#### JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

If for the little while That life has left to me, fair fortune's smile

Could rest upon me; if my closing days Could be like this October, all ablaze With gold and scarlet; if I only might Have hands both of silvery delight, And all that wenith can buy, or wealth

Could be at my command at wish of

mine, Just for a little while! My child, take what is given to-day-A little money for a little way.

If for the little while That life has left to me, the Muse's smile Could rest upon me; if my closing days Could be like this glad morning, all ablaze With sunlit fields and mountain tops of

thought, My poems be in every language sought; If all that noblest genius can combine Could come together at some word of

Just for a little while! My child, take what is given to-day-A little knowledge for a little way.

If for the little while That life has left to me, full many a mile On land or sea, to east or west or north. Across the world, I could at last go forth: If I might mount the heights of Greece

or Rome. Instead of climbing little bills at home: If I might all the Alpine mountains view Instead of watching shadows on Mt. Blue, Just for a little while!

My child, take what is given to-day-A little climbing for a little way.

If for a little while could be rich; if pile on pile Of gold or gems could be at last my own To take and keep, or to be let alone; If I could have enough to give away To every sufferer, bid the wanderer stay And eat and drink his fill; if every eye Looked up with gratitude as I passed by My child, take what is given to-day-A little help for a little way.

If for the little while That life has left to me, affection's smile Could rost upon me; if my closing days Could be, like starry evenings, all ablaze With blessedness; if lips I love could

"It is so good to be with you to-day;" If all that beart can hold of happiness Could be my own, unfathomed, measure less.

Just for a little while! My child, take what is given you to-day--Julia H. May.

# GOOD WEIGHT.

Lillian Snell, teacher of the first grade in building No. 3, public schools of Windsor, turned quickly from the blackboard whereon she had been drawing a pert wren swinging on a spray of clover.

"Who is crying?" she asked, in a sweet, firm voice. "It is little Agnes Gregory," volun-

teered a dimple-faced boy who sat Miss Snell crossed the room and bent

over the child. "Agnes, little sunshine lassie, what

is it? Can you not tell me all about

Sobs were Agnes' only reply. Miss Snell kissed her gently, then went back to her work. When it was finished and the children all provided with work. she lifted the sobbing child and tender ly carried her to the teacher's desk Here, somewhat removed from the curious little ones, Lilian set about soothing her pupil.

Agues was a pretty fair-faced child of 6. She had sunny blue eyes and her hair, a golden chestnut, curled about her face and neck. Her clothing was clean, but well worn, and Lilian noticed the gaping hole in the tiny shoes as well as the thinness of the faded dress. Noticed it with a sympathetic thrill of the heart that throbbed with something of the divine spirit of motherhood toward the children in her care,

Agnes' story was soon told. Her widowed mother had had no breakfast for her little ones.

"I don't care so much about myself, Miss Snell," the child went on artlessly, "'cause I'm mamma's brave girl, but when little brother Royce wakes up he will be so hungry, and he is only 3 years old. He does not know

A little more questioning and Lilian learned that some one owed Mrs. Gregory for sewing, also that she hoped to have dinner ready when Agnes came

Lillan looked out into the driving storm of a January forenoon. She knew Mrs. Gregory, and her heart ached for the pale young mother.

Miss Snell was quick of thought and action. Ten minutes later Agnes was in a warm cloak room feasting in the dainty lunch Mrs. Snell had prepared for her daughter's midday meal. The young teacher had written a note and a list of articles of food and was at the door of the room across the hall.

The teacher, Florence Fox, listened sympathetically to Lilian's story and to the suggestion that her own 12-yearold brother be called from the sixth grade to deliver the note.

"Of course, Fred can go," she cried, "and, Lilian, you say you have written to Mr. Davis the circumstances and asked him for good weight. I'll send an order to Cousin Hugh for a halfcord of wood, tell him the story, and ask him for good weight."

A faint crimson flush stained Lilian's cheek, but she warmly thanked her friend and hurried back to her work. Mark Davis was a stout, genial-faced

man of 38. He sat in his office, his morning's work at his book just finished. Through the open door he could see brisk clerks stepping about in the grocery store from which the office opened. There was an odor of spices.

coffee, fruit and fish in the air, "Eight hundred dollars more profit this year than last," the grocer said to any good to pile up money when he has no one to spend it on."

Here his reverle was cut short by the entrance of a clerk who handed him an envelope, saying: "A boy just brought this."

Two papers dropped from the envelope as he tore it open. The first was a list, including a loaf of bread, potatoes, crackers, dried beef, and a few other articles. He glanced over it and opened the other. It was Lillan's note:

"Dear Mr. Davis: A little girl in my rom is crying because she has had no breakfast. Her name is Agues Gregory, and her mother is a poor widow who lives on the third floor of No. 4 Hampton street. Please send the things ordered at once. I will come in after school and pay for them. And, Mr. Davis, please give good weight. Truly yours, LILIAN SNELL."

Mr. Dayis had been a friend of the Snell family for years, and it was not the first time that Lilian had appealed to him for help in her charitable work. So that was not the reason that so strange a look came into his honest brown eves.

"Agnes Gregory, and lives on Hampton street," he murmured. "It surely must be Margaret's child. Good God! Margaret and her child wanting brend!"

A half hour later Mark Davis was making his way up the stairs to the floor upon which Mrs. Gregory's rooms were situated. His knock at the first door was answered by a red-faced woman.

"Mis' Gregory, is it you alr wantin'?" she asked sharply. "And it's no bad news you air after bringin' her, I

"I wanted to deliver some groceries a friend has sent her."

The clouded face cleared as if by magic. "Heaven's blessin' be on your head, then! Mis' Gregory, she's gone out, but I've her key here, and will unlock the door. That's her by, and a swate child he is."

Mark engerly looked at the pink and white face of the boy. He held out a great golden orange, and little Royce sprang for it, his childish laugh echolog through the room. Then the grocer followed Mrs. Donovan to the home of Margaret Gregory.

It was a bare place, but clean and neat. Mark sighed as he noted the signs of abject poverty. While the deliveryman was bringing up the parcels. Mrs. Donavan volubly explained that Mrs. Gregory had gone to try to get money due her. The warm-hearted Irish woman had surmised that fortune was at low ebb with her neighbor. partly because of little Royce's unusual fretfulness, which had been quieted by a huge slice of bread and butter.

"She's worked her precious fingers 'most to the bone," she concluded, "but work's scarce, and I don't know what's ever goin' to become of her and her bables."

The wood soon came. Florence's half cord had been re-enforced by a whole cord, perhaps because she had written her cousin that the needy widow was a protege of Miss Snell's.

As to Lilian's order for groceries, Mr. Davis had added to it a sack of flour, a ham, coffee, tea, sugar, apples, cookles, cheese, canned fruits and meats, and a big bag of candy.

Mrs. Donovan went back to her own room, and the wagons rolled away. Mark hastily built a fire, then sat down to think how best to explain the liberty he had taken.

The bare room faded from his vision as he sat there. In its place came an old country garden overgrown with roses and clematis. It was June, and the air was heavy with the scent of many blossoms. By his side was a beautiful girl in whose curls the sunshine seemed entangled. He bent lower, and the rose-red lips of his companion murmured, "I love you, Mark." Still lower his head sank until his lips touched the ones that had uttered the

sweet words, A start, and he sat upright, glancing around him. That was ten years ago. He was poor then, and Margaret, beautiful Margaret Henson, had been the only daughter of a wealthy home. So their engagement had been forbidden. They parted, vowing eternal constancy, A year later Margaret became the wife of Vance Gregory, but it was not until months after that Mark learned of the treachery and deceit that had been employed to urge her to that step.

It was too late then. There was nothing to do but to endure.

He had known for some time that Margaret was a widow and lived in the city. He knew nothing of her poverty, supposing that her means were ample. To go to her now with a story of love had never occurred to him. She knew nothing of what had parted them. He could not blacken the memory of the man who had been her husband, the father of her children.

He sprang to his feet. There was no need of an explanation. He passed out, pausing for a final word with Mrs. Donavan.

"Tell Mrs. Gregory the things cam-

from the teachers at No. 3." "To be sure, Mr. Davis," responded the woman, who had recognized Mark, "I'll tell her all 'bout it. And many the blissin's of all the saints rest or

your dear head!" Mark hurried away, leaving a shin

ing silver dollar in Royce's hand, It was only a few minutes after hi departure that a thinly clad woman came tolling wearfly up the stairs. It was Margaret Gregory. The woman who owed her was out of town. The needy mother had applied at several places for work, only to meet with refusal. Then she had gone to a store and begged for credit, but in vain.

She had reached the end. There was but one way open. She would ask Mrs. Donavan to give her children their dinner. When she had rested and conquered the bitter rebellion in her heart she would go out again and apply to himself. "Somehow it don't do a man | the city for charity.

Margaret Gregory was proud. She was already faint for the want of food. yet she turned in loathing from the thought of a meal obtained in that way. It would be worse than death, but death does not come at one's call, and there were her bables.

A dry sob burst from her lips. She passed Mrs. Donavan's door in silence. She must have a moment to berself before she could ask charity of one so poor as her kind neighbor. Hurrying on, she pushed open her own door.

A bright fire was blazing in the cracked stove. Mrs. Donavan had prepared potatoes for the oven and cut slices ready for frying from the ham. The open door of the wood closet showed a huge pile, while the table was beaped high with food

For a moment she stood gazing wildly around her. Then she dropped on her knees, and with a shower of tears relieved her overwrought nerves.

The next day's mail brought a letter from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank her. From the young teacher she had learned of Mark's connection with the affair.

It was an earnest, grateful letter, blotted here and there with tear stains, She accepted his generosity; for her children's sake she could not refuse charity. She referred to the friendship that had existed between their parents, but Mark was glad that she was too womanly a woman to even hint at the relation they had once borne to each other. When he finished reading the letter his heart was light, for he understood that Margaret knew of the treachery that had blotted the sunshine out of his life.

Mark went straight home and told his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, all about it. Mrs. Everts was kult- ger thrusts of a genuine, bona fide venting before the open coal fire. She was detta, there were the more dangerous a bright-faced old lady with soft white Weapons, venomous tongues, which hair and a serene face. When he had gave utterance constantly to sneers, finished she laid down her work and sat for a long time, gazing into the dancing flames.

"The only daughter of my old friend, Rebecca Henson, in want of food," she said, a note of pain in her voice, "Mark, you and I both have plenty of money. There is room in this house, and in our hearts, for Margaret and her bables. But she is proud. Go and ask her to come and sew for me. Tell her I am lonely and ask her to bring her little ones to the happiness of the domestic circle as brighten me up,"

Mark bent to kiss the placid face. "Thank you, Aunt Elsie. I see you understand," A few hours later he knocked at Margaret's door. He saw that the years had changed her. The wild rose bloom had faded from her cheeks, tears had washed the joyous light from her blue eyes, yet it was surely the Margaret that he had loved that stood before him.

She met him frankly and with undisguised pleasure. Her voice trembled gratitude. Mark made light of the whole affair and insisted on talking of nuts he brought proved an open sesame to the hearts of Agnes and Royce, and they were soon on the best of terms with the caller.

Margaret was very grateful for the offer of work. She hesitated a little over accepting Mrs. Everts' kind invitation, fearing lest the children prove an annoyance. But when Mark drew a touching picture of the loneliness of his aunt she gladly consented to come. It was arranged that the carriage come for the Gregorys the following after-

One morning, two months later, Florence Fox tripped across the hall of No. 3 and entered Miss Snell's room.

"Of course you are going to the wedding reception Thursday evening." she began. "I think it is such a lovely marriage, don't you?"

"Indeed, I do," Lilian replied warm-"Yes, I am to go in the afternoon and help with the decorations. The whole house is to be in green and white, smilax, ferns, roses and carnations, garet,' the sweet old lady calls her."

"And I believe it all came about from your begging him to give her good weight," Florence cried, merrily, "He is obeying your request in an extravasult of my efforts along the same line

of charitable work?" reply.-Hope Daring, in Womankind.

American Ships. Do you know that but one steel ship was ever built in America and that she was the last full-rigged ship ever built

here, and that her name is Dirigo? That but two steel ships ever flew Dirigo and Kenilworth, the latter denationalized?

That the Clarence S. Bement, May Flint and Tillie E. Starbuck are the only iron ships affoat flying our flag? That the Annie Johnson and Archer are the only iron barks having American registers and that both of them

were built in England? That the Josephine is the only iron schooner affoat that has the right to hall from an American port?

That but eleven steamers flying the American flag trade between America and Europe and that they are the St. Louis, St. Paul, New York, Paris, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Conethat five of them were built in Eng-

our merchant marine were built on the

That America has not 3,000 vessels going to sea, and that all steamers, ships, barks, barkentines, brigs, schooners and sea-going coal barges are included, and that this includes the Atlautic, gulf and Pacific coasts?-Philadelphia Maritime Journal.

## THREE DISPUTED INCHES

And What They Have to Do with a Lawyer's Advice. "Many feelish cases are brought into

the courts," observed an old lawyer. "My advice to my clients has always been been to keep out of the courts. I remember a case in which one neighbor was involved in a distressing controversy with another. The neighbor who was sued for damages had built a house on a corner lot, and when the house was erected the other neighbor discovered that it had encroached upon about Miree inches of his land. They had some words and the man who had built the house bired me to defend him in a suit brought by the other man. Well, after much trouble, I brought them together and tried to procure a settlement out of court. They argued with and abused each other and would come to no agreement. The land was worth 50 a foot; three inches therefore worth about \$12.50 "I told my client he had better set-

tle. No: he was right; he wouldn't. So the case was dragged along in one court and then another for over a year. When finally my client had lost the case had cost him about twenty times the amount of money involved and much mental worry, caused by hard feelings. It was Tolstol's story of the two neighbors who had a falling out over nothing all over again. They lived thereafter on constant enulty, never speaking to each other and heartlly detesting each other, while their children were reared to foster this feeling. One felt that he had been robbed, and the other that it had cost him a great deal of money to get what was his. It was as near a feud as might well exist in a civilized city, only instead of the dagslander and backbiting.

Thereafter, each was jealous of the other's prosperity or rejoiced when adversity sought his rival's family. The innocent as well as the guilty and obstimute contestants suffered, and it was altogether a detestable piece of business. So I am ever in favor of settlement out of court, just as I believe in arbitration to settle the trouble between nations. One is as essential to the other is to the well-being of the government."

#### Woman's Soprano Voice.

The scientist who discovered in the human laryux the anatomical reason why woman has a soprano voice and man a bass one was a woman, Mrs. Emma Seller. She was a German, born in Wurzburg. Left a widow with two children to support, she resolved to become a teacher of singing, but suddenly lost her voice. Then she determined when she undertook to express her sible the correct method of singing, so to find out why; also to discover if posthat others might not lose their voices, their childhood days. The fruit and She dissected larynx after larynx and spent years in her search, trying to find for one thing why women's head tones could reach high C while men had no soprano tones. At length her search was rewarded. She discovered under the microscope one day two small, wedge-shaped cartilages whose action produces the highest tones of the human voice. She made her discovery public. It excited great attention among scientists. Her own brother, a physician, praised the treatise in the highest terms till he found his own sister had written it. Then he dashed it down, saying in a rage that she would be better attending to her housework. Mme. Seller's portrait, a marble relief, is in possession of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of which she was a member. She wrote, among other books, "The Voice in Singing" and "The Voice in Speaking." She died in 1886.

## Red Hats and Gowns.

The red hat worn by the cardinal as Mrs. Everts says Mr. Davis cannot do a badge of distinction is not really a too much for his bride, 'our dear Mar- hat at all, but a tight-fitting skull cap bearing a strong resemblance to the Turkish fez, but without the square cut crown and tassel. Red hats were first bestowed upon cardinals by Leo IV. at the time of the meeting of the gant manner. And Lilian, is not that council of Lyons, in the year 1245. No pretty pearl ring and the beatific ex- one knows exactly why red was selectpression on cousin Hugh's face the re- ed for a distinctive badge to be worn by such a dignified a person as a cardinal is or should be, unless it is that The bell rang then, and the blushing which has always associated the colors Lilian was spared the necessity of a red and purple with kings, queens, e.nperors and other royal personages, Originally a red gown was as much a part and parcel of the cardinal's attire as the red hat, and this being the case, it is altogether probable that Lee had the idea of letting it be understod that henceforth his cardinals should rank the American flag, and they are the with kings, princes and other potentates. In truth, a cardinal should properly be styled a "prince of the church." At a great many of the old-time gatherings of royal and ecclesiastical dignitaries the cardinals took precedence of royalty of the very bluest blood,

## The Sky.

The different colors of the sky are caused by certain rays of light being more or less strongly reflected or absorbed according to the amount of moisture contained in the atmosphere. Such colors do, therefore, portend to some extent the kind of weather that may naturally be expected to follow, For instance, a red sunset indicates a fine day to follow, because the air when maugh, Miami and Metteawan, and dry refracts more red or heat-making rays, and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected That most all the best steamships in in the horizon. A coppery or yellowy sunset has been advocated as a fairly successful way of prognosticating; fix your eye on the smallest cloud you can see; if it decreases and disappears the weather will be good: if it increases in size rain may be looked for.

> A cross father is not a pleasant thing w have, but the effect is wholesome.

NDOUBTEDLY much of the prejudice against the use of the cross-saddle by women arises from the vague and indefinite idea that women who thus ride are attired in trousers or "tights" or hideous bloomers or some such unfeminine dress. Many express great surprise on first sight of a lady rider tastefully and becomingly costumed in a cross-saddle habit, as the appearance presented is so different from that anticipated, says the Breeders' Gazette. A capital illustration came to light at the Kansas City horse show tast September. Mrs. H, P. Colegrove of Chicago, the inventor of the best-fitting cross-saddle habit, won the medal offered at that show for such a costume. An old-time saddle-horse man from Missouri manifested much interest in the talk about the "new-fangled" style of riding for women, and after Mrs. Colegrove had been at the show for a couple of days he asked her "when she was going to put on her queer riding clothes," only to be amazed by the answer that she had been wearing the costume for two days! The habit is so made that when the rider is dismounted it appears like

an ordinary street dress. Greek Garb for Cycling. Among the suggested costumes for the wheelwoman is the garb of the



CYCLING COSTUME A LA GREC.

and handsome, and when adorning a pretty American girl with the bicycle habit would undoubtedly attract as much attention as the most vain could desire. The effect is to be noted in the picture showing a girl thus dressed.

### Some New Beauty Hints.

A Chicago woman, who is no less celebrated for her beauty than for her walk and apparently spontaneous poses,has imparted a few hints on acquiring grace. It appears from the confession of this candid woman that grace of figure is no more spontaneous than is, as a usual thing, beauty of face. She herself has acquired both, and she frankly tells at what cost. To acquire poetry of movement, she says, go to the theater and study the best actresses. Literally study them. More can be learned in one evening from a graceful woman like Miss Ellen Terry. who has really no other beauty, than from hours of practicing before the mirror. The mirror work should come afterward, when the principles of graceful motion and pose have been mastered by observation. The secret of a good walk is even simpler. Find a poem with a particularly graceful rhythm and say a stanza or two over and over as you walk. A rhythmic walk will necessarily develop as the result. A girl who walks with poetry in her mind and on her lips will show poetry in her walk. For a beautiful face the recipe is not so new, though it is the one that ever holds good. Read good books. These will lead to habits of mind which cannot but leave their imprint on the face. It is a rule that has never been known to fail

Newest Handwest. The extravagant use of gloves is probably at its height just now, for there must be one kind for driving, another for bleyeling, another for shopping and still others for calling and evening wear. Those of light-weighted buckskin suede will be proper for driving, and gray is the preferred shade. Gloves to accompany any particular costume should thoroughly har monize. The two-button length is the thing for driving, bleyeling or in games or sports, and the correct color is either

# Restless Children. To keep a restless child quiet in

church, an English paper advises, provide him-or her-with two pincushions, one full and the other empty of pins. "The process of taking all the pins out of the full cushion and sticking them into the empty one is," it gladly says, "an absorbing employment, and one which does not quickly pall. It has the merit, too, of being noiseless," Imagine a churchful of children quietly occupied thus,

## Cause Hard Features.

curious and often saddening story may be formed from the faces of the women one passes on the street. One woman purses up her lips, another screws her eyes into unnaturalness, while a third will wrinkle up her forehead and eyebrows until she looks absolutely ugly. The trick is an unconsclous one, but it is none the less a trick and a bad one. There is no reason why a woman should look forbidding and bad-tempered just because she is annoyed about something. Deep-seated trouble has a way of writing itself upon the face, whether we will or not. Sickness, too, has its own handwriting. be wonderfully improved.

and will not be concealed by art. But the frown caused by superficial troubles should not be entertained by the face for an instant. We should strive to look as pleasant as possible for the sake of others; a corresponding cheerfulness of temperament will inevitably result and always to the sweetening of our nature. We cannot afford to go about with gloomy faces. To depress others is not for us; our work is to cheer, to raise up, to comfort, but we shall never do this unless we cultivate a pleasant demeanor and cheerful temper. It is a duty to put care, worry and fretfulness behind one.

Jewelry and Trinkets. Pie dishes show antique silver mounts and china linings.

Reeded glass jugs with silver lip and cover are used for claret. Crystal marmalade pots, resting on

silver trays, please the eye. Seal rings for women come in varieties of bloodstones, jasper, onyx, etc. Chocolate spoons with decorated Dresden handles have silver gilt bowls. Among popular sets, in cases, are the child's spoon, knife fork and napkin

ring. A rabbit's foot, mounted in gold, is evidently a popular charm with bota

sexes. Hand engraved trays with pierced borders are in demand, and come in

several sizes. The most popular bracelet is flexible, being in gold chain pattern, with gems set in at intervals.

American Suffragiata. Miss Anthony lately paid a visit to Frances Willard in Castile, N. Y. Miss Anthony is as bright and active as she was fifty years ago. She celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday the other day. She is as eloquent as of old and is now engaged upon a certain important literary work. Miss Anthony accounts for her remarkable health by the care she takes not to overwork and not to worry. She never reads or writes before speaking, but saves all her force for the platform,

Rev. Anna Shaw, a stanch White Ribboner and suffragist, has her home in Philadelphia. She is one of the wittiest speakers that ever lifted a voice for equal suffrage. She was born on St. Valentine's day fifty years ago and is not ashamed to own to her half century of useful life.

# To Get Rid of Mosquitoes.

A correspondent writes that last year she was almost compelled to give up working in the garden by reason of mosquitoes, but a happy thought suggested itself. Getting some kerosene oil she smeared the fences near which she had to weed and trim her plants, and to her delight the insects took wings and departed, not to return till the odor of the oil had entirely gone, A second application rid the garden of them for the season.

### La'est in Hand Shakes. This is the very latest way to shak hands: Two persons meet and clasp hands in the ordinary way. Then, still

holding hands, there is a perceptible pause for a few seconds, and each is apparently inspired by a sudden impulse to make the greeting more cordial and less conventional. As though by an afterthought, the two drag each other closer and give each other's hands a hearty squeeze.

Mrs. Marie Comming Remick.



(New President

Brooklyn Women Discard Birds. The members of the Civitas Club of Brooklyn have set their hearts and heads against the wanton destruction of birds to gratify the feminine desire for fine hats. The Civitas includes in its membership 200 young women and matrons from cultivated Brooklyn's most cultivated circles and has also a long waiting list of would-be

members in sympathy with its aims. Tax on Bachelors and Spinsters. The legislators of the Argentine Republic introduced a law which says that every male from the age of 20 to 80 shall pay a monthly tax till he marries. Celibates of either sex who without legitimate motive reject the addresses of him or her who may aspire to her or his hand must pay the sum of 500 plasters for the benefit of the person refused.

Tellor-"ale Conta The English tailor-made coat has no gathers at the top of the sleeve, It has a little fullness, which is arranged

in small dart seams covered with fancy braiding. Many of the coats are elaborately braided, and several different kinds of braid are used on one garment. Spring (arper Scrubbing.

Many house cleaners do not know that an old carpet scrubbed with common yellow soap and hot water and afterward with clean cold water will