

Violet's Lover

"He has swallowed it," he said; "and see—there is some color coming back to his lips." Lady Chevenix, speak to him again.

"Owen," she said—"my dear, can you speak to me?" And this time there was no mistake; one of his eyelids moved, and his lips trembled faintly.

"He is getting better," she cried. "He can see his lips move!"

They redoubled their efforts, and presently the pale lips parted. Felix gave him a little more brandy. They left nothing undone that they could do, the four who stood so anxiously by his wife, Felix, the butler, and Mrs. Wardley. At last the baronet gave a deep sigh and opened his eyes. His wife bent over him.

"Are you better, Owen?" she asked.

He looked up at her.

"Better?" he repeated. "I am all right."

"What does he mean by that?" she asked. "I had a nasty fall. I remember it now," said Sir Owen. "I fumbled me. I do not remember how I came home through."

They told him, and he listened attentively.

"So Plantagenet fell on me," he said. "I wonder that he did not kill me. As it is, I am not hurt. I am stunned—dazed a little. Very likely I fell upon my head; but it is wonderful that I am not hurt."

"I am very thankful," put in Lady Chevenix. "It might have been so much worse."

"Yes, it might. I own now that my conduct was very foolish. Violet, you will give all those poor fellows who helped to bring me home a handsome reward. You will give me, Lonsdale, I am glad that you are with me. You will stay, will you not? I shall be all right to-morrow."

They asked him if he had any pain. He said "No." There was a strange glimmer in his head, and a strange sensation of numbness in his body; but, save for that, he felt all right.

The old butler, when he heard that, turned and quitted the room. He felt sure as to what was coming.

Sir Owen lay perfectly still. The lamps were all lighted, and their clear brilliant light fell on the compassionate face of Felix Lonsdale and on the troubled one of Sir Owen's wife.

"How bright and pleasant everything looks!" said the baronet. "How strange it seems to be lying here! I shall get up to-morrow. I feel when he tried to move, there was a sense of helplessness that he could not understand. It is strange, he said, "that I have neither wound nor bruise. I was quite stunned, but that is all. This numbness will go away after a few hours' rest. I am so glad you are here, Lonsdale. You will not leave me to-night, will you? I feel strangely wakeful, and it is dreadful to lie awake through the long hours of the night."

"Of course, I will stay," he replied, and Lady Chevenix, too.

"How strange it was to think that you and I should have been talking about death this morning! It must have been a foreboding of this accident. I have had a wonderful escape. I shall never forget it. I can not think how it was that brute did not kill me. Violet, come nearer to me, and let me hold your hand. What a strange sensation it is to be frightened at nothing, as I am!"

She came nearer to him and took his hands in hers; he looked at her.

"I have had a narrow escape," he said, and a shuddering cry—"a narrow escape. Violet, this will do what no lecturing and no sermon could do. It will make me a better man. I will be a better man, my dear, and I will be kinder to you; I will, Violet. I will look after things better than I have done. I will help the poor and go to church."

There was a brief silence, and then he started suddenly.

"I was asleep," he said—"asleep and dreaming. How strange! I shall be better to-morrow. I wish this feeling of numbness would go. It is nothing, but it is uncomfortable—I cannot stir. I shall be a better man after this, Violet. We shall be happier than we have ever been yet. I wish to-morrow would go. It is nothing, get up, Felix, you need not send for any doctors; I shall not want any. My head is dizzy; it will soon be all right."

They sent for doctors as soon as they were carried home, remarked Lady Chevenix.

"They need not see me, if they come," he said. "You can tell them I have no pain, no wound, no bruise. I do not like doctors, and I shall be all right to-morrow."

Ten o'clock and eleven o'clock struck. He talked to them the whole time; but at eleven he complained more of the terrible numbness and the inability to move.

"I lie here like a log," he said. "I shall be glad when I can get up to-morrow." He looked haggard and restless as the time wore on. "I will not ask for brandy," he remarked, "though I would like some; but I mean to give it up—I do, indeed. You will see, Violet, how happy we shall be when I am well."

It was nearly midnight when the doctors came—Dr. Brown, the old established practitioner, and Dr. Brene, the clever young physician from London, who had bought a practice in Lifford. They looked in wonder at the scene—the superb room, the pale, lovely woman in her dress of blue velvet and pearls, the man lying on the bed.

Felix explained rapidly what had happened.

"I am all right," said Sir Owen. "They need not have troubled you, gentlemen. No pain, no wound, no bruise, no wound. The fall stunned me—that is all."

The doctors looked at each other, and then asked Lady Chevenix if

she would leave them with her husband.

"There is no need," he said, impatiently. "Lonsdale, never mind what they say; do not go."

"I will not be long away," said Felix.

He did not like the look that had passed between the doctors; it was not a hopeful one. He touched Lady Chevenix gently on the arm.

"I will retire for a few minutes," he said; and, kissing her husband's face, Violet rose and quitted the room.

They did not go far. Through the oriel window, at the end of the corridor, the summer moon was shining, and they both walked thither. She looked up at Felix, and he saw that she trembled.

"I am frightened," she said. "It seems so strange."

In perfect silence they stood at the window watching the moonlight on the gardens. They had been there quite twenty minutes, when the door of Sir Owen's room was slowly opened, and Dr. Brene came to them.

"I have bad news for you," he said, in his grave, full voice. "Lady Chevenix, you must be brave. I have very bad news."

She could grow no paler. She stood, white, calm, and self-possessed, before him; but her heart was beating painfully, and every nerve was strained to the utmost.

"You must promise to listen quietly to what I have to say. Tell me, first, whether Sir Owen has any worldly affairs to settle."

Lady Chevenix looked at Felix as she hardly understood.

"He cannot have much to do," he said. "His will was made and signed some months since."

She seemed to understand neither question nor answer. She looked at the doctor.

"What is it?" she asked. "I do not understand. Tell me about my husband."

"He is very ill, Lady Chevenix—very ill indeed."

"But," she cried, "he has no pain—he has no wound!"

"So much the worse. Any pain would be better than none. The truth is, however, promise me to be calm, Lady Chevenix—the truth is that Sir Owen has injured his spine, and that there is no chance for his life."

She trembled so much that the doctor brought a chair and placed her in it. He asked Felix to get her some wine.

"Try," he said, "to bear up for a few hours. Your husband cannot live longer, and you must be with him. You must comfort him to the last. Try to bear up."

"I will," she replied. "My poor Owen! And he does not know?"

"No. He knows nothing of it yet," he answered. "Drink this wine and come back to him. It is midnight now, and he cannot live until sunrise. Come at once, Lady Chevenix; he has to die."

"I cannot," she said. "I know it is my place—my duty—but I cannot do it. In some things I am weaker than a woman; this is one of them."

"Then I must tell him myself," returned the doctor, as he moved away slowly; "but that is not as it should be."

"Felix," she said, "I have never seen anyone die. I know nothing of death. I am terrified at the thought of it. Do help me."

"I will," he answered—"all that I can."

They went back to the room, and Sir Owen looked up as they entered.

"Why did you let me be tortured with doctors?" he cried. "I was getting better quickly, and they have frightened me with their long faces. They say—oh, listen, Violet—they say that I am going to die!"

He uttered the last word with a scream they never forgot.

"It is all nonsense," he continued. "My back is hurt with the fall—that is all; it is nothing more—nothing more. I assure you, Lonsdale, send for your father. I want to see him; he has always been kind to me. In his way, he will see at once that there is nothing the matter; send for him."

Felix left the room at once and sent Martin off for his father. He asked if the carriage had returned with Mrs. Haye, and was told that it had not. He went back to the room and found Violet kneeling by her husband's side. Her head, with the golden hair all unfastened, was on the pillow, and she was trying to reason with him.

CHAPTER XLII.

At one o'clock in the morning Darcy Lonsdale reached Garwood. He had no words in which to express his surprise and dismay on hearing of Sir Owen's accident. He had returned home on the previous evening from London, and a few hours afterward received the summons to Garwood. He went direct to Sir Owen's room, and was started by the loud cry with which the dying man received him.

"Come here, Darcy," said Sir Owen. "You have more sense than all the doctors put together. Do I look like a dying man?"

"You look better than I expected to find you," answered Mr. Lonsdale. "Yet they say I am dying. They say my spine is injured. I am talking to you now; yet they say when the sun rises I shall be dead. It is absurd—say it is absurd, Lonsdale."

Mr. Lonsdale looked down with infinite pity on the face that was almost convulsed with terror.

"I am afraid," he said, "that you have heard the truth. It would be cruel to give you one false hope. It is my duty to you to make you peace with heaven."

Sir Owen turned his agonized face to his wife.

"O Violet, they are all against me, my dear, but you. You do not believe it, do you? You are kind, and you care more for me—do you say my life to them? Tell me—do you believe that I am going to die?"

She whispered her answer. No one heard it but himself, and with a wild cry he turned away with his face to the wall.

"They are all alike! They want me to die! They will not let me live!" he exclaimed.

Dr. Brown stopped his wild raving by telling him that the quieter he was the longer he would live. The presence of the two doctors, however, irritated Sir Owen so greatly that they were compelled to go down stairs. Felix followed them. The night had grown cold and chill. A storm was brewing; the wind was whirling round the house, sending the tall trees and robbing them of leaves. The servants were all up, and a fire had been lighted in the library. Felix ordered hot coffee and sent some to his father and Lady Chevenix.

"This is a terrible state of things," said one doctor to the other. "There seems to be no sense of what should be done. We ought to send for the vicar."

"Yes, it would be better," agreed the other. "It would save appearances. But I will never myself in death-bed conversions."

"You forget," rejoined his friend, "that mercy may be extended even at the last moment."

"No, I do not forget that. But I think the best preparation for death is a good life. I would not change places with Sir Owen."

Felix sent at once for the Vicar of Lifford, and then returned to the baronet's room, leaving the doctors together.

Sir Owen had grown very quiet now. He lay with Violet's hands clasped in his, his mouth closed, his eyes closed, and he could not die. Darcy Lonsdale sat at the other side, his kind sensible face full of compassion. He had seen nothing in all his life that so excited him as this death-bed scene did.

The dying man looked up as Felix entered the room, and taking one hand from Violet, held it out to him.

"I am no longer afraid," he said. "I am no longer afraid. Have you sent the doctors home?"

Felix bent over him without replying; and there was such kindly sorrow and anxiety in his face that Sir Owen said:

"You are a good friend—what I call a true friend. My dealings with you were not fair as regards Violet here. But you forgive me?"

"Yes," answered Felix, "I forgive you."

"Now look at me," whispered the faint voice—"look well at me. I feel weak, but that is through lying here so long, and being frightened. Tell me, do I seem like a dying man?"

"With a woman's weakness, Felix will look lower over the face that a few hours since he actually repulsed, so that Sir Owen should not see the tears which filled his eyes."

"Do not be angry with me," he said. "I dare not say 'No.'"

The baronet groaned; and shortly afterward Mrs. Haye arrived from Lifford. Lady Chevenix never moved; she still knelt by her husband's side, and Darcy Lonsdale kept his station opposite. Sir Owen smiled when Mrs. Haye came in. He had always liked her.

"Did they send for you also," he said. "What do you must not believe one word they say. I feel the darkness of the night passed—there was a faint gleam of early dawn in the eastern sky. The dying note of the birds."

"Hush! hush!" he cried. "The birds are chirping! Now who is right? They said that I should be dead before the dawn! Draw those hangings back, and let me see the light. It is dawn now; I see the red light in the sky; I am right, and the doctors are wrong."

They drew the hangings and put out the lamps, and the dawn came flushing into the room. The great window faced the east, so that the first rays of the sun shone directly into the room. How gray and haggard Sir Owen looked as those beams touched it!

Darcy Lonsdale discerned what Violet could not—the speedy coming of death. He knelt down by the dying man's side, and told him as no one would have thought could speak. He dwelt so much upon the mercy of Heaven and the goodness of God that Sir Owen's pale lips trembled.

"I wish," he said, "that I had thought of all that before. It is too late now—much too late."

The vicar came; but when he stood by the baronet's death-bed it was perceptible to all that Sir Owen could speak. He dwelt so much upon the mercy of Heaven and the goodness of God that Sir Owen's pale lips trembled.

"I feel very ill, Violet," he said—"very ill indeed. I have no strength; I can not move. Can it be true what they said? Call the doctors back, and tell them they must do something for me."

They were brought back, and such a scene passed there as they hoped never to see again. Sir Owen's terrible cries, his screams of fear—for he was afraid to die—horribly afraid of the unknown future—disseminated themselves in all directions. Those present were in a getting it. Then, when the bright sun came forth in his splendor, and the birds chirped loudly, the baronet turned his face to his wife, sighed softly, and his spirit fled.

He had been dead some minutes before the doctors found it out; and the same sunbeams glided the dead face of the husband and the white, beautiful living face of the wife.

They carried her away; for the horror of the scene proved too much for her. She was so overwhelmed as to cause alarm among those who loved her. It was bright morning then. The doctors took some breakfast, and each went off to his duties. Lady Chevenix lay in her room, with Mrs. Haye keeping anxious watch by her. Felix went home, and Darcy Lonsdale remained to take charge of everything.

The gloom of the next few days was great. Into the darkened house there came no sunlight. People kept going and coming, all intent on the same melancholy business—preparations for the funeral. Dull, gloomy days they were, into which came no gleam of hope.

Sir Owen's death caused great dismay; still no one was very much surprised at his untimely end; and, curiously enough, the suddenness of it excited great pity. People who had spoken unkindly to him, and condemned his faults most vigorously, now grieved most for him. His sine and errors seemed to be covered by the great, dark thick veil of death.

The day of his funeral came, and half the county attended. Sir Owen

was buried in the church-yard at Lifford, where the oak trees seemed to murmur among themselves that they had foreseen what would happen in the early days, when he walked under the spreading shade of their great branches.

Then came the reading of the will. The lawyers and trustees assembled in the library, and Lady Chevenix, in her widow's dress, entered soon afterward, accompanied by Mrs. Haye. There was some little commotion at her entrance. One gentleman brought a chair, another a foot-stool. She looked so delicately lovely in her widow's dress, her golden hair half hidden by a pretty Parisian cap, the heavy folds of rich crape sweeping the ground. Lord Arlington hastened to meet her, and, after a few kindly words, took his station by her side. Lord Arlington was the son of Captain Hill, who was the executor of the will. He spoke some few words to her in a low voice, and then both composed themselves to listen.

It was a good fortune that he was evidently the product of a thoughtful mind. Mr. Lonsdale had, in fact, suggested almost every clause in it. Every old servant in the house had a handsome legacy. The trustees, all Sir Owen's old friends—every one was remembered. The bulk of his fortune, with Garwood, was left to his dearly beloved wife. There was a very handsome bequest to Frank Haye, and one to the vicar; there was a large sum left to each charity in the neighborhood.

There was a murmur when the reading of the will was over, and he pleased. Lady Chevenix bowed as she quitted the room, and the gentlemen stood in little groups to talk about her.

"What a fate!" said Lord Arlington. "So young and so beautiful! She will have an income of over thirty thousand pounds per annum, too. What a strange fate!"

(To be continued.)

MEAT ON THE FARM.

How to Kill and Cut Up Cattle, Sheep, Etc.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

Much valuable information regarding the butchering, curing and keeping of meat is given in Farmers' Bulletin No. 193, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, entitled "Meat on the Farm." The many illustrations enable any one to follow closely the directions for killing and cutting up cattle, sheep and swine. The general advice given is worthy of close attention by the farmer who does not depend on their butcher for their meat supply.

Selection of animals—The author of the bulletin points out that in the selection of animals for meat health should be given first consideration. No matter how fat an animal may be or how good its form, if it is not in perfect health the best quality of meat cannot be obtained. If suffering from fever, or any serious derangement of the system, the flesh will not be wholesome food. Flesh of animals that have recovered from the ravages of disease before slaughter, is not likely to cure well and is very difficult to keep after curing. Broken limbs, or like ailments, all have the same effect on the meat as ill-health, and, unless the animal can be killed and dressed immediately after such accident it is not best to use the meat for food.

Age of two degrees or more in the animal's temperature at or just previous to slaughtering is almost sure to result in stringy, gluey meat and to create a tendency to sour in curing.

Condition.—First class meat cannot be obtained from animals that are poor in flesh. A reasonable amount of flesh must be present to give juiciness and flavor to the flesh, and the fatter an animal is, within reasonable limits, the better will be the meat. The presence of large amounts of fat is not essential, however, to wholesome meat, and it is far more important that an animal be in good health than that it be extremely fat. It is not wise to kill an animal that is losing flesh, as the muscle fibres are shrinking, and the volume and contain correspondingly less water. As a consequence the meat is tougher and drier. When an animal is gaining in flesh the opposite condition obtains and a better quality of meat is the result.

Breeding and quality.—Quality in meat is largely dependent on the health and conditions of the animals slaughtered, and yet the best quality of meat is rarely, if ever, obtained from poorly bred stock. The desired "marbling," or admixture of fat and lean is never of the best in scrub stock, nor do the over fed show ring animals furnish the ideal in quality of meat. There seems to be a connection between a smooth, even and deeply fleshed animal and nicely marbled meat that is not easily explained. Fine bones, soft luxuriant hair, and mellow flesh are always desirable in an animal to be used for meat, as they are indications of small waste and good quality of meat.

Age for killing.—Age affects the flavor and texture of the meat to quite an extent. It is a well-known fact that meat from old animals is more likely to be tough than that from young ones. The flesh from very young animals lacks flavor and is watery. An old animal properly fattened and in good health would be preferred to a younger one in poor condition. Cattle are fit for beef at eighteen to twenty months, if properly fed, though meat from such animals lacks in flavor.

The best beef will be obtained from animals from twenty to forty months old. A calf should not be used for veal under six weeks of age, and is at its best when about ten weeks old, and raised on the cow. Hogs may be used at any age after six weeks, but the most profitable age at which to slaughter is eight to twelve months. Sheep may be used when two to three months old, and at any time thereafter. They will be at their best previous to reaching two years of age, usually at eight to twelve months.

Preparation of animals for slaughter.—An animal intended for slaughter should be kept off feed from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, otherwise it is impossible to thoroughly drain out the veins when the animal is bled, and a reddish colored unattractive carcass will be the result. Water should be given freely up to the time of slaughter, as it keeps the temperature normal and helps to wash the effete matter out of the system, resulting in a sleeker carcass.

The care of animals previous to slaughter, has a considerable effect on the keeping qualities of the meat. In no instance should an animal be killed immediately after a long drive or after a rapid run about the pasture. The flesh of an animal that has been overheated is usually of a pale color, and very often develops a sour or putrid odor within three or four days after being dressed. Bruises cause blood to settle in that portion of the body affected, presenting an uninviting appearance, and often cause the loss of a considerable portion of the carcass. Therefore, a thirty-six hour fast, plenty of water, careful handling, and rest before slaughter are of great importance in securing meat in the best condition for use.

Yours very truly,
W. A. Clemons,
Publication Clerk.

depart to pay its attentions to another fish. Two dark spots in the forehead of the creature represent the first pair of legs, which have been converted into suckers, by means of which the organism retains hold of its host. There is good reason to believe that this "piko-loose" is not a parasitic organism, but rather a desired attendant. In all probability it derives its nourishment from the mucous products secreted by the skin of the fish. And when it has satisfactorily arranged the toilet of one fish it abandons it for another which needs its help.—From "The Parasite," in *Lealle's Monthly*, for June.

NATURE'S WARNING SIGNAL.

The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If a little one is fretful, nervous or sleepless, the safe thing to do is to administer a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. They speedily cure all the little ills of childhood, and give sound, natural sleep, because they remove the cause of the wakefulness and crossness. Mrs. T. L. McCormick, Pease Island, Ont., says: "I am never worried about baby's health when I have the Tablets in the house; they always give prompt relief for all little ailments." The Tablets are good for children of all ages, and are guaranteed to contain no opium. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealer send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail, post paid.

BIRD MARVELS.

Their Great Nocturnal Migrations and Their Strange Powers.

The season is at hand when little song birds, warm, timid creatures that live close to the ground, seldom rising more than 100 feet from the surface of the earth, come with wonderful quickness from the borders of the tropics to nesting places, a thousand miles or more from their winter haunts, says the Cleveland Leader. Under normal conditions they do not leave their nests or perches at night, and they show marked fear of the dark. In the great spring migration they are believed by the best scientific authorities to travel mainly between sunset and sunrise. This animal flight is one of the marvels of nature. Careful observations indicate that most of the birds passing in myriads from the tropics to their feeding places in the north temperate zone rise to a great altitude, utterly out of keeping with their habits at all other times, and then rush toward their summer home at a speed worthy of the carrier pigeons or frigate birds. Many species which never make more than short flights, close to the earth, during 50 weeks of the year, and then only by day, drive forward through the blackest nights, at express train speed or more, rushing straight toward their destination with an instinctive accuracy implying powers of which man has no conception.

In this great spring migration, which seems to be far more swift and impetuous than the southward movement of the same birds in late summer or autumn, the ordinary songs and calls of the wonderful travelers are seldom heard. Naturalists very familiar with bird notes, are usually unable to identify the cries of the hurrying voyagers of the air, passing far overhead, in spring nights. And how can a cornucopia of notes of this phase of bird life that there must be a general language of the migrating period, something like a system of vocal signs understood by all birds?

But speculation about the marvels of nocturnal migration is not likely to solve such mysteries while science remains baffled by powers which birds manifest by day, under close observation. No one can tell how the carrier pigeons choose the trackless way they take to their homes when released so far from familiar surroundings that if they were sent from the earth to a distance of 200 feet or less, and had vision of truly telescopic range, they would still be prevented, by the curve of the surface of the globe from seeing any building, tree or hill which had ever come within their sight. It is beyond human power to imagine a sense such as that which guides these birds.

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The prolonged flight of buzzards, vultures and osprey hawks and eagles, without flapping their wings, may be explainable in the main, as the new balancing kite-like raptures against the wind, but that theory does not cover all these birds do. What moves them in any desired direction when there is no wind? How do they circle, rise or descend, or glide swiftly forward in a straight line when the air is still? And by what means do they make steady progress against half a gale, without flapping their wings?

Of late the study of birds has become a veritable fad. It has been a favorite amusement, as well as a field of scientific inquiry. The camera has been used with remarkable success in portraying wild birds in their native haunts. But all that has been done and all the knowledge gained leaves as unexplained some of the many of bird life, such as that is understood is wonderful, but what is beyond human comprehension is far more astonishing.

Betting the Evil.

(Bystander.)

It is asked, what is the use of raiding pool-rooms in Toronto if you are to have a betting ring thrown up with high company, and with fair ladies looking round? In a horse race itself there can be no sin.

BANISH THE WRINKLES.

In Flany Cases They Are Merely Signs of the Ailments of Women.

A woman's face plainly indicated the state of her health. Wrinkles, which even woman doctors do not necessarily a sign of age. Pallor of face, wrinkles and a prematurely aged appearance are the outward indication of those ailments that afflict every woman. An iron deficiency, which she too often suffers in uncomplaining silence, rather than consult a doctor. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are women's friends. Dr. John M. Kerr, Chickney, N.W.T., tells for the benefit of other suffering women how she found new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "For some years I suffered from an iron deficiency, which was greatly afflicted with the ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. The suffering I endured can only be understood by those who have actually suffered from iron deficiency. I tried many medicines, but found none that helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have actually made me feel like a new person, and the suffering I had endured almost continually has passed away, and life is no longer the burden it once seemed. I think these pills worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

We ask every suffering woman to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. They will disappoint you, and the benefit they give is not for an hour or a day—it is permanent. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicines, or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box.

NEW IN SPOONS.

Several Kinds for Special Purposes Selling in the Shops.

Despite the many styles of individual spoons now in use, inventors are continually on the alert to supply some particular need or convenience.

A novel housewife's assistant is the measuring spoon, like the ordinary spoon in size, but marked in the bottom of the bowl with lines and figures to guide her in proportioning ingredients for cooking mixtures. The warning labels, one-half, one-quarter, one-eighth spoonful, are affixed just as on a measuring glass. The spoon is of sterling use in the making of gravies, soups, puddings, cakes, salads, or any dishes of a nature requiring exactness in the seasoning.

The measuring spoon is to be had in three grades to suit all purposes. This is the case, too, with the newly devised baby's spoon, which is a very practical improvement on the ordinary spoon.

The bowl of the baby's spoon is shaped as usual, but the handle is curved backward and welded to the end of the bowl, forming a looplike the loop in the handle of a ring. The looped handle is just big enough for the little fingers to grasp, and the little fellow making first attempts to feed himself, can get along much better with a spoon of this sort than one of ordinary pattern.

There is a new model mouseto spoon, a special ice cream spoon and an egg spoon for lifting poached or fried eggs from the dish. They fill a manifest need, showing the possibilities for additions to the spoon family, notwithstanding the enormous variety of styles and shapes already in use.

Lovely Liverpool Lassies. (St. James' Gazette).

Can you or your readers give any explanation of the remarkably heavy percentage of splendidly handsome ladies to be seen in Liverpool's city thoroughfares? When I say handsome I refer not only to beauty, but also to the symmetry of form and perfect physique. Walk from the Central Station via Lord street to, say, the Landing Stage, any day in the week, and you will behold a platoon of superb womanhood. I am a Massachusetts man by birth and sentiment, but I must confess our city can produce nothing to compare with Liverpool's battalions of tall, lovely girls.