

LAST WINTER'S OVERCOAT.

When the stormy breezes bluster Through the shade trees, lank and bare...

Tenderly we pick the mothballs From the pockets where they've lain...

But at length, with some misgivings, We pronounce it fit to wear...

The Little Lacemaker.

MILLE NOEMI VERDIER, a lacemaker of Valenciennes, was as good as she was pretty...

Left an orphan at thirteen years of age she lived with her brother...

The two lived happily together; but the years passed and the time of military service came...

Each Saturday she carried back her work and when she returned home...

On his side Louis behaved in his regiment as he did in Valenciennes; that is, to say, like an honest man...

You can imagine how happy Noemi was! How her heart throbbled with joy!

The dreadful war began. From the letters of her beloved Louis she learned the successive defeats...

Noemi, who never read the papers, hastened now to the office of the Gendarme de Valenciennes...

Meanwhile the wounded soldiers were sent, through Hirsan and Avesnes...

All the hospitals were full, and still they came. Then private ambulances were organized...

One morning the report was circulated that a convoy of wounded from her brother's regiment had arrived during the night...

To the poor girl a glimmer of hope returned. She ran from one to the other, asking of the nurses...

All at once she remembered that the day before they had opened in Saint-Saulve a hospital intended especially for the officers...

"Louis! Louis! It is I," she exclaimed, trembling, with clasped hands, ready to fall...

At this appeal the wounded man recovered his consciousness, opened his eyes and perceived his sister...

"You must not cause him any emotion, or we cannot guarantee anything, sapristi! Your brother's wound is doing well, he will recover, that is certain, if you do not."

"Never mind monsieur le docteur. This is enough for to-day. Come back to-morrow morning, but now go home."

"Do you see, my dear Louis," said the happy Noemi to him a few days later, sitting by the bedside of her brother...

"The presumption is that the husband of the laundress has been ill. Time is but a narrow ruffe on the edge of eternity."

EVOLUTION OF A SIGNATURE.



Signature of Lieut. McKimley in 1864. Signature of President of United States in 1900.

Those fond of studying character in handwriting will find much of interest in the signatures of First Lieut. William McKimley, Jr., of the Twenty-third Ohio volunteer infantry...

When the older of the signatures was written the father of the boy lieutenant was alive, and the future President was William Jr. This signature was written across the face of a small photograph...

"Speak, my darling," answered the young officer. "The surgeon says that you will soon be able to get up. I am going to take you home to our little nest and take care of you day and night..."

"Dear, dear sister! Oh, what a good idea, and how I shall hasten to get strong, so as to be able to go with you. One morning, when she came in, radiant with gladness, her brother bade her speak low and pointed with his eyes to a new wounded officer...

"Poor young man!" said Noemi, compassionately. "He has no sister to take care of him." And she became interested in this man, whose death seemed certain.

In the meantime the days went by and Louis' convalescence progressed rapidly. Had he not promised to hurry? On the morning of the tenth day Noemi arrived, joy in her face, bringing a precious package wrapped in tissue paper.

She, too, had kept her word; her marvelous work was finished and she brought it to show her brother before carrying it to the merchant who ordered it, and in her joy at being able to take her brother home she forgot about the poor, wounded man lying beside her.

"See how beautiful it is!" she said, displaying the delicate masterpiece upon the bed—proud of it, not because of its overwhelming difficulties, but because it enabled her to realize her most ardent wish, to bring her dear convalescent into their little nest in the little street, into the small lodgings where happiness would come back at the return of her beloved brother.

And they were both happy. With hands clasped, they contemplated the delicate lace.

All at once a piercing shriek drew them from their ecstasy. In making an effort to rise M. de Lauterac d'Ambroyse had disarranged his bandages, the wound reopened, and the unfortunate man fell back on his bed covered with blood.

At the scream the surgeon was on the spot and in a twinkling had removed the bandage.

"Quick, quick! Some lint!" he cried. "Hurry, hurry!"

And while the nurses, beside themselves at the cries of the patient, searched everywhere for what was at hand, the stream of blood kept on flowing and the anxious surgeon multiplied his appeals.

The brother and sister, motionless, pale with fright, exchanged one glance. Noemi seized her precious lace, tore it in pieces, and gave it to the major, who applied it to the wound.

The hemorrhage was stopped. Louis and Noemi, trembling with emotion, looked at each other.

"Dear sister, thanks—!" That was all that Louis could say.

"It will make but a few days' delay," lisped the young girl, keeping back the tears just ready to flow. "I will begin my work again."

Lieutenant de Lauterac d'Ambroyse is to-day colonel; he is the father of three children; one a big, pretty girl, almost as beautiful and sweet as her mother, whose name she wears, Noemi; and two fine-looking boys, who are "terrors," as their uncle assures us, the brave commandant Louis Vernier.

ANKLE BRACE FOR SKATERS. Device for Giving Artificial Aid to Weak Ankles.

Many a person is prevented from learning to skate, both with roller and ice skates, by weakness of the ankles.

As skating is such a fascinating sport it is not to be wondered at that artificial aid is to be provided to brace the ankles for this sport.

tended to be attached to the ankle, but depends entirely upon the force exerted by the strap pulling the triangular plates over either ankle in the downward direction.

NOW WED AT HOME.

FASHIONABLE BRIDES TABOO CHURCH FUNCTION.

Simplicity of Arrangements Contrary to Former Elaborateness—Society Leaders Say Home Wedding is a More Sacred Event—Guests Still Numerous.

The weddings of the fashionables are no longer "brilliant functions," says the Chicago Chronicle. The elaborate affair of the past few years has been replaced by a quiet home wedding, which does not lend itself to long descriptions.

These fashionables who have planned and executed the change have many reasons for it. In the first place they say a home wedding is so much more sacred.

It is difficult to find a liniment that will be of more general usefulness than simple camphorated oil or camphor liniment, as it is often called.

A compound liniment which is recommended for rheumatism and "numbness" is made of two and a half ounces of gum camphor and one drachm of oil of lavender dissolved in seventeen fluid ounces of alcohol.

With the change the whole tone of the function has changed, the bride is no longer so elaborately gowned, the decorations are not so extravagant, the bridesmaids and groomsmen are not so numerous and the guest list is essentially much reduced.

There is more to it than the mere fact that the home has succeeded the church as a place for such affairs.

The first intimation that the Boston figures were forgeries was the statement of John Marshall, an English authority, that he believed them to be spurious.

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Now that it is not only proper but proper to have one's wedding at home and to have it a simple, unpretentious affair, the ordeal is no longer so trying.

PROVED TO BE FORGERIES. Tanagra Figurines in the Boston Museum Are Real or Fake?

The discovery that twenty-five of the twenty-eight Tanagra figurines in the Boston art museum are forgeries has attracted much attention from artists and art critics, largely because the Boston figurines were the best specimens of the peculiar Tanagra potteries in this country and have been widely copied.

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LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Grogan—I suppose you know it is the proper paper not to serve butter at dinner.

On His Mettle. Uncle Bob—Well, Johnny, are you at the head of your class?

Might Try It. Young Lady Patient—Doctor, what do you do when you burn your mouth with hot coffee?

Time Is Comparative. Teacher—Charles, what is the shortest day of the year?

Keeping His Humor Dry. "A sail!" shouted the lookout. The admiral knit his brow.

Worst Yet. "Please, I want a penworth of—er—I want—er—"

Bright Boy. Josh Hayrake—I've got one smart son up in the Klondike.

Too Early to Tell. "What are the names of that newly married couple in the next flat?"

Beauties of Employing a Mascot. Boy—Say, mister, let me bait your hook.

Beautiful Cora Livingston. "Under the John Quincy Adams administration Cora Livingston was recognized as one of a trio of the foremost beauties of the United States."

Good Advice. Tackleton—I'm glad your yacht beat Bragman's.

Crafty. Jackson—No, I never take a newspaper home. I've got a family of grown-up daughters, you know.

His English. He—You climbed ze Matterhorn? Zat was a great feat.

Saving Women. Mr. Payne—What! Sixty-eight dollars for an evening dress? Why, I thought you were going to have your last year's black lace made over.

Preventing the Cure. Mrs. Gotham—The paper says an Indiana State Board is trying to prevent the marriage of idiots.

Good Idea. "I'd fix that Hall of Fame all right."

Age of Responsibility. In England the law looks upon every one over the age of 7 as a responsible being, and every child beyond that age can be prosecuted as a criminal.

Doesn't Melt. "It's terrible, the way the price of coal is going up," wailed the pessimist.

Regretted It. Lena—I didn't think you'd let a man kiss you on such short acquaintance.

Of Course. "It seems to be an actual fact that an Indian never laughs."

Some Cause for Joy Yet. "Well, Dave, what did you do on your fiftieth birthday?"

Nothing in It. Giles—At last I have got a letter from my rich uncle in California.

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CHURCH WEDDINGS ARE NOW OUT OF DATE.



Teacher—Charles, what is the shortest day of the year?



Boy—Say, mister, let me bait your hook.



SIMPLE AND CONVENIENT SUPPORT.