

A LYRIC.

How fair it is, the world around,
The changing life; each day's surprise,
To see the stars, the land, the sea,

To hear the ecstasy of morn,
The birds in field and wood rejoice,
The madrigals of wind and trees,

To feel the waga, firm, throbbing life,
The friendly hands our fingers cross,
The strong, true work in which we share,

How fair it is, the world around,
How wonderful and sweet the past,
That knows its ecstasy and work,

That knows your loving heart.
-New York Herald.

His First Faux Pas

HARRY HATCH was one of those handsome chivalrous, rollicking, harmless fellows whom everybody likes—especially the women.

He had been best man at more fashionable weddings than any man in town. But thirty years old, he was already godfather to a score of cherubic children of "chums" and young women who once laughed and gloried in his unselfish companionship.

Harry knew how to make love without going too far. His jokes never miscarried. He was everybody's friend and everybody was his. He was "not a knocker" among men, and he had the "confidence" of all the set.

Though they never said so, there were many elderly men of his acquaintance who thought, however, that Harry would "never amount to much."

He was too vacillating, too reckless, too merry to "cut any ice." Women with marriageable daughters never took him seriously because, they said, he "had nothing." And he was poor. A clerk-

ship in a bank sufficed to enable him to twinkle merrily at receptions and even shine at the head of cotillions.

He danced like a faun, laughed like Momus, sang and played like a troubadour. A vote of the women who knew him would have established his pre-eminence in popularity, but—none of them could think of him as an "eligible part."

The dullest man of his class never thought of him as a possible rival in love. In a word, he was a delightful trifler, a butterfly of mankind, a blue-eyed, yellow curled, dancing, laughing failure.

Of course, he didn't seem to care a rap, such men never do, and so it was all right.

It was his good fortune never to come into contact with other men till Stephen Hatch, his cousin, came back from college, a swarthy, eye-glassed, serious, saturnine young man, rich in his own right, ambitious, hypercritical, with a patronizing, superior attitude toward women, and a tolerant, deprecating air with him.

and vulgar to have to go into a public place and bandy his name and hers and pass money for a common document such as peddlers, teamsters and others might get for a paltry dollar.

But Harry laughed and said that he would regard it as a proud privilege to be able to ask for and get a license to marry any good woman, but that if her (Dorothy's) name was to appear on the document side by side with his he would consider his glory supreme and perfect, etc.

And they laughed some more and, I think, the waiter brought in a little silver pail with beads of icy water upon it and a golden, green bottle-neck peeping out of the ice, but anyway they marched across to the city hall and she blushing and tittering, and he quite ridiculously solemn looking, they asked for, and paid for, and got a license, and went back to the hotel bubbling with enjoyment of Harry's latest "joke."

Stephen was waiting for them, very impatient and important, and Dorothy trust the married license into her bosom and with a quick warning to Harry went away with her fiancé to the theater.

Then Harry went back to the marriage license desk and called the clerk aside so that he could explain the joke, and that, of course, he didn't want the license at all, and that it mustn't get into the papers.

"I just thought I'd come and tell you to make sure the reporters don't find it out. We're going to tear up the license, and—"

"But it's too late, Mr. Hatch," said the clerk, "the afternoon papers have got the names already. These lists are public property, and, anyhow, the license is issued, is out and is bona fide, until you bring it back."

"Then I must bring it back to be canceled!" exclaimed Harry, and not waiting for more than a nod, he darted off toward the theater where, he knew, Dorothy and Stephen were attending the matinee.

He didn't find them, missed them in the crowd later, and when he went rushing to her house at dinner-time, found her mother in tears and the house in a bedlam.

The reporters had been there! The story of the license was "out." Harry rushed back, pell-mell to the newspaper offices to have it "stopped," but when he got out of the carriage and bought the late editions of the evening papers, the story was there, looming black, sensational and prominent.

"All about the sensation in high society," Harry read it over and—grinned. "That won't do a thing but put a crimp in Steve!" he muttered.

He pleaded with city editors and insisted that the whole business was a joke. They promised to do their best for him, and interviewed him and sent reporters to interview Stephen.

It was an awful mess! Harry, out of breath and anxious to pacify the Carrs, hastened back to Dorothy's home to find confusion worse confounded.

Stephen had been there in a towering rage. He had scolded Dorothy, read a lecture to old Mrs. Carr, cursed Harry and left in a sullen "huff." Dorothy's mother glowered at poor Harry and then burst into tears.

DIVORCED BARONESS WHO KILLED HERSELF.



Baroness Wolfbauer, a granddaughter of the famous Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Church, and daughter of a United States army captain, committed suicide by shooting in a hotel in Jersey City, N. J. The baroness, who was also known as Mrs. Louise Ames Van Weik-Wolfbauer, was recently divorced from Baron Wolfbauer, an Austrian, in South Dakota. Baron Wolfbauer is in the sugar business in Cuba, with offices in New York. Her first husband was Otto Van Weik, now a postoffice inspector, from whom she also was divorced.

NEW YORK'S WOMEN PEDDLERS.

Fully 5,000 of Them Pick Up Their Living in the Streets.

From the heart of New York's kaleidoscopic life comes a practical contradiction of the common belief that women form the weaker sex.

Fully 5,000 women work on the streets of the American metropolis in fair weather and foul. The sidewalk is their shop, the curbstone their counter.

They know nothing of the barest comforts afforded by a poorly appointed store. They stand or walk about the whole day long, while carrying on their petty business.

Yet they are strong, they enjoy life after their own fashion, and they lay up treasure in banks of whose stability they have the best assurance.

This steadily increasing army of street saleswomen does not include agents of any sort who make a house-



NEW YORK WOMAN PEDDLER.

to house canvass, nor beggars who wear the guise of peddlers. It represents only those who have placed themselves in open competition with the male peddlers who cry their wares and the fakirs who offer anything salable on the street corner.

Among them are numbered the push-cart women of the East Side, the news-girls, the proprietors of vegetable and fruit stands, from the Battery to Harlem, the women who work cafe and theater entrances with smokers' supplies and the Romany women who infest the fashionable shopping districts with so-called "hand-made laces."

The most interesting phase of the life of these street saleswomen, mostly of Jewish extraction, is their dual mercantile and domestic ability. "A bachelor maid" is unknown among them. In truth, the mother of the family is most often in business, and if there be a daughter or unmarried sister, she continues to do her share of the household duties, and boarding away from one's relations is unknown.

Wives and mothers run both business and home with remarkable success.

WHAT KEEPING HOUSE MEANS.

Requires a Knowledge of Many Trades by One Person.

A great many men are of the opinion that any woman, even if not very clever, ought to know enough to keep house, and keep it well. This occupation they lump off in a perfunctory way, as though it were as simple an operation as digging a ditch or milking a cow.

How many men are there, think you, who, in one small head, or large one, either, for that matter, can con-

serve a working knowledge of all the details necessary for the running of a first-class laundry, a bake-shop, a hotel, the tailor's trade, the professions of nursing and medicine, the lore of a close and intelligent buyer; the savoir faire of a caterer, a waiter, a chambermaid, a cook, a scullion, a teacher and live to tell the tale? And yet women without number are expected to have all these trades and professions, with millinery, dressmaking, hairdressing and a score of lesser crafts thrown in at their fingers' ends.

When you see a well-kept home, and children starting off to school well and suitably groomed, clothed and mannered, you may safely conclude that the woman at the helm of that house is in possession of a Napoleonic head that would have won distinction in any field of endeavor.

Yet, too often, all this service is accepted as a matter of course and without a word of thanks, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

And here, dear man, let me give you a word of advice. If you have a wife of this kind, or even a wife that is trying her best to please you and make you comfortable, let her know that you appreciate it.

Don't wait until she has folded her tired hands at last and laid down in a sleep so profound that even the baker's cry cannot awaken her and then order for her a beautiful \$20 pillow, inscribed in pink carnations, "To My Dear Wife," or an ornate monument recording her virtues and costing more than you have thought of giving her for her own use.

Bring her home a 25-cent bunch of carnations occasionally as a freewill offering; take her out to a table d'hote dinner once in a while as a treat; tell her in so many words that you really believe that she is the one woman in all the world for you; kiss her without solicitation as you used to do in the old courting days, and so shall the wheels of the home run smoothly and the good wife never feel to regret the day that she said "yes."

All the Difference.

The school board officer was inclined to be angry when he recently made a call at the home of a pupil whose absence had extended over a week.

"Why hasn't your boy attended?" he inquired of the lad's mother, a genial-looking woman.

"Why," she said, "he's past his thirteenth year, an' me an' his feyther-think he's after having schoolin' enough, sor."

"Schooling enough?" repeated the officer. "Why, I did not finish my education till I was 23!"

"Be that so?" asked the mother in amazement. Then, reassuringly, after a moment's hesitation, she said: "But that boy of ours has br-r-rains!"

A Senseless Regulation.

The decision of the directors of the theater at Halle, in Germany, to distinguish by means of red and white advertising posters between plays that are fit for young persons to witness and those that are not is causing some amusement.

From Connecticut.

Connecticut, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in an article on Indian names, is from quonne, long; tuk, tidal river; quata; that is, quonne-tuckput, "at the long tidal river."

Bolling all your experiences down, was there ever anything that annoyed you more than the hearty laughing of some one you hate? Speaking of a man and his valet, the latter monopolizes all the heroism.

PATH MADE BY ELK.

Providential Means of Escape Furnished Snowbound Hunters.

A most adventurous story of escape from a snow blockade in the Cascade Mountains is told by G. O. Shields in his book, "Cruisings in the Cascades." The members of the party had lain in camp three days, waiting for the storm to abate; but as it continued to grow in severity, and as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew daily and hourly more alarming.

Their only hope of escape was by abandoning their horses and constructing snow-shoes which might keep them above the snow; but in this case they could carry but little bedding, and only food enough to last them on their journey to the nearest ranch.

They had already set about making snow-shoes from the skin of an elk which they had saved. One pair had been completed; and the storm having abated, one of the party set out to look over the surrounding country for the most feasible route by which to get out, and also to try if possible to find game of some kind.

He had gone about a mile when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of elk that were moving toward the east. He followed, and in a short time came up with them.

They were traveling in single file, led by a powerful old bull, who wallowed through the snow, in which only his head and neck were visible, with all the patience of a faithful old ox. The others followed him, the stronger ones in front, the weaker bringing up the rear. There were thirty-seven in the band, and by the time they had all walked in the same line they left it an open, well-beaten trail.

The hunter approached within a few yards of them. They were greatly alarmed when they saw him, and made a few bounds in various directions; but seeing that their struggles were in vain, they meekly submitted to what seemed their impending fate, and fell back in rear of their file-leader.

The hunter saw in this noble, struggling band a means of deliverance from what had threatened to be a wintry grave for him and his companions. He did not fire a shot, nor did he in any way create unnecessary alarm among the elk, but hurried back to camp and reported to his friends what he had seen.

In a moment the camp was a scene of activity and excitement. They reached the trail of the herd of elk, and following this, after nine days of tedious and painful traveling, the party arrived at a ranch, where they were able to rest and regain their strength, and whence they finally reached their homes in safety.

CIGARETTES MADE HIM BIG.

Steamship Fireman Had a Thousand Packages Under His Clothes.

Antonio Cassoba, a fireman on the steamship Mexico, was severely punished recently. Not at being put in a cell, although that caused some sad reflection. It was loss of faith in humanity, sorrow at the dousing, to speak nautically, of the light of truth as issuing from his lips.

Arch-traitors had conspired against him, and his story of their fell machinations received no credence. 'Twas a sad day for truth. Custome Inspector G. T. O'Neill, was on the pier at Wall street alongside which the Mexico lay when he saw Antonio approaching. A Samson, a Goliath, a Sandow, seemed Antonio, with bunches of gnarled muscle lumping out his clothes.

"You're a chesty guy," mused O'Neill. "That chest expansion would put Fitzsimmons or Sharkey out of business." Then he noticed Antonio's legs, too, were those of a hercules, so much so that Antonio walked as if muscle-bound.

"Maybe he's swelling with dropsy," thought O'Neill. "Perhaps he has elephantiasis. Anyhow, he's in a bad way. I'll investigate."

O'Neill led Antonio into the customs office on the pier and began to probe the swelling. He put his hand under Antonio's shirt bosom and drew out a package of cigarettes, imported, but not in the regular way. He continued doing so until his arm ached and the pile of cigarettes had increased to 500.

Antonio's trousers, too, were fertile with cigarettes. They yielded another crop of 500. As the cigarette pile grew large Antonio grew small. By eliminating the bunches O'Neill reduced him to a normal girth.

Antonio was astonished, astounded and almost asphyxiated, says the New York Tribune.

"How gotta I dese?" he replied to the inspector's question. "Quien sabe? Sancta Maria! Against mia dey conspiro."

"I sleapa in mia bunko, I waka, I feel dese buncha. I hav da stamock ake. I feel dese buncha. I say go to da doc. Enamoe poota dese in while I sleapa. Bimby I go. Dey say we catcha him, knocka him down, take de cigarros. Mia innocenta."

He put his hand on his heart. "Carrambo, carrambo!" he said, fiercely. "Beggro to limbo!" said O'Neill, grimly.

Conscientious.

"Yes, sir; that's one of our most gifted humorists. And yet, sir, he didn't make a single joke about the late George Washington on the occasion of his latest birthday anniversary."

"Indeed?" "That's right. Ah, he's conscientious when it comes to making jokes. It took him two days and a half to find out that he couldn't think of a new one."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Orthodoxy on one side of the fence is heresy on the other side.



A new and revised edition of Stephen Paget's "Experiments on Animals," with an introduction by Lord Lister, is published by the Messrs. Putnam.

J. A. Hammerton, of London, is about to publish a volume of Stevensoniana, to consist of extracts from magazines and other periodicals relating to Stevenson.

It has become known that Andrew C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), who recently died on his farm in Rockland County, was the "J. P. M." whose striking essays and books have had a large popularity in these later years.

Ralph Fletcher Seymour is the publisher of "Ceres and Persephone," a child play by Miss Maud Menefee. The Demeter myth is retold for children in simple lyrical dialogue and Mr. Lang's translation of the "Hymn to Demeter" is appended.

Of middle height, white-haired and ruddy-faced, Jules Verne looks like a sea captain who is spending the autumn of a well-filled life on shore. Although 74 years old, suffering from catarract and lame in one leg, the old gentleman is hearty of manner and brightly interested in all the world's doings.

Prof. John Ward Stinson's long expected work on art and the philosophy of beauty, "The Gate Beautiful," is at last announced for early publication by Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. It will be a quarto of 420 pages and is to contain several thousand illustrations and two color charts, one being printed in twenty-four colors.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, author of "Lyrics of Lowly Life," "Poems of Cabin and Field," etc., has just read the proofs of a new volume of poems which will be a companion to his "Lyrics of Lowly Life" and "Lyrics of the Heartside." For the most part it is made up of dialect pieces and will bear the title "Lyrics of Love and Laughter."

It is said that the novel by John D. Barry entitled "A Daughter of Theseus," which L. C. Page & Co. have in press, is one of the few accurate stories of American stage conditions that has ever been written. Mr. Barry's stories of theatrical life have already been highly praised by the reviewers, among others by William Archer, the leading dramatic critic of England.

Miss Mary Johnston's new romantic love story, "Sir Mortimer," will follow Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" in Harper's Magazine. The scenes of the story are laid in England at the court of Queen Elizabeth and on the sea. The heroine is a celebrated beauty who is lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, while the hero is a gallant officer in her Majesty's miniature navy.

"David Harum" has passed into its one hundred and first edition, which Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. issued immediately after the holidays. In the matter of popularity expressed in numbers it now takes first rank in American fiction, "Ben-Hur" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" being its only rivals. The book's first century of editions was celebrated in October last with an issue of 10,000 copies, printed on a special paper in a special binding. It was entirely disposed of by Dec. 1, completing a total sale of 663,000 copies. The new edition will appear in the family yellow cover, with full-page illustrations by Clinehurst.

He Needed Clothes.

A Western Senator brought to the Capitol a good story about Minister Bowen, which the minister himself recently told at a dinner.

"I was asked some days after I arrived here in Washington," said Mr. Bowen, "why I had stuck so closely to my rooms at the hotel and not showed myself around town."

"The only reply was a rather painful one, but, nevertheless, fully truthful. It was because I hadn't the clothes."

Thereupon Mr. Bowen told how he had been commissioned to hasten North suddenly and without opportunity to provide himself with the heavier wearing apparel necessary for residence in a cold climate. As soon as he reached town he put a local tailor to work upon an outfit.

The hardship of the situation was that Mr. Bowen had ordered some raiment from London, and this was coming across the Atlantic in a British bottom, which was one of the very first ships to be held up by the blockading fleet of the allies. There was no help for it, and Mr. Bowen's London clothes, such as are necessary for proper appearance in polite society, are still somewhere in South America. He had reason, therefore, for being personally grateful when the blockade was raised and his clothes had an opportunity to go forward to Caracas.—Washington Post.

London Sunday Newspapers.

They have started a Sunday newspaper in London. It is of the strictly religious order, however, and it offers a bottle of water from the River Jordan to every person who subscribes for six copies. The water is guaranteed genuine, having been dipped out and bottled under the direct supervision of the leading citizens of Jericho and Bethlehem.

The people do not give any man the right to buy a second horse if he has poor kin who are still walking.