

THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL

Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,
Her lips have made smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age;
And baby or lady to call her
Were something to puzzle a sage!

Her walk is far better than dancing;
She speaks as another might sing;
And all by an innocent chancing
Like lambskins and birds in the spring.

Unskilled in the arts of the city,
She's perfect in natural grace;
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple tree bloom—
And, O, when she comes, in a minute,
Like streamers, she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make.
—William Allingham, in New York Herald.

*A Pretty
Eavesdropper*



On the eve of visiting her city cousins the little village beauty, Mamie Stevens, made elaborate preparations. She did not want them to think her contrived and was even tempted to bleach her brown hair yellow because the town politician's wife said it was the proper thing among the "Upper Ten" in the city.

The twin cousins went with their father to the station on the day Mamie was expected.

While they stood there arm in arm, eagerly watching the travelers as they filed past them, Grace exclaimed in a low tone:

"Oh, Gertrude, look at that dreadful girl!"

The next moment the "dreadful girl" came up to them and said, with easy self-possession:

"Isn't this Uncle Will and the girls?"

Grace and Gertrude managed to murmur some words of welcome and then they took their seats in the carriage and were driven home in horrified silence. Having arrived, they left their mother to look after their guest and fled to their own room, where Grace threw herself upon the bed and gave way to tears.

"Oh, it's too bad!" she moaned. "And to think I was afraid of her being contrived! Why, the greenest country girl that ever lived would be better than this!"

"And she is here for the winter!" cried Gertrude, wringing her hands. "What are we going to do? I should be ashamed to be seen in public with her!"

"Uncle Will" had escaped to the office as soon as possible, but Mrs. Stevens could not escape. In sore perplexity she attended to the wants of her young guest, and was as courteous as possible, but she was secretly filled with dismay. In very truth, what were they to do with her?

At lunch the mother and the daughters were conscious of the look of well-bred surprise on the faces of the servants, but Mamie talked and laughed, and felt that she was making a fine impression on her relatives. When she retired that night a satisfied smile was on her pretty face.

"I think I have shown them that we are not quite out of the world, if we do live in a little town," said she.

The next morning she came down in all the glory of her new silk dress, and greeted her cousins with:

"Well, I am ready to start on my round of sight-seeing this morning."

"But not in that dress!" exclaimed Grace, in spite of her mother's warning look.

"This dress? Oh, certainly! This is my street dress," Mamie replied, with airy complacency, willing to show them that she could afford nice things as well as they.

"Isn't it too bad?" cried Gertrude, tearfully, when they went to their own room to prepare for their outing. "And just think how quiet mamma has always kept us and how she has never allowed us to associate with girls that made themselves conspicuous!"

"Be patient, girls," said the mother, with an attempt at comfort. "She seems to be a bright girl; perhaps she may soon discover that she is not showing good taste."

So the girls went with their cousin, and devoted themselves to her entertainment, but it cannot be said that the experiment was a successful one. Wherever they went people cast looks of surprise and amusement at Mamie. In their sensitive condition the sisters noticed these things with unusual quickness, and perhaps gave them undue prominence. They had worked themselves up to a nervous watchfulness, and when they were passing through one of the parks and saw a group of their schoolgirl friends approaching as though to speak to them, with a horrified glance at each other they turned sharply down a by-path, not quickly enough, however, to avoid hearing one of the group say:

"Who can that be with Grace and Gertrude?"

"Looks rather 'freaky,' doesn't she? Where do you suppose they picked her up?" came to them in the clear, high tones of Fannie McGregor, the sarcas-

tic girl, whom the whole school disliked and feared.

Mamie had been watching the swans, and the sharp speeches had fallen on deaf ears. She could not understand why the sisters hurried home at such a rate when she was in the midst of her pleasure. She wrote to her mother that night:

"Grace and Gertrude are nice-looking girls, but awfully prim and dull and not at all stylish. I dress a great deal better than they do myself."

For an entire week the sisters took their cousin here and there, doing their best as hostesses to entertain their guest; but at the end of that time they rebelled.

"I can't endure it any longer," Grace cried, throwing herself on the floor at her mother's side and leaning her head against the motherly knee. "There's no hope of its getting any better, mamma. Gertrude and I are worn out. What do you think she did with that pretty, simple dress you bought her? Put it away in her trunk and wore that dreadful, loud-looking silk into the streets again! When I asked her why she didn't wear the new dress he said: 'Oh, that's so plain; I shall wear it about the house.'"

"That's just the trouble," said the quieter Gertrude; "she's so satisfied with herself. She rather looks down on us, I think. She asked me yesterday if we ever went into 'sure-enough' society."

They all laughed, but Grace grew sober presently and her cheeks reddened.

"What shall we do?" the girls asked of their mother, and "what shall we do?" the mother asked of her husband, and no one seemed able to answer. Mrs. Stevens felt a delicacy in talking to the foolish girl, because she was her husband's niece and not her own. Mr. Stevens was a man who shirked unpleasant things, and this was certainly unpleasant.

"And yet I don't like to have the girls go around with her," he said. "Somebody ought to talk to her. Suppose we send for aunt Rebecca?"

"Oh, Will, the very thing!" cried his wife; so aunt Rebecca was sent for and came.

Nobody told aunt Rebecca anything, but the bright, sharp, little old woman, sitting in the chimney corner with her knitting, found out everything there was to be learned in less than two days, and within a very few hours had the opportunity she wanted. Mamie was left alone with her.

"It is easy to see that you rule your mother, Mary," she said, with a sharp glance up over her glistening spectacles. "Jane Stevens could always be pulled around in leading strings by anybody that chose to take the trouble, and I reckon you've got her under pretty good control."

"Why, aunt Rebecca! What makes you think that?" cried the astonished girl.

"Why, your mother's a lady, my dear," said the merciless old woman, "and if she'd had her way she'd a-sent you out looking like a lady."

"I always look like a lady!" exclaimed Mamie, the blood rushing to her cheeks, and she rose to leave the room.

"Sit right down there, Mary," said the old lady. "I've got a lot of things to say, an' I might as well say 'em right now. No, you don't look like a lady with that flashy silk on, and those high-heeled boots, an' your hair all faded out as it is. A lady-like young girl won't dress in things that'll make people stare at her. If you'll open your eyes you'll see your cousins don't fix themselves that way, an' I guess their mother is a pretty good judge of what's best for girls."

"I consider myself just as good as Grace and Gertrude," said Mamie, with an angry toss of her head.

"That's just the trouble with you, Mary," started the pitiless old lady; "you think too well of yourself. You've come up here thinking you are very fine and stylish, and trying to ape city manners the best you know how. What a pity you've caught up only loud and flashy things instead of things that are really lady-like. Can't you see how different these girls are? Can't you see that they don't like to go out with you because you attract a kind of attention no young girl should want?"

Mamie started up again in a passion of weeping and tried to escape from the corner where the old lady had her fenced in.

"Let me get out!" she cried, stormily. "I am going straight home! I won't stay here another day!"

"Well, Mary," said the old lady, deliberately, "you can't get off before 3 o'clock, anyway, and I'd think it over a little. This visit should be a great thing for you, but you'll have to take a new start. Sure-enough nice people don't like 'made-up' girls. They may overlook a great deal of 'put-on' in society women, but they like young girls to be simple and modest. Go and think it over, now, Mary. You've got plenty of sense, if you'll only use it, and you can see for yourself that you're mighty out of place in a house like this."

The little old woman went on with her knitting as complacently as though she had been having the most pleasant conversation in the world, while Mamie flew to her room and locked herself in.

What were her thoughts there, what her anger and mortification, what that dreadful battle she fought with herself, no one knew. Two hours afterward aunt Rebecca saw her slip out of the house, and the old lady's eyes sparkled when she noticed that Mamie wore the pretty, simple gown that Mrs. Stevens had given her.

After a while there was her step in the hall, and she came quietly in swinging her hat by its ribbons. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling, and they sparkled still more at aunt Rebecca's cry of surprise.

"Yes, I've been to the hair-dresser's," she said, "and he said the only help for

my hair was to cut it all off, and it would be all right in a month or two, so I had it cut. And I'm going to begin over again! Aunt Rebecca—I really am, I've been awfully conceited, I know, but you've cured me of that, I think."

Aunt Rebecca's spectacles were moist, and she looked on with delighted eyes while Grace and Gertrude, at the first glimpse of Mamie, rushed to her and hugged her with joy.

"By the way," asked a lady of Mrs. Stevens a few weeks later, "who is the lovely girl I have met several times with Grace and Gertrude? She is so sweet and modest looking. I have been anxious to meet her."

And Mamie overheard the comment and went to lay her head in aunt Rebecca's lap.

"I wonder what becomes of girls," she said softly, "when they are left to go their own way, or when they won't listen to older people, and go their own way, anyhow?"

And aunt Rebecca smoothed the brown hair lovingly.

"I am glad you listened."

Lord Kelvin.

James Thomson, the father of the eminent Lord Kelvin, was the son of a farmer in the north of Ireland. He had few outward advantages, but his insatiable thirst for knowledge conquered all the difficulties, and he became a thorough mathematician and professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. Lord Kelvin, though not childish, is of that childlikeness of character regarding which it was said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." A writer in Good Words sketches the distinguished professor as follows:

He has one strange peculiarity. While the higher mathematics are as easy to him as the alphabet, he often appears puzzled when a sum is presented to him in ordinary numerals. A question of simple addition placed in this way on the board will sometimes lead to the query being put to the class or to an assistant, with a certain funny look of helplessness, "How much is that?"

His power of abstraction is extraordinary. He is never without his note book, which he carries in his pocket and produces at the most unexpected times.

I have seen him when on a visit to a country house, in a crowded drawing room, with all the jabber of conversation going on in full flood, sitting with his note book, and filling page after page with intricate calculations, seeking the solution of some problem which awaited investigation.

He can do this in railway carriages, and in a storm at sea, as calmly as in his library. He will get himself propped up in the corner of his cabin and set to work, and become so absorbed as to be unconscious that there has been a gale blowing while he was at work.

And yet, if recalled to ordinary life by some passing questioner, his gentle face lights up with interest, when others, more self-conscious than he, would display irritation. Indeed, I never knew a man less self-conscious.

He is absolutely without affectation or any thought of self-importance. He will converse with a nobody in a manner so respectful and attentive as to make that nobody imagine that he himself has been delightfully interesting and even informing to Lord Kelvin. This arises from the simplicity and sweetness of a great nature.

Any Old Place Would Do.

A short man with red whiskers, shambling gait, and the remains of a jag, wandered into the Midland last evening and asked for a typewriter's studio. He lives in Kansas, not far from Topeka, and had been here attending the football games. Luck had walked on the same side of the street with him in the matter of bets, and he wanted to stay another week. But his wife expected him home, so he was in search of a typewriter to send home a letter to serve as an apology for his non-appearance.

"Kansas City, this date, ninety-six," he muttered to the typewriter.

"I have that."

"My dear wife."

"Yes."

"Very important business will require my presence in Osawatimie for a few days—"

"Let's see," interrupted the artist. "How do you spell that Osawatimie?"

"Spell it yourself. It's your typewriter."

"I can't."

"Can't spell Osawatimie?" he asked in disgust.

"No."

"Then I'll go to Fort Scott."—Kansas City Journal.

World Talk in French.

Fred Horner, a successful English adapter of French plays, while dining in a hotel somewhere in the "provinces," asked in most impressive fashion: "Peut-on fumer ici?" To which the waiter replied, wearily: "I don't understand a word of French, sir." "Then, for God's sake, send me somebody who does!" shouted the frate adapter.

A Bee's Weight.

Careful weighing shows that an ordinary bee, not loaded, weighs the five-thousandth part of a pound, so that it takes 3,000 bees to make a pound. But the loaded bee, when he comes in fresh from the fields and flowers, loaded with honey or bee-bread, weighs nearly three times more.

Speed of the Hurricane.

It is said that a hurricane bids the best time on record for one mile, covering the distance in half a minute. Then a balloon has done the mile in forty seconds. The third place is held by a railway engine, in 53.77 seconds.

The State of Illinois has used this year more than 4,000,000 barrels of beer.

COMPLETELY OUTGENERATED.

Costumes Were Not in the Contract, but She Finally Got Them.

"I've heard a good deal about coercion," said the man with a heavy mustache and a big gold watch chain, as he leaned over the desk of a Washington hotel. "But it's my opinion that the public in general don't know what coercion is. Just wait till you get women in politics; then you'll find out something about it."

"Have you ever had any experience with women in politics?" inquired the clerk.

"Not with women in politics. But I've just had experience with a woman in business, which shows how quick the sex is in recognizing an advantage and how heartless it can be in making use of it. I run a dime museum. One of my chief attractions is a bearded lady. About two weeks ago her husband came to me and said that she wanted some new costumes; that she was tired of trying to keep up appearances with her old ones. I just laughed at him; but he assured me that she was in earnest. I told him to tell his wife that we weren't paying her milliner's bills. He went away and came back with the message that she wasn't going to be put off; that she wanted three new dresses, and that she wanted 'em made by the most expensive modiste in town. 'What'll she do if she doesn't get 'em?' I asked. 'She's awfully set in her own way,' he answered; 'I shouldn't be surprised if she resigned right off.' I laughed at him again and told him that I had a contract with her for the season, which it would cost her more to break than she could earn in six months."

"That ought to have settled it," the clerk remarked.

"It didn't, though. In less than ten minutes he came back to my office in a run. 'You've got to compromise somehow,' he said. 'You've always been a friend of mine, and I don't want to see you get the worst of it.' 'She can't get around that contract,' I answered, beginning to feel a little apprehensive. 'She isn't going to try to. She says she'll stay her time out and appear every afternoon and night as she agreed to. But when I left her she had her things on, and you'll have to run if you want to catch her; by this time she's half way to the barber shop. She's going to get shaved.'—Washington Star.

Entitled to the Prize.

Some years ago there lived in England a certain bishop who was extremely pompous, and very fond of impressing upon the minds of the poorer people the evil of doing wrong. As they never seemed to do aught but wrong in the worthy man's opinion, it sometimes became irksome to these people to hear him constantly admonishing them to do right. One of the bishop's habits was to visit the miners a short distance from his city, and his presence grew familiar to these toilers. During one of his calls he found a group of them talking together, and after a few preliminary words on his customary subject of doing right, he asked them what they were talking of.

"You see," said one of the men, "we found a kettle, and us has been ery-trying who can tell the biggest lot to own the kettle."

The bishop was duly surprised, and read the men a lecture in which he spoke of how strongly the offense of lying had been impressed upon him when he was young, and how he had never told a lie in the whole course of his life. He had hardly finished when one of the men cried out:

"G'f'e him the kettle, Jim! G'f'e him the kettle."—Harper's Round Table.

Knew the Bible.

At one of the recent revival services held at noon in Old Epiphany Church a rugged, unkempt tramp walked in, apparently supposing it to be a charitable soup establishment. When he saw his mistake he started to go out, but was stayed by one of the evangelic workers. "Stop with us," he said. But the tramp persisted in going out, saying: "I'm in de wrong place." "No, you're not," responded the evangelist; "we are glad to see you." "But," said the tramp, "you are all strangers ter me." "That may be," replied the other, "but we are all servants of the Lord, and the Lord, you know, went among strangers." "Yaas," sentimentally added the tramp, "and they didn't do a thing ter him." Dumfounded by the display of Biblical learning, the gentleman allowed the tramp to pass, and when outside the door he was observed to sigh deeply and walk rapidly away with the air of a man who had just escaped with his life.

Hammers.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt, twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resemble the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hand. Claw hammers were invented some time during the middle ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty-ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which weigh as much as fifty tons and have a falling force of from ninety to 100. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

Frogs.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in devastating swarms.

Daisy is beginning to show that she is not one by writing her name "Daisy."

WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



LORE OF THE WEDDING RING.

SOME curious information will be ascertained by anyone who undertakes to explore the history of the wedding ring. For instance, among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal ceremony. This "wed" included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the left. English women at one time wore the wedding ring on the thumb; many portraits of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's days are so depicted. In the reign of George III, brides usually removed the ring from its proper abiding place to the thumb as soon as the ceremony was over. In Spain the gift of a ring is looked upon as a promise of marriage, and is considered sufficient proof for a maiden to claim her husband. It is a custom to pass little pieces of bride's cake through the wedding ring, and those to whom these pieces are given place them under their pillows at night to dream of their lovers. These "dreamers," as they are called, should be drawn nine times through the ring. Many brides, however, are so superstitious that neither for that purpose, nor at any other time, will they take the ring off their finger after it has once been placed there.

Novelties in Pin Cushions.

A pin cushion always seems to fill a want no matter where it goes. One novel design has a top made of cotton and covered with brown velvet to represent a cattail. The leaves are of crinoline, covered with satin, and the stem is of coarse wire, also covered with ribbon. The leaves can be bought for a penny or two at any store and will cost less than ribbon for covering pasted-board or other stiffening. Another odd little trifle is the pea pod pin cushion. It is 4 1/2 inches long by 1 1/2 in the widest place and is covered with bright green



CATTAIL PIN CUSHION.

satin drawn smoothly over pea pod shaped pieces of cardboard. The cushion proper, which stuffs out the bursting pod, is also covered with green satin and has peas painted down the center. Loops of green baby ribbon are fastened to the stem end. A coal scuttle pin cushion is made of copper colored velvet. Inside it is a black satin cushion for pins. Then comes a cigar pin cushion of giant size. This should be covered with brown satin of the right shade and must be tied round and suspended by yellow china ribbon of narrow width.

Care of the Hair in Youth.

When girls are young it is far more important that care should be used in dressing their hair than when they have attained the years that are supposed to bring discretion. Hasty combing often breaks the hair, making it rough and uneven. When it becomes matted brush out as much of the tangle as possible, and with the fingers carefully separate the hair into strands before using the comb. It is a mistake to think that girls' hair should be cut often in order to make it grow thick. It makes the hair coarser, but not thicker. Weak, thin hair is a sign of imperfect health, and its existence should set a mother to a careful examination of her growing girl. She is not getting proper food, is not sleeping enough, or in some way her normal vitality is not being kept up. It is also a mistake to wash the hair too often, as it makes it dry and brittle. One of the best cleansers and strengtheners for thin hair with a tendency to fall out is rosemary tea. All preparations for the purpose, however, should be used with the utmost care to the end that no injury be done to either the hair or scalp.

Smart Women of the Time.

No word which is applied to women is so often misused as "smart." It is taken to mean almost anything from a tricky, scheming woman to one who is dressed in becoming fashionable style. "There is no very perceptible outward and visible sign about the smart woman," says an English periodical, "except the general impression which diffuses of being well groomed without and within. Actual beauty does not enter into debate. She is up to date and up to snuff, and that is just what society loves and cherishes in its bosom. Her toilets, however simple, are irreproachable as to style and fit. The smart

woman will devastate a home with as much equality as though she were chasing cats from the files. Her only love is the reflection of her own face, the echo of her own ambitions. If a flirtation means advancement she will go in for it tooth and nail, and if it falls short of her expectations she will drop it like a roasted chestnut."

For Toilet Things and Medicine.

Medicine bottles and toilet things have a way of collecting in obtrusive and inconvenient array on the washstand. A neat little home-made cabinet obviates this. It is made out of three empty cigar boxes used on the plan of a bracket. Take three boxes and strip them of all labels by soaking them in boiling water. The lids you will not want. When the boxes are clean, set them aside to dry, and when in a fit state paint them with ebony enamel or green water stain, or, if you like, size them first and follow on with a coating of walnut or mahogany satin. The color chosen should correspond, if possible, with the fittings of the room. Apply two coatings of paint, letting one



A MEDICINE CABINET.

dry before putting on the next. Where the boxes are joined it is unnecessary to apply any color whatever, and, indeed, the glue will adhere all the better if there is none. Nothing can be simpler than the arrangement of the cabinet, as the boxes require no cutting and no shelves. All you have to do when you have prepared them is to glue one box endwise between the other two, which are fixed upright. These two end boxes should exactly accord in size. The center one may be larger or not, just as you choose. The easiest way of fixing little curtains upon the boxes is to gather the silk upon three bands of tape, securing these bands to the wood with tiny gilt pins. Possibly you may have some soft silk by you which will answer the purpose; otherwise get three-quarters of a yard. Measure it off accurately before cutting it, taking the height and width of your boxes and allowing as much fullness as possible.—Chicago Chronicle.

Booming a Society Bud.

Not infrequently it happens that when a girl is on the eve of making her fashionable debut members of the family indulge in such a vast amount of preliminary puffing that they overshoot the mark. Then immediately after her first appearance, when she comes down to receive a morning caller, the latter is appealed to in a whisper: "Isn't she lovely?" Then dear mamma falls upon her child and there is an audible osculation, resembling the sound that is produced by the big brother accidentally treading on the pet kitten. One sister whispers to the old friend of the family, summoned to welcome the bud from school: "Did you ever see such eyes, such dimples, and her figure, isn't it ravishingly beautiful?" And so it goes. Miss Bud, fed upon the intoxicating fumes of family adoration, wonders when she goes to the first assembly ball that the men don't cripple one another in the mad rush to claim dances, and when many of the young gentlemen who habitually haunt the house, are visibly absorbed in other buds, the sparrow-on-the-housetop feeling comes over her.

Fad for Cut Glass.

Cut glass comes next to gold and silver (indeed, at present it rather ranks above the latter metal) in value for wedding gifts. Among the presents recently received by the daughter of a ten times millionaire and the prospective bride of an equally rich man was a barrel of cut glass, and it was reckoned



AN EXQUISITE VINAIGRETTE.

as worthy a place among the best of the magnificent gifts. The cutting on one beautiful little vinaigrette in this ware is unusually rich and very artistic. The rosettes on the sides have centers that alone are worth examining, and the rest of the surface is cross hatched. The fineness of the cutting is remarkable. The stopper and neck are of gold, the former being exquisitely chased.

The tiny empire fan dangling from a chain puts the finishing touch on an evening toilet.