My castle in Spain is built of dreams, Of fancies fair and free; Of hope that ever brightly beams, Of joys I yet may see, And when my heart is worn with care, With strife and toil and pain; I leave them and go swiftly where

My castle stands in Spain,

There dwell the days of my lost youth, With each high hope fulfilled; There shines full-orbed each sacred truth, That through my life has thrilled; There wait for me my loved and lost, With all life's joys attained, Life's Rubicon in safety crossed, And all life's empire gained.

The little cares that round my soul Like little snakes have curled Uncoil and loose each poisoned fold, Outside that fairer world; Old sorrows dead, old pains forgot, Old griefs come not again, The heat burns not, the cold chills not, Where my castle stands in Spain.

Oh, Ship of Thought, that leaves behind The lightning and the light, Come forth from rivers of the mind, For I would ride to-night: And bear me swiftly, on and on, Across your Eastern main, To where in beauty, proud and lone, My castle stands in Spain.

Dear lady, with the violet eyes, Afar across the tide, For thee my castle walls arise, For thee its gates swing wide; And all the bliss of love we'll share Walk all love's ways again, For our lost Eden waits us where Our castle stands in Spain. -Chicago Inter Ocean.

### TWO BLACKS MAKE A WHITE.

ET us rest awhile," I suggested, indicating a clump of heather a few yards from the road where we stood.

"Yes, I'm quite tired," said Nora. "I don't believe there's any white heather within miles of where we are."

"Never mind; here is plenty of the purple variety, and it makes the most comfortable lounge in the world."

"It looks awfully spidery," she remarked, making a little face. Nevertheless, she seated herself on the tuft I recommended as the most luxurious, and I stretched myself lazlly beside

"C, no; not that way! What if any one saw us?" She removed my arm from where it

was, and I had to put it back there again. "There isn't a soul about," I said,

soothingly. "How do you know? There! I'm

sure there is some one down at the burn. Now, Is it not?" "That is a sheep, Nora. But I promise to take away my arm if a human

being approaches within two miles. Will that do?" "O, well, please Nora became absorbed in thought,

"One penny," I bazarded. She blushed. "Tell me," I begged. "I don't like to. It's something I

don't quite understand." "Lil explain it." "Well"-hesitating-"I've been wondering, at least I've been trying to

think, why you like to put your arm around my waist, Will." "Let me see," said I, reflectively,

"why do I like to put my arm around your waist?" "Yes." . "Because I like," I answered, readily.

"But what makes you like?" "It's nice and comfy." "Do be serious. I want to know,

"really." "But, Nora, you know as well as I do. It's the same reason that makes

you like me to do lt." "I don't like you to do it."

"Then why do you allow it?" "I only allow it to please you."

"And unless you can give me a good reason," she continued, "I shan't allow It any more." I felt a little cross,

"We've been engaged for five weeks and three days," I said. "Don't you think it is rather late for such questions?"

"It's never too late to mend," she returned, cruelly, "and I've just been thinking these last few days, and-" "You first effort in that way?" I in-

quired, revengefully, but she took no notice and proceeded calmiy: "And I've been wondering if you ever put your arm round another girl's walst. Have you?"

Quite unexpected was this terribly direet question. I had to consider a mo-

"Once," I began gravely, "I met a girl." I paused. "Well?" said Nora, impatiently.

"A girl with whom I became so friendly that one evening-"

I pansed again, "Do go on?"

"I met her at a dance-" "O. Will, how could you?" "I met her at a dance and danced a quadrille with her."

"Yes"-eagerly-"and afterwards?" "There was no afterwards, dear,"

I anticipated Nora would be pleased. She was not. "Do you mean to say you didn't go and sit on the stairs or in the conser-

vatory or"-vaguely-"any where?" "No," said I. "Did you?" Nora was ruffied.

"Will, you are trifling with me,"

"I couldn't afford to, dear."

"I see you won't be serious, and yet I have something very serious to say to you. Something that Maud English told me last night."

"I heard her," I said. Nora started.

"O, you couldn't hear what she said." "Not quite; but you must remember that the walls of these country cottages are mostly made of paper. You and she were talking till nearly 2 o'clock this morning. I suppose she was treating you to a discourse on Davidson." "Perhaps; but Mand told me also something about you."

"Awfully good of her to mention it?" I remarked, with affected cheerfulness, but I felt desperately uncomfortable. It was too bad of Maud, especially when she had just got engaged to Davidson.

"What do you think it was?" asked Nora.

"I haven't a notion," I replied. "O, guess," but there was no smile on Nora's face.

"Well, maybe she was telling how fortunate you were in having such an adorable individual as I belonging to

I laughed feebly. "Not altogether," said Nora. "She told me"-and very distinctly the words came-"that two summers ago, in this

very place, you used to put your arm round her walst, and once you kissed her! That's all I've got to say, Mr. Harris." I had not heard my surname for quite a long time, but I liked it none the bet-

ter for that. Nora moved from me, and my arm slipped from her walst. It was strange it had remained there through our conversation. I became intensely interested in a fat spider crawling up my sleeve, and a great bee sat on a spray of heather hard by, wooling the sweetness out of the bloom. A lamb on the hills behind bleated pitifully, and the noise of water came monotonously from the rocky cleft below us. The sun counted for but little now. There was a long, long silence between us, but I felt that Nora was looking at me, and

"WIL" "Yes." I was a little surprised. "Why don't you look at me and say it isn't true?"

at last she spoke.

I looked at her but a breath. "It's true enough," I said, briefly. Silence again. Then: "You're not frightened of me, are you?" she asked, softly; and I felt her hand touch my hair.

"O, Will you can't imagine how glad "What?" I cried, forgetting my man-

"Glad I found you out. Would you mind putting your arms back where it was not long ago?"

I put my arm there, but I was sorely

"You see, Will," she began, with a quaint look of trouble in her eyes, "I had a confession to make to you, andand it makes it easier now."

I drew her closer. Thank God women are not angels. "Don't bother to tell it, dear," I whis-

"O, but I must tell you. When Maudie told me about you and herself I had to tell her about Mr. Davidson and myself, for we had just been as bad. And, Will, sometimes I felt so dreadful at not having told you before. Often I tried to speak and couldn't, And than I was so glad when Mandle mentioned you-she didn't like my story about Mr. Davidson-for I felt that I could at last tell you."

"Were you quite sure I would forgive you, dear?" I asked, looking down into her eyes.

"Sinners must forgive sinners," she whispered very gravely. "Ah, Will, you don't care any the less, do you? And you won't think any more of what

"I did not think I cared so much, my Nora, till I felt that I had lost you just now. And the past is nothing when I know that you are mine to-day."

"And forever!" she sighed. "Forever and ever!" I added, kissing her.-St. Paul's.

The Jew and the Robber.

A Jewish peddler, returning home from his weeks' travels to rejoin his family on the Sabbath, as was his wont, was met by a highwayman who demanded his money. Reluctantly he parted with it, counting it into the hand of the robber in the hope that the delay thus caused might bring some wayfarer. When he was finished he said to the robber, as a sudden thought came to him: "Meester, won't you please shoot me a little hole in my sleeve so I can show my vife that I met a real, genuine highwayman?" Accommodatingly he shot a hole in his right sleeve, his coat tail and finally took off his hat and sald: "Now, meester, let me show my family how near I had a hole in my head and den dey won't be sorry dat I lost my money. The robber, who had been enjoying the run, told him that he couldn't because he had no more shots. "Now," said the Jew, selzing the villain, whose fire he had so cleverely drawn, "gif me back my money."

The Gingerbread Tree.

There is a species of palm twentyfive or thirty feet in height, growing in Egypt, Abyssinia, Nubla, and Arabia, producing fruits in long clusters, each of which contains from one to two hundred. These fruits are of an irregular form, of a rich yellowishbrown color, and are beautifully polished. In Upper Egypt they form part of the food for the poorer classes, the part eaten being the fibrous mealy husk, which tastes almost exactly like ginger-bread, whence the popular name of "ginger's read tree" in Egypt,

The wife may congratulate herself on having made a good match if her husband never goes out nights.



ADIE HOLMES, of San Francisco, has been a telephone girl in' San Francisco for eight weeks, her father's reverses of fortune having forced her to earn her own living. But now fortune smiles, and she is known as Lady Bretherton and has a fortune of \$1,000,000 and an estate in Wales. "It is like a fairy story," Lady Bretherton said, when asked for details. "The property belonging to Lady Jane Bretherton, who died two months ago, passed to my father at her death, by reason of



MISS SADIE HOLMES.

the English law of entail. This was not unexpected, but what my father did | wages compared to which the pittance not know, until so informed by the London lawyers, was that the title of that portion of the estates that is in Wales passes to the eldest daughter of recent statistics plainly show, are gradthe heir. I am papa's eldest daughter, so you see I am the fortunate one."

This brief but comprehensive explanation was fully corroborated by the house has to-day waiting lists of scores statements of Mr. Holmes and by documentary evidence in the shape of a dreds of homes cry out for intelligent bundle of formal legal papers that were received from London. Lady Bretherton is 21 years of age and very pretty.

The Beautifying Bath. It is not infrequently said that a

daily bath is weakening. This is such a great mistake that it is difficult to understand how it is ever made. A daily bath is just as necessary to bodily purity as daily prayers are to soul purity, and it should be as conscientiously taken. In some place, and at some time that cannot be recalled, this observation has come to my notice, and its truth made its impression a lasting one: "A lady bathes not to get clean, but to stay clean." It is true that remaining too long in the bath may be weakening, but a quick bath in either very warm or even hot water, followed by a cold dash, has only good effects. A refreshing and practical bath is one moderately hot sea-salt in it-sea-salt is practical and cheap-pure white soap, a sponge and a cheese-cloth wash-rag. Cheese-cloth is both practical and cheap, at the same time sufficiently rough to remove all dirt and not rough enough to scratch .-Woman's Home Companion.

Artist-Laurente of the Street Arab. London society people are vigorously applauding the artistic work of Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, wife of the African explorer. Before her marriage Mrs. Stanley as Dorothy Tennant had won a reputation as a painter of poetic pictures of street arabs. Her work has been



MRS. HENRY M. STANLEY.

constantly improving and her pictures have been so full of the rugged poetry of the streets that they have won for her the title of "artist-laureate of the street arab." In all her pictures there is a moral that impresses one like a solemn sermon.

Determined to Be a Widow,

Miss Hsu of Soochow recently married a red flower as a substitute for her betrothed, who died before the wedding day. He was a son of Lu Jen Hslang, vice-chancellor of the Imperial Academy at Pekin. The young woman. having determined to marry no one else, adopted this means to enter her betrothed's family and so be treated as a widow. The people of Soochow are talking of building a store arch to commemorate Miss Hsu's virtues,

Advice About Eating. It wouldn't make so much difference as to what a woman ate, says a publication which claims to be authority on culinary topics, if she would only wait long enough between meals to get hungry, but she doesn't, and there's where the trouble begins. Nature is a tenacious old jade. Given the time, she

will digest and assimilate almost any-

thing that the stomach can retain. Un-

FORTUNE FOR TELEPHONE GIRL, Jess a woman washes or works for a living she doesn't need three meals any day of her life. It takes systematic work to consume that much fuel. Engineers are too clever to fill the furnace with coal unless there is a trip to make, an elevator to run or work to do. It doesn't matter what a man tooks like, so long as he is decent and healthy, but it is the duty of every gentlewoman to be as good-looking as her circumstances will permit. Women often eat themselves ugly, ill and brutal.

> Working Girl's Great Chance. "The average home holds out a far more comfortable time, a more leisurely life, a healthier existence, and better wages, than does the office, store or factory to an intelligent girl or woman," writes Edward W. Bok of "The Working-Girl's Great Chance," in the Ladles' Home Journal. "The same time devoted, for evample, to the study of shorthand or typewriting, if given to the study of nursing or domestic service, would mean twice the income to a bright, steady girl. Unfortunately, girls will not see this, and thousands of them who are to-day struggling through an existence in the outer world, could have far more comfortable lives and better wages in excellent homes. How the average girl can deliberately shut her eyes to the opportunity which fairly glares upon her as a good maid, nurse, companion or domestic of any sort, passes average comprehension. There has never been a time when mistresses were readier or more willing to pay good wages for good domestic servicepaid in shops or factories sluks into insignificance. And, on the other hand, the salaries of women in business, as ually on the decrease because of the willingness of hundreds of girls to work for a mere pittance. Every business er hundreds of applicants, while hun-



The "Company" Room. A young housekeeper, in planning her

furnishings, should regard the uses of her company room before she decides upon its fittings, advises the New York Post. If it is to be a reception-room pure and simple, it should take on the look of formality which belongs to such an apartment. If, however, it is to be a reception-room and family best room besides, little touches of use are indispensable. Where only one room can be devoted to the combination use of reception-room, parlor and perhaps family sitting-room also, its scheme of furnishing should be very different from that which heads a suite of three rooms to be devoted to these respective purposes. Book shelves may line the walls to the height of 5 feet, perhaps, and at such intervals as are needed to store one's library, the furniture being solld and durable, and of a character that will stand exposure to light and sun. The rugs and hangings must be of the same order, and if this quality of wear is taken into consideration, there is no reason why the room may not preserve its freshness to the point of reception formality, even under constant use The trouble is that the inexperienced furnisher buys for such a hybrid room the dainty brocatelles and light gilt and enameled furniture that are sold under the generic term of parlor furniture These belong to the formal reception room, and not to the apartment under consideration.

Teacher for Sixty Years.

Miss Phebe S. Edgar of Rahway, N. J., has been a teacher for sixty years F E. DONALDSON, or address in the Sunday school of the Second Presbyterian Church of that place. Recently the officers and teachers commemorated the event and presented her with a set of engrossed resolutions reciting the good work she has performed, and expressing the universal es teem in which she is held by the community.

Early Woman Bookkeeper. The general impression that women have only recently been employed in business houses is not correct. Miss Emeline E. Woodbury, who has just died, was for hearly fifty years the bookkeeper in a Hoston business house, and she succeeded another woman who had held the same place.

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