

MAID AND MATRON

What Have We Done To-day?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth;
But what have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build a mansion in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here, and now, do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"
—Nixon Waterman.

Wedding Gift Clubbing.

She who notes the names on cards attached to wedding gifts has marked an increasing tendency to club together in buying one striking present. The idea is becoming popular. Showing small gifts upon young couples

stomach already in a state of rebellion. At first the warm milk will seem to ease the pain, but later on it will aggravate the trouble that it was expected to relieve. Relief is often obtained by applying wet warm compresses to the abdomen.

Hat for Tailored Gowns.



A smart little tailored hat of excellent design is sketched above. This is a pretty compromise between turban and hat, and shows the new lines without exaggeration. The hat was a blocked shape in the very becoming shade of gray called platina, whose name describes it perfectly. The low square crown was encircled by a band

but this must not be used oftener than once in four weeks, for it injures the enamel.

For those who are troubled with insomnia or are given to bad dreams nothing equals the habit of reading in bed—provided one's book is suitably chosen and the reading is done hygienically.

Glossy hair generally indicates that it has been well and carefully kept—that is, shampooed every few weeks, thoroughly brushed with the usual fifty strokes every day and the scalp massaged regularly.

For the Complexion.

The "chamois treatment" is the latest thing for the complexion, and is said to produce that pearl-like pallor, which is modish just now. The skin is massaged gently with a cleansing skin food. Then, while moist, it is rubbed with a strip of the chamois, which has been wet with warm water, covered with the lather of some pure kind of soap, and then allowed to dry. When dry it is soft and fine and very good for the skin, says a beauty specialist.

Strength of Human Hair.

A human hair of average thickness can support a load of 6½ ounces, and the average number of hairs on the head is about 30,000. A woman's long hair has a total tensile strength of more than five tons, and this strength can be increased one-third by twisting the hair. The ancients made practical use of the strength of human hair. The cords of the Roman catapults were made of the hair of slaves.

Use for Empty Spools.

All empty spools are saved in our household, from the largest ribbon one to the tiniest buttonhole twist. Whenever any dyeing is done, the accumulated spools are dropped into the solution. Then they are put away, to be

SONG.

Love laid down his golden head
On his mother's knee;
"The world turns round so fast," he
said,
"None has time for me."

Thought, a sage unhonored, turned
From the onrushing crew;
Song her starry legend spurned;
Art her glass down threw.

Roll on, blind world! upon thy track
Until thy wheels catch fire;
For that is gone which comes not
back
To seller nor to buyer.
—Aubrey Thomas DeVere.

Helena's Pupil

When Helena realized that a cabal was organized against her to force her to give up her interesting pupil, she closed her pretty teeth hard, and all the fighting blood of her cavalier ancestry asserted itself in a thorough willingness to fight it out to a finish. She certainly would not give up James Langdon, who, with dogged perseverance and energy, was getting on wonderfully.

One evening, sitting at the study table under the bright light of a swinging lamp, and figuring out a mathematical problem, Helena suddenly raised her eyes to see if her pupil was following her explanation.

But James Langdon, his arms resting on the table, was looking abstracted and yet with a keen thoughtful scrutiny, at the bronze hair, on which the light fell, bringing out golden gleams, at the fine oval of the face bending over the book, at its delicate, high-bred features, and at the straight long lashes which added so much beauty to the eyes now raised to his.

"Do you understand how it is done?" Helena asked.

"I was not listening," Langdon answered, composedly. "I was looking at you, and wondering how much you believe of the things they have told you against me. I was wondering whether you will give me up."

"Well?" Helena asked smilingly. "Well, I don't believe you will. You are too straightforward and brave, and too square. You don't mind a fight a bit, do you? It's in your blood."

Helena laughed and nodded. "So I thought," Langdon said grimly. "What have they told you? That I am dangerous and disreputable?"



BROUGHT HER A LETTER.

That you should not do me the charity to help me get rid of some of my ignorance? I thought so. Did they tell you I once killed a man?"

"Yes, but I do not believe it," she answered quietly, and a look of immense relief swept over Langdon's face and a flush surged up to his short brown hair.

Leaning forward and looking steadily at her, he said: "You are so different, and so far above anyone I have ever known. You would never betray a trust. It was Joe Allen's father who shot the man. I saw him when he fired the shot. He is dead now, and the mortal fear that it would be found out shortened his life. His poor old, bed-ridden wife knows all about it. Allen owed the man money. She begged me to swear I would never tell, because it would stand against her boy Joe. Joe is wild, and always in trouble, and she thinks it will ruin him if people know the truth about his father. Of course, I promised her. It eased her mind, poor soul, and she won't live long. She knows she can trust me."

"Do you mean to say," Helena asked slowly, "that all your life you intend to let the suspicion rest on you that you shot and killed a man when you could clear yourself easily by getting a deposition from that old woman? Do you not see how much it stands against you? Do you think it fair to yourself? You must look into the future. Can you not realize how it may ruin your life?"

"I will keep my promise to that poor old creature. I will give her boy a clean chance to fight his way in the world and become a decent fellow, without a millstone around his neck. You won't betray me, I know. It's not in you. As for my future—it will have to take care of itself. If only you won't turn me off—which would be bad because you have a lot of influence, and everybody would say you did it because you believe me to be a reprobate and a murderer. I will work hard at my books this winter, and go to the city in the spring and take some special courses."

Some days later it occurred to Langdon that, although lacking in education, he was owner of a prosperous cotton mill; that he had inherited great tracts of land, prosperous farms and orchards, leased out and looked after by an agent, no one knowing their real owner, and which brought in large returns. His simple

DOGS AS RIFLEMEN.



FOUR-FOOTED MOORS.

"They have learned the value of dogs in warfare," said Major Richardson the other day, speaking of the Rifmans and talking to a representative of the Telegraph. "Another trick which they successfully practiced was to put a 'burnous' and turban on a dog and to send him along from point to point in front of the Spanish soldiers. At a distance the dog looked very like a man creeping along, and at once the Spaniards were up and blazing at the supposed Moor. At the same time the Moors, who had taken cover, took careful aim, and many a soldier bit the dust." Occasionally, the Major told our artist when giving him the details from which this drawing was made, three or four disguised dogs would be sent out at a time, and that in broad daylight.—London Illustrated News.

bringing up, his unacquaintance with the advantage of large wealth, made him strangely indifferent to it. It was only when he saw how fagged and worn out Helena was by her unremitting labors that a realization came to him of what the hundreds of thousands of dollars piled up in a bank to his account would mean, if he pleased to make use of them.

"Why did you come up here?" he asked.

"I came because there is a dear old dad and a sweet invalid mother to be helped. Riches, you know, have a queer way sometimes of taking wings unto themselves and flying away. That's what my father's inheritance did. He is growing old and is not at all strong. I am, you see. So, naturally, I am going to work to keep our modest cottage over our heads now that our dear old colonial home and plantation have passed from us into other hands."

"Why not buy it back?" Langdon asked.

"Because \$50,000 is not to be picked up by the roadside."

"That's not much money," the queer young mountaineer said. "Your father could borrow that much. The place would soon pay off that amount if it were properly handled."

"Perhaps. But father is old, and—no, I will have to keep on teaching. It's not disagreeable work."

A strong compassion came into Langdon's eyes as he looked into Helena's courageous proud face, which was followed by an expression of distress as he noticed that she was thinner and paler. The long winter was over and spring, with its splendors of forest bloom, had come, and Helena sighed for the ending of her difficulties. It seemed to her that James Langdon's absence—he announced one night that for business reasons he would be absent for several weeks—had intensified them. In a short while the pretty schoolhouse in the heart of the mountains would be closed. The day before Helena was to go down the mountains the postman brought her a letter.

"My Dear and Devoted Daughter: The strangest thing has happened! I thank God for His kindness and mercy. The clouds of misfortune have lifted and never again shall you assume the weary burdens of poverty. Through a lawyer, acting under instructions of your poor Uncle Tom, who died in a village in the far Northwest, \$60,000—the amount of my indorsement of his note, you remember, with the accumulated interest, have been deposited in the village bank in my name. How reverently grateful we should be to our Father who is in heaven!

"I had Burton's promise to let me buy back Beachwood, if possible, in ten years. So I have written to him through our lawyer. By appraisal I can buy back our old home for \$40,000."

"Come back, my dear, brave daughter, and meet us in our old home. Your mother and I will spend our last years in peace and tranquil happiness. My heart is too full to write more. We will eagerly await you under the grand oaks before the front steps. Your loving father."

James Langdon came rapidly across the lawn, entered the schoolhouse and the familiar little room where Helena sat, her letter before her, her face flushed and joyous, only—in the depth of her eyes lay the shadow of some sorrowful regret.

"Read!" she said, springing up, as Langdon closed the door and came forward.

"Are you pleased?" he asked, smiling down at her.

"Infinitely pleased. How happy they will be! My dear old dad!"

"And you—you think only of them. And in their happiness you will soon forget your hard work and your worries up here in these desolate mountains. You will never come back. You will be glad to turn away from these lonely peaks and you will try to forget the dull moments you have spent among them. But there is one dullard, an ignorant, uncouth fellow, to whom you have given confidence and courage—and glimpses of heaven. One who worships the ground you walk on. He will bear you in mind all the days—and all the nights—of his life! He will not be parted from you, because he will not forget you for a single moment. You will haunt him eternally, Miss Gilroy."

A wave of color mounted to Helena's face as she looked straight and silently at Jim Langdon. What he saw in the depths of her eyes and in her waveling smile made him catch his breath.

"Do you mean it?" he asked hoarsely.

Helena silently stretched out both hands. It was more than that he took and held.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ODD COLLECTING FADS.

People Who Delight in Gathering Slippers, Ink Wells and Clocks.

The solon who coined the trite but expressive phrase, "There is no accounting for tastes," might have applied his statement to fads with equal appropriateness. New fads are coming to light all the time, the Philadelphia Record says. "There is a young woman in Tioga who makes a specialty of saving slippers. She has a collection that certainly cannot be equaled in Philadelphia, and probably not anywhere. She has two trunks and three bureau drawers full of slippers—silk, leather, suede, black, tan, red, blue, gold, pumps, Oxford ties, sandals; in short, every conceivable kind. A Germantown man has a collection of plain and fancy inkwell covers that he says he would not take \$2,000 for. He has been collecting for fifteen years. A doctor on Cedar avenue, West Philadelphia, has a collection of clocks, foreign and domestic, numbering over 800, including fourteen different kinds of Tyrolean. Another West Philadelphia man, who is a student at the University of Pennsylvania, has a collection of campaign buttons. He has two very rare ones, showing the faces of Harrison and Morton and Cleveland and Thurman in 1888, the first buttons in America. Political buttons were still rare at the time of the second Harrison-Cleveland campaign in 1892, but by '96 the craze was fairly on, and there were a dozen different photographs of both McKinley and Bryan in that year. If this young man's collection is any criterion, 1904 was the greatest year, both for volume and variety, in campaign buttons. Since then they seem to have declined somewhat.

Where the Trouble Lay.

"You look sick, old sport. Is your trouble catching?"

"No it isn't," said the young recruit from the minor leagues. "My trouble is pitching."—St. Louis Star.

LATE FASHIONS ILLUSTRATED.



Bridge Gown in Russian Style.

Oddly shaped draperies and bold embroidery characterize the Russian costume effects, and most gowns along Russian lines have a charming grace and dignity. This bridge costume is of navy blue permo stuff—a crepe like mixture of worsted and mohair threads, which is light, soft and clinging! The drapery is in the form of a little pinafore, which slopes downward and is caught back of the ankles with a dull gilt clasp.

Theater Wrap With Scarf Sleeves.

Sleeves are a feature of the new evening wraps, which differ in this respect from the straight, sleeveless cape models of last season. This long wrap of rose-pink cloth has a yoke across the shoulders, from which the cloth falls in folds at the back, the scarf-like sleeves continuing this effect of fullness at the sides. The rose-colored cloth is embroidered with gold threads and gold cord and fringe add a sumptuous effect to the wrap.

Draperies Held With Buckles.

Many of the Paris frocks with drapery of soft material have huge pearl or metal buckles placed in such manner that they seem to hold up the soft folds. Sometimes the buckle is at the hip as in this case; often it holds a low sash drapery back of the knees. The frock is of sage green crepe with a braided garniture in self-color on the bodice, which is of green tucked chiffon over a cream lace yoke. The hat is of Gage turban model of green moire and velvet.

is bound to result in many embarrassing duplications. One bride gazed with horror at no less than fourteen pie knives. Neither she nor her future husband ever indulged in pie. Clubbing avoids such duplications.

Stocking Economy.

Children's stockings may be made to do double duty by watching for thin places and not allowing them to quite wear through. When the knee is nearly broken cut off the foot (which is apt to be badly worn) and sew on one of the excellent feet that may be bought ready for use, putting the back of the stocking in front so as to distribute the knee wear; of course, this is possible only with straight stockings.

ABOUT THE BABY



Babies often vomit their milk and if the mother is young and inexperienced she is apt to be worried by this. A baby's stomach is small and will only hold a small amount of food and when more milk is swallowed than the stomach can hold there is bound to be an overflow which is the baby's salvation. When the baby cries from difficult or imperfect digestion more food is poured into the

of velvet, in a larger shade of gray, the ends of which were joined at the left under a flat bow and fancy buckle, which held aloft of coque feathers—the latter of pure white. Very appropriate would this be for wear with a tailored suit.

Health and Beauty Hints.

For night sweats drink cold sage tea instead of drinking water.

A small bag of salt, well heated and covered with flannel, gives relief when applied to an aching ear.

For cramps get a cheap white silk handkerchief, cut in two, hem the raw edges and tie around each leg when you go to bed at night.

For a disordered stomach sip a half pint of water taken just as hot as possible a half hour before each meal and just before retiring.

A good many times one blames sore toes on the shoes worn, when it isn't the shoes at all, but a big hummock in the stocking where it has been mended.

It is stated by an enthusiast of fencing as a sport for women that there is no exercise which so well develops the figure. It invariably gives grace to movement.

For callouses go to some harness shop and get enough sheepskin to make soles for your shoes. Get the shortest wool and wear them all the time in your shoes wool side up.

For sore throat get 5 cents' worth of chlorate potash powdered; dissolve one teaspoonful in a glass of water and gargle the throat several times a day and it will be relieved in a short time.

To whiten the teeth use powdered pumice stone. Dip a toothpick in the powder and dig off all the deposits,

brought out only in stormy weather. Supplemented by meat skewers, their building possibilities are almost unlimited, and their gay colors have the cheering effect needed by children on a rainy day.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Long sashes are being worn with coat suits.

Fur neckpieces are very wide and muffs are huge.

Some of the dainty new silk stockings have lace insteps.

Red is a brilliant exception to the rule that makes for dull-hued colors.

For coats with the extra deep opening either one or three buttons is the proper number.

The use of panne is a millinery feature, especially for the purpose of fashioning turbans.

Superb embroidery trimming schemes in color show touches of jet introduced into the designs.

Even in children's clothes the ever-present note of black is found, either as piping, revers or trimming or some slight kind.

Travel hats are already here and are of the lightest possible make of felt. Some of them are turned up at one side—the so-called "left-side tilt."

An odd but strangely becoming chiffon sleeve found in more than one stunning evening gown is made perfectly plain, without tuck or gather, and with no finish at the bottom.