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Fred. G. Usilton. • • Wm. B. Usilton, Jr.

Poster Wall Papers.

Among the novelties in Parisian wall papers are some striking poster effects. One is a grotesque lizard and fox design. Another is a girl's figure in a poster frieze, with a moire side wall. Another fabric effect in the side wall has bunches of cherries, and in the frieze is a little poster boy picking the fruit. In another, birds are flying over the side wall, with poster cats watching them from the frieze.

Making Ringlets.

Every mother likes to see her baby with curly hair, and if it is not naturally so it can be made to grow so with very little care. The baby's hair should, of course, be washed and brushed every morning, but when the brushing is done, do not leave the hair smooth, but with the tips of the fingers rub the hair in little circles from right to left all over the scalp. This twists the hair at the roots and produces the much desired curls.

To Clean Oriental Rugs.

When a fine Oriental rug is to be cleaned it may be sent to a cleaner's or washed at home. At a good cleaner's they will put it in a machine which removes the dust with a strong current of air. But it can be washed without fear of injury, as most Oriental rugs are washed many times before reaching this country, and the colors are only mellowed by it. Stretch and tack the rug on a clean floor, and scour well with soapsuds. Then rinse it thoroughly and leave in position till quite dry.—New York Tribune.

Settings For a Library.

The elaborate bindings which characterize the hundreds of "latest" books continually on the market have forced book buyers, if only to be consistent, to give their library a proper setting. With comparatively little trouble you can fix up a beautiful little corner for your books, which you will find the most restful and delightful room in the house.

In the first place a soft shade of old blue in raw silk will give you beautiful curtains for your book shelves. Run a slender brass rod in a loose casing at the top of the curtain without upstanding ruffle. Chinese wares in blue and white, exquisite grees and strong yellow make lovely bits of color as vases. Search the Chinese and Japanese stores for your large vase, and, if possible, place it on a stand of carved teakwood.

An Egyptian jar of figured brass makes a charming jardiniere to drop a potted plant in. Such a piece as this should have an Oriental taborette under it. Raw silk curtain over Arabian net would give you pretty window draperies. In this case the Arabian net with border and perhaps inserting hangs straight and slightly full next the window, over curtains of blue; raw silk can then be draped back if you so desire.—New York Journal.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Fruit Tapioca—Soak one cupful tapioca over night. In the morning cook in double boiler in a quart of water until transparent. When done add a cup of sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice and three or four sliced bananas. Serve cold with plain or whipped cream. Other fruit may be substituted for bananas.

Plain Waffles—Heat a pint of milk and add half a cup of butter; stir until melted, then cool and add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and salt to suit the taste. Stir the liquid into two cups of flour, making a smooth, thin batter. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and fold in, but do not beat again. Bake immediately on a hot, well greased iron. The batter must be thin enough to spread quickly when poured into the waffle iron.

Quince Butter—Pare and core the quinces, cutting them up rather fine; cover with water and cook until tender. Place the skins and cores in another kettle with just sufficient water to prevent their burning and cook until soft; then strain off the juice and add to the quinces. To each pound of fruit allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar. Boil down until it is smooth and thick; stir frequently, as it will burn easily. Put in jars and seal like jelly and keep in a cool, dry place.

Boiled Dressing—This is nice for cold slaw or may be used with other vegetable salads. Mix a dessert spoonful of dry mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, half a teaspoonful of celery salt, with a large tablespoonful of butter. Stir in thoroughly the beaten yolks of two eggs and beat all to a cream, then beat in a cup of cream, sour or sweet (if milk is used add another egg). Stir and cook in a double boiler until it begins to thicken. Remove at once from the fire, and when cold beat in two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. A little sugar improves this dressing; but do not make it too sweet.

Horse Gives Alarm of Fire.

A false alarm of fire was caused in Paris recently by a horse knocking his head against a street firm alarm, breaking the glass and ringing the bell.

THE FOUNT OF YOUTH.

The fount of youth has oft been sought
Since days of long ago,
And oft in fancy men have seen
Its living waters flow.
Through desert swamp and wilderness
The search has been pursued,
In hope that by the magic fount
Youth's dreams might be renewed.

But men have turned from that vain quest,
Their hopes forever crushed,
For though they searched through all the world
No magic fountain gushed.
And men resigned themselves to age
That robbed them of their grace,
That sapped their strength and thickly spread
Time's wrinkles on the face,

In later years men's thoughts have turned
To plans for longer life,
And in elixirs they have sought
New strength for daily strife.
And oft 'tis heralded abroad
That scientist or sage
Has finally evolved a plan
To stay the blight of age.

But men grow old, and women, too,
As in the days of yore,
For no elixirs they have tried
Their youthful charms restore.
And as they can't deceive themselves
Some seek to hide the truth,
And dye or bleach their hair and paint
On cheeks the hues of youth.

The fount of youth is in each heart,
And those who keep it pure
Will longer hold the charms of youth
And length of life secure.
And when at last that fountain falls,
And old age on them steals,
They'll bear it well because no man
Is older than he feels.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Merely an Episode.

IT would be hard to find a more ideally happy couple than the Charterises. After ten years' married life they are still in love with each other. Constance is wont to boast that Dick never has, or has had, a secret which she has not shared. And in the main this is true. But there is one little episode—merely an episode—in his life, to which Dick never refers; it is his one secret. And it nearly concerns Constance, too. The wind was blowing wildly against the smoking-room windows, bringing a snow storm in its train.

"Hang it all," remarked Dick Charteris, going to the window and gazing out disconsolately over a world growing rapidly white, "no hunting to-day. And Con won't be back till to-night." He lit a pipe, drew up a comfortable chair in front of the fire, and prepared to make the best of the inevitable. The morning paper lay on a table at his elbow. He took it up, glanced carelessly through it, and soon put it down again. Judging from the expression of his face, his own thoughts were supplying sufficient entertainment.

"Beg pardon, sir." The butler stood before him with a somewhat perplexed countenance.

Captain Charteris roused himself. "Well, Hilton?"

"There is a gentleman wishing to see Sir Geoffrey, sir. I've told him Sir Geoffrey is out, and he wants to wait. But I don't know exactly—the dining-room and the drawing-room is all upset, and her ladyship's in the morning room. Would you mind, sir——?"

"Show him in here, of course." Dick Charteris was, perhaps, growing a trifle tired of his own company.

"Possibly some begging chap, though, coming at this hour," he thought, stretching his long legs and glancing lazily at the clock. It was barely twelve.

The first glance at the stranger, however, dispelled this idea. Dick looked at him critically. A tall, dark man, on the wrong side of forty, with a clever, clean-shaven face. His eyes burned with a curiously eager light. "The man's ill," was Dick's first thought.

He went forward with easy courtesy.

"Sorry Sir Geoffrey is out just now," he remarked, pushing a chair toward the other. "He had to go to a magistrates' meeting. However, he can't be long now, and perhaps I can do duty as host in his absence. I can't say I'm exactly a son of the house, still, by this time next week I hope to be Sir Geoffrey's son-in-law."

The stranger had been listening almost mechanically to Charteris's easy flow of conversation, but at the last words he became suddenly alert and eager.

"Indeed," he said, with scarcely repressed anxiety. "May I ask your name?"

"Charteris. Won't you sit down, Mr. ——?"

But though he took the chair, he paid no attention to the question in Dick's tone. The latter began to feel at a disadvantage carrying on a conversation with a stranger, name unknown.

"I should be sorry to miss seeing Sir Geoffrey," remarked his visitor, his dull, even tones contrasting so oddly with the fire in his eyes. "I am an old friend of his, but have not seen him for some time."

Charteris glanced at him again. He concluded the man had just come from abroad, which would account for the somewhat odd cut of his clothes and the general look of a certain absence of up-to-dateness about him.

"No doubt Sir Geoffrey will be in directly," he remarked, passing the cigarettes. "You find the house in rather a confusion to-day. There's to be a little dance to-morrow, in honor of the approaching wedding."

The other slowly lit a cigarette. "I understand you are going to marry one of Sir Geoffrey's daughters," he observed, slowly.

"Yes, Constance." He blew a ring of smoke into the air and watched it lazily. "Do you know Sir Geoffrey's daughters?" he asked, curiously.

The dark eyes watching him seemed to glow and burn.

"I used to," he answered briefly.

There was a pause. Dick began to wish his father-in-law elect would hasten his return.

"When is your wedding to be?" was the next question.

The stranger spoke as one who has a right to ask, and Dick found himself answering meekly.

"Next week, the twentieth. I wanted it sooner, but Constance said she wouldn't be married until after the sixteenth. The fact is, she was engaged before——"

He stopped abruptly, vexed with himself. What on earth could his affairs, and Constance's, matter to this man? "I quite understand," replied the other, in his level tones. "I have heard of Miss Merton's former engagement."

"Oh, I see." Dick looked relieved. He hated explanations, and reflected that this was probably some old family friend. He lit another cigarette and resumed in a more confidential tone. "You see, she had been engaged to this chap for nearly a year; Forsyth his name was, and then he went abroad and forgot her, the brute."

"How do you know he forgot her?" The question was one, apparently, of idle curiosity.

Dick flung his cigarette into the fire with energy. "Oh, well, when a man never writes, or answers letters, for two years, you naturally conclude he has forgotten. And Con has waited—until just now. Why it's only two months ago that she promised to marry me, though I have known her all my life, and cared for her, too. You see, she thought she was still bound by her promise. And nothing would induce her to be married until after the sixteenth, because that was his birthday, and he had once said they should be married on that day. But that was yesterday."

There was a silence, broken only by the snow beating against the windows.

"There may have been reasons why he—that man Forsyth—did not write. In the depths of the bush there are many difficulties. Letters are lost, people one has trusted prove unfaithful."

There was an undercurrent of passion in his tone not lost upon his hearer. He stood up, straight-limbed and tall, on the hearth-rug.

"I hope you don't think I'm not acting on the square by this chap Forsyth," he said warmly. "But it does seem to me that poor little Con has wasted two years over a good-for-nothing chap. And I mean to make it up to her now."

The other man smiled oddly. "I believe you, Captain Charteris," he said, slowly, "but if you won't deem it an impertinence I should like to ask you one question."

"By all means."

"Does she—Constance, Miss Merton—care any more? I mean, of course, she has forgotten the other man?"

Dick smiled happily. "Quite, I am sure," he said frankly. "I flatter myself that I occupy his place in her thoughts now, lucky chap that I am." Then, to redeem the last words from any suspicion of egotism, he added: "She was so young, you know; only seventeen when she was first engaged to Forsyth, and he was old enough to be her father."

The other man made no answer. He looked the young man up and down, his eyes resting curiously on Dick Charteris's fair, boyish face. Something between a sigh and a groan came from his lips and startled Dick.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, quickly.

"No—thanks;" the other recovered himself with an effort. "But I don't think, after all, I can wait to see Sir Geoffrey. I—I will write."

"I am leaving England," he said with an obvious effort, "and it is unlikely we shall ever meet again. Will you shake hands?" and Dick, obeying some strange impulse, grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

He accompanied his strange visitor to the hall door and opened it. The snow was falling very fast now. For one moment the man stood bareheaded on the steps. "Good-bye, good-bye," he murmured, but he did not look at Dick. He seemed rather to be talking to some one unseen. At the foot of the steps he paused, a solitary black figure in a white world.

"John Forsyth is dead, dead." The words came to Charteris with an intensity that was very solemn.

Feeling an odd sensation of uneasiness, Dick went back to the warm and cheerful smoking room. He piled up the logs in the grate and glanced half expectantly round the room. Something white lay under the chair where his late visitor had been sitting. He picked it up. Only a half-tone envelope, addressed to "John Forsyth Esq." He rang the bell violently. "The gentleman would not wait to see Sir Geoffrey, after all," he said carelessly to the servant. "Did—did he leave his name with you, Hilton?"

"No, sir."

As the door closed on the man Dick Charteris knelt down and thrust the envelope into the heart of the blazing fire.—Madame.

Appointments Are Debts.

Appointments, once made, become debts. If you have made an appointment with any one you owe him punctuality. You have no right to throw away his time, if you do your own.—New York News.

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