

LAUGH IT AWAY.

Don't put on your far-off glasses hunting lions in the way.
 Don't go probing round for troubles—just ignore them, day by day.
 Don't go sighing: "Yes, 'tis pleasant just at present, but—ah me!
 There's the sorrow of to-morrow—where will all our sunshine be?"
 If the worst is in the future and has been there all the while,
 We can keep it there by laughing till we make the others smile.

If the worst is in the future, let it stay there; for we know
 That to-morrow's always threatening to bring us so-and-so;
 But to-morrow with its sorrow never comes within our gaze,
 For all time is just a pageant of these busy old to-days.

Let the worst stay in the future where it has been, all the while!
 We can keep it there by laughing till the others start to smile.

When we look toward the sunset in the gorgeous afterglow,
 Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not know;
 Let us thank him with all fervency that he has never sent
 Any burden quite unbearable; that, while our backs have bent
 Underneath the load, we've had his arms about us all the while—
 Let us laugh away our troubles till the whole world wears a smile!

Let us laugh away the trouble though our eyes are dimmed with tears;
 Let us laugh away the heartaches and the worries and the fears;
 Just "be good and you'll be happy"—if you're happy, you'll be good;
 For the rule's so double-acting that it's seldom understood.

Oh, there is no future coming with a lot of trouble in—
 We can fight it off by laughing till the others start to grin!
 —Los Angeles Herald.

Polly's Carnation.

ARCHIBALD HACKETT, you know you ought not to go on as you are. Here you are putting away in that miserable conservatory three days a week, and your profession is going to the dogs. You ought to be a rich man; people say you have ability enough, but I doubt it. You ought to think more of Polly and me and less of your cheap



SPENT ONLY TWO HOURS AMONG HIS FLOWERS.

pansies and mignonettes. It's a shame."

"Nancy," answered Archibald Hackett to his wife, "I don't put in three days a week in the greenhouse. I don't put in more than two hours a day, and my profession isn't going to the dogs. I make a comfortable living at it, and that's all I can do at the law, for I'm neither a Charles O'Connor nor a William Everts. Let me putter away at my flowers. I love them, and it's a relaxation."
 Mrs. Hackett's eyes snapped again, but she said nothing further. She never had been able in twenty-two years of married life to force an angry rejoinder from this husband of hers. To-day Mrs. Hackett was a little more upset than usual. Polly, her pretty daughter, had been invited to an extremely swell affair on Lake Vista boulevard, and Mrs. Hackett did not think that Polly could wear a gown that she had worn twice before, and as Mr. Hackett had said something about economy the wife and mother had become a bit wrathful.

Polly Hackett had overheard some of this parental dialogue, and now she appeared on the scene. "I can wear the muslin again just as well as not, papa," she said. "It looks dainty and fresh, and like Mrs. Cratchit, I'll be 'brave in ribbons.'"

"But, Polly, the Bunkers are so terribly fashionable, and everybody there will have a gown on that costs a mint. I'm afraid Mrs. Bunker and Emily will think you look dowdy."

"Don't worry about the Bunkers, Mary," said Archibald, "nor you either, Polly. I suppose they are swell as things go, but I remember Jim Bunker when he owned a rendering establishment in the little eastern city in which I was born. There was more smell than swell to that, though it was an honest business, and Jim Bunker was an honest man. Perhaps I ought not say it, but, Polly, he'll be proud to have my father's grandchild in his house, though she comes in a gown worn a score of times. And now, my dears, I must get back to my flowers. By the way, Mary, it's car-

nations and not pansies and mignonettes that I'm puttering with now."
 "Well," said the still unmollified Mrs. Hackett, "I wish it was a law case instead of a carnation. You'll never get anything out of your flowers but a blossom or two that will wither in a day." And Mrs. Hackett moved away with her head in the air.

It was the night of the Bunkers' reception. Polly Hackett, prettier than the proverbial picture in her muslin and "brave in ribbons," as she had said, was ready to go to the cab standing at the door of her father's little house on the side street. Archibald Hackett came into the room and saw his daughter under the soft light. "You don't need furbelows, my child," he said, kissing her. "There'll be no prettier nor sweeter girl there to-night despite the muslin. Wear this, my dear; you don't need diamonds." And he gave Polly a beautiful full petaled carnation, which showed a curious mingling of rich colors.

Polly fastened the glowing blossom in her dark hair, while her mother said: "Well, I suppose, Archibald, that's the sole result of the year's time you've been wasting over carnations. If you had spent the time in your office Polly might be wearing the diamonds that you say she doesn't need. The other girls have them, and those that Emily Bunker will wear to-night cost a fortune."

"Never mind the diamonds, mamma; I'd rather have daddy's carnation," and Polly Hackett kissed both parents lightly and disappeared through the front door and into the waiting cab.

The Bunkers' ball was over, and Polly was sleeping soundly in her bed the next morning. The bell rang, and Mrs. Tattler was ushered into the parlor. She had come to call on Mrs. Hackett. Mrs. Tattler had been bidden to the ball the night before, and now she had come as early as this to talk it over with Mrs. Hackett. "Oh, Mrs. Hackett," she began, "you don't know how lovely it was, and you don't know how perfectly sweet Polly was. And what do you think—I know all the other girls are just by the ears to-day. You see, Mrs. Bunker really gave this ball because that swell young Farrell of Baltimore is visiting John Bunker. Farrell is awfully handsome and awfully rich. He's one of the Farrells of Farrelton. You know all about them, of course. One of their ancestors signed the Constitution of the United States or something like that—I never do get history straight—and young Farrell didn't have eyes or ears for anyone the whole evening but for pretty Polly."

Mrs. Tattler lingered for some time and talked on, but finally the door closed behind her and Polly appeared just as her father came in to luncheon. "Well, Polly," he said, "did you have a nice time last night?"

"Splendid, daddy. Mr. Bunker was awfully nice to me. He told me he knew grandpa in the East, and he was always glad when he asked him round to the homestead. Mr. Bunker said grandpa was a gentleman of the old school."

"Mr. Bunker was good to you, Polly, was he?" asked Mrs. Hackett. "Was there—was there anyone named Farrell there?"

At this Polly blushed furiously. "Yes, there was a Mr. Farrell there from Baltimore," she said. "He was very polite to me."

"What did you do with your carnation, Pretty Polly?" asked her father.

Polly blushed more furiously than before. "Oh, papa; that was one of the funniest parts of it. Mr. Farrell was, I can't help saying it, very attentive to me. He danced with me and brought me refreshments. It was near the end of the ball, when he looked suddenly at the carnation in my hair and then asked me if he might have it. I thought that was a little forward from a person whom I had met only a few hours before, and I must have looked it, too, for he said quickly: 'I meant nothing presumptuous, Miss Hackett, but I want you to tell me where you got that carnation and I want to send it to my father.'"

"I told Mr. Farrell that you grew it, papa, and gave it to me, but what he wants to send it to his father for I can't imagine. I don't suppose you'll care, papa, but he asked me also if



ASKED FOR THE FLOWER.

John Bunker might bring him here to call on me. John comes here often, you know, and I said yes," and Polly blushed again.

James Farrell did call with John Bunker, and then he came alone and many times, but the day finally came when he had to leave for his home in Baltimore.

"Why don't you go to your office, Archibald?" asked Mrs. Hackett, sharply, one morning. "Here you are puttering round among your flower pots

again. Mrs. Hackett liked the worn petting. "No man with a hobby ever made a cent out of it. I believe you've spent \$50 on that miserable carnation bed, and I need a new fur collar. You're wasting your time, interfering with our happiness and throwing away your money."

"Oh, I don't know, my dear," replied Mrs. Hackett, mildly, "look at this," and he handed his wife a letter. She opened it. It ran like this: "Mr. Archibald Hackett. My Dear Sir—My son, James Farrell, sent me some time ago a carnation blossom. It is the most wonderful I have ever seen. It is such a flower as I have been trying in vain for years to produce. You may know, possibly, that I am an enthusiast on the subject of carnations. This particular flower has a great market value aside from all other considerations. If you have succeeded in making permanently productive the plants from which this carnation was plucked, I will pay you \$40,000 for your stock, if I may have absolute control. Yours sincerely,

"HENRY FARRELL."
 Mrs. Hackett nearly fainted. "You'll take it, Archibald," she said.

"Of course," replied her husband. "It's a legitimate business transaction, but I have also a letter from this millionaire's son, who asks me for the prettiest flower I have, and he doesn't offer to pay a cent for it."

"What flower is that?" asked Mrs. Hackett. "These millionaires always want something for nothing."
 "It's pretty Polly," said Archibald, "and from the way Polly looked when I showed her this second letter, I think she is willing I should give here away."
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

CROCODILES IN AMERICA.

Old World Reptile Lives with Florida Alligators.

While cruising on the west coast of Florida, word reached us that the fabled Florida crocodile had become a reality. The news was brought by a guide, who, years before, had told us of "alligators that were not alligators," which lived near the Everglades. With him at the helm, for three days we threaded narrow channels and sailed over broad bays, oftentimes with less than six inches of water under our keel. Then, late one afternoon, our hearts were gladdened, for we saw—a crocodile!

He was swimming rapidly beneath the surface of the water. Quickly launching a skiff, we poled in pursuit, following him by the rolled water in his wake. After nearly an hour of exhausting maneuvering we got one chance with a harpoon. Fortune favored me this time, and I first struck our largest crocodile. To my chagrin, however, the harpoon came back, the point broken. With a boat at each end of the short creek where we found him, we drove him back and forth, and struck him seventeen times before we got two harpoons fast in him, and dared to put enough strain on the lines to pull him ashore. My boat was the nearest as he came slowly into the shoal water. As he got opposite the bow, where I was standing, his huge jaws opened, the side of my boat was engaged, and, but for the breaking of a tooth, this account might be an obituary. Making due allowance for the missing end of his tail, bitten off in some ancient fight, the length of this crocodile fairly passed the fourteen-foot mark.

In character and habit the crocodile and the alligator differ widely, says a writer in Country Life in America. The crocodile is much more active. He is extremely shy and can seldom be surprised on land. But with his jaws tied, the crocodile becomes as submissive as a lamb, and it is quite safe to take him into a small boat and even to use him as a seat. One attempt to do this with an alligator will be sufficient for the ordinary sportsman. When the alligator gets through there will be no boat, and probably no sportsman. The flesh of the young crocodile has a finer flavor than that of the alligator, although both are good eating.

A Little Love Story.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman.

The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity, and she will love me for them."
 But the man of action said: "How old-fashioned! I shall corner the stock market, and that will bring her."

So, the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of his, who ran a 10-cent magazine, to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other and became a millionaire.

In the meantime the girl married a man who inherited his money, and they lived happily ever after.

But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care; and the man of action was so busy he didn't care.

The only one to suffer was the man she married.—Smart Set.

A Sense of Value.

Mother to her 7-year-old son, William, who has been growing free of speech)—Billy, dear, I will give you 10 cents a day for every day you don't say "darn fool."

Harold (little brother of five, with superior air)—Humph! If "darn fool" is worth 10 cents, I guess I know words that are worth a quarter.—Smart Set.

Compromised.

"Whew!" exclaimed Nuwed, "what's the matter with this mince pie?"
 "Nothing," replied his wife, who was a white ribboner. "I followed your mother's recipe except where it called for brandy. I put root beer in instead."—Philadelphia Press.

Silence may be the wit of fools, but they seldom have it with them.

LIGHT COLORS COME.

DELICATE COLORINGS IN EARLY SPRING COSTUMES.

White Heads the List and Then Come the Mauve, Coffee, Biscuit and Gray Shades—Evening Gowns that Are Elaborate and Handsome.

New York correspondence:

MUCH of delicate coloring is to be seen in street and calling gowns for the early spring. White heads the list, but next come delicate mauves, coffee shades, biscuit and grays from the lightest. They are exceedingly dressy and very attractive. A woman goes a-shopping and when these lovely goods are brought out, it is easy to spend two or three times what she intended. Then the dimities, thin silks and organdies are a further drain on her purse. Confronted by these new fabrics, she is impressed only with the thought that she hardly can have enough of this summer dress, so her money fairly flies. A few thin summer silks show flower designs that



REPRESENTATIVE EVENING GOWNS.

recall the run Persian effects had in silks a few years ago. Some of them are very dainty, and will make up prettily, but plainer materials that will stand more decoration are more liked. It is a mistake to embroider or otherwise embellish freely the figured silks. Put in all the insertions you want, and trim the edges of the ruffles with lace, but do not try to embroider or plaster them with applique.

Current evening gowns are the finest of feathers. Few departures have been made from the standards of early winter, but there has been a constant output of handsome dresses that were eloquent of

silks to match, with heavy Irish lace trimming. Last is a black dotted lace over black silk, the bodice covered with pink chiffon roses and sprays of green leaves. When all is said it is the black fabric that carries best the very lavish trimmings now employed.

At all times and in all seasons there are elaborate house dresses, but there are more of them now than is usual. Your hostess now may serve afternoon tea in one of these dresses, but she's pretty sure to have it one of the grade sales-folk style "creations." No form of gown is more generally becoming than the soft-clinging draped gown of this style. Current materials are dainty and there is a fine chance for individuality in decoration. Crepe de chine, silks, wools, liberty satins and the innumerable soft materials from the Orient are permissible for these and make up exquisitely. Once made they are set off nicely by the costumes of callers, so the daintiness of hostess and assistant are seen to splendid advantage. Long princess effects are plentiful in this style of gown, and most of these make a figure look graceful. If you admire accordion pleating, this is the best kind of garment on which to have it, and shirring also is pretty on them. An occasional bit of smocking is seen, but it seems a little set in comparison with other stylish forms of trimming. The artist presents here two fine gowns of this sort. One was pale blue crepe de chine and duchess lace, the other was pink crepe de chine and white lace net heavily spangled with gold. Lace is the standard trimming for such dresses, appearing in falls, ruffles, applique of almost any way to put it in evidence, and costly sorts are used lib-



REPRESENTATIVE EVENING GOWNS.

erally. Evening shades are the stylish choice for these dresses.

Fashion Notes.

The newest silk petticoats are in gunmetal shade.

All white lace gowns are the height of the mode and grow more elaborate week by week.

Ombre silk stockings are already in the market, and in some shades are remarkably pretty.

Flower muffs are shown among Parisian novelties for spring. They are huge, flat, lined with chiffon frills, and, as a



ELABORATE HOUSE GET-UPS.

their makers' taste and ingenuity. With white material, there are many fine possibilities. A dress of white chintilly lace had its entire plain part of net covered with tiny gold spangles, and the effect was fine without a trace of garishness. The white and black combinations still are standard. A very delicate example of this is sketched in to-day's initial picture. It was white chintilly over white silk, the edges of the ruffles heavily beaded with black jet, its wide arab black also. Though the black and white mating has been serviceable for a long time, it still is capable of much newness, so its employment is frequent. In colors there are few hard and fast rules, so much variety prevails in their use. Suggestion of this was made strongly by the three evening dresses the artist grouped. At the left were light green peau de soie and narrow bands and insertion of white antique lace. Beside this is a gown of gray silk crepe over

rule, intended to accompany toques made of the same flowers.

Tea gowns of batiste on finest muslin, silk lined and lace trimmed, are considered particularly chic.

Fleece backed pique washes perfectly, yet has a warmth that commends it for early spring shirtwaists.

Lace mitts are again winning considerable liking. The latest are thumbless and fall far over the hand in a deep point.

Irish lace has lost much of its prestige, chiefly because its tremendous popularity brought about a flood of cheap imitations.

Turnover collars and cuffs are as the sands of the sea. They are most correct when in all white, and in their elaborate forms are very expensive. Both cuffs and collars are wider than they were last season.

Topics of the Times

A woman's brain declines in weight after the age of thirty.

Kissing a woman's lips is considered a great insult in Finland.

Paper quilts are extensively used abroad by the poorer classes.

Zola left a fortune of \$400,000 made up entirely from the profits of his novels.

Canadian trade with Great Britain has increased over \$6,000,000 in the past year.

A Lancashire newsboy has obtained the diploma of licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.

Biddleaden, which contains one house with three inmates, is Northamptonshire's smallest parish.

Up to date 318 statues of William I. of Germany have been erected in German towns, at a total cost of about \$5,000,000.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne only \$100,000 a year was spent on education; now the amount expended is \$65,000,000.

Two hundred and fifty notice boards are to be erected in the streets of Edinburgh requesting citizens not to spit on the pavement.

An agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Monastir, Turkey, is being prosecuted for selling Bibles in the Albanian language.

About a hundred years ago the use of starch for stiffening the frills around the neck was considered highly reprehensible, if not positively sinful.

The wives of Siamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks straight up from their heads. The average length of it is about one and a half inches.

Three hundred shoemakers who struck for higher wages in Philadelphia in 1786 were the first workingmen to adopt such tactics in this country.

As a self-inflicted atonement for sins committed thirty years ago, a Moscow beggar has ever since worn an iron chain from which two heavy weights depend.

Miss Estelle Reed, federal superintendent of Indian schools, has probably the most important and highest salaried office of any woman in the employ of the Government.

In the Warsaw jail is a wholesale bigamist named Vladimir Litwneek, who is known to have gone through the marriage ceremony with seventeen women, all of whom are alive.

It is proposed to cut a railroad tunnel through the mountain known as the Fauclle, in the Jura Alps, and shorten the journey between Paris and Switzerland by two and a half hours.

Two scholars at Grove Road school, Harrogate, England—Dora Robinson and Oswald Colbeck—have completed eight years' perfect attendance. Out of 3,211 possible attendances they have never missed one.

Local inspectors of the Wheeling division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad have condemned 2,500 box cars, flats, etc., as lightweight or light capacity. The condemned cars will be burned and the iron sold as scrap.

The notorious Li-Luen-Ying has started a native paper in Peking, with the flowing name of Daily Imperial News. The Empress Dowager is the patron of this organ, and she has ordered all the officials to subscribe to the paper. The object of the journal is to retard reform.

HAMLET WOULD TURN OVER.

Story of an Actor Stranded in a Small Mining Town.

An actor, stranded in a small mining town, was waited upon by a committee of miners. They told him that they intended giving a play for the benefit of some local charity, and had come to ask him to undertake the task of coaching the miners. The play was "Hamlet," and there were four aspirants to the role of Hamlet. One of these was a powerful Irishman, with a rich "brogue." Another a corpulent German, with a decided dialect. One, a Yankee, with pronounced nasal tones, and the fourth equally unsuited for the part he wished to play. The actor called the four men together, and informed them that there were five acts in "Hamlet," and proposed that he, as a professional, should take the act most difficult to perform, thus leaving an act for each one of the four. The proposal was accepted. The play was given to a large and enthusiastic audience, while the financial success exceeded all expectations. But the next morning the one small newspaper of the town contained the following:

"The play of 'Hamlet' was given last evening by our amateur dramatic company. It has long been a question as to whether Shakespeare or Bacon was the author of this play. It can now be definitely ascertained. 'Let the graves of both men be opened. He who shall be found to have turned in his grave is the one who wrote 'Hamlet.'"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Life Is Best.

Storm wind blowing east and west—
 We forgive it!
 Bloom or blizzard, life is best—
 Let us live it!

Though the storm the spirit tires,
 Though the day no song inspires,
 Warm the heart at all life's fires—
 Life is best—
 Life is best!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Waits Were Official.

The waits had an official position in London till 1820. They paid heavily for the office.