

## MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby  
Against the cottage wall,  
A lily grew on the threshold,  
And the baby was just as tall.  
The wee pink fists of the baby  
Were never a moment still.  
Sneaking at shine and shadow  
That danced on the lattice sill.

His eyes were wide and sparkling,  
His mouth like a flower unblown,  
Two little feet, like funny white mice,  
Peeped out from his snowy gown;  
And we thought with a thrill of rapture  
That yet had a touch of pain,  
When June comes round with her roses  
We'd measure the boy again.

Ah, me! in a darkened chamber,  
With the sunshine shut away,  
Through tears that felt like bitter rain,  
We measured the boy to-day,  
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,  
And sweet as a budding rose,  
Lay side by side together  
In a hush of long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,  
White as the risen dawn,  
The fair little face lay smiling,  
With the light of heaven thereon;  
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves  
Dropped from a rose, lay still,  
Never to snatch at the sunshine  
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby  
With ribbons white as snow,  
For the little snow-white coffin  
That waited him below;  
And out of the darkened chamber  
We went with a dreary moan,  
To the height of the sinless angels  
Our little boy had grown.  
—Boston Traveler.

## REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Y fire is warm to-night and crackles merrily in the open grate. My cat is curled up on her soft cushion and is blissfully purring herself to sleep. Two books lie on the cozy little table near me, the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and the "Love Affairs of an Old Maid." My knitting, with its balls of pale blue and deep wine red, rests idly in my lap. I lean back comfortably in my big chair, and with half-closed eyes I let my wayward thoughts wander where free fancy leads them.

Who knows what tender feelings steal into many a lonely heart when the shades are drawn and a brooding silence settles down on a quiet little house? I cannot help wondering whether, after all, my neighbor over the way is more or less happy than I, and my mind goes back to the time when we were schoolmates.

Lillian at 16 was the prettiest girl in school. Her wide-open blue eyes, her soft, round cheeks, and her waving hair made her a picture of girlish beauty. She never cared for study, but a romp, a picnic, or a dance was her delight. Well, at 18 she married one of the "boys" and expected to have a gay time forever after. Her Jack was a good dancer and drove a stylish horse, all the girls envied her, and what more could one ask for?

But the first year brought severe disappointments. Lillian grew careless of her personal appearance and wildly jealous of Jack. He hated scenes, and preferred to spend his time where he would not be annoyed by them. After some bitter lessons Jack's wife learned to keep within certain well-defined limits. With her fresh beauty faded, and with the knowledge that she has lost her husband's adoration, she drags along a weary life, in which there is neither pleasure in the present nor hope for the future. Said I to myself, "I am far happier in certain loneliness than in such companionship," and I looked around my cozy room with a sense of relief to think that no scowling face and no harsh words marred my "Old Maid's Paradise."

Then I took up my half-finished work and knitted industriously for awhile. I was making some socks for little Ted, my young nephew. Who could tell the proud joy, the infinite tenderness and love which were in the heart of Ted's little mother? There was an answering thrill when I thought of her, and contrasted her life with mine. How closely she clasped the little fellow in her arms, as if she would shield him from all the world! With what eagerness she watched for the first responsive look, the first plain word, and the first tottering step. And there was even an absurd fondness in those tender mother eyes as she gazed on the antics of her young son and imagined them vastly superior to those exhibited by any other infant in the wide world. Ted was not a commonplace, everyday baby, not he. His wordless babblings were full of wisdom, only we poor ordinary mortals could not understand the mysterious language in which they were uttered.

I laid down my knitting and in the red coals of the open fire grate I read the coming years, bringing the inevitable changes for Ted and his mother. The boy is not satisfied to live within the clasp of those sheltering arms. He must see life, be free, go out into the world and judge for himself. The mother's eyes are dim with gathering tears and she trembles with forebodings. Her boy, her little Ted, is out there, away from her love and watchful care. He may be cold, or weary, or ill. The great world is pitiless, and there are many snares. She reads the papers and trembles at every sensational item. O, if she could only have kept him as he was, a little innocent child, when she knew his thoughts and directed his actions. Her solitude is far more lonely than mine, and for the

moment, I am glad that the tiny sock in my lap is for Helen's child and not for mine.

But as the years spin on I see Ted, a man; no longer a heedless child; the comfort and support of his mother. He has gone through the fires and come back to her, with his boyish fancies, his egotism and ignorance replaced by the quiet decision and self-reliance of the mature man. How his mother appeals to him, defers to him, and anticipates his wishes! In her eyes he is the wisest and the handsomest young man in the town. She is proud of his loverlike attention to her, and with a flush on her cheeks and an added brilliancy in her dark eyes, she looks but a few years his senior. These are happy days, but in the height of their enjoyment the shadows come stealing. It is, at first, only a thought, an imagined preference, but it is soon deepened into a reality.

Ted's mother believes in marriage. She would say so if you or I should ask her. She believes in it as the truest and happiest condition for man and woman kind. She has deliberately and firmly studied the question, and decided that there is not a single girl in the town who would make a good wife for her boy. There are good girls, pretty girls, accomplished girls, but not one who combines the necessary gifts and graces. Lately there has been a difference in Ted. He has not talked so freely at dinner, and has been strangely absent-minded. He surely cannot be attracted by frivolous little Miss Flossie, the only and petted darling of Dr. Everitt? Ted's mother always admired her son's taste until now, but in this most vital choice she cannot understand him. In vain she appeals to his reason. He says little and acts much. Though he respects his mother's opinions, she is forced to see that she is alienating him at each expression of them. So she decides like a sensible woman to make the best of things.

Miss Flossie is invited to spend a quiet afternoon with her prospective mother-in-law. She is found to possess a shrewd little head, a warm heart and a charming manner.

After all that has been said and done they decide to make the most of each other, and in the intertwining of my balls of fleecy yarn I see the parable of their united lives. The last stitch on the last needle is bound off, and the playful kitten is rolling the bright remnants on the hearth rug.—Mary Peabody Sawyer, in Boston Budget.



The sacred crocodiles of Egypt were buried with her proudest kings.

Spiders have played important parts. It is said when Mahomet fled from Mecca he hid in a cave and a spider wove a web over the entrance. When his pursuers came thither they saw the web and believed no one was there. It is said a spider performed the same kindly act for David when Saul was hunting him.

Australia has been found to be such a favorite home for the apple that immense orchards have been planted and are now in successful bearing. They find they can get them to England and still successfully compete with American in a financial sense. Nearly 100,000 cases had been received in England up to June 1, the bulk of them coming from Tasmania. One great advantage they have is in their period of ripening, as the English markets can be supplied after the American apples have disappeared.

Everything in any way connected with Alaska and the Klondike is of special interest at present, and among other items the foot of the reindeer deserves particular mention. The forefoot of the horse to a great extent determines its value, as upon this portion of its anatomy its speed and endurance depend. The foot of the reindeer is most peculiar in construction. It is cloven through the middle and each half curves upward in front. They are slightly elongated and capable of a considerable amount of expansion. When placed on an irregular surface, which is difficult to traverse, the animal contracts them into a sort of claw, by which a firm hold is secured. When moving rapidly the two portions of the foot, as it is lifting, strike together, the hoofs making a continuous clattering noise, which may be heard at a considerable distance. It is this peculiarity of the foot that makes the reindeer so sure-footed and so valuable in that rocky and uneven country.

**Danger from Using Stoves.**  
Cast iron stoves for hard coal, though in many ways desirable because they make an even temperature possible, may be the source of much danger in ignorant hands. If the drafts are not properly turned carbonic acid gas and sulphurous fumes may pour into the room, and in a sleeping-room may smother the slumberers before they are aware of their danger. Three per cent. of carbonic acid gas in the air of a room is fatal to animal life, and a large-sized baseburner will not take long to supply this percentage in a close room. Such stoves should always be carefully watched and never handled save by experienced persons.

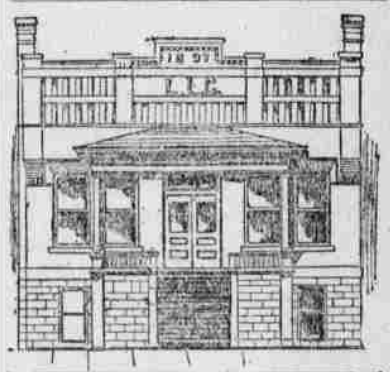
**Paying the Policeman.**  
Lake City, Fla., has set to make the dancer pay the fiddler in a novel way. The town has appointed a single night watchman, and decreed that he shall be paid at the rate of \$2.50 for each arrest made, the prisoner to furnish the money.

The voice of the average man spolls what little music he has in his soul.



## TO HAVE A CLUBHOUSE.

THE Ladies' Literary Club of Salt Lake City is the first feminine organization in the West to project a clubhouse of their own. These enterprising women recently purchased a desirable downtown lot and have just accepted plans for a modern structure of gray stone and cream-colored brick. Contrary to the devices of fair financiers in the East who have built numerous clubhouses by forming a stock



UTAH WOMAN'S CLUBHOUSE.

company, these women will erect a home partly from club dues and partly from subscriptions within the club. The clubhouse is to be commodious throughout, from the colonial veranda in front to the great auditorium on the second floor. There will also be reception-rooms, library, committee-rooms, lounge-rooms, dining-room and kitchen. That there should be a sewing-room for the Ladies' Literary Club is unique, but some of its members take their fancy work to meetings and industriously stitch away in the calm intervals between parliamentary debates and animated discussion of papers. It is intended to add another story to the building by and by.

## The Young Wife's Social Duties.

To simply live alone, with no provision for the gratification of the social instincts, is apt to prove too severe a strain upon the reserve forces of even the happiest marriage. There is some excuse to be made for the man who seeks society outside of the home wherein no thought is given to social pleasure, while the wife is apt to grow petty and personal, and so less attractive as she shuts herself away from intercourse with others. This dropping out is very easy, but even when prosperity comes and large social functions are possible it is too late to gain that most valuable possession, friendship, which is entirely independent of financial success. To have and to hold a place in the social life of the world is not only the right, but the duty of the young wife who desires to have a home in its truest and best sense.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Shower Bath for Baby.

The grown-ups and club men are not the only ones in this world who enjoy a shower bath, but baby who is bathed in his own little tub cannot use an ordinary rose, and in such cases the portable shower of English design, here shown, comes in handy.



PNEUMATIC PORTABLE SHOWER.

ature a finger is held over an aperture in the handle, and when released the water falls in a fine spray and with considerable force.

## Bustles in Favor Again.

Bustles are being universally worn again. All the newest gowns have a small bustle made in them, and where a woman's figure warrants it also hip pads. Some of the new bustles are long, some short, some fuller than others, and many round up the hips with small pads. All are made of fine quality haircloth, light in weight, and are small, neat and graceful. There was a time when there was absolutely no individuality in bustles. Fat and lean women, women with conspicuous hips, those with a conspicuous absence of hips, bought and wore the bustle which looked as if it would last the longest and give them the most

camel-like proportions. Now a woman studies her curves and lines and buys a bustle to set them off to the best advantage.

## How to Rip a Garment.

Most people think it is very easy to rip garments, but a fashionable dressmaker thinks otherwise. This modiste says few women know how to rip up a dress for remaking. Many a good gown is spoiled by being placed in the hands of an unskilled person to rip up, she says. Scissors should not be used, a sharp-pointed knife doing the work better. Stems should be carefully held in order not to stretch them, and all threads neatly pulled out after they are well cut, so that there is no knotting resistance. Hooks, eyes, buttons, clasps, etc., should be taken off with especial care, as they are usually so firmly sewed that they resist, often to the end of one's patience. The material should then be carefully brushed before being sponged or pressed, processes which in themselves need special skill.

## Keeps a Tollgate.

Mrs. Minerva T. Hering has kept a tollgate for a longer continuous period than any other person in Kentucky. For almost thirty-eight years she has lived at the same tollhouse on the Keene and Troy turnpike, near Nicholasville, and collected toll. Mrs. Hering and her husband were installed there as gatekeepers when the road was first completed in the year 1860. Her husband died twenty years ago, but she has remained in charge of the gate, although the ownership of the road has changed hands on numerous occasions.

Since free pikes were voted in this county, just recently, the owners of the



MRS. MINERVA T. HERING.

Keene and Troy pike have made Mrs. Hering a present of the tollhouse in which she has lived so long, as an evidence of their appreciation of her honesty and long labors.

## Women Wanted Beards.

Nowadays, when in every ladies' paper one sees perpetual instructions how to get rid of superfluous hairs, it seems almost incredible that women ever should have desired to have beards. Yet this really was the case among certain of the ladies of ancient Rome, whose morbid ambition made them so crave for these inappropriate appendages that they used to shave their faces and smear them with unguents in order to cause the hair to grow. Cicero relates that to such an extent did the beard mania among women grow that it was found advisable to pass a law against the "adornment."

## Russian Wedding.

A Russian bride is not submitted to the trying ordeal of appearing in white satin and lace in cold, broad daylight. The wedding takes place by candlelight in the drawing-room of the bride's mother. There is a banquet after, followed by a ball, and after that supper, and this in many houses is an occasion for quaint old customs to be observed. Here, as in America, a satin slipper (supposed to be the bride's) figures, but in a different way. A new white satin slipper is filled with wine and passed around to the bridegroom's friends, who use it as a goblet and drink the health of the bride.

## Prefer Women Clerks.

In Germany, and also in Holland, girls are chosen in preference to young men in all employments in which they can be advantageously employed. At Munich many of the clerks at the banks and hotels are girls, and as cashiers and bookkeepers at restaurants and other houses of business they are well in evidence. Many women are also employed at railway stations as booking office clerks.

## New Guinea Girls Can't Elope.

Girls in New Guinea have small chance of eloping. Every night they are put in a little house at the top of a tall tree. The ladder used to reach it is then removed, and the parents' slumber is all the sander for the fact that their daughters are unable to take their walks abroad until they see fit to allow them to do so.

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