

WINTER JOYS.

(When the window pane is crusted
With a fairyland of snow,
And the wizard
Of the blizzard
Has shut off his biting blow,
When the morning's gold has busted
Like a billow on the swamp,
From my cozy,
Rosy, cozy
Nest I fly with Persian pomp,
Oh, my spirit's bright and sunny,
And joy's echoes in me wake,
When I pour the shining honey
On the
Buckwheat cake.

Oh, the frosty air is bitter,
And the poodle's eyeballs shine,
And the chicken,
Zero-stricken,
Roosts upon the horse's spine.
Oh, the snowdrifts gleam and glitter
With a gleaming, glaring gilt,
And the sparrow,
To his marrow,
By old Boreas is hit,
Yet I listen to him chirrup
In the bramble and the brake,
While I pour the maple syrup
On the
Buckwheat cake.

Oh, I watch the dumpy possum,
As he wags his tail in glee,
While he's rooting,
Or a-scouting,
To escape the fricasseed
With his nose a frozen blossom
Doth the small boy now appear
At the gateway,
And he straightway
Moulds of snow the deadly sphere
And I see the man who passes
On his ear that snowball take,
While I pour the rich molasses
On the
Buckwheat cake.

THE COMEDY OF MR. TUCKER.

"Ma?"
No answer. There was a gentle clatter of china in the kitchen and a smell of steaming soupsuds.
"Ma, I say?" The call came this time from the head of the stairs.
"Well, what is it?"
"I want my clean shirt."
"It's right there in your drawer, just where I put it."
"I can't find it."
Mrs. Tucker wiped her hands hastily on the towel as she crossed the room. The stairs were built in the wall and she laid her hand against it going up; it was the third time she had been upstairs that morning.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly in her good-hearted tone, drawing forth the desired article: "Just where I said 'twas."
"I thought that was another one," answered her husband. "Ain't you most through? You'll be late."
"No, I guess not."
It was a sweet Sunday morning in June and the sunshine struck glints of gold from the surface of the grass blades. The sky was a clear, rain-washed blue; the fragrance of wild rose was abroad in the air. Mrs. Tucker looked out of the kitchen door at the old horse switching his tail at the gate. He, too, wore a Sunday aspect. "I'd like to sit down and take it all in," she thought to herself. "There'll be the ride to church, anyway."

Presently there came another call from above. "Hurry up! You'll make me late."
"S'pose so," said Mrs. Tucker silently, now resigned to her fate. It seemed to Almira Tucker at times as if she had been "hurrying up" all her life. When she went upstairs Mr. Tucker was standing in his shirt sleeves before the glass, chin out and mouth drawn to one side, as he wrestled with his collar button. She stopped to fasten it for him before sitting down to put on her shoes, then, standing behind him, she craned her neck over his shoulder to see how her back hair looked. He did not move and she did not seem to expect it.

"I wish you'd fix this tie, Almira. I can't make it come right."
"Just a minute, Israel."
She shifted his position uneasily from one foot to the other. "I can't wait all day."
His wife dropped the just arranged waves of her front hair in disorder, and tied the necktie. There was not a neat or more "particular" man in town than Israel Tucker, and she was proud of the fact. His stiff shirt bosoms never broke in the wrong place.

"I'll be all ready by the time you get unbuttoned," she said, breathlessly, darting here and there as he put on his Sun-coat and vest. "Yes, Israel, I'm coming!" she called a few moments later. "Oh, dear! I always get so frustrated. Well, I can put on my gloves 's we go along."
"Oh, my! Ain't it a pretty day?" she exclaimed, now quite serene again. "Don't those daisies look like a lot 'o children havin' a party? See 'em bowin' an' dancin'! How pretty pink those roses are!"

"Well enough," said Mr. Tucker, indulgently. The patronizing toleration of the unimaginative temperament for what is beyond its grasp is a secret spring of glee to the humorous mind. Mrs. Tucker was not definitely conscious, however, of anything unsatisfying. She "looked Israel just 's she found him." After all, they had much in common.

After church they drove to their married daughter's to dinner. Emmeline lived in the village. Mrs. Tucker always felt this visit to be something of an event. It was the only day in the week when she could sit still in her best black silk and see someone else "fly around." Emmeline loved to fly around. She was young and plump and inextinguishable. She rushed up to her mother as soon as the buggy stopped, and switched her collar into shape. "I didn't want to tell you in church, but you got your collar on crooked again. Now,

come right in. Don't you do anything, ma—sit where you are. I'm going to have chicken for dinner."

It was pleasant to see her little airs of position and hospitality. "Shall I cut up your lettuce for you, Henry?" she asked at table.
"If you want to," answered her husband, a thin, dark man with a rather discouraged expression. "I wish the pesky stuff would grow cut up, for my part."
They all laughed. Later on in the meal reference was made to something in the weekly newspaper. Emmeline at once jumped up and brought it to him.

"Why didn't you let him go?" asked Mrs. Tucker afterward. She was thinking complacently, "Emmeline's got a good home."
"Well, I knew just where it was."
"You don't want to do for him in every single thing. Let him wait on you some. It's just as well to begin right."
Emmeline came to a standstill opposite. Her eyes had a jocose light in them; her round, good-humored face was like her mother's.

"Now, ma, I'd just like to know how much more I do than you've been doing for pa as far back as I can remember?"
"Well, maybe so," said Mrs. Tucker, surprised. The matter had never been so forcibly presented to her before. On their way home that afternoon she thought it over. She had the ability, rare in women who lead restricted lives, to face a situation and sum it up from an impersonal point of view. She was doing this now.

What Emmeline said was true. All her married life she had waited on her husband hand and foot until he had become so wonted to it as hardly to be able to get along without her help; and it had been a wonder to her, in the infrequent trips which he made to the city how he managed to dress himself unaided. She had found his belongings for him and put them away for years, and he expected it. Did he call she dropped everything and ran to him; it had been so much easier to run than to tell him what to do. She realized now that it was this that kept her always in a hurry. "The Tuckers always did take a slight of attention," she thought, with no sense of grievance. "Well, he is as he is, I suppose."

Nevertheless, when Mr. Tucker stopped on his way out to harness the horse next Sunday, to remark that he hoped she wasn't going to keep him waiting a whole half-hour again, she made a stand for herself.
"I'll be ready soon enough if you won't call me away from my work."
"It ain't that," said Mr. Tucker, in a tone of conscious superiority; "it's something else. I don't know how 'tis, but a woman never can get ready to go anywhere without fussin'."

"Well, you look after your own things today and I'll tend to mine—then we'll see."
Mr. Tucker came in and went upstairs. Presently his voice called:
"Is the water hot?"
"Yes," said Mrs. Tucker, rubbing her spoons with cheerful energy.
There was silence for two or three minutes, then the voice called again, a little impatiently: "I asked you if the water was hot?"
"Hot enough for shavin'; better come an' get it right off."
"I can't—I ain't fixed to."
"You can fix yourself well enough to come down; there's nobody passin'."

Mr. Tucker didn't look exactly "fixed" as he limped crossly downstairs in heel-less slippers, with his suspenders dangling and his old shirt bulging out at the back in an extraordinary manner. "I didn't know you was so put to it 't you couldn't hand up a dipper of water," he observed with sarcasm.
"Well, I ain't goin' to have you tell me I'm late this time," said his wife.
Soon he called again: "Where'd you put those socks of mine, Almira?"
"Just where I told you—right-hand corner of your drawer."
"I can't find 'em."
"Well, you look again an' I guess you will."

Strange sounds arose overhead; shoving sounds; squeaking, rattling sounds; a tramping back and forth. Over Mrs. Tucker's face stole an irrepressible smile of pure enjoyment. "Great dot's goin' on," she said, deftly turning over the dishpan and hanging the towels up to dry. "I declare, I'm about through!"
She entered her room. The bureau drawer that held Mr. Tucker's linen had been taken out bodily and dumped upon the bed; it looked as if a cyclone had whirled through it. Hanging over the edge were various nondescript bundles, partly unrolled; some even strewn the floor. Mrs. Tucker paid no outward attention, though her orderly mind was dismayed. She disported herself leisurely before the glass, smoothing her hair and pinning her collar with the utmost nicety. Behind her stood her husband, dodging his head from side to side.

"What is the matter?"
"I can't see anything while you take up the whole lookin' glass."
"You can see over my head just as well as I can over yours. Want anything?"
He would not answer until she looked up. Then he pointed to his tie.
"As soon as I've put on my bonnet. Why, what makes you fidget so? Get your coat an' vest on if you want to be doing something."

Five minutes afterward Mrs. Tucker might have been seen in the ample sitting-room door with her striped Sunday shawl on her arm, occasionally glancing over her shoulder, for her husband was behind time. As he finally appeared, warm and tired, she remarked, pleasantly: "You see I was all ready."
Mr. Tucker apparently did not hear. He got stiffly into the buggy. It was not until the end of the day that his wife discovered that he had worn socks that were not mates.

Now it happened that their nearest neighbor besought Mrs. Tucker to pay her a visit that week. "You're almost a stranger, Almira," said she; "can't you and Mr. Tucker come to tea toward the end of the week?"
"I'd be pleased," answered Mrs. Tucker. "Mr. Tucker's busier'n common just now with the hayin', but perhaps he could come along late in the afternoon and go home with me."
Mr. Tucker, however, would make no promise. "I'll see about it," was what he said. The day was so warm that Mrs. Tucker went to the storeroom to get out a certain black and white sprigged lawn, which she kept for the hottest weather, and which had not been worn that season. The store closet was built around the chimney. It was too small for a room, too large for a closet, and it had a little bit of a window near the floor that would not open. Mrs. Tucker was all ready to go when she saw that she had left the door unfastened, and she stepped back and turned the button.

It proved to be an enjoyable afternoon, though Mr. Tucker did not come to tea. "I don't suppose it was so he could get away," Mrs. Tucker explained, apologetically; "the hay's ripenin' so fast." She was disappointed herself, for she enjoyed her husband's society at times—he "made a good appearance in company." On this account she returned early in the evening, holding her muslin skirts well up to keep them out of the dust. Contrary to their usual twilight habit, the side door was closed. Everything looked just as she had left it. She looked back the door and opened a window to let in the fresh air. It went up with a bang. Rat-atat; rat-atat! What was that? Mrs. Tucker's pulse jumped wildly; both her hands sprung up as she listened. There it was again! A loud thump-thump going on upstairs.

"Mercy! What can it be. Where's Israel that he don't hear the noise? It can't—" Awful fears chased her as, dragging her everyday hat by one string, she rushed upstairs where the sounds, louder and louder, guided her straight to the storeroom door.
There was no mistaking the animating motive of those blows; rage, wordless and impotent rage, was venting itself in regular pounding thwacks like a battering ram inside that closet; the door trembled under them. Mrs. Tucker turned the button and the door shot forward with the force of a catapult. A tall, burly form, partly white and partly black in the dusk, stepped forth. "Israel Putnam Tucker, how you scared me! How come you there?"
Did Israel Putnam Tucker deign to reply? Not he. He stalked majestically across the hall with a measured tread that lost none of its impressiveness from his being in his shirt sleeves. His wife followed at his heels, all agitation and remorse.

"You don't say you was in that closet all the afternoon? Why, the awful! Why didn't you speak? Why didn't you say something? I was in a hurry an' I suppose you didn't have time. An' the boy was way over in the lot, wa'n't he?"
Of course, he couldn't hear you. I'm dreadful sorry, Israel. I wouldn't do it for anything if I'd known. Such a hot day; fool! I'm afraid you'll be sick. Your face is just purple—"
This was going just too far. Mr. Tucker lifted his free hand (the other held his vest and wilted collar) in a single determined gesture, as one who should say: "Avant!" He might have been posed just so on a pedestal for a statue of his namesake. Then looking neither to right nor left, he marched downstairs.

Consternation made Mrs. Tucker's round eyes rounder and puckered all her face; something else divided her swift mind, something that wanted to be amusement, and had no kindred soul to share it with.
"Oh, my, he's just full of mad!" she soliloquized. "Don't blame him. So'd I be if I'd been shut up four or five hours in that little closet; only I'd been thinkin' some how comical 'twas, and kind o' makin' a story of it to tell afterward, an' he don't get any comfort that way."
Mr. Tucker came in from the yard after awhile, and sat down in the door with his newspaper. His wife fluttered about anxiously. "Let me make you a glass of lemonade, Israel," she suggested.

The top of Mr. Tucker's head above the newspaper waved decidedly from side to side.
"I won't ask him; I'll go make it," thought his better half; "he hasn't had any supper, either."
The pungent freshness of lemon peel and the tinkle of the spoon in the pitcher were pleasant things that warm night, and Mr. Tucker's senses seemed to greet them with approval; but as his wife set the glass beside him he looked askance at it and spoke for the first time: "I don't want it."
"Do drink it, Israel, it'll cool you off."
"I don't want it."
She said no more, but carried the glass out to the kitchen and left it in the window. By and by Mr. Tucker arose, and with his eyes still on the paper, sauntered casually out that way. When Mrs. Tucker went into the pantry to stir up bread the glass was empty, and an immense wedge was gone from the berry pie she had baked that morning. She looked pleased.

"Well, I guess he won't starve," she said.
"What makes pa so solemn?" asked Emmeline next Sunday. "He acts just's he did at the time those bunco men took him in at Hartford."
"Now, Emmeline, you mustn't say one word," Mrs. Tucker was really aching to tell the story. She told it dramatically because it was her nature. If it had been a joke against herself it would have been the same. Emmeline dropped the flour sieve and plumped herself down on a stool in the pantry—she also was dramatic.

"Oh, ma," she said, "I shall give up!"

"There-sh-h! You mustn't do so."
It is hard to know how to treat a man in the sulks. You can punish a little boy who does not behave to please you, whether you are right or wrong, for he is the under dog; but what can you do with a little boy of fifty-seven? For a week Mr. Tucker showed a surprising propensity for keeping himself in evidence. He would come in from the farm at all hours of the day and institute elaborate searches for unknown articles, and if his wife asked him what he was looking for or begged to help him he invariably turned a deaf ear. He found numberless things requiring his immediate attention within sight of the kitchen door. It was not that he wanted to be near at hand to answer if spoken to and not answer. He also developed a rigid independence to his toilet. He could look after himself, he guessed; he didn't want any meddling with his things. One rainy day he was busy for some time upstairs, and later on his wife found out that he had been turning out the contents of his bureau drawers and rearranging them after an original conception of his own. By this time she would have worn sackcloth and ashes, if sackcloth and ashes had anything to do with the case. He even refused assistance with his collars, going so far as to trim off the frayed edges of an old one to wear to town meeting, much to her mortification, and on Sunday, while driving to church, as she saw his checked necktie sliding around to his ear and ventured to replace it, he deliberately put up his left hand and shoved it around again. Then she knew he was very mad.

Of course, it wore off in time; but a touch of new independence remained, and another result less palpable perhaps, a shading off, as it were, of the undisturbed self-importance which had hitherto marked his demeanor. A man cannot be confined four or five hours in a closet on a broiling day in July, from circumstances over which he has no control, and preserve intact his sense of conscious superiority over all inanimate things. Even a stout wooden button of his own fashioning may be a sufficient agent to enlarge his views.

The instruments that shape our ends are not always such as we would choose ourselves. It is a curious fact, yet true, that nothing had ever done Israel Tucker more good than being shut up in that closet.
In the first sharp days of fall Mrs. Tucker fell sick, and when she recovered the doctor told her husband that her heart was weak. "You must see to it now that she doesn't overdo," he said. "Make her sit down more, and not stoop over or reach up, or get tired out."
He was a young doctor and very able. Israel went to the door to see him drive out of the yard in his mud-splashed buggy. He did not go back to the room where his wife was. He looked out of the end window. Little was to be seen from the window, and that little he did not see, but he stood there some time.

It was a trial to the able-bodied woman, whose life had been spent in taking steps for others, to give up her active ways and let many things go undone. Israel did his best to follow the doctor's instructions. He did more; he began in a feeble, rudimentary fashion to take care of her. At first it seemed to Mrs. Tucker more bother than use. She expressed herself quite openly about it. She had never been a scold, but she had had her own way in that kitchen. His fingers were all thumbs. When he broke the handle off the sugar bowl trying to make her a cup of tea she felt that the whole household was going to rack and ruin and told him so.
By-and-by it began to give her a certain pleasure to see Israel stepping about the house, bringing her her shawl or placing a footstool for her. He had never done those things before; even when courting; he had supposed that she knew enough to take care of herself.

One day she sat in her room while Israel, on his knees beside her, struggled over her shoes with the button-hook. His sleek, gray head and busy, work-hardened hands were pleasant in her eyes. She suddenly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. And I suppose she had not done it like that since she was young.
Our New England emotions are like our bottled cider; they have a tang of their own, but the cork comes out hard, and not always without an explosion.

"Oh, Israel," said she, "you're so good. I don't like to make you do so much for me all the time."
Israel looked up. He was not smiling, but in his sober face there was a look as of one who was slowly rising to the occasion.
"You might as well get used to it," he said. "Doctor said to see to you some, an' I'm going to do it."
"But I don't want you should wait on me so much—I don't need it."
"I ain't said yet I didn't like it," answered Israel.—New York Tribune.

A Comforting Text.
The late Mayor Howland, of Toronto, called one day on a poor, sick woman and as usual read a portion of scripture and offered prayer. On leaving he named a passage of scripture which he thought would give comfort. The husband of the sick woman was incensed that Mr. Howland should have left no more substantial evidence of sympathy and gave expression to his anger in vigorous language. After a single the Bible was opened again, and a \$10 bill was found. The angry man went at once to Mr. Howland and offered his humble apologies, and at the funeral of his benefactor there was not a more sincere mourner than the one who had failed to understand that there is more than one way of bestowing charity.

Nobody but a woman will carry a watch without keeping it wound up.

WOMAN'S REALM

AN UMBRELLA STAND.

FROM barrels, boxes and odd bits of wood, the aid of hammer, nails and glue and the transforming assistance of paint, gilt and varnish, many a home convenience may be developed by amateurs. A design for an umbrella stand, illustrated and described in the Ladies' Home Journal, for instance, is made of ordinary wood and covered with burlap or bagging, finished at the edges with screws or slim steel wire nails. Over the entire outside of the box stretch burlap or bagging, such as furniture is wrapped and packed in. Fasten the material in place with flat-headed carpet tacks or liquid glue. After the glue is dry the burlap may be treated to several coats of paint of some desirable color. After the first coat is



UNIQUE UMBRELLA STAND.

applied the box should stand for a few days, so that the paint may thoroughly dry before the second coat is applied.
When the last coat of paint has dried hard the corners of the box may be decorated by driving ornamental nails or tacks at even distances apart around each of the four sides. Any design can be worked out in the following manner: On a large smooth piece of paper draw an oblong, to represent one side of the box, 10 inches wide and 30 inches long. On this draw the design with a soft lead pencil and make four tissue paper tracings of it. Fasten one tracing on each side of the box at a time and begin to drive the nails on the line fairly close together, but not so that the heads will touch each other. Drive the nails in half way, and when all the lines of the design have been followed tear away the tissue paper and hammer the nails in flush. Large headed iron carpet tacks can be used for this purpose, but they should first be treated to a coat of thin, black paint.

When the outside of the box is finished it will be necessary to give the inside a coat or two of some dark-colored paint of asphaltum varnish to protect it from moisture. A zinc tray that will fit inside the stand, to catch the drippings from wet umbrellas, can be made by any tinsmith.

The Winter Complexion.

When the woman who has delightedly lived out of doors all summer in rural scenes finds herself returned to brick walls and city conventionalities, she is somewhat abashed at the condition of her skin. Freckles and sunburn are rather effective than otherwise under the garden hat or mountain cap, but with the natty tailor-made gown of early autumn and generally smart effort of city toilettes, one wishes somehow these skin blemishes had been left in the country along with the lost tennis balls, broken oars and other midsummer rubbish.

Sometimes the simple washing of the face every night for a few nights with pure castile soap and tepid water will be all that is needed, but if the freckles still hold, a lotion published by the Medical Record, and pronounced harmless, will remove them. The formula for this is: Four ounces lactic acid, two ounces glycerine, one ounce rose water. After using the lotion apply a pure cold cream to allay any burning sensation. Vaseline on the face or hands is not recommended by complexion specialists, as it has a tendency after a while to yellow the skin. It is, however, an excellent thing to touch the lips with on going out windy, autumn days. It prevents the hardening and cracking to which tender-skinned people are subject at the first harsh breeze. Touch only the lips and try not to moisten them afterward.—American Cultivator.

Successful Entertaining.

The woman who apologizes for the little she has must always be a failure when she entertains. Yet her non-success is no greater than that of her sister who is so overwhelmed by her grandeur as never to be able to equal her conditions. There are hostesses in great houses who seem to be no more a part of their surroundings than frightened mice who sit in corners.

The secret, in fact, of success in entertaining is as subtle and elusive as the secret of charm. Yet few things in life, unless it be the way to bring up children, tempt the world into laying down so many laws on the subject, or into framing so many precepts. The secret, however, must always be elusive, because it lies in the power of personality—the personality of host or hostess; and by personality I mean the expression which each individual nature has consciously framed for itself. And in this expression lie tact and taste, generous impulse, kindly feeling, love

of others, subordination of self, readiness to give and willingness to receive, power of adaptability, desire for harmony. And these tests of success hold good whether the entertaining involves lavish display, in which the unaccustomed are apt to be bewildered, or includes only hospitality extended to those who would otherwise be without shelter.—Harper's Bazar.

Rules for Hospitality.
Do not monopolize any good thing.
Do not intrude into your host's affairs.
Go direct when the call or visit is ended.
Do not make a hobby of personal infirmities.
Do not overdo the matter of entertainment.
Do not forget bathing facilities for the guest.
"Make yourself at home," but not too much so.

In ministering to the guest do not neglect the family.
Do not make unnecessary work for others, even servants.
Do not gossip; there are better things in life to think about.
Let no member of the family intrude in the guest chamber.
Conform to the custom of the house, especially as to meals.
Be courteous, but not to the extent of surrendering principles.
When several guests are present, give a share of attention to all.
Introduce games or diversion, but only such as are agreeable.
Better simple food with pleasure than luxuries with annoyance and worry.
Have a comfortable room in readiness, adapted to the needs and tastes of the guests.
A guest need not accept every proposed entertainment; he should be considerate of himself and his host.

Learn the likes and dislikes of those who are to be entertained, but not through the medium of an imperative catechism.—Rural Home.

Cousin of Mrs. Cleve's and "Amelia's Palace" is the cynosure of all travelers' eyes in the Latter-Day Zion.

Everyone who spends an hour in Salt Lake City visits the handsome, three-story structure dignified by that title. The woman whose memory the building will perpetuate is still living. Amella Folsom Young, the sixteenth



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAVORITE WIFE.

and favorite wife of Brigham Young, is still handsome and remarkably well preserved. So well has she managed the liberal estate left by her famous husband that it has increased many times in value and she is one of the wealthiest of her sex in the Far West. She has exceptionally refined tastes and is fond of travel, having made several extensive European tours. Mrs. Young is a devout Mormon. She resides, not in the palace, but in a spacious home a few blocks west of the historic building. She is a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Odds and Ends of Jewelry.

The newest spoon this year is one that stirs the claret cup. It has a handle eighteen inches long and promises not to get lost, no matter how deep the pitcher may be.
A golf score with pencil costs \$3.75, and the newest oxidized silver belt buckle costs anywhere from \$3 to \$8. This buckle ornaments all colors in belt ribbon.
Belts, garters and purses have received the most of the designers' attention, apparently—and so far as purses are concerned there is now a particular spoon to serve every edible mentioned in the menu.
A chain purse is the most foolish little purse in the world, but women love just such foolish things. This year they are set in amethysts, and the guard chain, which goes around the neck, is fastened at the belt by a guard pin.

Where the Best Briar Grows.

The best briar root from which pipes are made comes from the borders of France and Italy. In the mountainous districts of those countries, roots are dug out which have grown for ages, and are sometimes larger than a man's body, weighing hundreds of pounds. The wood thus obtained is remarkably beautiful. Three large deposits of the root have been just discovered in France, and the price may be brought down in time.

Coffee in Northern Latitudes.

The farther north the more injurious to the human system is the use of coffee. Greenlanders have found it necessary to prohibit its use by the young.