## HER WRITING TABLE.

"Now, I am going to be quite quiet," says my lady, "for you are going to write a letter. You will find everything you want on my writing table." She says this with rather a superior air. "It is suitable," she adds more gently, "just that little "where is it" under the floor leg. No, it won't hurt it really. I keep it there for the purpose. Oh, yes, I do have a good many addresses in it, but I can find it, I know I put down most people's complete correspondence. I hardly ever use it. I think it is always better to put a dash instead of a number when you write to people, don't you? Footmen are so intelligent."

If there is everything I want at the writing table, I might sit comfortably, of course, I wouldn't be such a hedgehog that there are several things upon it which I don't want.

The principal articles on the table are as follows: A paperweight, with a group of silver dachshunds on the top; two vases of flowers and an "art" pen with instructions in it, a patent contrivance for moistening stamps; two large pockets of drawing patterns ("if not returned in ten days, will be charged 2s. 6d."), a magnifying glass, a massive silver inkstand with a receptacle for ink about the size of a tricycle inside, a knocking looking cushion without a key, a china monkey, two quill pens with tinsel points, their feathers stiff with gum, having been lately used to paste pictures in a scrapbook, a photograph frame of unmistakable metal, a case for post cards, a case for twine, a case for stamped cards, a case for stamps (all three empty) and a case for blotting (1893).

"Oh, do you want some ink now?" my lady exclaims in a tone in which natural surprise tangles with pretty impatience for not having noticed my want sooner. "It is in the right hand drawer. You open it with a paper knife—look, like this."

"You afraid there is no more paper here," says my lady, pushing her slender hand, lace ruffles and all, to the back of the drawer and pulling out some snow drees patterns and a quantity of unpaid bills, "but I'll run and get some from papa's study."

"Oh, no; don't."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Stay here. Show me again how this drawer opens."

"Someone; the drawer is open, and it is nearly post time."

"My letter is not important."

"But you said it was."

"I don't think it is now."

"Oh," rather quickly, "I think I should like to get you that note paper."

"And now—laying it before me—"you must write your letter quickly if you want to get it off in time. And you mustn't talk any more."

"I won't. But isn't there something rather bumpy in the blotting book?"

"Oh, yes, that is chocolate. I always keep it in the pocket of my blotter, and then my maid doesn't eat it. Take it out while you are writing, but put it back again."

"Won't you take it out for me?"

"No. But you may eat some of it if you like."

My lady sits down in a basket chair—it creaks delightfully—and takes her kitten on her knee. The kitten makes playful pats at her with his paws, crouches down on her knee and springs at her hand, fastening his claws in her lace. My lady shakes her head tragically, then seizes him and holds him close to her and pretends to kiss him.

"You don't seem to be getting on with your letter very quickly."

"I can't bear to sit here and see that cat destroy your ruffles."

"Kitty and I will take another chair."

"Come now; that's not fair."

"It's nearly post time. You really must get on with that letter."

"Well, will you go back and sit in the basket chair?"

"No."

"I can't write unless you do."

"That's silly."

"It is true."

"Oh, well."

The basket chair begins to creak again. I wish I could remember what I was going to say in the letter. I really would get on with it if I could, but for the life of me I don't remember what I was going to write about. The kitten has gone into a nest of discovery round the room, and my lady sits with lightly folded hands looking out of the window.

The china monkey gives at me. I do wish I could remember what I wanted to say. I rock the top of my pen; it tastes bad.

Presently my lady looks round. When she turns her head in that manner a man feel inclined to place telepathy at her and wonder how she does it. All the old similes about crocus movements and flowerlike grace seem horribly inadequate when my lady turns her head. She bends it a little forward as she turns it, and one sees the wonderful lines of her neck and shoulder and the contour of her cheek, clear cut against the light from the window.

"You are quite sure you have everything you want?"

It is possible that she has been expecting to hear the scratching of my pen on the paper for some time past.

"I am quite sure I haven't."

"Oh, I am so sorry," says my lady. She rises from her chair and comes half way across the room toward me. Then she sees the looking at her, and she stops.

"You know I meant writing materials," she says, with terrible severity.

"But there isn't any ink."

"Oh, dear! Has it dried up again?"

"It has, and I am quite sure these pens are not fit to use."

"Oh, and it is just post time! What will you do? I am afraid it is all my fault."

"I am sure of it."

"I really did think there was everything in that writing table." Then again, "What will you do?"

"I think I'll go for a walk in the garden with you."

"Oh, but I am so busy."

"Well, I really think you ought to do something to make up for making me lose the post."

"Well, it must only be for a few minutes, remember."

It is two hours later when, having reached the garden somehow—I never can remember how—we return to the house. As we cross the lawn my lady is saying to me, "And I'll always help you to write your letters, and your writing table shall have paper and stamps and everything you want in it."—New Budget.

### THE IMPOSTRYSTING OF SWEET OIL.

After the olive oil has been roughly but honestly made it is carried across the yard to another room, the walls of which are lined with huge red terra cotta vessels kept carefully closed. Into one of these the oil is poured and left to settle, cases being heaped well up around the vessel to maintain a high temperature within. When the oil is finally poured off, it is of a lovely golden color, as clear and tinged pretty as water. But it is not deemed ready to reach the public in this attractive state. Scarcely has it left the hands of the peasants before it is manipulated and adulterated to such an extent that even in Florence pure olive oil is almost unobtainable.

Cotton oil, colza oil, etc., are mixed with it, rendering it absolutely hurtful to the consumer. The Italian government has offered prizes for the discovery of a test of exposing the adulteration. At present no other certain way has been found than that of Professor Bolfi, a well known Italian chemist. He treats the oil in question with nitrate of silver and judges of the adulteration by the resulting scorchas.—Good Words.

### MINERAL WOOL.

#### The Process by Which the Useful Silica's Cotton Is Produced.

Of those who know what mineral wool is, or silicate cotton, as it is sometimes called, probably only a small number are familiar with the simple process by which it is made. The wool itself, serving a variety of useful purposes, as a nonconducting covering against heat and cold alike, for steam pipes and cold storage room walls, as a sound "deadener" in flats and buildings and as a means of fireproofing, among many others, be as its name implies, a soft and woolly substance, consisting of a mass of very fine mineral fibers interlacing one another in every direction, and thus forming an endless number of minute air cells.

The wool appears on the market in a variety of colors, principally white, but often yellow or gray and occasionally quite dark and is made by converting scorial and certain rocks while in a molten state into a fibrous condition by a stream blast directed against the liquid material. Blast furnace slag forms the raw material for one variety of the wool and sandstone for another, yielding respectively slag wool and rock wool, the latter being preferable for pipe covering because of the absence from it of sulphur, which, with moisture present, becomes an active corroding agent.

The furnace slag or the rock, as the case may be, is melted in a large cupola, and as it trickles out at the tap hole in a somewhat sluggish stream it meets a high pressure steam jet which atomizes the woolen mineral, if it may be so termed, blowing it in fleecy clouds into the storage room provided for it. Soft and downy, the stuff settles wherever a resting place affords itself, the heavier and coarser wool coming down first, while the lighter portions are blown farther along by the force of the steam and settle in the more distant parts of the room, the material thus naturally grading itself into varieties of different quality.

A thousand pounds of wool per hour are turned out by one of the cupolas, and after the storage room has been blown full the fleecy mass is packed into bags, ready for the market. The whole process affords an admirable and interesting illustration of the utilization of an utterly waste product.—Cassier's Magazine.

### His Palmy Days Are Gone.

The jugglING fakir, having been driven from more lucrative schemes, has been reduced to a very common level. One of the class who was recognized as having worn diamonds five years ago, and who was known as one of the most skillful shell workers in the country, was the center of an eager group of boys in the rear of a big store at dinner hour Saturday. He was seedy and run down, and a wreck of his former days, indicating that the shell swindle is too well known nowadays to be successfully worked.

He had a basket in front of him, containing a number of small paper bags. In one hand he held a pretty gold ring, and this he pretended to put into one of the bags. Then he shook the pile up.

"Pick it out for a cent, boys!" he cried many times.

"It's in that one," cried one. "There it is," shouted another, and so the boys vigorously guessed, but they didn't produce the goodies.

When the observer left, the decayed thimble rigger was still monotonously and desperately calling out:

"Pick it out for a cent, boys! There's no deception, and the lucky boy gets a gold ring worth $20. Pick it out for a cent!"—Philadelphia Call.

### Picking Season on Fruit.

The rosy cheek of an apple is on the sunny side. The odoriferous apple grows in the leafy shade. Advantage may be taken of this to have a pleasant surprise for children. A piece of stiff paper placed around an apple in the full sun will shade it, and if the Mary or Bobbie is cut in the paper so that the sun can color the apple through these stencilled spaces the little one can gather the apple for itself with the name printed on the fruit by nature herself.—Modern's Monthly.

### The Honor More Than Salary.

The salary of an associate justice of the supreme court—$10,000 per year—is not sufficient in itself to tempt a first class lawyer, but the honor is an attraction which is hard to resist. This accounts for the fact that our highest judicial tribunal is equal to the best courts of other countries, which are much better paid.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Winter Layers.

Watch the flock of hens this year and mark those that begin to molt early, for that is the kind that is wanted to make early layers. A hen molts when her year's work is done, and if she begins to lay in the fall and lays through the winter she finishes her year and takes on a new suit of feathers early to be ready for the cold weather.

The hen that molts just at the edge of winter will not get her new plumage in time to protect her from the cold weather and will not lay again until next spring.

There will be a considerable difference in the growth and maturity of chicks in the same flock, and those should be kept that make the thriftiest growth and mature youngest, as the earlier a pullet matures the sooner she is ready for business. The farmer who keeps a watch of his fowls can by proper selections add 25 per cent to their value as layers in a few years and have a flock that will be worth more for what they will produce than half the fancy fowls that are bred for shape and feather alone.—Farm News.

### Poultry Notes.

Feathers and combs are largely matters of fancy, but egg laying and chicken raising are matters of business.

Do not feed stimulating foods to your poultry. Condition powders of all kinds are stimulating. As a corrective give a feed of charred corn once a week.

Sometimes hens are found dead under the perches while seemingly fat and in good condition. Often the trouble is that they are too fat and died of apoplexy.


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60 Pieces Complete for Six Persons.
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Pure White, Blue, Brown and Rich Gold Spray Decorations. Price per set, $6.75, $8.00, $8.25, $9.40, $11.40.
Water Sets (6 pieces glass) 40c.
Tea Sets (6 pieces glass) 35c.
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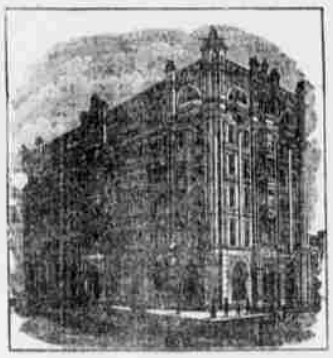

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