

SEALED ORDERS.

In the tender light of each new day's dawn
A white-robed angel the order brings,
And thou, O Soul, in the silence awaking
Hearest the rush of the plumed wings.

Sealed with the seal of the Christ are the orders:
No eyes save thine may the message read.

That places thee where, in thy Captain's judgment,
Of faithful service He hath most need.

Off times thou resistest the one word "Onward!"
Though steep be the path and held by the

Though hope and courage alike have failed thee
And darker and blacker the heavens grow.

Off times when the hot blood, leaping,
Urges thee on with relentless hand,
While others are storming the enemy's fortress,

There cometh to thee the order, "Stand!"

Stand and wait in the place appointed,
Though other troopers go galloping past;

Patience wait, for thy Captain knoweth
That waiting shall win the day at last.

Off there are marches long and weary
When the sun beats down with pitiless heat,
And solemn vigils when through the darkness

Thou treadest the sentry's lonely beat.

But always and ever each soldier knoweth
The Captain Himself hath served in the ranks—
Hath borne the burden on weary marches—
Hath watched alone by the river banks.

Knoweth that inch by inch He conquered,
Learning His army's inmost needs,
While marching across the enemy's country

Where now His forces He safely leads,
Sealed with the seal of the Christ are the orders

The angel brings at the dawn of day:
Take them, O Soul, without doubt or question,
Fearlessly tread the appointed way;

For nearer and nearer, the jeweled bastions
Of heaven gleam brightly through the mists of space,
And His "Well-done" shall be thy greeting
When thou meetest thy Captain face to face.

BY TELEPHONE.



who was standing at the telephone.

She was a very pretty woman and her dainty gown of linen, with its touch of green ribbon here and there, became her exceedingly, as did her hat, a mass of sweet peas and green gauze, set well forward on her blonde head.

Just now she was a bit out of temper. "Express 2804," she called impatiently. And as she waited for the desired number she turned and looked at Virginia, who, quite overcome by the heat—or was it for some other reason—had seated herself at no great distance off and was wielding a palm leaf fan energetically.

The pretty woman turned abruptly to the 'phone in response to a call. "Is this Express 2804?" she said.

"It is Byron's number," Virginia muttered to herself. "I thought so."

The woman at the 'phone spoke again: "This is Mr. Curtis, is it not?" Virginia ceased fanning and scarcely disguised the fact that the conversation interested her.

"Yes, I am Miss Clevebrook," continued the woman in the linen gown. Then, "Yes, please."

A short pause ensued. The drug store cuckoo clock struck 2. Virginia excitedly imagined what Byron Curtis must be saying at the other end of the 'phone in his office, high up in one of the down-town buildings.

Miss Clevebrook interrupted her thoughts. "Yes," she said, and Virginia fancied perhaps that her voice took on a more tender tone. "Same place," she continued, with a little laugh. "Did you? I'm so glad. Thanks so much for the flowers. You really mustn't send them so often. It's too extravagant of you."

Virginia gave a little start. "Theater again this week?" questioned Miss Clevebrook doubtfully. "I really think twice a week is too often."

But the man with whom she was talking seemed to overcome her scruples, and after agreeing to go with him on Friday evening of that week she said:

"Why don't you ask me why I called you up?" Then, seeming to forget that she was in a public place, she laughed merrily at the response that came back over the 'phone. Finally she said: "No, it wasn't that. I want very much to see that book of 'After Dinner Speeches' you spoke of. Can't you bring it to me this evening? No? Well, to-morrow, then. What are you going to do tonight?"

The fair questioner seemed but little

pleased at the answer she received. She tapped her foot impatiently, and it was a full minute before she spoke. Virginia fancied she heard Miss Allen saying: "I am going to call on Byron Allen to-night." For had he not asked if he might come over to see her Tuesday?

Miss Clevebrook recovered her temper, if indeed she had lost it, and said: "I thought I told you to drop that?"

Virginia rose hurriedly and walked to the front of the store. "It is insupportable," she muttered to herself. "She speaks as if she owned him when—"

Her thoughts overcame her as the memory of all that had happened between her and Byron Curtis rushed to her mind.

The sharp ring of the little bell recalled her to herself and she looked up to see Miss Clevebrook leave the store and go slowly down the street with a happy smile dimpling her pretty face.

Virginia took an impulsive step toward the telephone, heedless of the clerk who stood behind the counter and who began to gaze at her rather curiously.

"He need not come to see me," she thought fiercely. "He would rather be with her." Her voice nearly choked her as she answered, "Express 2804," to the inevitable, "Number, please!"

The moments which followed were agony to her. Her thoughts ran wild. "It was only last week that he told me that he cared for me and I—was to have answered him to-night. Why—why did I care so much?"

"Hello!" sounded a man's voice over the 'phone, and then, before she could speak, "Is this you again, Louise?"

Virginia's face paled; then she flushed painfully. Had she been mistaken? It had never occurred to her that another man could have answered to Express 2804.

She made an effort to control her voice. "I am Miss Allen. I wish to speak to Mr. Curtis."

"Mr. Curtis left the office, madam, at 2 o'clock. I am his partner, Mr. Colway. Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you, no," replied Virginia. Mr. Colway wondered as he hung up the receiver at the glad change in the girl's voice.

"Miss Allen," he soliloquized. "By Jove! I didn't know it had gone so far. Her voice sounded as if she might be pretty. If I am to believe Curtis on the subject of the young woman's charms, he is in great good luck, but I'll bet she can't touch Lou."

The glad change in Virginia's voice was noticed also by another man—a man who stood by the cigar counter watching the girl with his whole soul in his eyes.

Virginia turned from the 'phone with a happy feeling of thankfulness that was almost a pain. The man who had been watching her stepped quickly toward her.

"Byron!" she said, with a little glad cry, holding out both hands to him.

"Virginia," he answered, "it is Tuesday."

"Yes," she said softly, "it is Tuesday."

"And—" questioned he.

"Yes, again," she murmured, even lower.

A drug store is not a very romantic place, but I think that those two told each other everything in the look they gave each other, quite unmindful of the little clerk, who flippanly mixed an egg phosphate for the next customer.

HIS FOOLISH PRESUMPTION.

The Young Lady Taught Him that He Had Made a Mistake.

"No," said Evangeline Glendenning, as she looked down at the floor and nervously twisted her slim little fingers; "no, Alfred, I am sorry, but it cannot be."

Alfred Doncaster had loved the beautiful girl from the moment he had first seen her, and he had fondly believed that she looked upon him with more than ordinary favor.

But now his hopes lay shattered, and the future stretched out black before him.

The strong, handsome young man sighed, and was silent for a long time. At last the sweet maiden said:

"Try to be brave, Alfred. Look at me. See how I am bearing up."

He turned toward her in wonder, and said:

"Why should you bid me do this? What have you to bear up under?"

"Oh, Alfred, if you only knew!"

"Evangeline!" he cried, catching her in his arms and holding her in a strong embrace. "You love me! Ah, darling, you cannot hide the truth from me! Tell me it is so!"

"Yes," she said, "I love you, Alfred."

"O heaven," he groaned, "this is terrible, terrible. Oh, if you only hated me—loathed me! Then my fate would be less bitter."

She was frightened, and drew away from him.

"Why," she asked, "do you want me to hate you?"

"Ah," he answered, "I might bear my own burden, but how can I survive knowing that you, too, suffer?"

CRADLE OF A FAMOUS FAMILY.

The Celebrated Harrison Homestead Down in Old Virginia.

The Berkeley home of the Harrison family of Virginia is one of the interesting landmarks of the nation. It has been a birthplace of a governor of Virginia and signer of the Declaration of Independence; of a revolutionary general and of a President of the United States. The estate is mentioned in colonial annals as long ago as 1622, when it was the scene of a terrible Indian massacre. It was then owned by a prominent settler, George Thorpe, who was killed during the uprising by an Indian whom he had befriended. Berkeley soon afterward passed into the hands of Benjamin Harrison. His



BIRTHPLACE OF W. H. HARRISON.

descendants lived there until within the last twenty-five years, during which time, we are told, the place never lacked an inmate of the name of Benjamin Harrison.

Berkeley is an unpretending building to have been the home of so many great men. The house is of brick, two stories and a half high, with a quaint sloping roof and dormer windows. A modern porch has been added to two sides of the structure in recent years. To one room in Berkeley pertains especial interest. When the hero of Tippecanoe, Gen. William Henry Harrison, was elected to the Presidency he left his Ohio home and came to his birthplace, Berkeley, to write his inaugural address "in his mother's room."

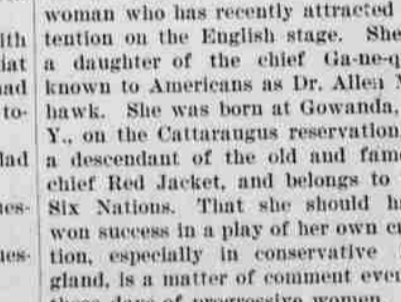
During the civil war Berkeley was known in the North as Harrison's Landing. It was occupied by Gen. McClellan after his "change of base," July, 1862, and was the place to which he retreated and fortified himself after the battle of Malvern Hill, the last of the seven days' battles.

GO-WAN-GO MOHAWK.

The Noted American Indian Actress Who Has Won Distinction Abroad.

Go-Wan-go Mohawk, says a writer in the Puritan, is an American Indian woman who has recently attracted attention on the English stage. She is a daughter of the chief Ga-ne-quah, known to Americans as Dr. Alcega Mohawk. She was born at Gowanda, N. Y., on the Cattaraugus reservation, is a descendant of the old and famous chief Red Jacket, and belongs to the Six Nations. That she should have won success in a play of her own creation, especially in conservative England, is a matter of comment even in these days of progressive women.

When Miss Mohawk was last in New York, she headed a great parade of Tammany braves which occurred there some six years ago. Off the stage she is quite as interesting as upon it. She was educated at a girls' seminary at Painesville, Ohio, and besides speaking English fluently she knows something of French and German. Physically she is remarkable. Graceful as the deer of her own forests, she possesses strength which in a woman is



GO-WAN-GO MOHAWK.

phenomenal. She is a splendid horse-woman, has won several prizes with the rifle and is a dead shot with the bow and arrow. Most remarkable of all, Miss Mohawk makes all her own gowns. She is the wife of a Mr. Charles, a former officer in the United States army.

AN UNKNOWN ROOM.

Seated Up for Years in New York's Court House.

A room the existence of which was known to few, if any, present or ex-holders, was discovered last week in the County Court House. It is the southeast corner, under the office of the Surrogate's clerks. It was tightly fastened, and it is said, has not been opened for twelve to fifteen years. No one in the building had any control over the room or its contents, but on inquiry it was found that the room had been taken years ago for the deposit of records of the Comptroller's office. The inquiry was pursued until a key to the room was found filed away in the office of the Comptroller and the room was opened.

The dead air inside nearly knocked over the curious men who looked in, and the door was quickly shut up again. The hasty glance taken of the

interior showed that it contained a lot of books and bundles of vouchers and such papers. It was the unwholesome odor that hung about the Surrogate's office, where nine clerks are employed in a small room, that led to the search which resulted in the discovery of the sealed apartment. It is thought that some of the waste pipes have sprung a leak in the room.

It is understood that this secret room is the only part of the building retained for the Comptroller after an effort on his part several years ago to secure quarters in the County Court House. The difficulty, as explained to the writer by Justice Van Brunt some time ago, arose through Comptroller Andrew H. Green insisting that he had the right to take possession of quarters in the County Court House under authority of the Commissioner of Public Works, in whose charge are the municipal buildings. The Comptroller was partly installed before the Justices of the Supreme Court got into action. He wanted the lower floor on the west side of the building, chiefly the part now used as docket clerks' rooms.

"We told him," said the Justice, "that the State had subscribed something like \$200,000 for the building, and that the State would have something to say as to how the building was used. Mr. Green was told that he would be brought before us for contempt if he did not vacate, and he vacated."

The room now appears to show that the Judges were contented just a little.—New York Sun.

GREAT EVEN IN DEATH.

Mask of Napoleon Sold in This Country for a Fabulous Sum.

The amount of attention being bestowed upon Nelson this anniversary has drawn attention to the other great N, Napoleon, who is being biographed in a readable way under the title "The Great Adventurer" in the English Illustrated Magazine.

A short time ago Mr. Graves of Pall Mall, London, in some manner got hold

of a cast of the death mask of Napoleon. This extremely valuable possession he sent at once to this country, where he immediately found an eager buyer at a fabulous sum. Mr. Graves did not even offer the cast for sale in England, preferring to reap a harvest in the United States, where the Napoleon cult has many followers.

Homes for Themselves. One of the best possible facts in the latter-day progress of this country is the increase in the number of homes. In crowded centers of population, such as New York and one or two other cities, the flat and the hotel must always be necessary, for space is too valuable to be monopolized by the humble. But even around the very large cities there are being built thousands and thousands of suburban cottages and country residences, and all through the length and breadth of the country, in the towns, villages and cities, artistic homes are increasing at an astonishing rate. If anyone will take the trouble to look up the literature on the subject he will find that in this country there are more than a hundred papers devoted to these home-builders, giving them each week plans and suggestions. The number of books upon low-priced architecture written in the past fifteen years, exceeds the total for a century previous. A wider education is being spread, and the gain in every way is enormous.

A man who owns his home is a better citizen, even if there is a mortgage on it. There is a feeling of personal partnership in the protection of property and the preservation of public order which makes him stand for what is best in law and government. It is the best possible thing for his wife and children; best for him and best for the country.

Kipling Don't Like Us. Rudyard Kipling doesn't like the people of the United States, which dislike is a piece of ingratitude, because the people of the United States like the writings of Rudyard Kipling. In a recent letter to a Newfoundlander the distinguished author says that "there is no question of the loyalty to the British empire of all white men speaking the English tongue, with a high birth rate and a low murder rate, living quietly under laws which are neither bought nor sold."

Mr. Kipling makes his charges against Americans through the process of negation; but they are sufficiently explicit even in that form to prevent any chance of misunderstanding. What have we ever done to Rudyard to provoke such bitter animosity? We have expressed great admiration for his literary genius, and have bought thousands upon thousands of copies of his books. What more can we do to secure a cessation of his hostility? Shall all kotowing before him go for naught.

But It Wasn't Funny.

Rages—Some of those biblical characters must have been rather comical. Jags—Why do you think so? Rages—Well, there was Job, for instance; he fairly boiled over with humor.

At a Distance.

Helen—Kittie claims to be a follower of the fashions. Mattie—Well, perhaps she is, but she is a long way behind them.



FOR THE COMPLEXION.

The best methods of enhancing the charms nature has bestowed are so simple that any one may employ them. We cannot always look like girls of sixteen or eighteen summers, but there are many matrons of thirty-five who look fully ten years older, because they have not taken the proper care of themselves. A morning bath in water cool enough to be invigorating but not cold enough to chill the body is not only necessary for cleanliness, but is a great beautifier also. This is quickly accomplished by wringing a towel out of cold water and going over the body as rapidly as possible. Then rub with a dry towel until the flesh is all in a glow.

Eat plain, wholesome food, avoiding pastry or cake, fat meat, and rich preserves. Exercise freely in the open air. A brisk walk one hour every day is necessary for those whose duties keep them closely confined the remainder of the time. Wash the face morning and night with good soap and hot water, rinse in clear water and dry with a soft towel. At night apply a mixture composed of equal parts of glycerine and rose water, rubbing it well into the skin. If the face is tanned from exposure to the wind a little lemon juice added to this lotion will whiten it, and is perfectly harmless. Cultivate a cheerful disposition. Nothing is so destructive of good looks as constant worrying, and while nervous women cannot entirely control this habit, it cannot be denied that many of them indulge in gloomy fancies more than the circumstances would warrant.—Western Housekeeper.

Abundant Locks in Favor. Fashionable women are using hair-dressing again, so, though he admires her gleaming hair, he must let it alone. The belle now does not wash her hair, but brushes it and wipes off each strand with a towel dipped in some dressing. She rubs the scalp carefully, parting the hair in different places, but she would not think of wasting the natural oil by washing the hair, and yet you remember how we used to wash our locks and dry them in the sun every week if we expected to attain the desired fluff.

The current fashionable fancies in hair-dressing are in favor of the women whose locks are long and plentiful, but here are two coiffures for heads

not so liberally supplied. In the first the hair was waved and arranged in loose coils and puffs in back. Directly on top it formed a loop, re-enforced by a pretty ornament of black velvet and jet. In the other short, wavy hair was arranged in puffs at the sides and in fluffy curls in back, while at the top came a double puff, one on top of the other. Two combs were placed among the curls in front. With women whose hair is abundant, the pompadour still holds its own. Jeweled side combs are no longer worn except for full dress.

Men Nervous at the Altar. It is certain that at the wedding ceremony it is always the man and not the woman who is "rattled." Ministers testify to the fact, and any prospective bridegroom will bear witness to the awful feeling of apprehension with which he looks forward to the wedding ceremony in which he is to play an important part. It is really a piece of self-consciousness which shows the conceit of man and for which there is no need; the bridegroom is a matter of little consideration to anyone, possibly excepting the bride, when the great occasion arrives.

To Make an Egg Reveal Its Age. To ascertain the freshness of an egg, without breaking, hold it before a strong light and look directly through the shell. If the yolk appears round and the white surrounding it clear, the chances are that the egg is fresh. Or you may drop it into water; if the egg sinks quickly and remains at the bottom it is in all probability fresh, but if it stands on end it is doubtful, and quite bad if it floats. The shell of a fresh egg looks dull, while that of a stale one is glossy.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Woman Admitted to the Bar. Miss Katie Rockford, of Devon, Iowa, is the first woman ever admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of South Dakota. She was subjected to a very rigid examination at Pierre, but acquitted herself creditably. In 1895 she took the degree of B. S. at the Northern Indiana Normal College at Valparaiso. She has studied law with Joseph Kirby, Sioux Falls, S. D.

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British Women Live Longer than Men. Despite the fragility with which their sex is credited, the number of British female centenarians greatly exceeds that of the men, 225 women out of every 1,000,000 reaching the century mark, while only 80 men out of the same number round out 100 years.

In Up-to-Date Homes. Some really original salt-cellars are shell-slimps and a relief from the usual pattern.

A pretty idea long familiar to the French is the luxuriously embroidered chamber towel, with long fringe fringes of silk and cotton.

White china for ferns and flowers is ever popular, and there is a growing tendency among young housekeepers to buy the pure white china, as a table never grows tiresome if decked

in spotless ware with the necessary color added in centerpiece or a bit of Wedgwood.

On old oak or Chippendale tables ten-cloths of finest Breton lace, with insertions of Chiny look the best. Some have openwork ecclesiastical designs and come from Austria, France and Ireland.

Silken sofa pillows in French tapestry, with a pineapple pattern wrought in gold, are popular. So are pillows of hand-embroidered satins on grounds of dull blue and terra-cotta or conventional poppies on green, with flounces of art silk.

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ABOUT THE BABY.

Being pleasant is largely a matter of habit, and the little baby may be taught to cultivate good humor.

"Train a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" is a maxim as true to-day as it was when the world was young. Discourage impatient behavior at all times. First, by imparting the knowledge to the molding consciousness that nothing is ever gained by crying. Primarily, the child must be taught through its recognized desires; the ethics of conscience may be appealed to later. Then, by convincing him of the potency of a smile.

A baby of six months has a pretty well defined idea of his importance and will become a small despot if he is not made to see, through the gentlest but most persistent training, that there are other needs besides his own to be considered.

I have in mind a little one who, the minute it was time for her bottle, screamed until it was given to her. Then a wise woman began to "bend the twig."

"Smile and coo, baby," she said, over and over again, "and I will give you your bottle."

For a while it seemed the experiment would fail. The little limbs straightened and the small back was curved backward alarmingly, but through the sharp cries the nurse's voice continued smoothly:

"Smile and coo, baby; stop crying, and smile if you want your bottle."

Suddenly the wee girl looked up; the red faded from her face. "Agoo!" she said, and received the bottle smilingly.

Worn by Women.

A new bon is flat, made of ermine and tied in a broad bow in front edged with ermine tails.

Most stunning muffs are made long and narrow of deep tawny orange or Wedgwood blue velvet trimmed with fur.

The newest dress models tighten the atrocious bloused waist and do not permit the cloth to overhang the belt in the back or on the sides.

Skirts are guileless of stiff linings and hang in soft folds. Cloth skirts with pouched velvet waists are fashionable. A green-plaid skirt with a green-velvet waist is a pretty combination.