

MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Bobby loved me—Bobby's dead—
Who shall say no heaven holds him?
Who shall dare deny that God's
All-embracing love enfolds him?

While the memory of true love
Mortals still delight to cherish,
Who shall say that such a fond,
Faithful heart as his shall perish?

Who shall say no soul looked out
From those eyes that e'er seemed asking
Me to recognize somewhat
More than flesh and blood's mere mask-
ing?

Dear dumb Bobby, tried and true!
Faithful friend and staunch defender!
Heaven were nearer to us were all
Human hearts as true and tender.

Many a mighty son of earth
Might have gone and scarce have moved
me;

He was but a dog—and yet
Bobby's dead and Bobby loved me!
—Boston Post.

MR. BOFFIN AND THE BAILIFFS.

"Well, Of all the crooked things as ever wot!" ejaculated Mr. Boffin, the butler.

"It's a wicked shame, that's wot it is, Mr. Boffin," chimed in Mrs. Asprey, the housekeeper.

"Couldn't have b'lieved it of the gov'nor. Never, till this mornin', know'd him to do anything but wot was pufk-ly genteel."

"Ah, Mr. Boffin! One don't know where to trust!"

"If he'd a told me I wouldn't have taken it so crool. But to let us in for the bailiffs like this, without a word of warning, and him a kicking up 'is heels on a 'oliday! Well, it's a dirtier trick than I know 'ow to express, Mrs. Asprey. And me a served him faithful, too, for twenty years!"

"I 'ope that when you're writing to him, Mr. Boffin, you'll put it to him quite straight."

"You may trust me, mem. I shall be pufk-ly candid. Oh, yes! He'll fidget in his chair when he reads my letter to-morrow. If the postoffice wouldn't be shut before a messenger could get there I'd send him a wire. But as it is there's no chance of his getting back ere till tomorrow night."

"If he comes at all, Mr. Boffin."

"Oh, I think he'll come, mem. He'll 'ave the proper feeling to come when he gets my letter, Mrs. Asprey."

"Don't you count upon his proper feeling, Mr. Boffin? If he'd have had much proper feeling he'd never have served us this nasty trick. Borrowing fifteen 'undred from a Jew. I never! And him always pretended to be rollin' in money. Well! He don't owe us much wages, that's one comfort."

"No, mem! He've always paid our wages to the day. That we must allow."

"Just his artfulness, Mr. Boffin. A cheap way of keeping up his credit while he was running into debt. I can see through it now."

"And only last week, mem—if you'll believe me—I brought him in a wine bill for seventy-odd pounds, and he settled it as easy and casual as a lord."

"Ah, Mr. Boffin! Brazening it out to the last."

"If anyone," said the butler, oracularly, "had told me an hour ago that the gov'nor wot's as safe as the Bank of England I'd have said to that man, 'You're a liar and you knows it!' And now to 'ave the bailiffs!"

"As Mr. Boffin spoke a footman popped his head into the housekeeper's room, where the above dialogue was taking place.

"Beg pard'n, Mr. Boffin, sir; but one of them gent's is arsking for yer."

"Thank you, William; you may tell the feller that I'll attend to him at my leisure," said Mr. Boffin, with extreme dignity.

"Very good, Mr. Boffin, sir."

And William departed with the message.

"To think of your being hordered about and 'etored over by those low chaps!" exclaimed the housekeeper, with sympathetic indignation.

"Begg'n' your pardon, Mrs. Asprey, but I'm not being hordered about, nor yet 'etored over, mem." (Mr. Boffin drew up his short obese person to his full height.) "And I sent 'em that message on purpose to let 'em see it. But I am going to see what their next move is, not bees' they horders me—for I knows better than to take horders from such vermin—but bees' I'm the gov'nor's representative; and, shabby as he has be'aved to me after twenty years' service, I still considers myself the trustee, so to speak, of his hinterests and his property."

With this speech, delivered in his most impressive manner, Mr. Boffin quitted the housekeeper and went to join the sheriff's officers in the large front hall.

There were two of them. The one, a square-built, bow-legged, unwholesome-faced man, seadly dressed and of vulgar aspect; the other, a far smarter, more pleasant-looking and more presentable individual, who might easily have passed for a well-to-do clerk or collector. From the first he had taken the lead—indeed, the bow-legged man had scarcely opened his mouth—and was evidently the boss and spokesman of the pair.

"Sorry to trouble you," he said to Mr. Boffin, quite civilly, "but before I go, and leave my man here in possession, I shall have to take an inventory of your master's effects, and I thought that you might like to go round with me while I do so."

"Certainly, I shall wish to keep my eye on you, young man," retorted the butler, with distant frigidity.

"Yes. Of course. Quite so," remarked the other, carelessly, as he produced a notebook from his pocket. "Now then. We may as well begin here—eh?"

Umph!" (writing "Front hall—Turkey carpet, oak table, four oak chairs—ecclesiastical pattern, fancy hatrack, case stuffed pheasants, oak stand for same," etc., until he had jotted down all the hall furniture in his notebook.

"Well, where next? Dining-room—eh? Very good. Umph! Turkey carpet No. 2. Two—four—six—eight—ten—twelve Chippendale chairs—red Morocco; large mahogany table, antique sideboard—splendid piece, too; ten large portraits in oils—ancestors, I presume. Ah! fine painting that over the sideboard—a Romney? Thought so! Beautiful! Bea—u—tiful!"

"Thank you, young man. It's really very kind of you to commend it—most condescending, as I may say," remarked Mr. Boffin, the butler, with sarcasm.

"Eh? What?" laughed the annotator, good-temperedly. "Come, my dear sir, don't look so glum. You may as well put a cheerful face on it. It can't be helped, you know."

"When I want your advice in regard to my personal appearance I shall probably ask you for it, young man," retorted Mr. Boffin in a withering tone.

"All right. All right. It's no use getting shirty, my good fellow."

"And requesting you will not again apply that vulgar and beastly term to me, young man," gasped Mr. Boffin.

"No offense—no offense," said the other, indifferently, as he continued to look about him and scribble in his notebook. "Let me see. That's all here. Where now? Drawing-room. Ah! yes. Axminster carpet, etc."

And in an instant he was busy jotting down the contents of this apartment, also, Mr. Boffin looking on with a crushing and a stony stare, and the bow-legged individual whistling—or rather hissing—fragments of popular tunes through his set teeth.

They next went to the library. Here was a very fine collection of well-bound books—numbering some 2,000 or 3,000 volumes. The man with the notebook moved slowly round—inspecting the shelves.

"Ha!" he said, as he scribbled away rapidly, "I see your gov'nor's a bibliophile. He has some splendid old books here. I know collectors who would give their weight in gold for one or two of these."

"I'll tell my master what you say," observed Mr. Boffin, haughtily. "I am sure he will be gratified by your recommendations, young man."

"Ah, well, in spite of your sarcasms," said the other, not in the least put out or abashed, "I do happen to know a good deal about articles of virtu, and there are many good judges who set store by my opinion, I can tell you."

"Ho! indeed, young man?" was Mr. Boffin's comment.

"And now," said he of the notebook, as soon as the inventory of the library—a rather lengthy proceeding—was complete. "We had better finish off the rest of the ground floor before going upstairs. Will you show the way?"

"Very well, young man. But I do this same under protest, and that's the candid fact."

The inventory of the kitchen, pantries and other servants' offices was soon completed. That of the cellar was a longer process. Some of the wines were of fine brand and of great age and value, and the annotator was careful to jot these down accurately. They then went upstairs and worked off the bedrooms—followed by the inquisitive eyes of Hannah, the head housemaid, to whom the character of the visitors had not been communicated and who was very curious to learn what was in the wind. Nor should this have been difficult, for although the annotator him self was of no distinctive cut, the air, appearance and manner of his underlings simply gave him away. A more typical bailiff never trod in shoe leather.

When the inventory was at length finished it was nearly 9 o'clock. The young man shut up his notebook with a snap and thrust it into his breast pocket. He then said to Mr. Boffin, civilly—and indeed throughout he had evidently tried to discharge his unpleasant duty with as little offense as possible:

"I must be off now. Of course, I shall have to leave my man here in possession. Very sorry. But it is what I am forced to do. Just a word in private," drawing Mr. Boffin aside. "Make him comfortable and treat him decently and you'll find him a most civil and obliging fellow."

"If he is anythink else he won't find it go down with me," replied Mr. Boffin, with dignity.

"No, perhaps not. But it's always wise policy to be on good terms with a man in, I can assure you. Our friend is used to genteel company. That is why I have brought him here. Good night!"

"Good night, young man," said Mr. Boffin, rather mollified by his concluding speech.

"Now, then, my good feller," he remarked, turning to the bow-legged bailiff, after duly shutting and locking the outside door, "I should say as the servants' all, with the hundred-servants, is about your fit—eh?"

"Anywhere for me, gov'nor. I'm no ways pertik'lar," answered the man, with a bediding humility, which still further mollified the butler.

"They'll be having their supper now," continued Mr. Boffin. "You had better join them at once."

"Thank 'ee, gov'nor. I could do a bit of vittles," answered the bailiff. "This inventory business makes a bloke peck-lish."

"I can't say that it has had that effect on me," was Mr. Boffin's answer. "I feel as if I should never enjoy my food again."

"Ah, you ain't used to this sort of thing, gov'nor, and so it upsets yer," said the bailiff, with a sympathetic shake of his head.

"No, my man, I am not used to it," answered Mr. Boffin. "And the disgrace of it has nearly settled me."

"Disgrace!" ejaculated bowlegs. "Well, now—that is a funny way to look at it. Lord love yer! I was in at a heart's only last week and at a dook's back in the summer. They didn't think it no disgrace. And why should they? It's downright fashionable—it is really."

"Which, in that case, heaven preserve me from wot is downright fashionable," rejoined Mr. Boffin, fervently. "But 'ere is the servants' all, my man. I'll take you in and interdooce you."

"Thank 'ee, gov'nor."

Mr. Boffin opened the door and ushered the bailiff in.

"Here's a guest," he explained, "as is going to join you, unexpected, at supper and I leave it to you to see that he's looked after and has his food proper and comfortable."

With that and with a gracious wave of his hand, to signify that they might again be seated—for all the servants had arisen at the entrance of that great Mr. Boffin—he withdrew to take his own supper in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Asprey. The bailiff bowed very politely to the assembled menials and seated himself in a chair which Martha, the scullery maid, placed for him. The company eyed him curiously, but coldly, for the nature of his calling and the reason of his presence were now pretty clear to them all. But he was so civil and pleasant spoken and behaved so deferentially to Mrs. Holly, the cook, and to Miss Hannah, the head housemaid, and so affable to the Misses Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha, subordinate domestics, and so respectful to Mr. William, the footman, and so paternal to Walter, the butler, that they were all on good terms with him almost before they knew where they were.

His conversation, too, was spicily without being improper, and amusing without being vulgar. Nor did he obtrude his remarks unduly. As Mrs. Holly whispered behind her hand to Hannah, "The man knowed his place, and kept there." Mrs. Holly and Miss Hannah were pleased to smile at his funny anecdotes; Mr. William to snigger languidly; as for the four under-maids and the butlers they giggled without reserve. The servants' hall waxed altogether quite jovial. It was obvious that our bow-legged bailiff, in his social capacity, had scored a distinct success.

Supper concluded, he addressed himself to Mrs. Holly with an insinuating and a deferential air; at the same time producing from one of his capacious pockets a large, flat case bottle.

"You would be doing me a great honor, mem," he said, "if you would allow me—and hoping you don't think it a liberty—to brew the company a leetle bowl of something hot."

"Really, sir," replied cook, regarding the case bottle with a shocked, yet rather inquisitive, expression, "that is a kewiourous request of yours, upon my word."

"The fact is, mem, I can't get on without my glass o' sperrits. And I o'ways carries it about with me. But it seems selfish like to drink it out by myself, especially when you've made me so comfortable with my vittles; and if you and the rest of the company would be so kind as to join me in a brew of punch you would oblige me extremely, mem."

Mrs. Holly hesitated and looked at Hannah. Hannah hesitated and looked at Mrs. Holly. The Misses Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha looked at each other and tittered. Mr. William looked at the ceiling, Master Walter at the wall opposite. The truth was this: Only beer, limited in amount and restricted in strength, was "allowed" to the servants' hall. And the prospect of a glass of something hot was attractive. But here, as at other polite boards, apparent eagerness for food or drink was out of the question. And so—from sheer good breeding—everyone hung back.

"Come now, mem," pressed the bailiff, insinuatingly.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Holly at last, "I won't say you mustn't, but I couldn't touch a drop."

Hannah couldn't touch a drop, either. Nor could Sarah, Jane, Eliza or Martha. William, however, was understood to say that he didn't mind if he did. While Walter, gathering courage from William's example, expressed an opinion in favor of nightcaps and volunteered to fetch the kettle.

So the kettle was fetched, and a bowl and glasses and a soup ladle. Also—at the bailiff's request—lemons and loaf sugar. Then he compounded a fragrant totum, with no unpracticed hand. And right insidiously delicious did that jorum smell. But the bailiff and William and Walter were all too gallant to drink unless the ladies gave them a lead. So, not to disappoint them, Mrs. Holly tasted a drop, Hannah a drop, and Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha a drop apiece. And then William and Walter and the bailiff several drops. And everyone became pleasant and affable and jocular; so that the servants' hall presented quite a rollicking scene.

While this jollity was in progress Mr. Boffin walked in. The mirth was instantly checked upon his entrance and everyone affected to be unconscious of the punch bowl. The bailiff, however, stood up, and addressing Mr. Boffin with great deference explained the circumstances under which he had taken upon himself to brew the punch, and ventured to hope that Mr. Boffin would condescend to pronounce an opinion upon it. Mr. Boffin did condescend, and was kind enough to say, as he set down his glass, that he had tasted worse.

"But wot I come in to speak about," the butler went on, "is about your sleeping accommodation to-night, my man. There ain't no bed aired ready, so you'll have to make shift downstairs on one of the sofas in the 'all. If we'd known that you was coming" (this with sarcasm) "we'd have got the best spare room ready for you, you may be sure."

"Oh, anything 'll do for me, gov'nor. I'll be quite satisfied to sleep on the floor, if you like."

"We won't ask you to do that," said Mr. Boffin, condescendingly. "Hannah—see that this good man is provided with a blanket and pillow, and show him the way to the front 'all."

And having wished the under-servants good-night, and suggested that it was time they were going to bed, he retired to his own apartment. "Which," he had previously said to be house-keeper, "it's the first time in my life, Mrs. Asprey, mem, that I shall have laid down under the same roof with a bumballiff. I know I shan't sleep a wink for thinking of it."

But the circumstances did not, after all, affect his repose. For he slept just as well, or better, than usual.

And when he awoke at a late hour next morning—ah! what an awakening that was! For first it was Hannah, then William, then Sarah, then Jane who rushed to him with such items of appalling news as made poor Mr. Boffin's gray hairs literally stand on end. He huddled on his clothes, in terrible agitation, and went downstairs to see for himself.

Alas! It was all too true. He now realized, with a dizzy sense of horror, how he had been imposed upon; how those two knaves had so artfully schemed it that they had made an inventory of all his master's most valuable curiosities under his (Mr. Boffin's) very nose; and how (for the fact that both he and all the other servants had slept so much longer than usual now had an obvious significance) the household had been inveigled into partaking of drugged punch.

The Romney had gone—cut out of its frame; some priceless curios from the drawing-room had gone; twelve rare volumes from the library had gone; ten dozen of the choicest wine in the cellar had gone; and—so had the bow-legged bailiff.—London Truth.

How Lover Worked.

Samuel Lover's daughter, Mrs. Fanny Schmid, writes her recollections of "The Author of 'Rory O'More'" for the Century. Mrs. Schmid says: His industry was such that in the busiest years of his life he did not even grant himself time to look at the daily papers, or to read any new book that was much talked of. His wife always read the papers and the new books for him, giving him in conversation a resume of the news of the day and the contents of the books, so that he was always well informed of everything that was going on. If anything exceedingly important was on hand in the political world, or if any part of a book was particularly interesting or well written, these she would read to him while he was painting.

Many artists are as dumb as fishes at their easels; but he could converse charmingly while he was painting, which was a particularly pleasant quality for his sitters. In painting or in writing he worked indefatigably, and seemed to be independent of the "moods" to which many artists appear to be victims. As to his songs, he used to say himself that he never wrote a song in his life except when he couldn't help it. The songs used to "come to him," generally words and melody simultaneously, so that he had only to write them down. Frequently the idea of a song would come when he was occupied with something quite different, as, for instance, while painting. He would then leave his easel, write down the idea, and return to his work. Afterwards he would return to the idea, and work it out.

New York's Composite Personality.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer contributes to the Century a paper entitled "Places in New York," in which she gives a picture of interesting phases of life in the New World metropolis. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: More than 76 per cent. of those who people New York to-day were born of foreign mothers; more than 40 per cent. were born on foreign soil themselves; and many of these aliens, brought from many different lands, continue here to live in clusters with their own kin after their own kind. Yet while each of these clusters, and each of their wandering offshoots, modifies the New World metropolis, all of them together do not destroy its cohesion, they simply intensify its curious composite sort of personality. They make it multifariously diverse, and they leave it an entity. They touch every portion of it with pungent exotic flavors, but as flavoring an American whole. They play their several parts in a civic life that is cosmopolitan beyond the belief of those who have not studied it well, but they do not turn New York into a cosmopolitan town; for this means a town which, overwhelmed by its strangers, has lost, or has never possessed, a character of its own.

Honesty Rebuked.

After a cable car conductor had passed me several times without asking for my fare I touched his arm and gave him a nickel. A few moments later as I left the car I found him on the rear platform alone. "Don't ever do that again," he said. "If a conductor misses you don't hunt him up. He doesn't want you to do it. If I miss a passenger the chances are about even that no one will notice it except the fellow himself. But when he rushes up to pay a fare I have missed everybody notices the fact that I have been negligent, and if there is a 'spotter' aboard I lose my job. The next time save your nickel; it may help me save my position."—Chicago Times-Herald.

All the Better.

He—We seem to have got here rather too soon, the house is quite empty. She—All the better; every one will be able to get a good view of me as they come in.—Pick-Me-Up.



WOMAN AND HER WAYS.

SOCIAL SIDE OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, on its social side, is more like a European than an American city. It does not draw all sorts and conditions of people to it, as does New York. The atmosphere is bad for both art and literature, because society, which at present is the dominating influence, gives them too many dinners and asks them to too many balls. These invitations are not to meet the sons and daughters of retired trades people, who, having had one generation of money, are pleasant and presentable enough, but who are nothing and nobody. They are, rather, to meet men and women of world-wide celebrity, who have helped to make history or who are making it now, and who are brought together from the ends of the earth for these months. Money in vast quantities was practically unknown in Washington until the advent of the Arthur administration brought a great number of rich New-Yorkers to it, and since then it has become the chosen winter home of the mammon of unrighteousness.

Especially is it a great place for rich widows with daughters—that peculiar type of American women who as soon as paterfamilias is comfortably tucked away under the sod fly to Europe, spend years wandering about like a social bedouins, then are seized with a romantic form of homesickness, but they cannot stand their former homes, and so find Washington a handy stop-gap between the former abode and the European mode of living. So they go there, buy a fine house, get in with the diplomatic corps, and the thing is done. And Washington, which professes "a lofty scorn for trade and ruthlessly shuts the doors of society in the face of all Washington brokers, insurance agents, real estate people, and, in short, trade in every form except banking, welcomes with open arms the retired trades people from anywhere on the face of the globe, Washington is the dinner place of this continent. During the season four weeks ahead is a very good time to send out invitations if you really wish to get desirable guests together. Two weeks' notice is far too short. The dinners are very elegant, but not necessarily expensive. The great question always is, "Who is to be there?" and if that be answered satisfactorily the rest matters nothing.

Head of a School Board.

Mrs. Jennie C. Crays has been elected President of the Minneapolis School Board, after a service of four years as member of that body. The people tried Mrs. Crays as an experiment when they put her in office, but she proved such a success that all doubt of her ability has long since disappeared. She was voted into the presidency by the men members of the board as a reward for the faithful performance of her duties. Mrs. Crays is the first woman to serve on the School Board of Minneapolis. She is an active club woman and the secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society of Plymouth Church. For eight years she was a teacher in the public schools, and for twenty-one years she has been a resident of the city. She has always been interested in politics, but has never taken an active part in campaigns. An interesting question is raised by her election to the

presidency of the School Board. The person holding that office is, by law, an ex-officio member of the Library Board and the Tax Levy Board. The latter fixes the rate of taxation. It is claimed that men only are eligible to membership in this board, and it is possible that the courts will be requested to pass upon the matter should Mrs. Crays attempt to assist in adjusting the taxes.

Card and Calling Rules.

Some other card and calling rules that the present code of etiquette ordains are as follows: When calling on a person who is a visitor in a private house the caller must always ask and leave a card for the hostess also. When making a call on a young married lady the visitor must ask and leave a card for the young woman's mother. A bride should be called on after her marriage by all the calling acquaintances of her and the groom's families who were invited to the wedding or received cards announcing it. Personal visits should not be returned by card unless there is some good reason for doing so. A hostess should call on a lady before inviting her to an entertainment, unless the latter owes a call to the entertainer. Cards with their home address on them can be exchanged by people who meet in traveling or

visiting, if both parties wish to continue the acquaintance.

Small cards with the baby's name engraved on them can be sent announcing a birth when the mother and baby are ready to receive visitors. Cards with a mourning border may be sent by those in affliction, acknowledging sympathy and kindness at the time of bereavement. Cards should be left by all their friends on those in affliction when a death occurs, and left later or a call be made on the mourners. It is proper to call on a young lady when her engagement is announced, and on people on their return from a long or foreign trip; on a mother after her daughter's wedding, and on a stranger who is visiting a friend. But we might go on ad infinitum and not be able to give all the minor points in card and calling etiquette. The rules and regulations mentioned are the principal ones, however, and generally accepted by those whose actions set the fashion in such matters.

DRESSMAKING AS A DOMESTIC ART.

Dressmaking has been given a place among the domestic arts and is being taught from plain sewing to millinery in Armour Institute, says the Chicago Tribune. The subject is pursued in a technical and special course, and women can receive either professional or home training. There is no longer an excuse for the woman who wishes she could make her clothes, but doesn't know how. Now she can learn if she wants to at comparatively little expense and be independent of dressmakers and sewing women. If she thinks she is going to learn it all in a few lessons, however, she is greatly mistaken. The first course in dressmaking is intended for those who wish to learn dressmaking for home use. There are

also three terms of three months each in the course. Lessons are given twice each week and are two hours long. The second and third terms are devoted to machine sewing, cutting and fitting undergarments, and the making of children's dresses. The full course is only taken by those who intend making it a specialty, and after the first three months' practice the student is ready for the first principles of dressmaking. One dress is all that there is time to make in a term, but the average woman will have learned all that is necessary for ordinary home dressmaking. One of the instructors, when asked what class of women entered the dressmaking course, said: "They are without exception from well-to-do families."

Hints on House Decoration.

In a house each room should have its own design and color scheme carried out through it all.

Some of our multimillionaires pay as much as \$8,000 or \$10,000 for the decorating and furnishing of one room.

Oak in its natural shades and the very dark bog oak are the two kinds of wood most used for both woodwork and furniture in library and dining-room.

Attractive house furnishings are not necessarily expensive. The stock of medium-priced things is quite as large as the higher ones, so that women with refined tastes but slender resources can have as congenial surroundings as their richer neighbors.

Flax velvet with a border of oozle leather or one embroidered in bullion is the very latest portiere. These are susceptible of a great number of treatments in regard to design and color. Many have just one colonial or empire wreath in the center.

Curtains of old satin, embroidered, are used in the very finest rooms. These are not particularly new, but nothing has been found to take their place, so they are still the most used. They come in every imaginable color, and the embroidery, while not being hand work (people wouldn't pay the price for this), is done in France, and is almost a perfect imitation.



MRS. JENNIE C. CRAYS.

The Shirt-Waist Remains in Favor.

Emma M. Hooper describes "Fabrics, Colors and Gowns" for spring in the Ladies' Home Journal, and of shirt-waists says: "The comfortable cotton waist will be in vogue more than ever, and will not be confined to percales, chevots, gingham and such substantial goods, but dainty dimity and flower-sprinkled organdy, as well as silk gingham, will be called into requisition."