

**Advice.**

Coming to me for advice? a careless weaver of rhymes?  
Ah! for a maxim indeed to suit all seasons and times,  
Far in the east—in Persia, their wisest of sages say,  
"The stone that is fit for the wall is not left by the way."  
Make yourself perfect as may be, in profession or trade;  
Do not be idle, for rust grows fast upon a sheathed blade.  
Many there are who will come, yet few are chosen at last;  
The scythe of the future will reap what you sow in the past.  
Will you paint castles of air? daily and cloth-fully gaze  
On the wrecks of years that were once so hope-ful in days?  
Never! it is that you "will," not you "hope" or you "may."  
The stone unfit for the wall is left to rot by the way.  
Deep in the earth lies a germ, the heart of a rose unblown,  
And the stateliest statue at first was a block of stone;  
The gem from the mine, uncut, still oobles the diamond's gleam,  
And the song that never dies, what was it once but a dream?  
'Tis truly the fittest survive in the battle of life;  
Look to it then your armor and arms are ready for strife;  
Listen, my dear, in Persia, their wisest of sages say,  
"The stone that is fit for the wall is not left by the way."  
—Ernest W. Haffner, Chicago.

**HER HUSBAND'S LETTER.**

It is best on the whole not to read your husband's letters until he hands them to you, and it is much the best not to examine his pockets, except for holes, and then set aside whatever you find there without examination.  
I believe that Mrs. Elliott would give any young wife that advice today; but there was a time—we are all fallible, being mortal—when she had been married about two years, that she made herself an amateur detective so far as her frank went, and had found holes that she could not explain—one that had something in it about Clara particu-larly. It was only half a letter; but it was suspicious.  
Naturally jealous, she was too proud to betray the fact intentionally; but there is no keeping a secret of that sort from the servants. They knew it, other people guessed at it.  
Her fancies about Clara—oh, who was Clara?—made her heart ache, but rumaging and prying did not help her.

When her husband was away—as he often was—she suffered tortures. He might, for all she knew, be leading a double life, and so she steamed all his letters open before she forwarded them, and now and then found something that might mean more than it said; and so we come to an afternoon when she—Mrs. Elliott—came downstairs dressed for dinner, for which she always made a careful toilet, and met the waitress ascending to the upper floor. The girl's place at that moment was in the dining-room, and Mrs. Elliott knew that nothing was needed or forgotten that pertained to the dinner; moreover, the girl had an air of secrecy about her, and seemed to be hiding something under her apron.  
"What's that you have there, Rosa?" Mrs. Elliott asked, a little sharply.  
The girl stopped, looked down, and answered:  
"Only a letter ma'am."  
"For yourself?" asked Mrs. Elliott.  
"No, ma'am, for master," said the girl.

"Well, give it to me," said Mrs. Elliott.  
The girl hesitated.  
"Indeed, ma'am, the lady said to give it to himself," said Rosa.  
"A lady? A beggar with a petition, I suppose," said Mrs. Elliott.  
"A lady, ma'am, and she's gone," said the girl. "She wore a blue veil; but I never saw her before, I'm sure."  
"Oh, very well," replied her mistress. "Give me the note. Mr. Elliott is shaving and would not wish to be disturbed."  
The girl gave a little impertinent toss to her head as she obeyed and founced downstairs in a way that made her mistress resolve to give her warn-ing.

The trouble was that the lady in the blue veil had given Rosa some money; had whispered, "Mr. Elliott, and no one else," and had hurried away in a suspicious manner.  
Mrs. Elliott meanwhile stood turning the envelope over. The address was merely her husband's name—Mr. Frank Elliott—and the edge of the flap was still damp, as if sealed at the door. It would open at the touch—she could read it and know its contents if she chose.  
"I do choose," she said the next moment, and the edge of the envelope rolled back and a slip of paper fell out. On it was written these words:  
"DEAR FRANK: Meet me at the usual place if you can do your wife."  
A moment more and the letter was revealed, and Mrs. Elliott, trembling with anger, stood leaning against the window frame. She felt that the dread that had been upon her had taken shape at last.

However, she would not be hasty. She would wait until she was sure that he desired to receive the letter. If he did not obey the summons it would prove to her that he was true to her. Then she would tell him what she knew and ask his confidence.  
She carried the letter down-stairs with her and placed it at his plate, and as he opened it she watched him closely.  
It certainly did not seem to please him. He frowned, changed color, and thrust it into his pocket; but he went on with his dinner without any remark.  
Mrs. Elliott, however, could not remain silent.  
"You look as though you had received a plumber's bill," she said.

He laughed.  
"It's not a bill," he said; "it's a note, and it vexes me because I shall have to change my plans for tonight. I in-tended to take you to the theater; now I can not do it. I shall have to leave you, and, what is more, I shall not be back until tomorrow night. I'll send a messenger to Uncle James. He will escort you to the theater and—"  
"I will not go with you, uncle James," said Mrs. Elliott, sharply.  
"You must take me; I will not be used in this way; you must go with me."  
"My dear, I can not tell you how it vexes me to have to leave you," said Mr. Elliott.  
"Frank," she answered, "I have al-ways said that there are some things which a wife should not endure."  
"Lizzie, my dear, listen. I will take you to the theater tomorrow night or the night after; we will enjoy ourselves quite as well. I think it will rain to-night, anyhow."  
"Do you suppose I am a baby to fret about not seeing a play?" said Mrs. Elliott. "No, Frank, only you must tell me when you break the engagement and where you are going."  
"Business, my dear, business," said Mr. Elliott, in an artificial manner; "I'll explain some day. Business is business. Now, be quiet and comfort-able, like a good girl. Good-night."  
He tried to kiss her, but she pushed him away. Then he took his hat and overcoat and left the house with a little laugh not like his own.  
Hardly had he passed the threshold when his wife's spring to her feet slipped on an nister that hung in a closet in the dining-room, and she fell upon a little round cap and gray veil, and sneaked out of the basement door—sneak was the word.  
"She's following him this time," said Rosa to the cook.  
"Jealous again," said the cook.  
"I guess he's giving her reason," said Rosa.  
"It's something dreadful," said the cook. "The way married men go on."  
Meanwhile Mrs. Elliott lurked in the shadow of the stone balustrade and saw that her husband stoop under the gas-lamp at the corner, examining the note which he had received.

Well, whenever he went there also she would go. Whosoever he might meet should also meet her. This was the end of everything, the finale. But she would not weep—she would have long years for that. She would behave as an insulted wife should.

He was about to enter a car; she also hailed it. An nister, and a thick veil reduce all women to one level. He would not know her even if he saw her. She sat in her corner and saw that he stood on the platform—smoking. Which way the car was going, she scarcely noticed. He left it at last and entered another; so did she. Again he smoked on the platform, but at last "Fort Lee ferry," shouted the conductor and she followed her husband into a ferry-boat. It was dark, and though it did not rain the air was full of moisture. There were very few people upon the boat, but several of them were brutal-look-ing men, and they stared at her, seem-ing to wonder at her thick veil. She had forgotten her gloves and her small, white hands glistened with rings, some of them very valuable.

As she left the ferry and, following her husband's figure, crossed the great track of a railroad she trembled with terror. As he ascended the bluff she killed her skirts and followed.  
Who could Clara be? What manner of woman was she to appoint a rendez-vous like this? It was a nasty, slip-pery, unpleasant place. There was a drinking saloon hard by which seemed to be full of rough men. She drew so near to her husband that she could have touched his coat as they passed this place, but he did not look around. And now it began to rain in earnest, and the road they had turned into seemed to be two feet deep with mud, and still Mr. Elliott marched on. At last a frightful thing occurred to Lizzie. She wore upon her feet a pair of patent leather ties, and with all this climbing and straining of the shoes the ribbons had come undone. Suddenly the mud caught at them with that curious power of suction which mud seems to have at times, and the shoes came off. In vain she felt around for them; they seemed to have vanished. Just then:  
"Halloo!" said a voice near her; "what's the matter with you, young woman?"  
"I—nothing!" gasped Mrs. Elliott. A large policeman stood before her.

"This ain't no place for a young woman to be kiting alone," said the policeman. "It's dangerous if you're a decent girl—What's happened? Lost your-self?"  
"No," said Mrs. Elliott. "I'm not alone; there's my husband! Frank! Frank!"  
Mr. Elliott turned and walked back.  
"Left you behind, did I, Lizzie?" he said.  
"You're a mighty careful husband," said the policeman, "I do think," and strode away.  
Then Mr. Elliott, who was a large man, simply picked his little wife up in his arms and carried her back to the grounds, which encircled the tavern. Here he sat her down upon a wooden platform. Then for a moment he vanished and returned with a glass of wine, which he made Mrs. Elliott drink.  
"I've hired a cab," he said; "we'll drive back to the ferry. It's too stormy a night to go looking for Clara; be-sides, she's thousands of miles away."  
"Clara!" cried Mrs. Elliott. "Don't speak of Clara—how dare you?"  
"She very nearly ruined me, my dear. I threw away lots of money on her," said Mr. Elliott, "but she is look-ing up now. My dear, I know you've been rummaging my pockets and read-ing my letters for two years, but I only found out what you suspected when

my mother told me that you had asked her if I had ever known a lady named Clara before I met you."  
"Oh, Frank, don't try to deceive me!" sobbed Lizzie. "I read the note the woman left tonight—"  
"I knew it," said Mr. Elliott; "it was fixed for you to read. I wrote it to myself, and my mother left it at the door at dining time. I gave her a signal from the window that she might know you were coming downstairs, and I've kept an eye on you—I've watched you ever since you left the door. My dear child, I never knew a Clara in my life; I never had a doubtful love affair even as a boy. The note you saw about an oil-well in which I had shares—the Clara. She was a fickle creature. I admit, and made me anxious, but since you were bound to be jealous—"  
"Carriage, sir?" said the driver.  
Mr. Elliott lifted his shoeless wife into the vehicle, and half way home she vowed that she would never forgive him, but the other half she wept upon his vest.  
"I felt so helpless without my shoes," she declares, "that my spirit was fairly broken."  
But all events she was never jealous of Clara again.—*Fireside Companion.*

**Two Street Incidents.**

An old editor living in New York tells two stories of his experience in the city. "It has been my lot," he said, "to be out in the streets down town at all hours of the night. Once upon a time, about 1 o'clock in the morning, I saw a small gang of ragged newshirts on the edge of the City Hall Park while I was waiting for a horsecar. As I rambled past them one of them made a jocular remark intended for my benefit, and I halted. 'Now, boys,' I said, 'who wants a nickel?' 'Give it to me!' two or three of them said quickly, as they held out their hands, repeating 'Give it to me!' 'Who is to get it?' I asked again, and the answer came again, 'Give it to me!' In a few seconds one of them said, 'No, don't give it to us; give it to that fellow; he's sick.' Yes, another said, 'give it to him; he's sick.' And the archness pointed to a little chap sitting on the curbstone. I stepped over to that fellow, who had been pointed out, and he looked up at me. I then noticed that he was black, that he was a little colored wail of the streets, out in the City Hall Park long after midnight. 'Give it to him!' the archness repeated. 'Give it to him; he's sick.'—I was touched by their unselfishness, and the policy that I adopted under the circum-stances was pleasing to them all."

"I had another experience," the old editor continued, "not far from the same locality, between 2 and 3 o'clock of the morning, after I had got out from my night's work at the editorial desk. In a solitary and dimly lighted part of Frankfort street, through which I was trudging, I became aware unex-pectedly that somebody stood in the shadow of an old building; I was suddenly confronted by three rough-looking characters, one of whom brought his face close up to mine and said in a low, hoarse voice: 'Got any money, mister?' 'Money?' I replied, while standing as cool as a cucumber. 'Money! Yes, I've got a pocketful,' and I jingled some silver in the pocket of my trousers. 'How much do you want?' I asked. 'Got a quarter about you?' he gruffly said as he stood be-side his two pals. 'A quarter, you fool!' I replied, 'a quarter? take a half dollar, and go away.' 'And you,' I said to each of the two others, 'here's a half for you, and go away from me!' The men were astounded, took the money, cried 'Hurrah for you,' Thank you, and decamped along a side street. I suppose that if I had not done as I did, I would have been knocked down and robbed; but, as it happened, I saved myself from that fate, and am waiting for other adventures after mid-night.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**An English Landlord.**

The Liverpool Mercury relates an in-cident which shows how some English landlords treat their tenants. A pros-perous farmer, who was desirous of purchasing his holding, which had been occupied by the farmer for three generations, waited upon his landlord and made known his desire, stating that he had saved £800. Out broke the landlord: "You have saved £800 on my land! You want me to tell it to you! I tell you what I'll do: I'll raise your rent £100 a year! And he did it. The rent was an impossible one. The tenant had to be turned out from the house in which he was born, and the farm was offered for new occupa-tion. It had to be let at £50 less rent than was actually being paid by the hereditary tenant, but all attempts to conclude a reasonable arrangement on the part of the saving farmer were use-less. The landlord thought he had rightly punished him for his impu-dence. Cases like this are arousing an angry feeling among English tenant farmers.

**Five Generations.**

"Daughter," wrote Mme. de Sevigne in a famous phrase, "go and tell your daughter that her daughter's little girl is crying." There is a family at Ros-coff, in France, in which such a re-mark would be appropriate, since there are five generations of it alive at this moment. The oldest member of the family is a great-great-grandmother of 93, and the youngest a small descen-dant aged 1 month. They all went to church the other day when the newest generation was christened.

**Human Skin Leather.**

There is a growing demand in En-gland for human skin leather.

**FOUR AND A HALF BENNIE.**

Something That Puzzled a Customer in a Gotham Shoe Store.

"I want a pair of girl's shoes," said a man to the floor-walker of a large Sixth avenue shoe store a day or two ago.  
"Last aisle on the left, sir, if you please."  
The man stumbled over a door-mat, struck his shin against the sharp edge of a settee in his effort to avoid run-ning over a diminutive mother who was helping to fit a large-sized child with a pair of shoes, said something inexcusable not far enough under his breath to escape the ears of the dimi-utive mother, who said: "Oh, my!" to which the man responded: "Don't mention it, pray," and tipped his hat, hurried along, and finally got the win-ning one of the last aisle, says the N. Y. Times.  
To him a sub floor-walker: "Been waited on?" "Noew, I ha'n't," with a dash of sarcasm that passed undiscovered. "Miss Terwilliger, wait on this gentleman."  
Miss Terwilliger was a pretty little blonde, and the sarcasm vaudshed from the man's tones. She looked up a long way to the man's eye and asked: "What kind of shoes do you wish, sir?" She looked as full of fun as fast week was of weather. He said: "I want a pair of girl's school shoes."  
"What size please?"  
"Number four and a half Binnie."  
That word "Binnie" acted like an introduction from their best friends on all the salesgirls within earshot. It was fired off with a good lung pressure, and half a dozen who knew what it meant looked up and laughed and cast pleasant glances at the big man.

Little Miss Terwilliger laughed and turned away quickly to a dumb waiter connecting with the stock-room in the basement. "Send me up a pair of girl's school four and a half Binnie," she called, and then turned her head away to conceal her mirth. Presently she returned with a pair of shoes, size 4 1/2 B. The man said: "These are too narrow."  
"But you called for Binnies, didn't you?"  
"Yes; but I didn't know what it meant. I heard one of the salesgirls call for a Binnie, and an overpowering curiosity to find out who Binnie was, or what Binnie meant, lead me to call for it. I saw by the commotion it made that you have a shop meaning for it. I suppose 'Binnie' is your love name for B. ain't it?"  
"It is the name we use in this store for B widths."  
"Well, then, what does C stand for?"  
"Charlie."  
"And D?"  
"Davie."  
"And E?"  
"Eddie."  
"Binnie, Charlie, Davie, Eddie, And A, does that stand for Andie?"  
"No; A stands for itself. You see all the other letters have the E sound, and in calling, through the speaking-tube for them we had the same trouble in distinguishing between them that you have over the telephone. So we invented names to distinguish the widths of the shoes that correspond in their first letters with the size let-ters."  
"But why did you give them boys' names? Why didn't you call them Bessie and Clara and Dolly and Emma?"  
"Oh, they come quicker when we call them by boys' names. This was delivered as a parting shot, but the mischievous little clerk remembered that she hadn't sold her shoes yet, so she added: "What size do you want, sir?"  
"Well, you see, my daughter had the misfortune to be born out west—in Chicago, you know."  
"Then you want four-and-a-half Ed-die, I suppose," the girl interrupted.  
"The same."

**Honest Mr. Bullion.**

Benjamin Bullion is a well-known broker, and he was giving his son a lecture the other day. "Now, Johnnie," he said, solemnly and impressively, "mind what I'm tellin' ye, ma son, Abune a' things be honest. Let nothing drive ye frae the path o' virtus; nae temptation or hope o' gain lead ye frae the narrow way. Tak' an ex-ample frae yer auld father. For in-stance, the ither day a customer o' ours made a mistake in payin' an account; instead o' givin' \$3,000 he owed me an ma partner he gied me \$4,000. Well, whit dae ye think I did?" "Paid it back?" suggested his heir timidly. "Hoos! heavens!" said Bullion, peevishly; "but I'll tell ye whit I did," he continued, in a self-satisfied tone; "ye ken I aicht hee kept the baill extra thooosan' to ma self; but no, I gave five hunder o't to ma partner."

**Road-Making.**

Scribner's Magazine has taken up the subject of American roads, and the writer, Prof. Shaler, condemns the whole system of rural road-making, whether under the strong government of the town system, as in New England, or the weak communal system of the country organization, as in Virginia, and the other southern states. One point which he makes is worth consid-eration. "My own experience," he says, "convvinces me that an educated road-master can do much for our peo-ple in the placing of the roadways. I have frequently to traverse a road three miles in length which crosses two deep valleys, the declivities making it very difficult, if not impossible, to maintain the ways in fair condition. The dif-ficulties might have been avoided and a nearly horizontal way secured by a slight deflection from the present line."

**MR. BOWSER ON CARPETS.**

What He Kew About Them and His Opin-ion of Obstinate People.

In regard to Mr. Bowser as one of the kindest and most loving husbands in the world, and if any one has im-bibed the idea from anything I have put forward that he is eccentric or given to bulldozing, such idea is radi-cally wrong. He is simply the aver-age husband after five years' marriage. The average husband not only knows fifty times as much as the average wife, but he regards it as his solemn duty to inform her of the fact on every possi-ble occasion. If he happens to be mis-taken he could back down gracefully, but he won't. He's infallible or noth-ing.

We wanted a carpet for one of the bedrooms, and I mentioned that I thought we had better get a velvet.  
"What's the matter with tapestry?" he queried.  
"It's too common and there's no wear to it."  
"You talk as if you knew all about carpets. When did tapestry become common?"  
"It always has been common. It's only one grade above ingrain."  
"Oh, it isn't! Well, I take great pleasure in informing you that you are way off. What you don't know about carpets would fill a book."  
"But you know all about 'em."  
"Certainly. Every intelligent man does, especially if he is married. Tape-stry, as you ought to have to have known for the last twenty-five years, ranks next to Axminster."  
"It can't be."  
"Didn't I say it did? If I didn't know why should I say so? First comes hemp, then two-ply, then three-ply in-grain, and the last is followed by Brus-sels, velvets, moquette, tapestries, and Axminsters. You'd better write 'em down."

"Mr. Bowser, you are wrong, as I will prove to you. Tapestry is below body Brussels in grade and price. I can buy tapestry as sixty-five cents per yard."  
"Oh, well, it's no use to dispute with a bigot. You happened to mis-speak yourself and got it that way, and so you are determined to stick it out. We'll drop the subject."  
"Dare you meet me at the carpet store this afternoon?" I demanded.  
"Dare I! I should say I dare! You can't bluff me in that way, Mrs. Bow-ser! I'll meet you there at 3 o'clock and after you have been made to sing small, I hope you will take the lesson to heart and reap its benefits. Bring the measure of the room with you."  
I met him at the hour named. He looked at me in a pitying way, and I think he felt sorry for me from the bot-tom of his heart.

"We want to look at some tapestry carpet," he said to the clerk as we entered the elevator.  
We were carried up two or three flights, given seats by the windows, and as roll after roll of carpet was displayed the clerk said:  
"These are all the new fall patterns in tapestries, and the prices are very low. I can sell you any pattern on the floor for sixty cents."  
Mr. Bowser's mouth gave a twitch at the left-hand corner, followed by a sudden contraction at the right, and he was a little hoarse as he observed:  
"If these are only sixty cents then moquettes can't be over forty."  
"I can sell you moquettes as low as \$1.75; but you don't want 'em. You want one for about \$2.25."  
There was a spasmodic movement through Mr. Bowser's entire system as he queried:  
"What is velvet worth?"  
"About two dollars."  
"And body Brussels?"  
"From a dollar up."  
"Do you mean to tell me," demand-ed Mr. Bowser as he rose, "that tape-stry is the cheapest of the lot?"  
"Why, certainly."  
"Cheaper than velvet or moquette?"  
"Of course. Tapestry ranks only one grade higher than ingrain."

"I don't believe it. You are certain-ly mistaken."  
"But I can't be. Any carpet man in town will tell you the same. Even your wife must know that."  
That finished Mr. Bowser. The last sentence also finished me. He knew he was beaten, but he was determined not to give in. He therefore sly-swallow-ed the lump in his throat and said:  
"I beg to still differ with you. You have got the case turned end for end, but I am too honorable to take advan-tage of you. It is the tapestry which is worth one-seventy instead of the mo-quettes. Here's the pattern that suits us, and I want eighteen yards. Make it fourteen shillings a yard."  
"Very well," replied the puzzled clerk, and the carpet was laid and paid for on that basis, and it is down to last until worn out. I've had half a dozen lady friends drop in and incidentally inquire why we got such a cheap shabby carpet, but they are no sooner gone than up bows Mr. Bowser and says:  
"There goes another punskull! 'Tis mighty funny how you people have let carpet men impose on you for the last dozen years! If they'd tell you that red was black I suppose you'd believe it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**The Dahlia.**

The dahlia, centenary has brought up the fact that this flower was named by Linneus after his pupil, Dr. Andreas Dahl. Its correct pronunciation would therefore be more like dahr-lia than dahy-lia.

Binks—"Miss Sweet is a bouncing girl, isn't she?" Jinks—"Yes, but her father is more inclined that way."—*Laurence America.*