FENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet With love in many fashions when we lift First to our lips life's waters, bitter-

Love comes upon us with resistless power Of curbless passion, and with head-

strong will; It plays around like April's breeze and

shower, Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and

It comes with blessedness unto the heart That welcomes it aright, or-bitter

fate!-It wrings the bosom with so fierce a

That love, we cry, is crueler than hate. And then, ah me! When love has ceased

Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which

About us, lying on our mother's breast; A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue Can praise aright, since silence sings it

A love, as far removed from passion's

As from the chillness of its dying fire; A love to lean on when the falling feet Begin to totter, and the eyes to tire. In youth's bright hey-day hottest love we

The reddest rose we grasp-but when it

God grant that later blossoms, violets May spring for us beneath life's autumn

God grant some loving one be near to

Our weary way with simple tenderness!

WITHOUT DUE AUTHORITY.

He stood at the street corner, looking drearily into the growing fog.

A minute or two before he had been standing behind the railings in the park, absorbed in an effort, altogether unavailing, to save the souls of his fellow citizens in this metropolis of evils. A few yards away a revolutionary bricklayer-out of work and with the strongest private objection to being in it-had hurled denunciations at the iniquitous British constitution, to the delight of himself and the amusement of his audience, and of a couple of placidly smiling policemen who stood near in that impersonal yet protective attitude characteristic of the force. A little farther on, a "lightning artist" of tender years furnished a quiet antidote to gesticulatory anarchy by the reproduction on paper of the "Duke of York's baby," to a chorus of loyal applause. On the preacher's other hand, a martyr, whose motives his country had ignorantly misunderstood, per haps, not without just occasion, had related with some feeling much abuse of authorities, and more of that luckless eighth letter of the alphabet, which is the chosen victim of eloquence in fustian, the melancholy de tails of an enforced retreat from public life, which, to judge from appearances, he had very richly deserved. When the preacher's audience tired of his discourse, they had only to turn their heads to imbibe incipient anarchy and dejected patriotism, or cultivate a healthy admiration for juvenile talent Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon.

The other orators, however, had found compensation for their wrongs In the delight of airing them at large. They retired from the field of battle hoarse, but triumphant. The preacher's trlumph was a question which he could only regard as much more dubious. In moments of despair, which sometimes fell to his lot, he knew that his congregation merely regarded him as an interlude between the denunciations of the political bricklayer and the dismal rhetoric of the ex-thief. But, to do him Justice, those moments were few and far between. He had fought a hard battle from a very early age, and defeat had ceased to depress him save at odd times when he was, perhaps, a little colder, hungrier or sadder than it was his usual fate to be,

As he stood at the corner a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find himself face to face with Dr. Jeff. They had met before, in slums and byways, and each man knew enough of the other's life to respect it. I cannot assert that Jeff is the little doctor's real name, and perhaps he has a story or mystery, or both-a skeleton which he hides in the cupboard at his shabby lodgings, with the stale bread and high ly unprofessional cheese which that receptacle contains-but I am sure that there is no kinder soul in all London despite his snarls, his sarcasms and the inexpressibly unorthodox opinions which he scatters broadcast in this way. All men have their hypocrisies, and he has his. It is his delight to shock people, to pose as something very little better than the archflend himself I have seen him succeed admirably in his deception-with strangers. Those who know the good little man know also that he would not willingly bruise a butterfly's wing nor offend the dirtiest and most melodious tabby that serenades his hard-earned slumbers. Even now, as the preached turned his white face and tired eyes upon him and forced a smile, there was a charitable scheme brewing in Jeff's mind.

"Finished spouting?" he asked, gruf-"Walk my way, will you? Abom-

inable weather!" He spoke with a savage air, as though the weather and he were on terms of violent hostility. Jeff's manner generally suggested the feud-brief and stiletto and other pharaphernalia of mediaeval murder.

They walked for some time in silence, during which the doctor eyed his companion with a bloodthirsty expres-

sion of countenance. "Better give it up," he said at last. "Wearing yourself out for nothing. All

"Is it?" asked the preacher, half

sadly. "Sometimes I-I almost wish my profession allowed me to think so, too, doctor. But it doesn't."

"Hang your profession!" jerked out Jeff. "You're not a purson?"

"Ever been one?"

"No." "Then, why in the name of common sense don't you go and earn some money? My good fellow, you're-"

"What's the good of preaching?" he went on, changing his sentence. "The world went very well for a great many centuries before you were born; It'll go very well for many more after you're they were set tight. buried. Let it go."

The preacher's deep eyes flashed. "I'll never do that," he said, quietly,

They had walked a considerable way, and Jeff looked up with a wellassumed start of surprise.

"Hanged if this isn't my place! Never meant to bring you all this way. Come in and rest."

The preacher besitated, but he did not wish to give offense and finally they tramped up the narrow stairs to Jeff's sanctum-a little sitting-room with hideous cheap furniture, a flaring paper and a table littered with books. It was all very cheerless, very dingy, but Jeff waved his guest to a chair with a certain dignity foreign to his usual manner-a survival, perhaps, of other ways of life and of other visitants than street preachers. After all, it is the man who makes his surroundings. A parvenu can be vulgar in a palace; our little doctor, despite his bluster, might have been a prince in disguise.

So the preacher thought as he sat down in the arm chair-black horsehair covered, and deficient in the matter of springs-and glanced round the room at the well-worn books, at the oll-stove, which smelled abominably, at the cupboard where the skeleton clattered its empty jaws among dry crusts and ancient cheese.

"Not much of a place, is it?" said Jeff. "We've known better, both of us. But it does-anything does. Excuse me, but I want my supper. Do you mind my getting it? Coin don't run to many courses. But perhaps you'll help me? Hate solitary meals-always did; bad for the digestion. Pah! how that

infernal thing does smell, to be sure!" Of course the preacher saw through the device, and its clumsy, kindly delicacy touched him as few things had done of late. He murmured some commonplace reply and proceeded to take a tender interest in the retrimming of the stove. I fancy there were tears in his tired eyes as he fumbled with the matches, and that he blessed Jeff's grumpy hospitality with a fervor which would have agreeably astonished the doctor, who had received so little gratitude in his time that he had outgrown the usual habit of expecting it.

He dld not look at his guest as he hunted in the cupboard and brought out such modest provision as it contained, and presently the preacher rose and began to set the table ready in silence. As he lifted one of the books something on its faded cover caught his eye. On the brown leather was stamped a coat-of-arms, almost indistinguishable by reason of its antiquity. Jeff saw the glance directed toward and the reigning house-a combination | him, took the book from his companof conflicting sentiments peculiar to ion's hand and flung it roughly into a

"Somebody's aristocratic vulgarity," he said, shortly. "What do they want to scatter their stupid quarterings about for? I picked it up secondhand.'

The preacher went on silently with his task. He was quite aware that the book had not been picked up secondhand, but he did not even look as if he doubted Jeff's statement. Only I think the skeleton sidled a little closer to the cupboard door. It is a thing which all skeletons will do at times.

The two men sat down at the table and began their supper. They did not talk much at first, but presently Jeff pushed back his chair and glanced across at the preacher.

"I told you a lie just now," he said. The preacher looked up, and the two nen's eyes met.

"I Low you did," he answered, sim-

"I thought you didn't know. Rather pride myself on telling a lie neatly. Learned it at school-about the only thing I did learn there. Ah, now I've shocked you."

"No," answered the other, sadly. "I I am not easily shocked."

"New sort of saint, eh? Well, we've had about enough of the old." There was silence for a moment and

then Jeff said: "How do you know?"

"By the way you flung the book." "Ah! I saw you looking at the old shield and it hurt. Odd how small things do hurt sometimes. Perhaps

you know that, too?" "I know it very well," murmured the preacher, with his eyes cast down. "Thought you did," said Jeff, with a little smile which had a touch of irony

The little doctor could never be quite serious-his retrospective melancholy had a dash of amusement in it. He had grown used to the idea of himself and the rest of humanity squirming beneath the dissecting knife of malignant

destiny. "Been preaching about here?" he

went on. The preacher looked up, half nerv-

ously. "No. Why do you ask?"

"Not staying long, are you?", "No," said the preacher, with a quiet sound in his voice. "No, I think I shall

not stay very long," Jeff sprang to his feet and then sat down again. He looked hard at the man's white face, and it looked back at him. There was no fear in it, and the

sad eyes met his steadily. "You-you must go away," said Jeff. The preacher smiled a little.

"Yes-where-to the France? My dear doctor, that's not for me-at least not now. Once"-he stopped, and his eyes grew dreamy. 'Not now," he said again.

Jeff did not speak at once. "You must leave London, then,"

"It is hardly worth while." "You're a fool, and an enthusiast," said Jeff, roughly, yet with a sharp eatch in his voice, "but you're good stuff. I've seen you when-man, you're killing yourself!"

The preacher never winced. The smile still lingered on his lips, though

"I can't run away, doctor," he re plied. I never did that, and I can't do it now." "You weren't meant for this work-

do you think I have no eyes? Write to your people and tell them-"I have no people," answered the preacher, and his face was very stern. Jeff tilted his chair, waiting. It came

at last. The preacher caught his eye,

and hesitated for a moment. "I told you a lie, then," he said.

"Go on." "They threw me over. My father is a clergyman. I was to have gone into the church. I wanted to-you don't know how much! But I could not accept everything they told me. I suppose I was unorthodox--" He stopped. Jeff nodded mute encouragement.

"They rejected me," said the preach er slowly.

"Because you were honest. Yes, And this was-

"The only other way." "You are a priest, all the same," said Jeff, through his teeth.

The preacher stood up. "Without due authority," he answered, as he held out his hand.

"Authority," said the little doctor, waspishly, "is not always given to the right man-nor by the right man.' But the preacher went away silent

ly. He was not one of those who speak evil of authorities. It was a month or two later, and London was in the grip of black, bitter slums, behind the Salamander Music

looking at the preacher with some thing like despair in his face. "I'm stone broke," he said, "and the girl must have nourishment or she'll dle. There's no time to apply to any one. Good God! what are we to do?"

He stamped desperately on the floor, and then remembered his patient and stopped. The preacher did not stamp. "I'll get you some money," he said. "I think I can. Yes"-he shivered a little in the cold draught-"I'm sure I

can." "In an hour?"

"Within an hour. I'll go now."

"You're a brick," said Jeff, as he turned on his heel. Then the professional element in him asserted itself, "Have something to eat before you come out into this cold again, mind,"

he commanded. The preacher nodded and went away with a dreary smile on his face. Perhaps there was a hidden irony in the situation which he alone could perceive, for he smiled more than once as he hurried through the darkening streets to the house where he had harborage. Once, as he passed a lighted church where the choir was practicing tioned him. "Boys," he answered for the morrow and his eyes fell on gravely, "we've been spelling man," not the notice board, the smile very nearly became a laugh. Yet there was nothing laughable in sight. The notice it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and board merely bore the sufficiently sober information that Rev. John Allingham Taylor would preach next day In

that church. The preacher hurried on, and climb ed to his rooms with a white face and fluttering breath, Arrived there, he sat down on a broken chair and panted. The room was almost as bare as those cells wherein the hermits dwelt of old. All the little personal possessions which had adorned it once had vanished in that dreadful winter. All the little money which had been paid to the preacher by the family which had discarded him was gone. The only two things which remained were a large and handsomely bound bible, lying on the foot of the bed, and a little ivory crucifix hanging against the bare wall. The preacher's eye fell on these and he sighed. Then he got up resolutely took down the crucifix and opened the bible. On the flyleaf was an inscription. He tore the page carefully out and slipped it into the breast pocket of his thin coat. Then he took up the

bible and crucifix and went out. Not an hour later Jeff, in a wretched attic, bent over a shrunken figure and forced brandy between its lips. At the further end of the room two children -small, starved, wolfish-eyed-sat over the remnants of a meal like wild beasts over a bone. Presently the little doctor gave a muttered exclamation of relief. The children glanced up and then returned ravenously to their food. Their mother's eyes opened for a moment upon Jeff's face, and she whispered a word of thanks. And well she might, for he had dragged her out of

the jaws of death. Meanwhile the preacher plodded wearlly back again to the shelter of the four bare walls he called home. He did not hurry this time. Very slowly he climbed the creakitg stairs, and almost staggered into the room. It was growing dark and the cold was intense. The preacher sat down and his eyes involuntarily sought the nail where the little crucifix had hung. Involuntarily, too, his hand drew out the page which he had torn from the bible. He bent over it and read the inscription-was it the twilight which made the letters dance and sway? It was very cold and the darkness seemed to come closer every moment. Perhaps It was only his weakness that made it seem so dark and freezing. He thought of Jeff and his work with a curious gladness that shut out the falling night. Then a great weariness seized him and he rose and tried to cross the

The darkness was whirling round him now and he fell on his knees beside the bed.

Jeff, coming in late that night to tell him of his success, found him there kneeling beneath the nall where the erneifix had bung. He did not answer when the little doctor called to him. and a lighted match revenled the fact that he had slipped from a world which had rejected him as a man of no account. The bare room told a si-

And in the dead preacher's hand was a piece of crumpled paper, upon which was written "John Allingham Taylor" and a date-that was all.

In a certain church on the following morning, Rev. John Allingham Taylor preached, to the great edification of his audience and himself. It was a charity sermon, and it is popularly supposed to have been the finest thing which that congregation had sat out for some time.

But Jeff, who occasionally attended that assembly, rose in the middle of the discourse and went out with heart full of bitterness. Those studied periods did not edify him. He remembered a finer sermon-and its text was a man's life. It was that of the priest who had preached without due authority.-Belgravia.

A Spelling-bee. "I'm going to have a spelling bee tonight," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.' " The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man," Uncle John? Why, there is only one way?" they cried. "There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it a while." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate-runfrost. In a doorway in one of the ner peeping out of his great-coat pocket. Uncle John did not delay. He sat hall, Jeff, haggard and anxious, stood down, and looked straight into Harry's

eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?" "Yes-no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" be add-

ed, half to himself. But Uncle John turned to Bob. "Had good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too, We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day; and we made up our minds that, when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Jo, he-

"I think this is Jo's to tell," Interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?" "Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too; and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way." There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket.

The next minute the skates were on

Jo's knee. "The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize." Three bewildered faces mutely quesin letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved

Not Impressed.

President Kruger of the Transyaal is a man not easily impressed by rank, title, or worldly splendor of any kind, and not in the least ashamed of his own plain origin and rough upbringing. Sir James Sivewright, upon whom once devolved the duty of taking an important and rather pompous English duke to call upon the President, told an American about the conversation which ensued. It was, of course, carried on through an interpreter, and ran

about like this: Duke-Tell the President that I am the Duke of ---, and have come to pay

my respects to him. Kruger gives a grunt, signifying the

welcome. Duke (after a long pause)-Ah! tell him that I am a member of the English Parliament.

Kruger gives another grunt and puffs Duke (after a still longer pause)-And -you might tell him that I am-er-a

member of the House of Lords-a lord -you know.

Kruger puffs as before, and nods his head, with another grunt.

Duke (after a still more awkward pause, during which his grace appears to have entertained doubts as to whether he had as yet been sufficiently identifled)-Er-it might interest the President to know that I was a viceroy.

Kruger-Eh! What's that-a viceroy! Duke-Oh, a viceroy-that is a sort of a king, you know.

Kruger continued puffing in silence for some moments, obviously weary of this form of conversation. Then, turning to the interpreter, he said, gruffly: "Tell the Englishman that I was a cat-

This closed the interview.

Penalty for Desertion.

Desertion in time of war is punishable, in all armies, by death, usually inflicted by shooting. In time of peace it is regarded by various governments with different degrees of severity, according as the military system is mild or severe. In France, Germany or Russia desertion, even in time of peace, is very harshly punished, but in the United States it is punishable by a term of imprisonment at hard labor. As a matter of fact this penalty is rarely inflicted. The desertions in our army number from 1,000 to 1,200 annually. and few of the runaways are ever



HE ideal women according to the countess of Jersey must possess the following four qualities paper before a gathering of working qualities were of inestimable value to women, and laid much stress upon the importance of home life, its influence both upon the individual and the na-

tion at large. She paid a tribute to the home life of England, which she claimed was all of which was due to the excellent qualities of the women. She declared herself as opposed to those who said that if a woman was a good daughter, wife and mother that was all that should be expected of her, as nowadays women must take part in citizenship, especially when the interests of the women comes into consideration. The countess believes that the "ideal woman" should be a club woman, and through the intercourse of club membership, especially through federations, women will broaden their views and knowledge will be acquired which cannot help leading to the betterment of all classes of society.

Nun Rather than Wife.

Miss Mattle McQuald, of Cleveland, Ohlo, will become a nun because her employer proposed marriage to her. J. J. Denemark is the name of the young man who has so curiously changed the current of Miss McQuaid's life. He is the chief stockholder and manager of the Cleveland Electric Enlarging Company. Miss McQuaid was his typewriter. Mr. Denemark being unmar ried and willing to change his condition in that respect, discovered not only that his typewriter was pretty but that she was modest and intelligent as well. He accordingly asked her to marry him. To Miss McQuaid the proposition seemed to come as something awful and astounding. She was shocked beyond measure. She refused instantly and



MISS MATTIE M'OUAID.

peremptorily and then she threw up her position and left him.

Mr. Denemark after a few weeks managed to induce her to come back, she supposing that the manager's madness was dead forever. But it was only slumbering. Denemark again confessed his love and begged the girl to marry him. Miss McQuaid this time seemed genuinely horrified. She again refused him and again left his service. The matter seemed to rankle strangely in her heart. For a number of days she seemed restless and disturbed, then without a word of warning she announced that she was going to be a nun, and went out to the Ursuline convent.

Plants That Thrive Indoors. Plants suitable for indoor window gardens are: Geraniums; begonias, not including the Rex sections, as these are not adapted to house culture; oleander, plumbago, cacti, ficus, palm, aspidistra, lantana, fuchsia speciosa, an thurium, amaryllis, sword fern, Chinese primrose, primula obconica, calla, abutilon, anthericum, Swansonia, helio trope, chrysanthemum and azalea. For vines, English ivy, hoya, passiflora, cobea and jasmine. For hanging plants, othonna, saxifraga, money-musk and tracescantia. For bracket plants, fuebsia speciosa, sword fern, begonia guttata, and geranium. Madame Salleroi will be found excellent, also the single petunia of the flower garden .-Ladies' Home Journal.

Smoking Rooms for Women. So many Englishwomen are users of tobacco that some leading London hotels have been compelled to fit up smoking-rooms for fair devotees of the weed. It will be recalled that several of the women's clubs in London were recently very much disturbed over the question as to whether or not it was the colony are engaged in labor in the best for the interests of the organizations to have smoking-rooms for the members. "In some of the clubs they were abolished, but in the majority they were retained.

The Old Fashioned Woman.

"When one judges truly what it is to be 'old-fashioned' in some of the modern 'progressive' ideas, it does not appear so bad," writes Edward W. Bok, discussing "On Being Old-Fashioned" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It may be true that one who refuses to be so essentially 'modern' in all phases of life misses some things. But then these 'progressive' spirits seem to miss some everything they do, and incidentally men.

lent story that brought tears into Jeff's QUALITIES OF AN IDEAL WOMAN. I miss, as well, the true aim and essence of life. And there are often strong compensations in the attitude of the 'old-fashioned.' It brings fewer afterregrets; fewer pictures one wants to -patience, tact, foresight and unself- blot out. An indifference to healthy ishness. The countess recently read a progress is injurious to any one. But when progress seeks to improve upon girls in London in which she said these those elements in life which are Godordained, the wisest of us are those who stand still or fall out of the ranks. There are some things in this world which even the wonderful genius of this century connot improve upon. They were fashioned by a skill beyond our ken. And we would better let them proverbial for its purity and comfort, alone. 'Forward,' commands the old proverb, but then it adds, 'but not too fast.' The cautious woman, the homeloving woman, the woman fond of her children, and with a belief in God, who gave them to her, the woman of pure heart and good purpose, the woman who loves and is beloved, need never be disturbed that she is called 'old-fashioned.' Perhaps she is. But it is no disgrace to be 'old-fashioned' in some things. She is truer to her womanhood by being so. And she is always

Garters for Brides.

in good company."

The latest bridal garter is of white elastic. Running over the surface of the elastic is a delicate tracery in blue in the pattern of a tlny flower. Here



GARTER FOR A BRIDE.

and there knots of very narrow white

ribbon. Bordering the elastic is a ruffie of white lace of fine pattern. As elegant a little piece of lace as may be found can be placed upon the garter, for the bridal garter is to be put away as one of the mementoes of the day. Believes in Women Angels.

Some preacher in New Jersey recently declared that he did not believe there were any women angels in heaven. His declaration has roused deep indignation in chivalrous manhood in

many places, including Kentucky, of

course. Judge Toney, of Louisville, has this to say: "No women angels in heaven! No women in heaven, when even the base earth is filled with them! Perish the thought! The man who made this assertion is a blind worm, a distributor of Dead Sea fruit, a moral Klondike, who deserves to pass the rest of his life on the Dry Tortugas, 200 miles from the nearest petticoat. I tell you, if there are no lovely women angels floating in misty robes around the golden city, all the poetry, the beauty, the music are gone, lonely as a ball-room whence the girls have departed. If I

had that New Jersey preacher here I would send him to fall for contempt."

Home Distillery. If any woman wishes to save the cost of buying toilet waters she may save it by manufacturing them at home. A very simple chemical apparatus is necessary. It consists of a spirit lamp, over which a covered tin vessel fits. Into the top of this a rubber tube fits, which is connected at the



in the vessel and put a thick layer of the flowers on top. Light the spirit lamp and hang the vessel over it, but take care that the heat is very slow and gentle or the delicate bouquet of the flowers will be lost. Tube, stoppers, and all must fit perfectly tight. The vapor will pass through the tube and be condensed into liquid in the cold glass jar.

New England Women Farmers. There is a colony of women in New England known as the Mary Wilkins

farmers who have demonstrated their ability to conduct a farm in its every department as systematically and successfully as any of their male neighbors. The men and boys attached to near-by villages; the women and girls superintend and do all the work on the

Up-to-Date Funeral. A prominent woman of Harrisburg who passed to the great beyond a few days ago was buried in a truly up to date way. She had a trolley car funeral. In Harrisburg a trolloy road has been built to the cemetery, and there are several electric cars appropriately draped in crape, so the woman was borne to her last resting place in

the most approved manner. There is only one sudden death things, too; they seem to miss in about among women to every eight among