A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

MARGHARITA'S DIARY—A CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Count Leonardo di Marioni to Miss M. Briscoe, care of the Earl of St. Maurice, Mallory Grange, Lincolnshire.

"Hotel de Paris, Turin.

"My Beloved Niece—Alas! I have but another disappointment to recount. I arrived here last night, and early this morning I visited the address which I obtained at Florence with so much difficulty. The house was shut up. From inquiries made with caution amongst the neighbors, I learned that Andrea Paschuli had left a few months before for Rome. Thither I go in search of him.

"The delay is irksome, but it is necessary. Although my desire for the day of my vengeance to come is as strong as ever, I would not have the shadow of a suspicion rest upon you. Truly, yours will be no crime, but the world and the courts of justice would have it otherwise. You will, in verity, be but the instrument. Upon my head be the guilt, as mine will be the exceeding joy when the thing for which I crave is accomplished. Bless you, my child, that you have elected to aid me in carrying out this most just requital! Bless you, my child, that you have chosen to bring peace into the heart of one who has known great suffering!

"Your last letter was short; yet I do not wonder at it. What is there you can find to say to me, while our great purpose remains thus in abeyance? My health continues good, I am thankful to say, yet, were it otherwise, I know that my strength would linger with me till my oath is accomplished. Till that day shall come death itself has no power over me. Even though its shadow lay across my path, I could still defy it. Think not that I am blaspheming, Margharita, or that I believe in no God. I believe in a God of justice, and he will award me my right. Oh, that the time may be short, for I am growing weary. Life is very burdensome, save only for its end.

"Sometimes, my beloved Margharita, you have sought to lighten the deep gloom through which I struggle, by picturing the happy days we may yet spend together in some far-distant country, where the shadows of this great selfish world barely reach, and its mighty roar and tumult sound but as a faint, low murmur. I have listened, but I have answered not; for in my heart I know that it will never be. Those days will never come. I have shrunk from throwing a chill upon your warm, generous heart; but of late I have wondered whether I do well in thus silently deceiving you. For, Margharita, there is no such time of peaceful happiness in store for me. I am dying. Nay, do not start! Do not pity me! Do not fear! I know it so well; and I feel no pang, no sorrow. The limit of my days is fixed—not in actual days or weeks, but by events. I shall live to see my desire accomplished, and then I shall die. The light may flicker, but, till then, it will not go out. You will ask me: Who am I that I dare to fix a limit to an existence which God alone controls? I cannot tell you, Margharita, why I know, or how, yet it is surely so. The day which sees me free of my vow will also be the day of my death.

"Trouble not, my child, at this thought, nor wonder why I can write of the end of my days so calmly. Ask yourself rather what further life could mean for me? There is no joy which I desire; my worn-out frame could find no pleasure in dragging out a tasteless and profitless existence. I look for death as one looks for his couch who has toiled and labored through the heat of the day. I shall find there rest and peace. I have no other desire.

"For yourself, Margharita, have no fear. I have made your fortune my care, and God grant that it may be a happy one. Honest men have made good profit out of my lands during my imprisonment. I have wealth to leave, and it is yours. The castle of the Marionis will be yours, and well I know you will raise once more and uphold the mighty, though fallen, traditions of our race. I leave all fearlessly in your hands, at your entire disposal. Only one thing I beg of you, and that without fear of refusal. Marry not an Englishman. Marry one of the nobility of our own island, if you can find one worthy of you; if not, there are nobles of Italy with whom your alliance would be an honor, and also a profit. You will be rich as you are beautiful; and the first lady in Italy, our distant kinswoman, Angela di Carlotti, will be your guardian and your friend. May you be very, very happy, dearest; and all that comes to you you will deserve, for you have lightened the heart of a weary old man, whose blessing is yours, now and forever.

"LEONARDO DI MARIONI."

Letter from Margharita Briscoe to the Count Leonardo di Marioni, care of the Princess di Carlotti, Palazzo Carlotti, Rome.

"My Dear, Dear Uncle—I am inclined to scold you for your letter, for it made me very sad. Why should you be so sure of dying just as the vengeance which is your due becomes yours? You are not very old, and I can nurse you even as I did before. Think how lonely I should be without you. No, you must not think of leaving me. I forbid it! It is morbid. Banish that fancy for my sake, and try and think of a quiet happy life together, away in some southern city, where the sea and the sky are blue, and the sun is warm, and the breezes are soft, and laden with the perfume of sweet flowers. We would never live in this country, would me? I do not like it. It is cold and damp, and it chills me, chills even my heart. Oh! I know just the life we could live together, and be very, very happy. Write to me no more of death.

"I am quite settled down here, waiting. My duties are light and I do not find them irksome. Every day I realize that I did well in coming here as a governess, and not as one seeking a home. They think that it is because of my pride that I have willed it so. They do not know.

"Lady St. Maurice tries to be kind to me in her way; but when the honeyed words are upon her lips, I think of you, and my heart is steel. She must have been a very beautiful woman—nay, she is beautiful now! You asked me in your first letter to watch well and to tell you whether they were happy together. You asked me, and I tell you the truth.

"Yes! I think that of all the women whom I have ever seen, her life seems to have flown along the most calmly and peacefully. I have never seen a cloud upon her brow; I hate her for it. She has no right to be happy; she who by such treachery condemned you to a living death. Once my anger rose up so fiercely that I nearly struck her, and I had to hurry from the room lest I should betray myself before the time. Truly she deserves punishment and my hand shall not shrink from inflicting it.

"Yet, after all, is death the most complete form of punishment. Sometimes I doubt it. I would mar the beauty of her face forever, and laugh. I would strike her blind gladly; I would make her a cripple for life, without remorse, without hesitation. To see her suffer would please me. I should have no pity!

"But death, uncle! If anything of our religion be true, would death be so terrible a thing? Against my will I see that her life is good. She has made her home what it should be, and her husband happy. She is a devoted Christian, and, wet or fine, every Sunday morning before breakfast, she goes to the little church in the village and kneels before the altar. She visits the sick and the poor, and they love her. For me, religion has become something of a dream. I was brought up a Roman Catholic. What I am now, I do not know! When I vowed my life to its present purpose, I filled it with new thoughts; I put my religion away from me. I could not kneel with hate in my heart; I could not confess with the desire to kill in my bosom.

"Yet let that pass. Supposing there be a heaven, if we kill her for her treachery to you, will not that sin be wiped out? May she not gain heaven? And if so, what of our vengeance? Death is swift! What will she suffer? It will be those who are left behind who will feel the pain; for her, there will be a happiness, beyond even the happiness of earth. She will be shriven of her sin by our vengeance.

"Think of this, my dear uncle! Do not imagine that I am growing faint-hearted; do not imagine that I am drawing back from the task which I now claim as my right. Death, or some other sort of punishment, shall surely fall upon her; she shall not escape! Only think what is best.

"Write to me all that is in your heart. Fear not to speak out! I would know all. Farewell! Your loving

"MARGHARITA."

Letter from the Count Leonardo di Marioni, the Palazzo Carlotti, Rome, to Miss Margharita Briscoe, Mallory Grange, Lincolnshire.

"Beloved Margharita—I will confess that your letter troubles me. If there be heaven for the woman who wrecked my life, there is no heaven for me, no religion, no God. You say that she is a good woman. She is then a good woman through fear. She seeks to atone, but she can never atone. She won a boy's passionate love; she wore his heart upon her sleeve; she cast it away at the moment of her pleasure. She broke the vows of an order which should have been as sacred to her as the face of God to the angels; and she sent a Marioni to rot through a useless life in a miserable prison. The boy whose heart she broke, and the man whose life she severed, lives only to nurse his unchanging and unchangeable hate for her. Away with all other thoughts, my vengeance knows but one end, and that is death! Not sudden death, mind! but death—slow, lingering and painful. I would see the struggle against some mysterious sickness, with my own eyes; I would stand by the bedside and mock. I would watch the cheeks grow thin and pale, and the eyes grow dim. She should know me in those last moments. She should see me, the wasted shadow of a man, myself on the threshold of the grave, standing by her bedside, cold and unpitying, and holding out towards her a white hyacinth.

"That is how I would have it, though thus it may not be. Yet speak to me not of any other vengeance save death. Let none other dwell for a moment in your thoughts, I solemnly charge you, Margharita.

"As to my search, it has not yet, alas, been successful. Think not that I have lost heart, or that I am discouraged. Never fear but that I shall find the man whom I seek—if not, there are others. I give myself one month longer; at the end of that time, if Paschuli be not found, another must serve my purpose.

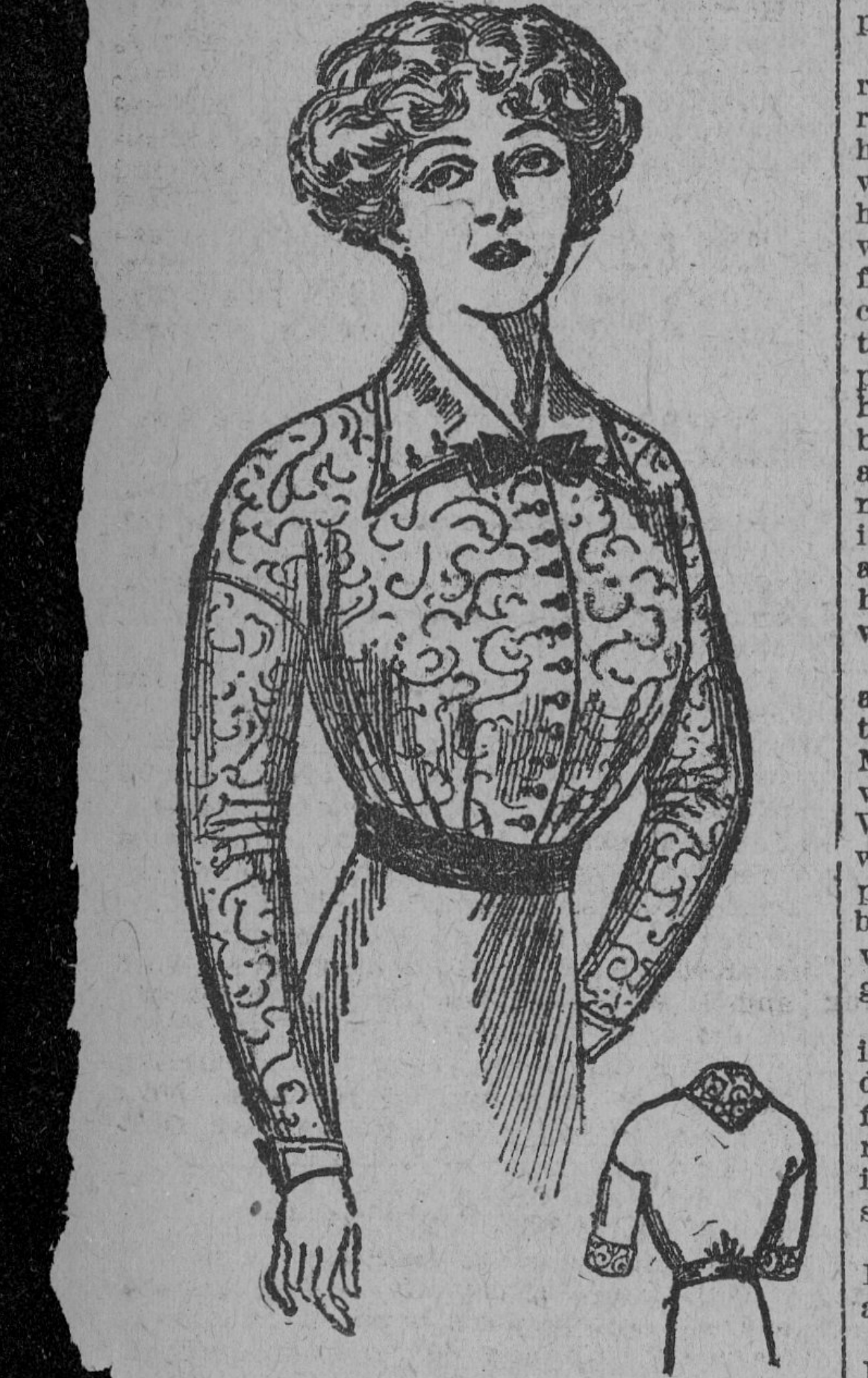
"The Princess is much interested in you, and sends her love. She is impatient to take you under her care. I have told her that it will not be long—nor will it.

"Farewell, my child. Soon I shall send you the good news. Yours,

"LEONARDO DI MARIONI."

To be Continued Tomorrow.

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON



7707 Blouse with Front Closing, 34 to 42 bust.

WITH LONG OR ELBOW SLEEVES.

The plain waist with open neck is a favorite. This one is made with the fashionable drooping shoulder line and with one-piece sleeves that are tucked at the inner elbow to provide comfortable freedom. Brocaded crepe is the material illustrated, with collar and cuffs of charmeuse satin, and the blouse makes a most excellent one for wear with the coat suit, but it also is desirable for the entire gown and can be made from any seasonable material. Front closings make an important feature of fashions just now and the buttons make a pretty trimming. These are crystal in ball shape. The long sleeves are close fitting, with openings at the wrists that allow them to be slipped on and off with ease. The collar can be made round or pointed at the back. Fancy materials are being much used just now, but plain materials are equally fashionable, and this same blouse made of charmeuse satin with collar and cuffs of a contrasting color would be very pretty.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27 for the collar and cuffs, as shown in the front view; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18 inches wide for the collar and cuffs, as shown in the back view.

The pattern of the waist 7707 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERN No. 7707.

UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name ....

No.......... Street...

Town.......................... State.......................

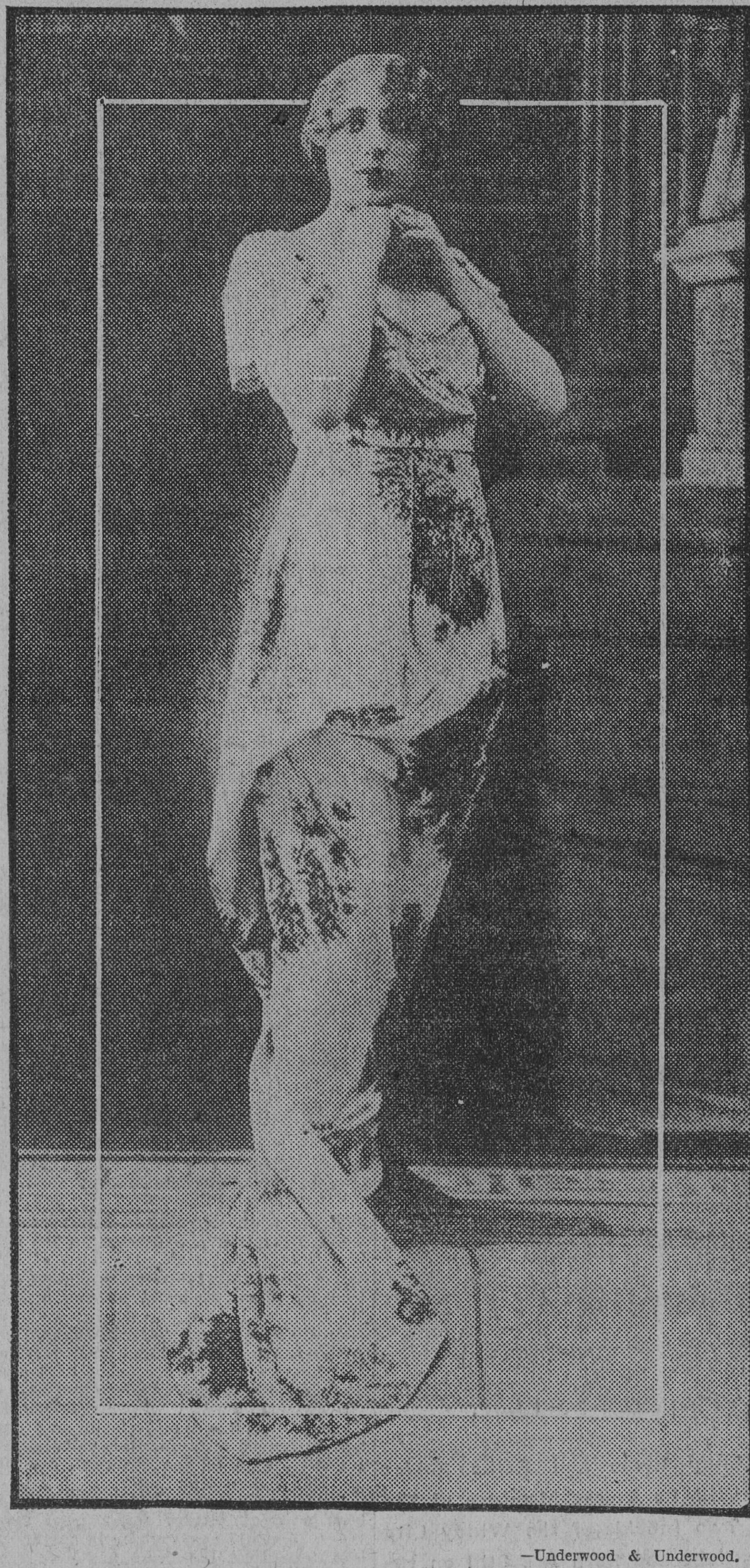
Measurement—Waist.............. Bust.............

Age (if child's or miss' pattern)..........................

CAUTION.—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

All orders for patterns, accompanied with 10c. for each, must be addressed to Pattern Department, Baltimore American, Baltimore, Md.

MADE BY DOUCET, OF PARIS



—Underwood & Underwood.

An evening gown of white brocade with velvet chrysanthemums. It shows the very latest departure in drapery.

THE AMERICAN'S BOOK REVIEW

Ranching for Sylvia.

Ranching for Sylvia. By Harold Bindloss. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, and for sale by the Eichelberger Book Company, Baltimore.

This is a Bindless novel of the best type, combining happily love, work and thrilling outdoor adventure. George Lomsing becomes trustee of the property of a young English widow whom he loves. He goes to Canada in order to put into good condition a farm which is her principal possession. Giving up the comforts of civilization he finds compensation in the free skies,adventure and true comradeship of the Northwest. There are cattle-rustling, threatened destruction of stock through prairie fire and flood, a horse-stealing episode, a holdup or two, the pursuit of whisky smugglers and a kidnapping, as well as the steady work of farming and the companionship of a splendid, true-hearted girl of the prairie.

The Typhoon.

The Typhoon. A Story of New Japan. By J. W. McConaughy. From the Hungarian of Menykert Lengyel. Published by the H. K. Fly Company, New York.

The Typoon, which has been played with the greatest success in Europe for the last three years and for the past season in America, is the most powerful story of modern Japan ever written. The story is laid in the apartment of Tokeramo, a young Japanese, who has been sent to this country by his government on a most important mission. Into Tokeramo's life comes Ellona Kerner. She has enslaved the young Japanese so completely that his friends are seriously alarmed, and Joshi Kaiva, the crafty old statesman, brings home to him that great lesson of faith and sacrifice learned so well by the men who toil for Nippon. When tragedy enters into Tokeramo's romance his place in the accused chair is taken by one of the younger Japanese that Tokeramo may be saved to complete his work for Japan.

The First Lady in the Land.

The First Lady in the Land; or, When Dolly Todd Took Boarders. By Acton Davies and Charles Nirdlinger. Illustrated by Howard Giles. Published by the H. K. Fly Company, New York.

Not since the day of Beau Brummel has such a story been written. It has the clever lines of Clyde Fitch, and the best of all it has Dolly Todd. Bewitching, fascinating, lovely little Dolly Todd. It is a love story of the good old-fashioned kind that we read before the days of motor-cars and 18-hour trains. Alexander Hamilton, Jimmy Madison, Thomas Jefferson, Madame Jurnel and that picturesque of all Americans, Ronnie Burr, are the men and women of Mr. Davies' story.

Mr. Davies gives us a consistent and convincing picture of a fascinating period, that reminds us that we have a storied past, and whether or not the adage is true of women, it is surely true of nations—that the most charming are those that have a past.

Cheap Turkey.

Cheap Turkey. By Ward Macauley. Published by Duffield & Co., New York.

This little volume is written to show the fallacy of trying to obtain certain necessities of life at cost. The Mayor of Blanburg started the movement by advocating cheap turkey, and the book proceeds to describe the unexpected consequences of the move. Then the cry came for cheap coal and the city goes into the business of selling coal at cost. This craze extends to all articles of consumption, and finally everyone becomes bankrupt.

A Lift on the Road.

A Lift on the Road. By Virginia W. Johnson. Published by the A. S. Barnes Company, New York. This book consists of a number of short stories, the titles of which give an idea of the scope of the work. The titles are: A Lift on the Road, An Automobile Rescue, The Lady From China, A Lost Treasure, The Servant Problem, Tying a Knot, A Sea Romance, The Duke's Flight, A Motor Incident and The Luck of Friday.

College Cookery.

College Cookery; A Little Book of Recipes Collected by H. A. B. Published by the Young Woman's Christian Association of Goucher College, 1912.

This is a dainty little volume, intended chiefly for the college girl and her chafing dish, but which many housekeepers will find to their taste to try. The recipes, as the preface informs the readers, are tried and true ones, being a collection of toothsome dishes from Goucher, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Wellesley and other college students, and admit of an endless variation by the clever college girl who has found in her little "spreads" how to be a good cook. They include chafing dish recipes, salads, sandwiches, candy and miscellaneous dishes, all easy and simple in material and handling. Naturally fudge and pinochi occupy prominent places, a number of colleges being represented in their preparation. The book is finely printed and neatly bound, and deserves a place on the table of every college girl's sanctum, as well as makes an appropriate souvenir for their friends.

Officer 666.

Officer 666. By Barton W. Currie and Augustin McHugh. Published by the H. K. Fly Company, New York.

Give yourself up to Officer 666 if you want to have a night's fun. It is full of more honest laughs than any book we know of. It is a story that you will read yourself and pass it along to your friends. A young millionaire globe trotter returns home to find his bachelor quarters occupied by a burglar, who, not satisfied with having appropriated the millionaire's name and getting engaged to a pretty society girl on the strength of it, is rapidly disposing of a fine collection of paintings gathered from the art centers of the world. The rich young man induces a policeman on his block to lend him his uniform, and while he is masquerading as a copper to catch the burglar the real officer becomes the millionaire.

A NEW WORK BAG.

Easily constructed is a new model in workbags of the size that is nice to have about the table in the living-room. To make it, cover, with plain silk, a pair of disks of about three-inch diameter and shirr about the lower half of each of these the opposite edges of a yard-long strip of sash ribbon. This makes a collapsible receptacle with a wide mouth, which may be drawn together by ribbon hangers attached to the top edges of the discs. On the inner side if the pasteboard circles may be affixed flat, round cushions for the accommodation of needles and pins, and to the outer side may be suspended scissors and emory. The same sort of bag, but of a different shape, may be made by shaping the pasteboard foundations into oblongs and running the sides of the silken strip to their upper corners. When the squares or oblongs are covered with plain silk or satin and the shirred strip is of a flowered material, the effect is especially pleasing.

WHERE COUNTRY GIRL EXCELS

Every girl has her own particular charm, but certainly the country girl possesses some extra specially beguiling ones.

To begin with, she is so much younger than her town sister—for all that the years may declare different. So infinitely fresher in mind, as she is rosier in complexion and brighter of eyes.

Amusements that have ceased to be amusements to the town dweller fill her with keenest enjoyment. Perhaps it is in delicious and frankly displayed joy of life that the country girl most excels.

Her tongue may be less ready, her general appearance less smart, than if she had grown among brick walls and shop windows; but the country girl's bright face takes all hearts by storm, and the gentle friendliness that is the inevitable result of country neighborliness makes friends for her wherever she goes.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Ex-Convict's Chance—Tear Down the Cruel Bars; You Have Paid Your Debt to Them—Go Away Where People Do Not Know Your History—The World Lies Before You.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

It came in the same mail with an invitation to bridge and a letter from a woman complaining that her husband wouldn't buy her an automobile. Read this man's letter, and say again that all people are alike, if you dare:

Dear Miss Black: Many years ago, when the Winchester and six-shooter were more apt to be arbiters of disputes than the courts of justice, I got tangled in the meshes of the law and was sent to prison.

There was nothing sneaky, nothing cowardly about it; in fact, the other fellow got in the first shot, and his bullet burnt and tore its way through my shoulder. But my aim was more accurate and he went down and out forever. Yet I'm sure if it was possible to call him from the grave he would not condemn me nor bear animus against me.

I paid the exacting, inexorable penalty of the law. It was an exorbitant price; and the price was the best years of my life.

And now at 40 I am free again, no, not free, for it seems to me that I'm continually enveloped in that black shadow of stigma. And that is what I'm fighting against.

During all those miserable years I played a man's hand, and have nothing to regret, nothing to be ashamed of. And when I walked out into the world I again took up the long-lost thread of life and went to work.

And now to the essence of my message: All my life my one dominating desire has been to have a home and loved ones of my own. Someone who would care for me above all others; someone to work and strive for, and, if needs be, to do sacrifice for.

Yet can one who has been through what I have hope for such things? Is there in all this big world a woman, a good and true womanly woman who would link her future, her life, with mine? Haven't I eternally barred myself for all that is good and pure?

And must I forever skulk through the murky subways of life an Ishmaelite among my fellow-men, to shun and be shunned?

Tell me, Miss Winifred Black, tell me where I stand in our modern complex social system. And tell me, is there hope for me? Yours sincerely, J. H. M.

What shall you do, good friend, with the prison mark seared deep into your heart? Just one thing—right now. Burn it up, that prison memory; burn it up, like the pest that it is.

Take every shred of everything you ever had at that time and go out into the splendid, free, happy world, somewhere in a far place where no curious eyes shall see, and burn them up. And when the smoke rises in the air, pray, pray, pray, pray for peace, and trust, and confidence and forgetfulness.

You have remembered long enough. Wipe that thing out of your life once and for all. Do it today; you have let it make you morbid.

A man's but a man. He can be punished just so much, and then comes relief. Your hour of punishment is over. Straighten your back, hold up your honest head, face the world with the unflinching eyes of one who has paid his debt.

Go away somewhere where people do not know your history. Begin again, get into a new world, find a sweet woman somewhere—a good woman, a true woman—and live a man's life in the honest open, fearless and light of heart.

What sort of God do you imagine, poor, driven soul, a God of merciless retribution? There is no such being. The prison bars have come between you and the sweet sunshine so long that the whole world, yes, the very universe itself, is barred and striped.

Tear down those cruel bars—tear them out. They were made by men like yourself, weak, foolish, cruel, trying to do what they could to keep the wide world calmed. You paid your debt to them—wipe it out, the old, old cruel score.

There, make a little pile, out here under the skies, strike a match; see, it kindles, it burns, the old memory, the old depression, the old grief, the old shame, the old agony of humiliation; it burns, it burns; see—it is ashes now.

Take it in your trembling hand and hold it so a second, then to the winds with it, the wild, free, singing winds. Good-by, good-by, oh, winds, with the ashes of what is gone.

Now, turn that sad face to the friendly helpful world again. See, it stands by waiting for a chance to be kind, to be honest, to be frank and fair.

Is there a chance for you? The world is one great chance. Think what a man you have grown to be, how your eyes can read the furtive look of one who has suffered as you have, and how you can stretch out a hand and help him.

Look, that little child smiles at you; he loves you, he sees your sorrow and your gentleness. Take him in your arms. He will help you.

That little woman there by the roadside, she staggers under a heavy burden. See the melting of her grateful eyes.

The world lies before you, the wide, wide world of work and rest, of struggle and attainment. Let nothing hold you back from your heritage.

THAT BAD COMPLEXION.

Don't blame increasing years if it is becoming painful to you to pass a mirror. Many a woman attributes her impaired complexion to growing old, when the speeding years have little or nothing to do with it.

What causes the loss of the perfect complexion of extreme youth? Many things are to blame and much of it can be avoided.

It is surprising how few women understand the connection of soap and skin, when it should or should not be used. If the skin be naturally dry, avoid soap; most of it contains alkalies which absorb the natural oils from the skin. For an oily skin, daily washing of the face with soap is beneficial, as it tends to get rid of the grease.

A trying climate and hard water have far more to do with bad complexions than added years. If you live where winds are drying and roughening to the skin, a soothing lotion and softening grease are essential. Not to use them means being withered before your time.

How few women over 30 can look in the glass without a pang for growing wrinkles. Yet they are not a mysterious ill that must be endured. What is a wrinkle? Nothing but a little fold in the skin caused by loose tension in the skin itself and lack of tissue beneath it.

What's to be done? Strengthen the skin by massage and tightening lotions until it regains its old elasticity and tautness, and build the tissues with skin foods.

As there aer special treatments for every defect, it is better for any woman who can afford it to have her skin treated professionally. There are ways to conquer every defect, from redness of the nose and roughened, reddened, blotched cuticle, to crow's feet, puffy eyelids and sagged muscles.

Take complexion ills in time and treat them rightly.

The beauty-skin is most often lost through the stress and strain of wrong living. Late hours, overwrought nerves, rich foods, lack of exercise and fresh air exhaust a woman beyond the power of recuperation, and the complexion grows daily dulled and more sallow, eyes and skin lose their brightness, and the lines of the face sag from fatigue.

If you would keep a good complexion you must work for it as you must work to keep anything else worth having in a world where nothing can be taken for granted.

KEEPING BRUSHED UP

A woman who has brought up a big family on a small income, yet has managed to keep mentally alert, says it is due to a Half-hour Club.

This club has as its fixed rule that half an hour each day must be spent in solid reading. There was a leeway of 24 hours, after that there was a fine of five cents each day for failure to get through the prescribed reading.

Twice a month the club meets for discussion of the reading done and to collect fines of delinquents and spur them on to fresh effort.

The woman who told of this club says: "No one knows what it has meant to me. When you are the one woman in a family of boys, have a bushel basket of stockings to darn weekly, six children to sew for, lessons to be heard, it is a big temptation to stop reading entirely or to fritter spare minutes on novels. That half hour a day of solid reading has kept me up with the times, has rested my body and stimulated my brain, and, best of all, it has kept me from drifting into a dull old woman, of whom my sons might love, but would pity for her ignorance."

Especially if you live in a small town is such a club of importance. It is easy to stagnate unless a conscious effort is made. The winter season is the time to start such a club among your neighbors. Do not be content with planning a half-hour reading daily for yourself. You will never hold to it without the stimulus of companionship and the broadening interest of the fortnightly meetings.

NEW SHOES AND THE RAIN.

"How did you ever get those shoes in condition so quickly?" asked one girl of another the other day. "Yours were as wet as mine, yet mine are sights and yours look as if we had never been caught in yesterday's downpour."

The other girl laughed.

"My shoes are like the horses, fresh from feeling their oats. A maid we once had gave me a tip on caring for wet shoes that I'll always bless her for.

"When I take off my wet shoes, instead of putting them near the fire, I fill them quite full of dry oats. It absorbs the moisture quickly, and as it does so swells slightly and fills up the shoes like a last. This keeps them in shape.

"I set the shoes away over night, or longer, if necessary; then shake out the oats and the leather is both dry and unhardened.

"As I do not want to be continually buying oats, I hang those which are taken from the shoes in a bag by the kitchen fire or else put them in a pan in a hot oven to dry. I then put them back into their tin box, which I always keep filled in the bathroom closet for emergencies.

"If the shoes have been wetter than usual I give them a rub with vaseline after they are dry; but that is not often necessary with the oats."

INSTEAD OF POTATOES.

A dietician talking with a woman who was lamenting the potatoes cut from her diet list, advised her to substitute macaroni. As this is usually supposed to be fattening, directions for cooking it must be carefully followed.

By boiling the macaroni an hour and a half, the dietician says, the injurious ingredients are converted into a food that is nourishing, yet without starch. When used in a diet for obesity, it must not be dressed with milk, merely with a little butter, salt and pepper.

The woman thus advised ate macaroni each evening for dinner, instead of potatoes, yet lost 20 pounds in two months.

EBONY HAIR BRUSHES.

It is a good plan to rub vaseline into the backs of the brushes before washing them, so that the soda will not affect the ebony. Then, when dry, a little olive oil, applied with a soft rag and rubbed on with a clean cloth, will give as much polish as is required, as ebony should not be very highly polished at any time. For stiffening the bristles wash the brushes in very hot water and soda, or ammonia, rinse them in the same temperature, and then plunge them into quite cold water. After this treatment it will be found that when dry the bristles are quite stiff.

LOBSTER FINGERS.

Chop lobster meat very fine; season to taste with French dressing. Cut the bread in pieces about four inches long and one and a half inches wide. Finish as any sandwich. Garnish with parsley and the slender feelers of the lobster. If preferred, mayonnaise dressing can be used instead of French.

TAM O'SHANTER.

The velvet Tam o'Shanter is trying very hard to be popular, but it really suits so very few people that I do not think it has much of a future. There is a certain juvenility about it that takes on its style and makes it look only suitable for a girl with her hair down.

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