

## MAKIN' IT UP.

Mandy and me fell out to-day—  
Both of us wuz to blame, I guess;  
I got riled, an' I said my say,  
An' she put a word in, more or less.  
So, as I started for town, thinks I,  
"She'll come round an' make up by  
noon."  
So I tried to whistle an' put it by;  
But somehow the music wuz out of tune.  
Some of the bitter things she said  
By an' by to my memory come,  
Till I couldn't get 'em out of my head  
An' hardened my heart as I started  
home.  
I took my time, so 'twas pretty late  
When I cleared the pasture an' reached  
the stile;  
An' I missed her meetin' me at the gate,  
As she did to please me, once in a while.  
Thinks I, "she's puttin' on airs," an' so  
I told myself that I didn't care;  
An' closed the gate with a bang, to show  
That I wuz the lord an' the master  
there!  
I stamped right into her tidy room—  
An' stood there a minute, too 'shamed to  
speak;  
She sat alone in the twilight gloom,  
An' the tears wuz wet on her careworn  
cheek.  
An' in her hands wuz some little things  
We had laid away, 'bout a year ago,  
When our baby changed 'em for angel  
wings,  
(An' our hearts nigh broke 'cause we  
missed him so).  
I knelt beside her, an' in her lap  
I laid my head, as the child might do,  
Who had worn the tiny faded cap.  
She held, an' the little worn-out shoe.  
I thought of all that we two had borne,  
I looked at the empty trundle bed;  
An' my kisses fell on the garments worn,  
That were stained with the tears we  
both had shed.  
I held her close, an' I tried to speak  
Of love an' comfort as best I could;  
I pressed my lips to her tear-wet cheek—  
An' Mandy an' me made up for good!

## THE JEW'S SECURITY.

Of all the merchants of Venice, Fabio Mutinelli was the most exact in keeping his engagements. He showed himself, moreover, to be possessed of a liberal and generous spirit, especially in his dealings with women and church folk.

The upright character of his methods was celebrated throughout all the republic, and there was a golden altar in San Zaniolo which he had offered to Saint Catherine for the love of the beautiful Catherine Manini, and which was admired by every one who saw it.

As he was very rich he had a host of friends, whom he entertained lavishly. During the war against the Genoese, however, he lost heavily, and troublous times in Naples increased this loss. Indeed, as many as thirty of his vessels were captured by the Uscques or were lost at sea. A powerful prince to whom he had lent large sums of money refused to pay any of it back, and by degrees the magnificent Fabio was despoiled of all his riches and money.

When he sold his palace and his vessels to pay up what he owed he found himself almost penniless. Being a capable fellow, shrewd in business and in the period of life when a man's energy is at its height, Fabio had no fears of building up his business once more.

He had many calculations in his head and came to the conclusion that to tempt new successes and to undertake further enterprises with his vessels he needed 500 ducats.

He accordingly asked Alessio Bontura, the richest citizen of that republic, to oblige him with that sum. But this fine gentleman, reflecting that while enterprise acquires riches, only prudence can keep them, declined to expose so large a sum to the chances of business and the perils of the sea. Fabio then addressed himself to Seigneur Andrea Morosini, whom he had obliged in the days of his wealth in every possible manner.

"Beloved Fabio," Andrea replied to him, "to anyone else but yourself I would willingly lend this sum. Gold has no attractions for me, and I conform in this respect to the maxims of Horace, the satirist. But your friendship, Fabio Mutinelli, is dear to me and I should run the risk of losing it if I lent you this money. For, in most cases, the commerce of the heart has a hard time of it between creditors and debtors, and I have seen too many examples of it."

With these words the Seigneur Andrea made a pretense of embracing the merchant with great tenderness, and then shut the door in his face.

Next day Fabio went to see the bankers of Florence and Lombardy. But not one of them would consent to lend him even twenty ducats without security. He ran from one firm to another, and everywhere he heard:

"Seigneur Fabio, we know you are the most honorable merchant of the town, and we regret that we must refuse your request, but the good conduct of business makes it necessary."

That evening as he walked sadly homeward, the beautiful Zanetta, who was bathing in the canal, climbed up onto the rim of the floating gondola and, looking lovingly at Fabio, said:

"Dear Seigneur Fabio, I know your troubles, for they are the talk of all the town. Listen to me now. I am not rich, but at the bottom of an old box I have some jewels. If you will accept these, Fabio, from your servant, I shall believe that God and the Holy Virgin love me."

Zanetta, with her wondrous beauty, was indeed poor, and Fabio replied to her in this wise:

"Gracious Zanetta, there's more real nobility in the slums where you live than in all the palaces in Venice!"

Three days more Fabio went to see bankers and money-lenders without finding anyone who would furnish him the money. And everywhere he received unfavorable answers, which practically amounted to this:

"You were very foolish to sell all you

had to pay your debts. We would lend the money to a man in debt, perhaps, but never to a man who has neither furniture nor goods."

On the fifth day he arrived in his despair in the Corte delle Gall, which is also called the Ghetto, the quarter where the Hebrews live.

"Who can tell?" he said to himself, "what the Christians have refused me I may obtain from the Jews!"

So he walked along the street San Geremia and San Girolamo, in a narrow, odoriferous canal, which was closed every night by order of the Senate and chains stretched across its mouth; and, hesitating to which usurer he should first address himself, he remembered that he had heard people talk about an Israelite named Eleizer, son of Eleizer Malmonide, and say that he was very rich and very shrewd. So having found where Eleizer lived he stopped his gondola opposite his door.

Over the door he saw a picture of the seven candlesticks hung there as a sign of hope for the days when the temple would rise again from its ashes.

The merchant entered a large room lit by a bronze lamp with twelve wicks in full blaze. The Jew Eleizer was sitting in front of his scales. The windows of the house were walled up because he was an unbeliever.

Fabio Mutinelli addressed him in this way:

"Eleizer, I have often treated you as a dog and a heathen, and with the fire of youth in my veins, I know that I used to throw mud and stones at the passersby in the street, and that I may even have hit you or yours. I tell you this, not in bravado, but in all loyalty, and in the same breath I come to ask you to render me a very great service."

The Jew raised his long, skinny arm in the air; it was dry and knotted like the stem of a vine.

"Fabio Mutinelli, the Father who lives in heaven will judge both you and me! What is the service you came to ask me?"

"Lend me 500 ducats for a year."

"Money is not lent without good security. What security can you give?"

"I must tell you, Eleizer, that not a farthing remains to me, not a silver goblet, or a trinket of gold! Not a friend has stood by me; all have refused to do me this service. I have nothing in the world but my honor and my faith as a Christian. I offer you as security the holy Virgin Mary and her divine son in the church!"

At this answer the Jew bent his old head to one side, as one does who reflects and meditates, stroking his long, white beard the while.

Then he said:

"Fabio Mutinelli! Lead me to your security, for it is right the lender should see the security on which he lends."

"It is your right," replied the merchant. "Come with me and you shall see it."

And he led Eleizer to the Church of Orto, near the place called the field of Maures. There, standing upon the altar, he showed to him a figure of the Madonna, the forehead wreathed with a crown of precious gems, the shoulders draped with a gold-embroidered garment, and in her arms the infant Christ, adorned like her with gold and precious stones.

The merchant pointed this out to the Jew and said:

"There is my security!"

Eleizer, resting his keen eyes alternately upon the merchant and the figure, considered a moment, and, then, bowing his head, said that he accepted the security. He took Fabio back to his house and measured out to him, full weight, 500 golden ducats.

"They are yours for a year. If at the expiration of that time, day for day, you do not repay me this sum with the interest fixed by law of Venice, think to yourself, Fabio Mutinelli, what opinion I shall have of the Christian merchant and his security!"

Fabio, without losing time, bought vessels and loaded them with salt and other merchandise, which he sold in the towns along the Adriatic at great profit. Then, with a fresh cargo he set sail for Constantinople, where he purchased rugs, perfumes, peacock feathers, ivory and ebony, which he exchanged for timber bought in advance by some Venetians. In this way in six months he increased ten times the sum he had received.

But one day, while sailing for amusement with some Greek women on the Bosphorus, he went out a long way from the shore and was captured by pirates and taken away to Egypt. Fortunately his gold and his merchandise were in safety, but him the pirates sold to a Saracen gentleman, who put chains on his feet and made him work in the field. Fabio offered to pay his master a large ransom for his release, but the daughter of the Saracen loved him and persuaded her father not to let him go. Looking, then, for escape only to his own efforts, he fled through his chains with the implements he used in the fields, and succeeded in making his way to the River Nile, where he threw himself into a bark.

In this little craft he managed to reach the sea, which was not far away, wandered about the coast for several days, and, at last, when nearly dead with hunger and thirst, was picked up by a Spanish vessel sailing to Genoa. But after eight days' fair weather the ship was attacked by a tempest, which threw her upon the coast of Dalmatia and broke her to pieces. Everybody was drowned except Fabio, who only reached the shore with great difficulty by clinging to a chicken coop. He sank unconscious upon the ground and was found in that condition by a beautiful widow named Loretta, whose house stood near by, and who nursed him and gave him all her attention.

When he came to himself he smelt the perfume of myrrites and roses, and saw from his window that the garden stretched in terraces to the seashore.

Mme. Loretta took the guitar and played and sang to him tenderly beside his couch. Fabio, in gratitude and enchantment, covered her hands with a thousand kisses, he thanked her many times, and told her that he was less touched at regaining safety than at owing his life to so lovely a woman.

Then he asked his hostess the exact month and day of the month, and when she told him he began to groan and to lament, for there were only twenty-four hours more of the year to elapse before he must pay to Eleizer his 500 ducats.

The idea of not keeping his word and exposing his security to the reproaches of the Jew was intolerable to him. When Mme. Loretta asked him what the reason of his despair might be he told her. And she, being very devout and pious, was much troubled for his sake.

The difficulty was not to find the 500 ducats, for in the neighboring town there was a banker who for six months had had charge of that sum at Fabio's disposal. But to go in twenty-four hours from the shores of Dalmatia to Venice, with contrary winds and a dangerous sea, was not within the range of possibility.

"Let us first get the money," said Fabio.

And when a servant had brought it to him the noble merchant placed the sacks containing the gold in a boat that was moored near the shore. Then he went to the private chapel of Mme. Loretta, and, taking an image of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, made of polished cedar wood, he placed it in the boat beside the rudder. And he said:

"Madame, you are my security. The Jew Eleizer must be paid to-morrow. My honor as well as your own is at stake. That which a mortal sailor such as I am cannot do you will easily accomplish. Beautiful star of the sea, thou whose breast nourished Him who walked upon the waters, bear this money to Eleizer in the Ghetto of Venice, so that the Jews shall not say that thou art worthless and false security."

And, having set the boat loose, he lifted his hat and said in a low voice:

"Adieu, Madame!"

The boat sailed out into the open sea. For a long time the merchant and the widow followed it with their eyes. Night fell; a pathway of silvery light lay across the peaceful sea.

And the day following Eleizer opened his door and saw in the narrow canal of Ghetto a boat laden with sacks, on the top of which stood a little figure of polished cedar wood, resplendent with the light of the dawn. The boat stopped in front of the house where the picture of the seven candlesticks was seen above the door, and the Jew recognized the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus, the security of the Christian merchant.—From the French of Anatole France.

**Made the Soldier Glad.**  
A pretty story, savoring of the romantic, is told in the French press about the Kaiser. Recently his majesty went to the Berlin barracks alone. The corporal on guard recognized the Kaiser immediately and saluted him. The Kaiser was pleased, and, approaching the soldier, said: "Why do you look so sad, corporal?" The corporal did not reply. The emperor then asked if he was disappointed in love. At this the corporal found his tongue, and replied that he wished to marry Marguerite, the daughter of his sergeant major, but that her father would not give his consent until he became a sergeant. "And do you love her very much?" asked the Kaiser. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Then," said the emperor, "go and tell your future father-in-law that William II. makes you a sergeant."

**The Winter Soft Crab.**  
The winter soft crab differs from its summer cousin only slightly in appearance, being a little narrower in the body. It is, however, more succulent and finer flavored than the choicest specimens of the other kind, a fact that is well known to epicures. Moreover, being a rock-crab, or, as it is called here, a sand crab, it differs in its habits from the other, which lives in the mud, and this difference has much to do with its comparative scarcity in ordinary seasons. It is much harder to find, unless the hunter has sharp eyes and a good knowledge of its ways, and it chooses its hiding places and its time of shedding with a wisdom too great for reason, and attributable only to instinct.

**A Tramp's Ready Wit.**  
A tramp asking for food at the door of a certain good deacon residing near one of the country thoroughfares, was given a loaf of bread by the master of the house, with the rather inhospitable remark that "the Bible says that if any man will not work neither should he eat." Looking down at the gift with a shade of disgust, the tramp quickly responded: "Yes; and does it not also say that man cannot live by bread alone?" It is but truth to add that he received a generous slice of country ham as a reward for his quick-wittedness.—Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

**Photography.**  
The latest novelty is a combination of photography and shooting. The photographic rifle, which is an accomplished thing, has proved a great success. The Emperor of Germany and his guests, on a recent deer hunt, managed to extract great fun from it. A little camera is fixed to the gun and exposes a plate at the instant the shot is fired. The plate is quickly developed in a pocket-bath. The picture shows whether the animal was struck, and enables the hunter to avoid a fruitless chase if he has missed his game.

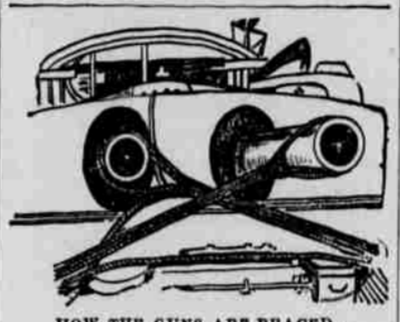
**Fixing the Case.**  
Rickson—Jagger's mind seems rather clouded to-day.  
Brags—He must have had another stormy scene with his wife this morning.—Philadelphia North American.

## LASHING BIG GUNS.

How the Cannon on a Big Man-of-War Are Made Fast.

The recent return to port of Uncle Sam's battleship Indiana, which was obliged to leave Admiral Bruce's squadron and put back for fear that the turret-guns would break from their fastenings, recalls the occasion of the same warship's trip last October from Hampton Roads to New York, when the immense machines of war actually did break away from their clamps and began tearing to and fro across the decks with every roll of the ship in the fierce gale that was raging. Capt. Bob Evans was in command of the ship on that occasion, and he has given a vivid description of the awful night, which will bear repetition in the light of the Indiana's recent performance.

"We tied the two forward guns together by binding the guns each to the other and fastening the hawsers to the blits, and managed the aft ones the same way," said Captain Evans, in telling the story. "It was a very hard job. About 2 o'clock next morning the forward ones snapped their hawsers and got loose again. The storm was then very severe, and the ship was rolling at an angle of 36 degrees. To make matters worse, the forward 13-inch guns got loose, and those enormous guns got thrashing about in full command of the deck. We finally caught the big guns with a 13-inch hawser and tied them securely to the superstructure. It was a very dangerous task in the face of such



HOW THE GUNS ARE BRACED.

a gale as was blowing, and I was afraid of losing two or three dozen men. If I had not had the very best crew in the world I don't know how we would have come out of it."

After that was done it was necessary to wait until the guns were in a suitable position, when the hawsers were wound around the blits on opposite ends of the deck. This operation was repeated until a sufficient number of turns had been made to anchor the guns securely.

**A \$50,000 GOWN.**

Mrs. Wallace's Costly Garment Worn at the Opera in Chicago.

Mrs. Celia Wallace, of Chicago, created a sensation in that city by wearing a dress that cost \$50,000 at the opening night of the grand opera season. She could afford to, for she has an income of \$150,000 a year. She is the widow of Judge Wallace, who made a big fortune in the advance of real estate in that city, and resides at the Auditorium very quietly. She does not care for society, has never been seen at a fashionable function, and she is extremely averse to newspaper publicity.



\$50,000 DRESS OF MRS. CELIA WALLACE.

llicity. She is an elderly lady who has traveled much in Europe and this country. Her collection of ancient jewels, which she has picked up in her journeyings is the most valuable possessed by any American personage. It represents hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mrs. Wallace's dress has \$10,000 worth of point lace. The gown is studded with diamonds, and is the richest ever worn by a Chicago woman. In 1893 she surprised her townspeople by purchasing the Tiffany Chapel at the World's Fair for \$75,000, which she had erected as a memorial to her husband. She belongs to the church founded by Prof. Swing, known as the Central Church. Mrs. Wallace is very charitable as well as very rich. Last year she disbursed \$70,000 for the relief of the poor of Chicago.

**Electrify in India.**

The temples of India are to be lighted with electricity, the example having been set by the great shrine of Siva, at Koehicaddie, near Mutwal, in Ceylon, and is to be speedily followed by the equally vast and ancient foundation of the Natukotta, in the same island. In no long time others will adopt the same improvement till all the holy places of the peninsula are so equipped that by pressing a button they can be instantly illuminated, like a modern hotel or theater.

**Just Like Chicago.**

In Paris the streets and public buildings are lighted with gas at cost, and in ten years the city has received \$40,000,000 from the company furnishing gas. A public franchise in Paris means something handsome for the city treasury as a matter of course.

Very few people realize the solemnity of attaching their signature to a note.

## WOMAN'S REALM.

### SCHOOL DRESS REFORM.

THE girls of the State Normal School at Cedar Falls, Iowa, have adopted a school suit of the dress reform order. It consists of a skirt six inches from the floor, a jacket to wear over the skirt or fancy waist, leggings for protection in cold or stormy weather, and a plain hat or cap to match.

It is not expected that all will wear the same material or color, though dark-blue storm serge or chevot is recommended as probably most serviceable and appropriate. Individuality may be emphasized in waists, collars and ties, while uniformity of style will prove an advantage. Rational underclothing is insisted upon. Extremities are to be warmly dressed, heavy skirts to be abolished and the weight of the clothing to be evenly distributed.

This may be done in such costume, and yet the whole effect may be perfectly feminine and modest. The length of the skirt is the only point which can be criticized, and even that, does its wearer possess a bicycle, is unheeded. Why, then, should our girls be condemned for adopting that which has proved itself healthful, becoming, economical and sensible?

"That there will be criticism none can doubt," says The Normalite, a paper published at the school. "That the criticism will cease with knowledge is equally sure. The normal school can afford to lead in any movement which is for the betterment of the teachers of the State, and if the fact that teachers and girls here are adopting a working suit which gives freedom and health shall encourage our alumnae throughout the State to do the same, shall free even one country schoolteacher who plods through dust and mud and snow to her daily work, we can bear the strictures of our friends bravely and take no heed of the others. The normal leads the way. Who is to follow?"

**Two Guests.**  
I have in mind a girl who visited her intended's mother. She was naturally bright and interesting, but was she not thoughtless and selfish? She was never up to breakfast in the morning, which necessitated her hostess, who was a very busy woman and did her own work, getting an extra breakfast at half past 8 or 9 o'clock. She never even opened her windows or threw back the bedclothes. She might have made herself useful in many little ways and endeared herself to the whole family, but she made no effort to do so.

Another girl went to visit an uncle's family for a week and was invited to remain a month. She was always ready to make herself useful when her services were needed, took care of her own room, was quiet and could entertain herself with her embroidery or a book at any time when her hostess was occupied, was prompt at meals, sometimes entertained the little folks with stories and games, and was under all circumstances an agreeable and welcome guest.—Farm and Home.

### Scent Bottle with Silver Tracery.



A Queen's Hobby.

The young queen of Holland has been a passionate collector of postage stamps since she was 8 years of age. Those bearing her own effigy are not wanting in her collection. It is related that lately her majesty reproached her president of the council because the present Dutch stamps still bore her portrait when she was only 10 years old. "I should like very much, my dear minister, a new series of stamps which will show me to my people just as I am at present," she is reported to have said. But the Dutch ministers have decided that the new portrait of their queen shall be engraved on certain state papers only on the occasion of her marriage.

### Skirts with Stiff Linings.

Skirted breadths and flat or box plaits have in a great degree replaced the godet effects at the back of dress skirts. In many instances braiding or a pretty vine passementerie simulating braiding is carried from the skirt hem upward, not only on the front and sides, but frequently, on new French gowns, at the back, tapering as it goes.

In nearly every case, notwithstanding all that we hear of the absence of stiff interlinings, the back and sides of these skirts are thoroughly well set out from the figure, and not a few of the gowns are so arranged that French dressmakers call them "standing gowns," and certainly some of the moderately spreading, elaborately trimmed models would not be improved by a sitting position of the wearer.

There are very many women who never wear their walking costumes in the house any more than they would don their robes of ceremony for the promenade—a wise rule—but a gown in

which one cannot comfortably sit is rather a trial, and the knowledge that the appearance of one's dress is spoiled by this decidedly restful position is disagreeable to think of, let alone endure.

**Cure for Insomnia.**  
There are several theories of the proper position in sleep. The one most commonly favored is that one should sleep on the right side, as digestion goes on in this position most favorably. Other authorities say that one should always lie on the back, but there are excellent reasons why this is not wise. The weight of the stomach rests upon the spine, which often affects the nerves. Some severe cases of insomnia have been cured by the habit of sleeping on the face. This is easy to do and is the most comfortable position if one dispenses with the pillow. One young man who had exhausted all the skill of the doctors fell into the habit of lying on his face, with his right arm under his head, which was turned slightly to one side. By this change natural rest soon came to him and he entirely recovered.

**The Girl in the Home.**  
Oh, it's tie a cravat, make a band for a hat.  
It's go and beg father for this thing and that,  
Help out on hard sums, soothe the hurts,  
cure the stings—  
Takes a fellow's sister to do all such things.

And she can scarce stay with a friend over night  
But something is gone of the home's cheer  
and light—  
Quick step, ready hand, merry voice, life  
and whirl.  
Then says father to mother, "Think of home with no girl!"

**Lace Blouses.**  
Blouse waists of lace traced around the pattern with mock jewels are very much worn with the velvet bolero jackets. A pretty model for any sort of silk waist is slashed above the belt to show the lace waist underneath; velvet revers finish the front, and velvet ribbon trims the epaulet frills. Black and white plaid silk, with velvet mousseline de sole frills, edged with black velvet ribbon in the narrowest width, is a novel combination very much admired, and the tucked chiffon waist trimmed with lace frill is always pretty for young girls.

**Simple Headache Cure.**  
Severe headache may be removed by spirits of ammonia. It should be carefully used, as the constant use of salts, ammonia, and other strong scents injures and inflames the nose.

**Whaling on Horseback.**  
At Cape Cod, Newfoundland, whaling on horseback is a popular and exciting game, in which the boys are allowed to join. A more novel and thrilling scene than when the sport is at its height can hardly be pictured. The whales are enticed in some way inside of the bar by men in boats, and when the tide goes out they are left at the mercy of the whalers on horseback, in a stretch of water forming a little enclosed lake some three to four feet deep. The bay is comparatively smooth, and in it the creatures flounder and rush about, lashing the water into foam as they are followed by the horsemen. The horses become as excited as their riders, who, armed with harpoons, lances, bathhooks or any other weapon, endeavor to capture as many of the monsters as possible. The men keep up an incessant yelling and splashing, gradually forcing the monsters up a narrow creek. The whales seem to know they are running into a trap, for they make great efforts to break through the line of horses. Occasionally a wounded creature lifts a horse out of the water with a tremendous sweep of its tail, and the rider is thrown sprawling into the water, to the great amusement of the onlookers. This hunt is kept up until all the animals are driven upon the shoal and dispatched.

**How Appointments Are Made.**  
Ex-President Harrison, in an article on "A Day with the President at His Desk," in the Ladies' Home Journal, gives the method by which appointments to public office are made by the President. "One of the Cabinet officers," he writes, "appears by appointment, accompanied by a messenger with an armload of a basketful of papers—chiefly made up of petitions and letters relating to appointments. Each case has been briefed and jacketed, and one by one they are presented, the Secretary adding such information as he has, outside the papers. The conclusions reached are noted—to appoint a particular person, or to prosecute a further inquiry. The Postmaster General brings a large clothes basketful of papers, and an adjournment to the long Cabinet table is necessary in order to display them. He takes up the papers relating to a postoffice and briefly states the case. If the case is decided he fills in the blank on the jacket. 'Appointment,' the President affixes his initials, and the package is thrown back into the basket. A while afterwards is often consumed in this way."

**For Too Wide-Awake Ones.**  
Persons who suffer from sleeplessness may try various simple remedies with more or less success, unless their insomnia be due to such a deranged condition of the nerves as possibly requires a doctor's care. Warmth is an admirable aid to drowsiness, and a glass of boiling milk or hot lemonade or cocoa makes an excellent bedtime drink.

**Every man has a lot of stuff he can't sell.**