent home with a half egg shell holding a pinch of salt. The salt if eaten will bring true dreams of the loved one, even though other eigns and portents