

MOTHERHOOD.

The night throbs on; but let me pray, dear Lord!

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard

See Thou tend him well, That God of all the mothers!

Ah, God, my child shall go Orphaned among the angels!

NOT TOO LATE

It was late when George Atwood arrived at Mrs. Halleck's party.

When his eyes rested on her an awful change came over his face.

For days past George Atwood watched Ida Challis, his intended wife.

George Atwood turned away with an inward groan.

"Did you say Mr. Atwood was here?"

"Yes; he was here a moment ago. I saw him looking savagely in this direction.

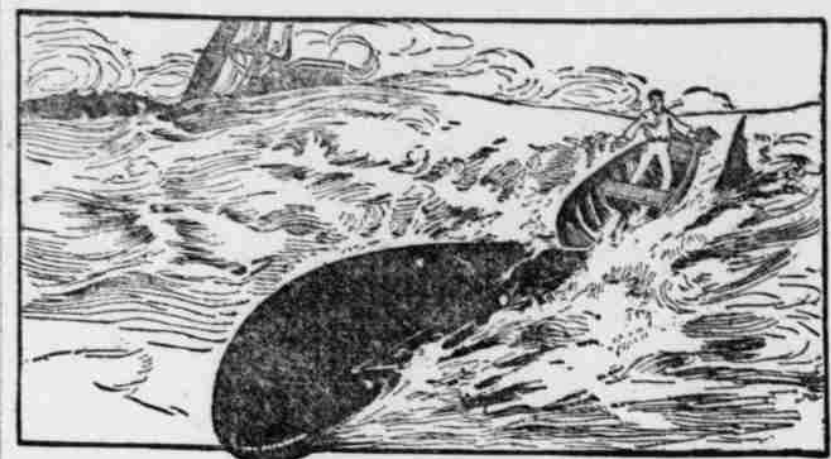
A quadrille was forming, and a gentleman came to claim Ida for the dance.

The dance was over. Ida never could tell how she got through it.

As she stepped into the deep recess of the window she let the curtains fall behind her.

She threw herself into a chair which occupied the recess and buried her face in her hands.

ANCHORED TO A WHALE, GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN IS TOWED OUT TO SEA.



Startling was the experience of Charles Decker of Gloucester, Mass., on the last cruise of his fishing schooner, the Maxine Elliott.

plod the recess and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, what a wretch I am!" she moaned.

Little Ida dreamed that before many minutes she would know how it was going to end.

Ida's head was erect in an instant. A lady and gentleman were speaking on the balcony.

"What absurd ideas, to be sure!" the man was saying.

"Absurd! How can you say so?" said the lady's voice.

"Trying to come between them!" and Alfred May laughed derisively.

"Ah, you mean that you have already accomplished it! Yes, everybody says that you must have fascinated Miss Challis—that she loves you is no longer a secret."

"She loves me! Then more fool she for her pains, for, my dear, I have no affection to waste on anybody but your own sweet self."

Ida listened to no more. For days she had been under a spell.

At that moment the heavy curtains parted and George Atwood stepped into the recess.

"Ida, what ails you?" and he rested his hand lightly on her shoulder.

"Oh, don't touch me—don't speak to me!" she cried, drawing away from him with a shiver.

"Heaven forbid, Ida, that a word should fall from my lips but in kindness to you. It is too late to censure, and the strong man's voice quivered—it is so hard to give you up. If Alfred May was a good man—"

"Alfred May is a scoundrel! and I hate him—I hate myself! Oh, George, if you knew how wretched I am!" and Ida burst into tears.

"Ida!" cried George, in joyful astonishment.

"George, I've acted foolishly—I've done wrong, but oh, I'm so sorry," said Ida, between her sobs.

"My darling!" and George clasped her in his strong arms.

"His Betting Clothes. Superstitious Young Man Explains Cause of His Losses.

There is a new boarder at the boarding house. He wears a new pair of Scotch tweed trousers.

"Do you know," said the newcomer, "that I am the most superstitious fellow you ever saw?"

"I think that we are all superstitious," said the actress, who sat across from him at the table.

"You a sporting man!" interrupted the actress.

used the new boarder, "to show you how superstitious I am, I never play a horse on Friday."

"And do you know," began the young man again.

"Color makes all the difference in the world in betting. Then, too, a man will always lose if he bets in a poolroom in the same street with an undertaker's establishment."

"A white horse is luckier than a black horse. Whenever there is a black horse up I always bet on him, especially if I have on a light suit."

The fat boarder was about to leave the table, says the New York Tribune, when he turned and said:

"I don't think I will do much betting at that rate. I haven't enough clothes to go around, and I doubt very much if you will have, young man, if you keep on."

The waxed mustached young man again plastered down a curl, but said nothing.

The Wit of the Little Ones.

Dr. Macnamara, M. P., has a fund of good stories of children's witticisms.

"Last Christmas," he says, "I was at a meeting of school children in Kensington. Before going away I said to them: 'Now, boys, mind you don't get into mischief or trouble between now and next Christmas, to which the children replied: 'Same to you, sir!'"

A question as to where the Nile rose, one answer was: 'In Mungo Park.' Another child was asked: 'Where are the most famous volcanoes in Europe?' to which he replied: 'In Sodom and Gomorrah.'

"Definitions given by some of the little ones were well worth preserving. Here are some: 'A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.' 'A pessimist is a man that attends to your feet, and an optimist a man that attends to your eyes.' This is what a little girl wrote of the Sallie law: 'Edward III, would have been king if his mother had been a man.' Again: 'King Henry VII. liked plenty of money and plenty of wives, and died of ulcers on the legs.' 'Grass,' answered one little child, 'is what you've got to keep off.' Another wrote: 'The marriage custom of the ancient Greeks was this, that a man married only one wife, which was called a monotomy.'—London Answers.

"Sousa's band played before King Edward."

"Indeed? That wasn't court etiquette, was it?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said Sousa played before the King. The King should have played first, shouldn't he?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"His Idea of a Recluse. 'It seems funny to find a recluse flying right here in the heart of a great city.'"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Peter B. von Gossler."

"Why, he's not a recluse."

"He isn't, eh? Then why hasn't he a telephone?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Monuments at Gettysburg. In Gettysburg Park there are about 500 monuments. In addition to this patriotic ornamentation there are 225 mounted cannon and over 200 monumental tablets.

Times have changed; when a woman starts out to earn her living these days, she isn't regarded as a heroine, with a mortgage on her Dear Old Home.

ABOUT THE BIOGRAPH

MACHINE THAT PRODUCES THE MOVING PICTURES

Great Future for Them in Education—Some of the Uses to Which They May Be Put—How the Films Are Made.

There is a great future for moving pictures in education. To the insular child what more impressive method of information as to what a warship is like in all its majesty than to show him one in motion-photography?

Life-motion pictures are made with one type of camera and projected by two kinds of machines.

"The people here are the most social I have met. As I sit here dictating a dozen of them are crowded around listening to every word I say."

"In a minute the listeners began to move away, and after that I was not bothered with their curiosity."

A poet whose lines never would scan was summoned before the king and commanded to show cause why he should not be put to death.

"If your ear is imperfect," said the king, "you could count your syllables on your fingers, like an honest workman."

"May your majesty outlive your prime minister by as many years as remain to you," said the poet reverently.

"Then," said the king, "why don't you count on the right hand?"

"Alas!" was the reply of the poet, as he held up the mutilated left, "that is impossible—there is nothing to count with! It is the forefinger that is lacking."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the sympathetic monarch. "We must make your limitations and disabilities inhumanity. You shall write for the magazines."—San Francisco Examiner.

An Interesting Investigation. During his summer vacation, an English professor traveled about the country, asking every tramp that he met why he didn't work.

"My cook book is simple. There isn't another like it in the whole country. If it should ever be given to the public it would be no misnomer to call it the Blue-Blood Cook Book, for every recipe therein is an heirloom of some old American family."

"I never knew until I went into the catering business how many families own a special dish that is looked upon as their own property. Indeed, the old colonial family that has not such a possession is rare, and friends and neighbors all respect the sanctity of this recipe, and would as soon rob them of valuable chattels as to purloin the secret of that dish, which was, perhaps, invented by some great-great-grandmother and solemnly bequeathed to posterity along with old lace and satin dancing slippers."

"In one respect these recipes are like unto Shakespeare's women—they have an infinite variety which custom cannot stale. Some treat of a special way to fry chicken, others tell how to prepare roasts and vegetables, and still others relate to desserts. But no matter what you want to cook, if you follow the minute directions given you can't help but turn out a culinary masterpiece."

"It was through pure luck that I secured this invaluable manuscript work.

In my palmy days I was acquainted with many ladies who are now custodians of these recipes, and when I first turned my attention to a restaurant, their sympathies were enlisted in my behalf, and they kindly offered to loan the secret of their famous dishes, provided I would exercise proper precaution and divulge nothing to curious patrons. Then they wrote to friends who were also cherishing grandmother's particular way of making pancakes or cooking rabbit, and recommended me as an honorable, secretive person, to whom it was advisable to loan the family treasure. In almost every instance this request to accommodate me was complied with, and my collection of special dishes now includes tidbits favored by the exclusive families of the East, West, North and South, not to mention a few foreign concoctions. I consider that no greater honor could have been bestowed upon me than the loan of material for my cook book, for never before has the most privileged guest probed the secret of those choice dishes.

"According to agreement," said the proprietress, according to the New York Times, "my knowledge thus obtained is to be jealously guarded, but in the case anything ever should happen whereby my collection of recipes could be put on the market, the housekeepers and chefs of the land would have a right little gold mine to work on."

Chicago Man's Way of Getting Rid of an Impudent Crowd.

"Some people have a great deal of curiosity," said a Chicago traveling man, as he sat swapping experiences with a group of his fellows at the club.

"I had quite a lot of writing to do when I arrived, and I engaged her for the evening, and after supper I sat down to dictate. The usual crowd of youths and men were around, and when I began they at first moved back to a respectful distance. After a few minutes, however, they began to edge closer, and finally formed a ring around the stenographer and myself—so close that they could hear every word of my dictation. This was very annoying, and I determined to put an end to their impudence. So I began dictating a letter to my wife, in which I spoke of my arrival in the town, of which I gave a brief description, and then continued: 'The people here are the most social I have met. As I sit here dictating a dozen of them are crowded around listening to every word I say. This is no doubt a fine trait, but it is somewhat annoying to the pretty girl who is doing my work.'"

"In a minute the listeners began to move away, and after that I was not bothered with their curiosity."

A Poet and the King.

"Why do poets wear long hair?" asked the young woman who is anxious to learn "My dear," answered the young woman who believes there is no such thing as modern literature, "if they didn't wear long hair how would we know they are poets?"

Mr. Wheatpit—My failure is the talk of the street. At the meeting of my creditors to-day I arranged to pay 50 cents on the dollar. Mrs. Wheatpit—(after a moment's figuring)—Oh, Henry, isn't that lovely? Then the \$20 hat I had sent home to-day will only cost half price.

Mother—Ethel is the very image of what I was at her age. He—Really! I shouldn't have thought it possible! Mother (coldly)—May I ask why? He uses his error, and striving to rectify it—Oh—er—I was forgetting what a long time ago that must have been.—Punch.

A stalwart Life Guardsman in London strolled leisurely down the street, and, approaching an expectant boot-black, pompously placed one enormous foot on the polishing block. For a moment or two the lad gazed in wonderment at the expanse of leather spread before his eyes, and then he balled a colleague on the other side of the street. "Hi, Bill," he shouted, "lend us some polish. Hi've got a Harny contract."

A young man, contemplating matrimonial felicity, took his fair intended to the home of his parents that she might be introduced to the old folks. "This is my future wife," said the young man proudly, turning to paterfamilias, who was a canny Scot. "Now, father, tell me candidly, what you think of her." The old man eyed the blushing bride-elect critically for fully two minutes, then answered with deliberation: "Well, John, I can only say you have shown much better taste than she has."

Expresses a Lot.

"Has she an expressive face?"

"Well, part of it is."

"Which part?"

"The tongue."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Insurance in Germany.

The Germans are a cautious people. There are 17,000,000 people insured in the empire.

If a woman ever had enough pluck to go out and dig for greens, she would spoil the effect by saying that she was after ferns.

FLASHES OF FUN.

One thing a bald-headed man can not do—he cannot wear a pompadour.

"Does the course of their true love run smooth?" "Oh, yes; there are banks on both sides."

"Tom Hood was the wittiest poet," declared the Briton. "Oh! I don't know," returned the Yank; "we have a Whittier."

Mr. Snaggs—The leaves are leaving my dear. Mrs. Snaggs—Is there anything odd about that? Mr. Snaggs—Yes, in the spring it was the trees that were leaving.

"My largest item of expense is on account of advertising." "I was not aware that you were in business." "I am not. But my wife reads the ads. in the papers."

Small Man—Yes, sir, he's a contemptible scoundrel, and I told him so. Big Man—Did he knock you down? Small Man—No; I told him—er—through the telephone.

Teacher—Now, Susie, you may construct a sentence in which the word "literary" occurs. Susie (after much thought)—Little Willie's hands were literary black with dirt.

"Who married you?" asked the justice of a colored citizen, who had been brought before him for some domestic trouble. "You did, suh," was the reply; "but I ain't voted for you sense."

Her Father—Well, sir, what can I do for you? Her Lover—I—er—called to see if you—er—would give assent to my marriage to your daughter. Her Father—Not a cent, sir; not a cent. Good day!

Proud Mother (complacently)—My daughter is studying the language abroad. She speaks French and Italian as well as she does English. Visitor (innocently)—And does she speak English well?

Teacher—What is meant by "medium of exchange?" Willie—Watman? Teacher—What is the medium of exchange—what do you take to the store with you when your mother sends you for groceries? Willie—The book.

Mab—Do you think these carnations are becoming to me? Fred—Oh, yes; but there are other flowers which I would rather see you wear. Mab—Pray tell me what they are and I will wear them for you. Fred—Orange blossoms!

"What is the nature of this new tangled malady which they call the 'golfing spine'?" "That," responded Cynicus, "is easy. 'Golfing spine' is what the old man used to have after a hard day's plowing, but he called it the backache."

"I see Mr. Marlin has put a naphtha engine into his yacht, so that he can make it go when there is no breeze." "Yes; and Mr. Perfume is putting sails in his naphtha launch, so that he can make it go when the engine won't work."—Puck.

Tammany Politician (arranging for music at political meeting)—Isn't that a big price? You may not have to play half a dozen times during the whole evening. Brass Band Leader—But, my dear sir, we have to sit there and listen to the speeches.

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A teacher, catechising a class out of the regular order of school exercises, asked a boy pupil the oft-repeated question: "Is marriage a failure?" "No'm, he answered. 'It's a mistake.' The recess bell rang just then, and he hasn't heard it since in that school."

"Mr. Bunker looks worried these days." "Yes, another addition to his family arrived last week." "But he's enormously wealthy. Why should he worry over another mouth to feed?" "It isn't that, but the thought that it's another one to buy golf balls for eventually."

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