

AT THE CLUBHOUSE IN CEYLON.

The little clubhouse of the Lantana district of Ceylon presented an animated scene. It was "Teavali," and all the Tamil coolies on the surrounding tea estates were busily engaged in celebrating their great festival, as was evidenced by the incessant tom-tomming which arose from their lines of huts, and the thriving trade which the keeper of the arrack tavern was doing.

Their English masters, with their wives and sisters and cousins, were gathered at the district clubhouse for the little gymkhana meet which is inevitable on such occasions.

Lantana is one of the scattered districts of Ceylon, and the residents, who only see each other at rare intervals, welcome such opportunities with unfeigned delight. Some of them lived twenty miles from the club, but distance did not deter them, and all the morning they had been pouring in, some on horseback, some in little trotting bullocks hackeries and others in rickshaws drawn by coolies who looked forward to a "santousim" for working on their holiday.

The club secretary was a harassed man that morning, for there were a thousand and one little details to be arranged.

As he hurried past the tennis court he caught sight of a girl who had just ridden up, and was standing by her horse's head waiting for her horsekeeper. "Good morning, Miss Moore," he said, as he approached. "Come and let me introduce you to your partner in the tennis tournament." "Miss Moore—Major Bradshaw."

The girl stared aghast for a moment, but quickly recovered herself, though the warm blush which rose to her cheek betrayed her attitude of sangfroid. "Oh, you have met before," said the secretary, catching her look. "So much the better, I must be off. Hope the weather will keep up."

He hurried off and left the two together. When two young people have been engaged and have decided to break it off, subsequent meetings are apt to prove a little awkward, even after the lapse of such a long period of time as five years.

A faint reddening under the deep tan of his skin showed that Bradshaw also found the situation a little trying, but he smiled frankly as he raised his hat. "How do you do?" he said. "I didn't know you were in Ceylon." The girl laughed.

"And I was equally ignorant with regard to you," she said. "I am staying with my cousin, Mrs. Deare."

"I am staying with Jones on Parmetta," said Bradshaw, "only a couple of miles from Gangoya. Funny I hadn't heard you were here. Every one knows all about every one else here, but I only arrived two days ago, so perhaps that explains it."

The girl felt that the situation was decidedly awkward. Five years ago, in Southsea, she had met young Bradshaw, then a subaltern, and after a short acquaintance they had become engaged. She was in her first season, and at eighteen life is not a serious problem. He was arbitrary and self-confident, and resented what he was pleased to call her flirtations with other men, so the quarrel came and the engagement was broken off. It was a little embarrassing to meet again suddenly like this, but she must make the best of it.

"I hope the rain will keep off," she said, taking refuge in that excellent subject, the weather. "Yes," he replied, "we shan't get much tennis if it rains. I am afraid you have been unlucky in the draw, for my tennis has not improved."

She stole a glance at him, and found his gaze fixed steadily on her. "Your regiment is stationed in India, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I am here on three months' sick leave. Had a slight case of enteric, and the doctors thought it wasn't bad enough to send me home, so I came here to pick up after it."

"I see they are starting play," she said. "I must get ready, else we shall get into trouble."

She tripped to the clubhouse, and soon reappeared in a short white skirt and tennis shoes.

Major Bradshaw had evidently not overrated the case when he belittled his powers as a tennis player, for he and his partner succumbed ignominiously to couple after couple in the tournament.

Miss Moore did not seem to take her want of success or the shortcomings of her partner very much to heart. On the contrary, after the first feeling of awkwardness had worn off, she appeared to be enjoying herself immensely, while Bradshaw, on his part, threw of the slightly nonchalant manner which he had at first assumed and became quite vivacious.

"Perhaps it was not quite by coincidence that they sat next each other at the substantial midday breakfast."

He had improved, she thought. Hard lines had taken away the full roundness of boyhood from his face, and his hair was a little scanty over the temples; but the expression had changed for the better. The old firmness of will was still strongly marked, but he was quieter and less insistent.

The years which brought him ad-

vancement in his profession, a brevet majority and the D. S. O., had evidently taught him that the world could not be molded to his wish. It was with a feeling of regretful surprise that she realized the happy day was over, and it was time to go home again.

As she emerged from the clubhouse in boots and habit once more, she found him waiting, and advanced to bid him good-by.

"I am coming with you," he said smiling. "Mrs. Deare has had to go on, and she asked me to see you safely home, as it is on my way."

"It is very kind of you," she said a little shyly.

"No, not that," he said, as he lifted her to the saddle.

Slowly they mounted higher and higher by the narrow zigzag path leading to the gap whence they would descend to the bungalow on the other side of the hills. The sun had dipped out of sight over the misty hills across the valley, and the great clouds came scurrying out of the wind. The darkness came swiftly over them as they climbed the hillside, and the valley, far below, with the little clubhouse and tennis courts, was swept out of sight by the driving mist.

"I am afraid we are going to have a storm," said Bradshaw at last. "Jones promised to have a coolie with a lantern at the gap to light us down the other side. It's ticklish work riding down the side of a mountain in the dark by these estate tracks. I hope you are not nervous, Miss Moore?"

"Not in the least," she said. "I have done this lots of times before, and I shan't mind getting wet. Here it comes," she continued, as the first heavy drops of the storm splashed down on them.

The rain came down in sheets and drove against them as the horses scrambled slowly up the slope. As they neared the top they plunged into the forest of trees, and the path was hidden by the darkness.

At last a faint glimmer of light in the distance showed that the promised coolie was at his post with the lantern, and in obedience to a shouted command from Bradshaw the girl gave her horse his head, and let him pick his own way after the other. Gradually the noise increased, and the pelting sheets of rain became heavier till the flickering light proved unable to withstand their onslaught, and went out suddenly.

Bradshaw shouted something to the coolie, but the man, with the stupidity of his race, jumped to the conclusion that punishment for the mishap was about to be visited on him, and bolted. Bradshaw's shouts produced no answer, and they were left on the side of the hill in the middle of the first burst of the north-east monsoon, unable to see a foot in front of them.

"We must go on as best we can," shouted Bradshaw. Leave everything to the horses. We are safer on than off them."

The horses seemed to understand, and picked their way slowly down the precipitous slope. All went well for a time, and Bradshaw was beginning to congratulate himself that the worst was over, when they came to a drain crossing the path. It had been a trickle of water in the morning, but the roar of the torrent rushing over it warned him that it was probably impassable. After a moment's hesitation he resolved to leave it to his horse and trust to its instinct if it refused.

"I'll go through first," he shouted. "I'll call to you if it's all right."

The horse faced it without balking, and with a splash and a clatter of hoofs on stones he was through, greatly relieved to find that it was much less formidable than had appeared from the noise. The girl's horse, resenting the feel on its mouth which prevented its following, grew restive, fidgeted and slipped a foot over the side of the narrow path. Bradshaw pulled up on the other side and heard the clatter. There was a scream, followed by the noise of a heavy body falling down the slope, and the squeal of a frightened horse. He sprang from his horse, left it to its own devices and waded into the water, shouting as he went.

"Miss Moore, where are you?" he called, his voice trembling with emotion. A cry came from below him.

"Grace, are you hurt?" he said. "Call to me again and I will find my way to you."

"I'm all right, I think," said a voice in tremulous accents. "I am trying to climb up, but I don't know where my poor horse is."

Bradshaw, his feelings suddenly lessened from the strain, was guilty of a remark in reference to the unfortunate horse which scarcely conveyed sympathy. Following the sound of his voice, the girl climbed slowly to the path and waded into the stream. Midway across her outstretched hands touched him, and the next moment she was held close in a strong embrace.

"I love you," he said simply. "I have always loved you."

They stood knee deep in the water, and the darkness hid their faces from each other. She did not speak, but gently pressed his arm and sighed softly. She was his once more, and all else was as nothing to her.

"I shall never let you go again," he said.

"I do not want to go again—ever," she said.

A few minutes later a very wet but ridiculously happy couple reached Gangoya bungalow. Harry Deare met them in the veranda, and was not a little surprised at the calm indifference with which they treated the probable fate of their horses.

HOW TO PREPARE OYSTERS.

Tempting Ways of Cooking the Luscious Bivalve.

Fanned Oysters.

Into a covered saucepan put a tablespoonful of butter with a teaspoonful salt and paprika or white pepper to taste. When hot add one pint oysters, cover and shake the pan for three or four minutes until the oysters are plump. Serve on toasted crackers or bread.

Oysters Roasted in the Shell.

Wash the shells clean and wipe dry. Lay in a baking pan and set in a hot oven for about twenty minutes or until the shells open. Take out and serve in the shells on hot dishes with lemons or pepper sauce and thin slices of brown bread. Through this is not an elegant dish, it conserves the flavor and juices of the oyster more than almost any other way.

A Kitchen Oyster Roast.

On a wet fall evening let the young people try an oyster roast in the kitchen. Wash the oyster shells and throw them by the dozen into the fire. As they open remove with the tongs to a large pan. Have ready on the kitchen table plenty of butter, catsup, horseradish or pepper sauce and let each one season his oysters to suit his individual palate. Don't stint the oysters nor yet the bread and butter. Finish this homely but most delectable feast with sweet cider, doughnuts and apples.

Celeried Oysters on Toast.

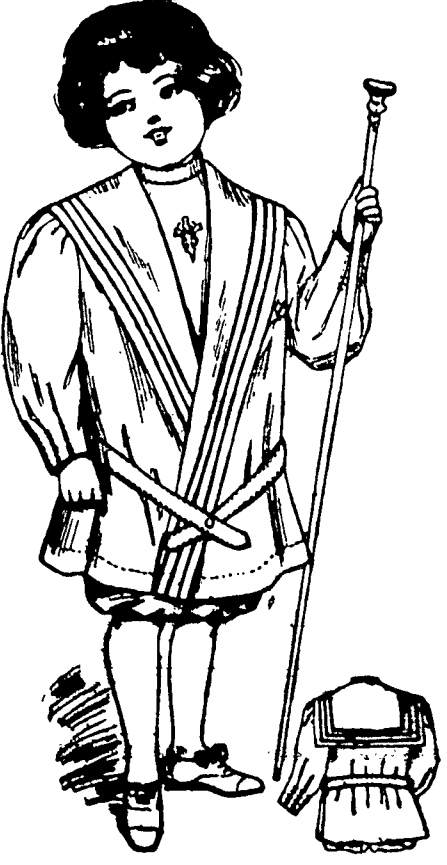
Cook one cupful fine cut celery in boiling salted water until tender, then drain. Place a half pint of oysters in their own liquor in a saucepan over the fire and cook until plumped, season with a salt spoonful and a little less pepper. Mix a teaspoonful flour with a table-spoonful butter, stir into the oysters and add a quarter cup rich milk. Add the celery to the oysters, then pour over buttered toast.

Broiled Oysters.

For this use the largest oysters. Scald in their own liquor until plumped, drain, then dip in melted butter or olive oil until well coated, then in seasoned flour or fine cracker crumbs. Lay on a buttered broiler and broil two minutes on each side either over a clear coal fire or under a gas flame. If the latter lay toast under the broiler to catch the drip. Serve on buttered toast with slices of lemon.

Boy's Blouse Suit.

The blouse suit is so essentially becoming to small boys and so entirely satisfactory that every fresh variation is hailed with a hearty welcome. This one is quite novel in



treatment, yet includes all the essential characteristics, and is suited to a variety of materials.

The suit consists of the blouse and the knickerbockers. The blouse is made with fronts and back and is finished with the big sailor collar, beneath which it is buttoned to the shield. The sleeves are comfortably full, tucked at their lower edges to give a box-plated effect. There is a belt that confines the blouse at the waist line, and the knickerbockers are of the regulation sort drawn up at the knees by means of elastic inserted in the hems.

GUIDES TO HEALTH.

A little turpentine added to the bath water is said to be good for rheumatism.

In administering smelling salts, ammonia or other stimulants to a fainting person, use precautions against allowing any of the strong liquids to drop in the eyes or to be held too close to the nostrils or mouth.

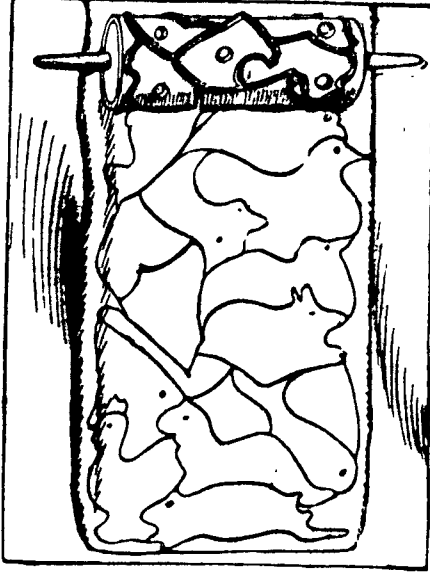
Hiccoughs may sometimes be cured by compressing the ribs firmly with both hands. It is also efficacious to draw a deep breath and hold it while counting thirty-five—fifty, if possible. Then exhale slowly and repeat until the paroxysms are relieved.

A cold bath registers from 40 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. A tepid bath from 85 to 90 degrees; a warm bath, from 92 to 98 degrees, and a hot bath from 98 to 110 degrees. The latter, for young children especially, is only used in cases of illness, as its effect is enervating if of frequent occurrence.

A MODERN DOUGH CUTTER.

Cuts Out Numbers of Figures of Various Shapes Without Waste.

To design a cake cutter which will cut out cakes without wasting considerable dough would seem almost impossible. A New Jersey man seems to have accomplished this successfully in a very simple manner. The illustration shows this cake cutter, which will simultaneously cut out numerous figures of various shapes from a sheet of dough in such manner as to leave no intervening or



Novel Cake Cutter.

waste portions, thus reducing wastage to a minimum. On a large roller he secures a series of blades, which are shaped to form the figures desired. The designs are arranged on the roller so that after running the roller over a sheet of dough the designs will be continuous, like a sheet of wall paper. The adjacent edges of the figures meet, leaving no waste dough between them. The necessity of removing intervening portions is avoided, the amount of dough not cut into cakes being reduced to a minimum.

Women as Builders.

The number of women who practice the profession of architecture is very much greater than the number of women architects, anomalous as this may seem, says the New York Sun.

Most of the women who make a business of building houses have men in their offices to do the architectural part of the work for them. Usually they begin as decorators, and and if they prosper they soon find that orders to build houses also come to them.

Usually they have previously added an architect to their office staff, for simple efforts at decoration frequently demand the skill of a trained architect. After a while the architect builds the houses when the orders begin to come in.

There are many women decorators now prosperous enough to have architects in their employ. One of these now occupies a four-story building in a side street off Fifth Avenue merely for her own business. She began in one room downtown only a few years ago.

Elsie de Wolfe has met with great success since she went in for house decoration and she has found many clients among her wealthy friends. She will probably be the next person in her line of business to undertake the building of houses.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Milk used instead of water makes puddings and pastry light.

Salt sprinkled on any substance that is burning on a stove will stop the smoke and smell.

Woolen clothes should be washed in very hot suds and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them.

When machining hard materials, such as serge or holland, oil the thread. This will prevent it constantly snapping.

Old incandescent gas mantels make a splendid polish for silverware. Crush a little on a soft duster and rub on the silver.

When baking cakes place a layer of salt under the mold. This prevents burning.

Always heat new iron, such as ranges, very gradually at first, as this will prevent cracking.

If potatoes are soaked in cold water two or three hours after peeling they will be whiter when cooked.

Lemon coffee is delicious. Rub each side of a lump of sugar on the rind of a lemon and pour the coffee in the ordinary way.

Stains in table linen are easily removed by plunging the articles in pure boiling water. The addition of soap or soda would have the effect of fixing the stain.

Idle American Women.

Idleness of the rich American women, so the late Mrs. Craigie declared just before her death, is the chief cause of the trouble with servants in America. They would have far more respect for their mistresses, she thought, if the latter were really interested in work of some kind, even though it be charity. In England, Mrs. Craigie said, every woman, titled or not, works. It may be slum work, it may be politics, or it may be institutional interests of some sort, but work she does. In this country many women give themselves up to a life of luxury and idleness and instead of making something of their lives set up a standard of false and shallow living, the folly of which is soon detected by the employees of the household. The result is an undercurrent of opposition to catering to the demands of those in command.

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