

GRANDMA

When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so—
If I had done a naughty thing
She's sure, somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
"Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too?

But ah! what am I thinking of?
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life!
But sweet and kind and good!
I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to turn away.

MOLLIE'S DOUBLE.

If a man ever loved a woman—faithfully and with all his heart—I loved Molly Toppington just as truly. It had only been a matter of a couple of months since she had promised with the sweetest and most becoming of blushes to be mine for good and all, and I was the happiest beggar on earth until one day I received orders from the head of the firm with which I was connected to go to New York and attend to some business there which would keep me away from Boston for three weeks. Three long, miserable weeks without Molly. The thought was unendurable, but it had to be endured, nevertheless. For although I was getting along very well in my chosen profession, that of architecture, my fortunes were largely dependent upon the well-known firm which employed me, and naturally I was compelled to do their bidding. So I broke the news as gently as possible to Molly, comforting her as best I could with the assurance that three weeks were not so long after all, and that some day there would be no separation at all for us. Dear little girl, she was almost heart-broken, but she had a brave spirit, and she smiled at me so lovingly and sweetly through the tears which glistened in her dark eyes that I felt almost



BOI PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER WITH A JERK.

tempted to throw my position over and stay by her. However, I concluded that such a course would be extremely foolish, if not altogether unfair to Molly, whose future was concerned as well as my own, and accordingly I summoned up all my courage for our parting.

"Mollie, sweetest," I said, "I wish so very much we could go together—but we can't—can we?"

"No, Dick, but you will write to me, won't you—every day?"

"Yes, darling—twice a day."
"Good-by, sweetheart."
"Good-by, Dick, dear."

And so we parted. And her image haunted me all through my journey and seemed to speak to me all the next day, although I was busy every minute of it with plans and estimates and calculations. When the day's work was over it was worse than ever, and I started to walk down Broadway, the bluest, fondest and most pitiable object on earth, when by one of those strange dispensations of Providence I ran plump into Harvey Gaskell, my old chum at Harvard.

"Well," he cried, "of all the long-faced, God-forsaken-looking individuals you are the worst. Have you lost your last friend, or what other catastrophe has overtaken you?"

I felt somewhat ashamed of the cause of my down-heartedness being discovered. So I looked up with a forced smile and tried to answer him lightly. I remembered suddenly that I had neglected to write to Harvey to tell him of my engagement, and he probably knew nothing of it. I would wait, therefore, until a more suitable occasion to announce it to him, as I felt sure he would rally me on my remorseful state.

"I'm all right," I answered. "Can't a man pull a long face for his own amusement without his friends making remarks?"

"You can't pull any more to-night, anyway," said Harvey. "I'm going to take you home with me, and you shall meet the jolliest little girl in New York. You will like her, I am sure. She is just your sort."

I looked at Harvey suspiciously and questioningly. I knew he had no sisters and lived alone with his widowed mother.

"Oh, no," he laughed in answer to my look. "You're wrong there. Not this time, old chap. She is just a little cousin we have only just discovered, and mother is very fond of her. That is all. I haven't been affected yet, and I guess I will not be."

"What could I do? I didn't care a straw to meet the 'jolliest little girl in New York.' There was only one 'jol-

liest little girl" for me, and she was in Boston. But if I refused Harvey would be offended, and when he found out that I was engaged he would think me a love-sick chump. Besides, what was the harm? Mollie herself, the dear, unselfish creature, would be only too glad to have me pass my evening in pleasant company. I could not have her, and there was no use making myself more miserable than I need be. So I determined to go home with Harvey. I wanted to have a long talk with him over college days, and as for the "jolliest little girl in New York" why—she could take care of herself.

After a brief talk we arrived at Harvey's home, a cosy little house in East Fifteenth street, and I waited in the drawing-room while Harvey went in search of his mother. She came in almost immediately, a handsome, white-haired woman, whom I remembered very well from college days. I used to be quite a favorite of her's and she welcomed me very warmly.

"Yes, Mollie is home," she said in answer to a question of Harvey's. "She will be down presently."

Mollie! I started at the name, but recovered myself immediately. It was not such a very uncommon name, but it was a little singular that Harvey's cousin should be a Mollie, too. We chatted together all three of us for a few minutes, and then there was a rustle of skirts in the hall and Harvey's little cousin stood in the doorway.

For a moment I thought my brain had been suddenly affected. Harvey arose from his chair, but I kept my seat and clutched my hands in the effort to regain my senses. Standing there in Harvey Gaskell's drawing-room door—the "jolliest little girl in New York"—was Mollie, my Mollie Toppington—or else my eyes deceived me. It takes a long time to tell it, but a hundred thoughts passed through my mind in the instant she was standing there. Then the truth or what seemed to be the truth, flashed across me—that it was simply a wonderful resemblance intensified by my love for Mollie, and that the wish was father of the thought. So I pulled myself together with a jerk and managed to exchange the usual commonplace of an introduction. But I could not take my eyes off her for an instant, and I finally detected Harvey looking at me in a most amused manner.

It has often occurred to me as strange that among so many million people there should not be some who are more alike as to features and form. It would seem to be the merest chance that nature does not create more duplicates than she does, for after all we must all have the same features, the indispensable nose, eyes, mouth, and so on, and the mere fact of one nose being Roman or retroussé and a pair of eyes being blue or brown and a mouth being large, small, ugly or pretty—these things are mere accidents, and I have often wondered that people should differ as much as they do. I was not prepared, however, to find an example of my theory in the person of a duplicate to Mollie Toppington, for surely she and this other Mollie, who was introduced to me as Miss Forsythe, were duplicates.

I could scarcely eat a mouthful of dinner for watching her across the table. She had Mollie's brown hair precisely, and it was done up just as Mollie does hers, even down to the little escaping ringlet that fell over her tiny ears. Her eyes were dark and had the same soulful expression as Mollie's—and her mouth had that same indescribable droop and fullness to it which made me want to kiss it, until I suddenly remembered that she was not Mollie—my Mollie.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like a gown I had seen Mollie wear half a dozen times. It was terribly bewildering. I did not know what to make of it all, and I answered when spoken to quite at random. I detected Harvey and his mother glancing at each other in an amused way. They must have thought me terribly and suddenly smitten with Mollie Forsythe. Once or twice I was tempted to explain

my state of mind and ask them for a solution of the mystery, but I refrained from doing so because I thought it would sound foolish. Probably the resemblance would not be nearly so wonderful to anyone other than myself.

After dinner we went into the drawing-room, and Miss Forsythe went to the piano to play. Even here the wonders were not to cease. As soon as she touched the keys I thought how much her touch resembled Mollie's—Mollie Toppington, and when she began the first few bars of a serenade, a dreamy thing that was my Mollie's favorite, I gave the whole mystery up as a bad job, and then there a very strange thing happened. I blush to relate it, even now, but I went over to the piano to turn her music for, and in the intoxication of her presence I forgot the very existence of Mollie Toppington, of Bos-



I MADE LOVE FAST AND FURIOUS.

ton, while I made love fast and furious to Mollie Forsythe, of New York.

She seemed a little surprised first when I spoke to her in tones of undoubted admiration, throwing all the meaning I could into my commonplace. But on the whole she took it very well, and in the brief time during which she was playing over a lot of tender melodies and I was whispering sweet nothings into her ear, we became to all intents and purposes lovers. And it was not until, with a start, I remembered that it must be growing late and took my leave—not until I had emerged into the street—that I thought of Mollie Toppington, of Boston, and of what a miserable creature I had been to her. The very thought of my conduct filled me with the deepest shame, and I actually blushed at my own duplicity. How could I ever look Mollie—my Mollie—in the face again? For now I had left Mollie Forsythe I knew that I only loved Mollie Toppington, and I longed to see her and speak to her as only a true lover may. What a pitiful

specimen of a true lover I was! My brain reeled with perplexity. Yet surely the situation had extenuating circumstances. Although for a time I had completely forgotten Mollie Toppington and made love to Mollie Forsythe, I should never have given her a second thought had she not so wonderfully resembled my Mollie. In fact, to all intents and purposes, she was my Mollie. I honestly do not believe I could have told them apart. I do not expect people to believe this statement, but it is true nevertheless. I could only partly justify my conduct by assuring myself that I had been under the delusion that it was really Mollie Toppington, but I felt in my heart of hearts that such an explanation would hardly be satisfactory to Mollie herself—and, besides, there was Mollie Forsythe to be considered. I have always hated male flirts—even when they were free and had the right to indulge—and it would have been putting it very mildly to have called my conversation with Mollie Forsythe a flirtation. I thought of everything, even suicide—for I felt that I had proven myself unworthy of Mollie Toppington, but I didn't do anything quite so rash.



I TURNED AND FLED.

Instead I determined to forget Mollie Forsythe and that evening at the Gaskells as completely as if it had never been, and by rigorous self-denial and self-sacrifice for her sake to atone to Mollie for the deviation from faithfulness to her, of which I hoped she would never know. Comforted somewhat by these high resolves, I sought my hotel and was soon lost in dreams of Mollie Toppington, of Boston—the only Mollie I ever really loved.

I wrote to Mollie the first thing the next morning as cheerful a letter as I could under the circumstances, for I knew the dear girl missed me terribly, and I would have given a good deal for a sight of her. Then I started out to attend to my business. When evening came I was bluer and lonelier than ever. Oh, for five minutes talk with my Mollie! Was ever a lover so unhappily placed? I walked aimlessly up Fifth avenue, hoping to find some diversion in watching the throng of people, the fashionable hurrying home to dinner and the working people returning from their day of labor. Suddenly my heart gave a great thump and I rushed forward to meet my Mollie—then I remembered that it was not my Mollie, but Mollie Forsythe, of New York. She seemed very glad to see me, though, and in an instant the same shameful thing had happened again—I had forgotten Mollie Toppington, of Boston, in the presence of Mollie Forsythe. Oh, the pity of it!

In a few short minutes I had spoken words which I would have given half of my life to recall. As we walked slowly toward the Gaskells I told Mollie Forsythe that I loved her—that it was a case of love at first sight, and that I could not live without her—that she must promise to be mine some day; to try to learn to care for me then if she could not now. When a fellow makes love for the second time he learns how to go about it, and I don't think I said a word to Mollie Forsythe that did not carry weight. But never one word did I say of Mollie Toppington, of Boston. We parted at the Gaskells' door, or rather just within it. For Mollie Forsythe had promised and I had gathered her into my arms and pressed a kiss upon her warm, red lips.

That night I went to Boston by the late train, meaning to see Mollie Toppington, confess my duplicity and release her. I meant to do the same with Mollie Forsythe, for I felt I was unworthy of either of them. But the nearer I got to Boston the stronger my love for Mollie Toppington became, and the more indistinct the memory of Mollie Forsythe. I saw Mollie Toppington the next morning, and the dear girl was so glad to see me that I completely forgot Miss Forsythe. I determined to write her a letter explaining the strange case, ask her forgiveness—and never see her again.

But my business in New York had to be completed, and I thought after all it would be better an manner to see

Mollie Forsythe and ask her forgiveness in person. So I said good-by again to my Mollie and went back to New York.

To make a long story short, when I saw Mollie Forsythe I reverted to my unfaithfulness once more, and so I was for nearly a year. I was compelled to be in New York about half my time on business, and when I was there I loved Mollie Forsythe. When I was in Boston I loved Mollie Toppington. Was ever a man so situated? Was there ever such a case of "how happy could I be with either?" I was perfectly happy with either Mollie; when away from them I was consumed with remorse. Neither knew nor dreamed of the existence of the other, and the strain of keeping this knowledge from them, together with the consciousness of my own guilt, was killing me by inches. I grew pale and thin. Couldn't eat or sleep. It was dreadful.

To cap the climax, Mollie Forsythe, of New York, announced to me one day that she was going to Boston to visit her aunt who lived there. Of course I could not raise any objection. Instead I had to appear delighted. This, I thought, would bring forth the inevitable climax to the past ten months of deception and intrigue. The time had come, I thought, to get myself out of the way, and once more my mind reverted to suicide. But suicide is cowardly, and as I had sinned, so must I face the consequences, I thought, and I determined to see the affair out.

It was several days after the arrival of Mollie Forsythe in Boston. I had managed to see her and Mollie Toppington both often enough to avoid suspicion on the part of either of them so far, but I did not know how long I could manage it. Mollie Forsythe and I were taking a walk and had wandered out into Cambridge. Suddenly I felt as if every drop of blood had left my body. My knees smote and I almost fainted. There straight ahead of us and coming toward us rapidly with her light graceful step was Mollie Toppington. There was no turning back, no escape from any quarter. The crisis had arrived.

I looked at Mollie Forsythe. She was smiling a happy, conscious smile. Suddenly she caught sight of Mollie Toppington and her face became a study. Mollie Toppington was so engrossed with Mollie Forsythe's resemblance to herself that she did not even recognize me at first. Nearer and nearer the two women approached each other while I—I looked on with about the same degree of morbid interest which a helpless traveler might feel in viewing a quarrel of two wild beasts for the privilege of eating him. My strength had failed me and I stood rooted to the ground.

The two Mollies came nearer to each other. In another moment they would meet. A curious smile came over both their faces. The seconds seemed years to me. Suddenly my truant strength came back. I did not think. There was no time to think. But, acting on the prompting of instinct, I turned and fled—actually ran as hard as my legs would carry me.

The next five years of my life I spent in Japan.

The Church of the Nativity.

We return in time to see the procession of bishops, priests, and people that is forming in the square in front of the church. Each is dressed in his most gorgeous robes. Turkish soldiers line both sides of the street to keep the way open for the procession to pass. The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem has just arrived. The procession of priests, carrying banners and immense candles, meets him, then turns, and all go into the Latin chapel through the main entrance. Following, we are surprised to find the main entrance so small. It can admit but one at a time, and that one must stoop to enter. From the masonry it can be seen that the entrance was once much larger. The reason for the change was that the Mohammedans at one time did all in their power to injure and annoy the Christians, and even used to ride on horseback into the very church. The door, therefore, was made small to protect the church from this sacrilege.

Once inside, we see we are in a very ancient structure. Part of the masonry dates from the time of Constantine, who built a magnificent basilica on this site, about the year 330 of our era. All we can see of the oldest work, however, probably dates from not later than Justinian's time, about 550 A. D. In any case, the church is a venerable building, and it has witnessed some stirring scenes. In it Baldwin the Crusader was crowned king of Jerusalem. It has been repaired a number of times; and once, when it needed a new roof, King Edward IV, of England gave the lead to make one. This was about the year 1482. The lead roof did good service for about two hundred years, and might have lasted much longer had not the Mohammedans melted it up to make bullets. However, another roof was soon provided.

Inside, the building consists of a nave and double aisles. The aisles are separated by two rows of columns made of red limestone. These columns have plain bases, and are surmounted by Corinthian capitals. They are nine-teen feet high, and at the top of each a cross is engraved. The church is now owned by the Latin, Greek and Armenian Christians.—St. Nicholas.

Too Inquisitive.

The young woman with the auburn hair who had come after the marriage license looked at the probate clerk in indignant surprise.

"Want to know my age?" she sarcastically repeated. "My age? Why, say, young fellow, you must think you're a Li Hung Changaraz, don't you?"

It requires more sense to remain silent than to talk.



GOTHAM SOCIETY-LEADER.

MISS DE BARRIL has been elected by the New York Patriarchs to fill the place of Ward McAllister. The Patriarchs decided that there must be some one person selected to attend to the details of their future functions. Miss de Barril has been their choice. One of Miss de Bar-



MISS DE BARRIL.

ril's duties will be to keep herself informed of the names of those to be invited, so that there will be no repetitions or omissions. Miss de Barril comes of old Spanish stock and her family was at one time wealthy.

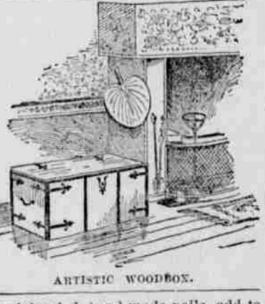
Toilet Hints.

If one's complexion is "muddy," sallow or covered with blackheads, the lotion bottle is not the remedy which should be sought first. Instead, the candidate for a complexion of roses and cream should begin to diet. Hot water taken half an hour before breakfast with a little lemon juice in it is better than creams to restore the skin to clearness. Graham and whole wheat bread, fruit, clear tea and coffee, if tea and coffee are used, plenty of green vegetables, lean meat and broiled fish form an admirable complexion diet. Poultry and candies should be avoided.

After diet and exercise have paved the way for other treatment, a weekly face steaming may be tried. The woman whose purse does not permit her to go to the professional beautifiers should fill a bowl with boiling water. Over this she should hold her face, into which a cold cream has been rubbed, for ten minutes or so, covering her head and shoulders and the bowl with a heavy Turkish towel. After drying the face she should rub more cold cream into it and she should not venture out into the air for at least three hours.—American Cultivator.

Making a Wood Box.

Following are directions for making a wood box of medium size from that excellent authority, the Ladies' Home Journal: The box should be 36 inches in length and 18 in width, the height from 16 to 18 inches. The interior may be divided into two compartments—one for wood, the other for coal—and treated to several successive coats of dark paint or asphaltum varnish. An ordinary canned goods box can be fixed up and painted to appear like an iron-bound chest. Cover the surface of the box with heavy builders' paper, gluing it on smoothly, avoiding creases or wrinkles, and paint a rich mahogany brown. Two or three coats, each thoroughly dried and afterward varnished and rubbed down, will make a good, durable surface. Strap iron corners and cross bands, embellished with big



ARTISTIC WOODBOX.

rough-headed, hand-made nails, add to the apparent strength of this chest and give it the character of an antique strong box.

A box of this sort may be put to use as a silver chest, and, if so, it should be lined with Canton flannel or felt, which may be tacked or glued fast. Several trays may be provided in which to keep spoons, forks and other small articles of plate.

Revolted at the Crinoline.

Sometimes the American woman declines to be dictated to even by her dressmaker or tailor, but with the recent advent of smaller sleeves people begin to wonder if the next step may not be in the direction of those skin-tight abominations worn some fifteen years ago and from then on for five or six seasons. The American woman has shown herself much more independent of late than she was once in matters of comfort or convenience or looks. She, for instance, would not adopt the hideous crinoline recently, although dressmakers and importers tried their best to bully her into doing it. She stood her ground and so absolutely refused that the threatened fashion died in its tenderest infancy. But that was a matter of the becoming. The American

woman had sense enough to see that she would make a guy of herself in hoops.

Padding in the New Gowns.
After a woman has been through the hands of her dressmaker it will be more than ever difficult this year to determine her physical proportions, or even to make a reasonably accurate guess as to whether she is plump or scrawny. In the first place, the new sleeves, tight almost to the shoulder, call for pretty good looking arms inside of them or they have about as much style as pump handles. "In the meantime," said a fashionable dressmaker, "we pad. I have sent home but two waists this month that haven't had the sleeves plumply interlined to give a good outline. And then the princess gown that is coming back into favor looks a sight unless the wearer has an ideal figure. It's an art to pad up to the requirements of this dress. Yes, indeed, it's a year of figure padding, sure enough."

Benefits of a Nipping Air.
Women should not be afraid of outdoor exercise, even though the winds may blow fresh and chill from the lake or prairies. The cold air will do no injury if they are properly protected and take exercise enough to keep the circulation active. On the contrary, it will do good. It will purify the blood, it will strengthen the lungs. It will improve the digestion. It will afford a healthy, natural stimulus to torpid circulation and strengthen and energize the whole system. The injury which often results from going into a cold atmosphere is occasioned by a lack of protection to some part of the body, exposure to strong draughts, or from breathing through the mouth. Avoid these and you are safe.

Madge Kendall's Tea Cloth.
"Promptly at 4 o'clock I serve tea in my English home," writes Madge Kendall to an American friend. "My embroidered tea cloth must be one and one-half yards square, with a plain oval shaped center on which to rest my tray, containing sugar bowl, teapot, cups and



MADGE KENDALL'S TEA CLOTH.

sauces, etc. I chose clover for the design, because when first landing in America I was presented with a bunch of the fragrant plants, and I have ever since associated them with your country."

Women Are Good.
Women constitute two-thirds of all the church members of the United States, but only one-thirteenth of all the criminals.

Feminine Fancies.
The new neck faniculs are more elaborate than ever.

Women who own a superfluity of jewels use real diamond ornaments on their bonnets.

Leather is being employed in the formation of many dainty fancy articles for the boudoir desk.

Facial massage is particularly necessary when wind and cold combine to make the skin rough.

A unique combination of colors is a toque with a steel crown, surrounded by a mass of violets from which spring upright loops of cherry red velvet.

The tailor-made girl does not bundle up until she looks like an Eskimo baby, but she puts on a fleece-lined or chamois jacket under the coat and thus gets all the required warmth without disturbing the graceful lines of her figure.

A Joy Forever.

When Gen. Warre was commander-in-chief of the Bombay Division, he once gave a luncheon at Poona, where about forty officers were present. The only lady present was Mrs. Warre, who sat at the other end of the table.

Now the general, in the course of conversation, often addressed his wife, and whenever he did so called her "Joy." Among the guests was a cheeky young subaltern from the gunners, by name Macdonald.

This youth suddenly paralyzed the guests by saying to the general: "I say, who's 'Joy,' general?"

There was a slow pause, and the general said very slowly and distinctly: "Joy," Mr. Macdonald, "is a pet name I sometimes give my wife."

"Quite right, too, general," sang out the unabashed subaltern. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

This remark saved the situation.—London Answers.

Cure and Prevention.

Ancient medals represented the goddess Hygeia with a serpent three times as large as that carried by Aesculapius, to denote the superiority of hygiene to medicine, prevention to cure.