

think the menagerie is passing, and that the lion has roared.

K is sympathetic, and explains that boiling water—as near boiling as you can bear—will end your suffering. But you don't try it.

L says "Have it out," and offers to accompany you.

"I'll go with you," she continues, "if you'll go and have it out."

You accept her escort. All you remember of the scene is a false assertion made by the dentist that he "won't hurt you." Then he stands before you with your tooth in his forceps, while you solemnly assert that he has pulled your whole jaw out and that you are dying.

You recover, however, but with a fixed conviction that nobody knows anything, which conviction remains with you all the rest of your life.

A Terrible Outlook.

SCENT FAMINE THREATENED.

There will very soon be a great scarcity of scents and perfumes of all kinds, and a corresponding rise in price of these delectable requisites for the toilette.

The orris root, which is the basis of all perfumes, is only obtainable around Florence and the neighbourhood of Verona. Manufacturers, therefore, have to look to these two small districts for the whole of their supplies of this indispensable article.

Now the supply is running short, and there is likely to be vexation in the boudoirs of the world.

A strong syndicate, supported by a powerful bank, has recently secured the whole of the Veronese crop, and nine-tenths of that of Florence. It is a pronounced "corner," and the position is serious.

The small quantity of Florence root still in the growers' hands is being offered at enormous prices. The syndicate is still holding its stocks, and apparently declines to sell. Representatives of a large perfume manufactory of Grasse recently endeavoured to obtain a small quantity, but failed. There are not 50 tons in the whole of Leghorn. The day will soon come when French manufacturers will find they cannot get on without fresh supplies, and then they will have to pay heavily for them.

Orris root is a commodity that is subject to the most singular fluctuations in price. A fair average price is £50 per ton, but in 1891, as much as £120 per ton was paid, while in 1898, the price was as low as £26.

Women's Clubs.

Whatever may be the purposes with which some men resort to clubs, women have thus far organised only that they may converse on subjects of mutual interest. There are no gambling clubs, drinking clubs, or even mere dining clubs in the feminine world. Such general organisations as women have formed are almost all in cities, where intelligent women as a rule, know more members of their own sex than they can entertain in women's customary way without providing a rapid round of luncheas, teas and parties. Until women's clubs were organised there were many intelligent and sympathetic women who were absolutely obliged to avoid increasing

their list of acquaintances because acquaintanceship implied an extent of entertainment and "calling" to which time and money were inadequate. City men escape this embarrassing situation by distinguishing between friends and acquaintances, meeting the latter at clubs, where that without subsequent social responsibility is possible. At a club the man of modest income is the peer of the millionaire, if manners and intelligence are equal. A similar privilege and right should be conceded to the many thousands of women who have more sense and character than money. To many men the club is the only place at which they can meet others who in turn wish to meet them. Neither business, social, nor religious organisations answer the purpose so well. What is true of men in this respect is true also of women; "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

All right minded men will be glad to have their wives' range of vision enlarged by wide acquaintance with the better members of their own sex, and they will as a rule be unable to find a better medium than a good club. The general feminine movement toward organisation deserves heartfelt encouragement.—"Godey's."

The "Society Bee."

There is a great deal of talk of late years in the newspapers of strange insects and the effect that their bites have on the human constitution, and we have all heard of the fabulous tarantula, whose sting causes its victims to dance in madness. The expression of "a bee in his bonnet" has become an accepted term for any marked eccentricity, and now we have the "society bee," that numbers its victims by thousands. It is curious the effect that the society bee has on the character. It is undoubtedly very stultifying. A man or woman who has the craze for purely social recognition and prominence is apt to attach such undue importance to the really petty

distinctions that their nobler ambitions and aspirations become completely stifled by the parasitical growth that creeps over and destroys the healthful interests of life. This may sound extreme, but it is really curious to note how many clever people appear to feel that to achieve an acknowledged place in the fashionable world is the acme of human good. They will devote time and energy toward an object which they know to be futile and unworthy of such efforts. To be asked to Mrs Tiptop's dinners; to be on terms of familiarity with Mrs Smart and her set; to be intimate with the Croesuses and Midases—in short, to "succeed socially," seems to be the goal which is worth the greatest striving.

Some of the best known symptoms of a person who has been bitten by the "society bee" are as follows: Old friends are forgotten and lost sight of; relatives, if not in the swim, are ignored; scheming and calculation take the place of honesty and loyalty; snobbishness and arrogance of kindness and true friendship, while every act seems subordinated to the one great object of getting nearer the charmed circle of high society! This may seem an exaggeration, but in thinking over the changed character of some friend who has been bitten by the "society bee" do we not recognise at least some of these characteristics? It is the social aspirants to whom these charges are applicable, and those who wear the purple by natural right note with languid interest the efforts of those who seek their society. "I took quite a fancy to that little Mrs Clymber at one time," said one of these great ladies recently. "I used to meet such clever people at her house. She really had the elements of a salon if she had been wise enough to see it. Through some of her relatives she was connected with the stage, and her husband who was a publisher, knew many celebrated authors, and she herself went with a musical set that was delightful. I always made a point of accepting her invitations, as

I felt sure I would meet someone worth knowing. Now that she is what is called socially launched, she has entirely changed her guests, and if I should go to her house now I would meet only vapid, would-be-fashionables, whom Mrs Clymber, with her short-sighted policy, fancies to be "smart"—people whom we know and have to tolerate, but who certainly are not worth the trouble of meeting. It seems a pity that a really clever woman like Mrs Clymber should have played her cards so badly, and instead of becoming a personage, which she might very easily with her opportunities have succeeded in doing, she is only a quasi-fashionable, who hangs on the skirts of society."

"What has become of young X—?" asked a college professor not long ago. "I always predicted a successful future for that young man. What is he doing with himself?"

"Dancing attendance on Mrs Top-notch," laughed the person whom he addressed. "He has been bitten by the 'society bee,' goes only with smart people, and has forgotten, or rather appears to forget, his old friends. In the mean while he gets a small salary in some office that pays for his clubs and his clothes. You might as well give him up. A man that has got into a groove like that never gets out of it!"

Housework Without Soap.

"In looking over some current magazines the other day," said an intelligent housekeeper, "I came across an item recommending housework without soap. The writer of that article declares that for years she has not used soap for any purpose except the laundry. I couldn't help wondering how she managed it, and what sort of a kitchen she succeeded in keeping."

"Of course, some substitute must have been used, for it seems to go without saying that even the most careful housekeeper cannot make her tables, shelves and dishcloths perfectly clean merely by the use of hot

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