MOTHERHOOD.

The night throbs out but let me pray, lear Lord! Cruch off his name a moment from my

To Thee my eyes would turn, but they to back.

Be to my arm beside me where he

So tile, Lord, so little and so warm!

I muset think that Thou hadst need of

He s so little, Lord, he cannot sing, He annot praise "Lee; all his life had

Was to hold fast my kisses in the night, Give him to me-he is not happy there! He had not felt his life; his lovely eyes Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him? say he loves me best-if he forgets, If Those allow it that my child forgets And runs not out to meet me when I

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast The curse of Abel's mother, and since

then We have not ceased to threaten at Thy

throne. To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still In momory of us,

See Thou tend him well. Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack One of his kisses-Ah, my heart, my heart.

Do angels kiss in Heaven? Give him back! Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with

grief, And tired of tears and cold to comfort

ing. Then art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good.

Thou hast my child and he is safe in Thee, And I believe-

Ah, God, my child shall go Orphaned among the angels! All alone, So little and alone! He knows not Thee, He only knows his mother-give him -Scripper's

NOT TOO LATE :

7 T was late when George Atwood arrived at Mrs. Halleck's party. There was quite a brilliant company present, and Mr. Atwood stood near the door to scan the throng.

Evidently he was looking for somebody-yes, for his eyes rested now on a young girl.

A girl with a beautiful face upturned to a fair, handsome man, bending over the back of her chair. She seemed in a trance of delight, and wholly unconscious of anybody's presence in the brilliantly lighted parlors but the man bending over her.

And the girl was George Atwood's promised wife.

When his eyes rested on her an awful change came over his face, the rich, dark color fled, leaving it white and rigid, and his lips formed a tense line under his heavy, dark beard.

For days past George Atwood watched Ida Challis, his intended wife. He knew that Ida loved him devotedly. and he tried not to watch her; he tried not to notice Alfred May's attention to her, but as he caught sight of her face when he entered Mrs. Halleck's parlor he knew that he ought to have kept a better watch over her than he did. Alfred May possessed the fascination of a serpent, and he had drawn Ida into the meshes.

George Atwood turned away with an inward groan He loved Ida passionately; her love seemed lost to him, yet he could not think of giving her up. "Mr. Atwood is here," Alfred May said, looking down at Ida Challis.

The radiant face grew pale, and Ida shivered as she looked around her. She had fallen from her world of bliss and she was once more in Mrs. Halleck's crowded salon.

Did you say Mr. Atwood was here? Where is he?" she asked, in a low

"Yes; he was here a moment ago. I saw him looking savagely in this direction, but he has disappeared; I do not see him anywhere now," and Mr. May laughed his musical laugh. charged the conversation, and in another minute Ida's face was upturned and rosy once more.

A quadrille was forming, and a gentieman came to claim Ida for the dance. Away from Alfred May and the glamor his presence cast over her partly vanished-she thought of her lover. Where was he? Did he notice anything wrong in her conduct toward Alfred May? If he was in the room why didn't he come to her?

These thoughts flashed through Ida's mind as she waited for the first figure to be called, and happening to turn her head, she saw her lover standing on the opposite side of the room, his eyes fastened upon her. One glance at his livid face and everything in the illuminated parlors seemed whirling round

The dance was over. Ida never could tell how she go tthrough it. The heat of the room was suffocating her, and when her partner left her, after leading her back to her seat, she rose and staggered over to one of the windows that

opened out upon the balcony. As she stepped into the deep recess of the window she let the curtains fall behind her, shutting in the light and heat and whirl. How delightful and cool it was out here. The shining stars looked down at her from their deep blue setting through the open window. But Ida did not shut herself out in the darkness to gaze at the stars. She threw herself into a chair which occu-

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. Decker, while fishing peacefully in the waters of Sheepscott bay, found himself anchored to a whale, which suddenly took a notion to tow him out to sea at a rate heretofore undreamed of in dory navigation. The Maxine Elliott lay anchored under the lee of Lower Mark Island. The fish were running freely in the mouth of the Sheepscott and Decker, with the other men from the boat, was engaged in hand lining over the sides of dories stretched between the Cranberry ledges and Sister rocks, each covering a favorite locality for cod. Decker let down his anchor when about midway between Lower Mark and Griffith's head, on a spot known to be shoal-about twenty-five fathoms being charted there. He baited a jigger and threw it overboard, and while it was running out set to work on another, had let his anchor run easily, and when it brought up he had lifted and lowered it several feet to make sure it was on bottom. Suddenly his dory careened, whirled half around, and started ahead at a rate that was dragging his cod line and jigger far behind. Decker was almost paralyzed with astonishment and not a little fright. His hair was beginning to stand on end and his flesh was creepy all over as he thought of some mysterious "sea devil" dragging him out to sea. Just then a big whale came to the top to blow, just shead of the dory, and Decker was relieved to see his anchor fast in the monster's blow hole. A whale was something that he was used to. His fright vanished and he promptly cut the tow line and released himself from peril. When he came on board his mates refused to believe the yarn, and asserted he had cut the line because he was too lazy to lift the anchor.

pled the recess and buried her face in | ued the new boarder, "to show you how her hands.

"Oh, what a wretch I am," she more of another man than I do of him. to end?

Little Ida dreamed that before many minutes she would know how it was going to end. As she asked herself that question voices came to her from the baleony without.

Ida's head was erect in an instant, A lady and gentleman were speaking on the balcony. Ida did not wish to sit and listen to what was not intended for her ears, but the man's voice held her spellbound, and she leaned forward to catch every word that fell from his lips.

"What absurd ideas, to be sure!" the man was saying, in his lightest tones. "Absurd! How can you say so?" said the lady's voice, hotly, "Anybody can see that you are trying to come between George Atwood and his intended wife."

"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 on." she had been under a spell, but it was shattered at last. She fell back in her chair, buried her head in her hands

once more and groaned aloud. At that moment the heavy curtains parted and George Atwood stepped

into the recess. "Ida what alls 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. "George, I'm not worthy a kind word from your lips."

"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. "I thought you loved Alfred May!

"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. "Let us forget the past few weeks of our existence."-New York News,

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, a mile too wide across the beam, and an embryonic waxed mustache, which he loves to train into the form of a grapevine tendril. When he is not twirling his tendrilous mustache or taking another hitch in his trousers he plasters down with his hand his straggly growth of tow-colored hair and confines it as best he can behind the rims of his small

"Do you know," said the newcomer, "that I am the most superstitious fellow you ever saw? Now, really, I am." "I think that we are all superstitious," said the actress, who sat across from him at the table, and who was a telephone?"-Cleveland Plain Dealer, one of the ballet in "Beauty and the

"Perhaps," was the languid reply. But do you know, some of us sporting men are very superstitious. Don'tcher

think so?" "You a sporting man!" interrupted the actress. "Why," she said, "I took you for a musician. Don't you play?"

superstitious I am, I never play a hoss on Friday. 1 lost \$13 the first Friday moaned. "George suspects I think that I ever bet on the races, and I made up my mind that I never would Heaven help me! How is this going bet on Priday again. And you notice, too, that it was \$13 that I lost."

I ought to wear something else. Well. black cheviot and I made \$400 on a 10-to-1 shot."

establishment. I used to lose right I found out that there was a undertaker two doors up the street.

have on a light suit.

the table, says the New York Tribune. has shown that long pictures on the biowhen he turned and said:

"I don't think I will do much betting

nothing.

The Wit of the Little Ones. Dr. Macnamara, M. P., has a fund of good stories of children's wittleisms. "Last Christmas," he says, "I was at a meeting of school children in Kennington. 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!' To 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 Salic 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 monotony." -- London Answers.

A Little Dense.

"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

His Idea of a Recluse.

"It seems funny to find a recluse living right here in the heart of a great

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Peter B. von Gossler." "Why, he's not a recluse."

"He isn't, ch? Then why hasn't he

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, "Only the races," answered the new she isn't regarded as a heroine, with a boarder. "Now, for instance," contin- mortgage on her Dear Old Home,

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

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? The children of the Central States will be shown waves dashing high upon the strand, or rolling in gentle billows on the bathing beach where children are at play. There are city children, too, who can be shown harvesting and haying scenes in the great West; cows, horses, and all animals, wild and tame. And for both rural and urban youngsters the mutoscope will display the Indian, the Consman, the Zulu-all races of men and their manners and customs. To the geography class the mutoscope will display the capes, rivers, cities, bays, towns and historic buildings that heretofore have been but names to the book-dazed scholar. He will be shown the Mulr glacier in its mighty disintegration. Vesuvius in eruption, and Niagara's resistless flood. It will take the scholar up the Danube or down the Mississippi, or show him the wondrous panoramas of London, New York, Paris, Bombay and Canton life. To the history class the mutoscope will show the great personages of to-day, as they live and move and have their being. What more vital suggestion of the war with Spain than the two views of the Spanish warship Viscaya-one showing her at anchor in New York harbor, her captain, in bitter jest, training his cannon on the city; the other a battered wreck upon the beach of Santiago a few weeks later?

Life-motion pictures are made with one type of camera and projected by "And do you know," began the young two kinds of machines. The movingman again, "I have learned that a man picture camera is arranged so that, should never play the hosses in clothes when turned by a crank, either by hand that he has lost in. Now, for instance, or by an electric motor, the sensitized I always used to lose in a suit of green film passes behind the lens at a rate of plaid. I lost on hoss after hoss in those 320 feet per minute. But, to make each clothes, and finally a friend told me picture, this film must come to a dead that they were hoo-doo clothes and that stop for one-seventeenth part of a second, during which time the shutter of do you know, I wore an old suit of the camera opens and closes. Then in less than the hundredth part of a second the film moves down about two "Color makes all the difference in the linches, and the process is repeated unworld in betting. Then, too, a man til the picture is finished. From onewil always lose if he bets in a poolroom half a minute to a minute is sufficient in the same street with an undertaker's time to take ordinary scenes in life-motion. Five hundred or six hundred men along at a poolroom in 6th avenue until marching eight abreast can pass at a walk a given point in one minute; and so, in taking life-motion photographs of "A white hoss is luckier than a black a parade, the operator of the camera hoss. Whenever there is a black hoss turns on his machine only at the moup I always bet on him, especially if I ment important personages are passing. Pictures three minutes in length or The fat boarder was about to leave longer are often taken, but experience

graph grow tiresome. A developed biograph film is simply a at that rate. I haven't enough clothes ribbon of semi-transparent celluloid bothered with their curiosity."-Chito go around, and I doubt very much if three inches wide, on which appears a you will have, young man, if you keep succession of pictures. These pictures are two inches high and cover the film The waxened mustached young man to its edges, while between each picagain plastered down a curl, but said ture there is a margin of one-sixteenth of an inch. A picture-film of a scene that has lasted a minute will be three Inches wide and 320 feet long. On it will be 1.800 separate photographs of the subject. The camera makes exposures at the rate of thirty distinct snap shots per second, and the biograph or mutoscope (by which names the two forms of reproducing apparatus are distinguished) exhibit them to spectators at the same rate of speed. The eye cannot detect where one picture joins another. for they pass at the rate of 1,800 plctures per minute.-Everybody's Maga-

USES HEIRLOOM RECIPES.

Secret of Fine Cookery at a New York Woman's Restaurant.

The trio of lunchers that went into the little home restaurant out of curios ity lingered long to eat and praise. 'Such flavoring!" "Such seasoning!" they said to the proprietress. "Where did you get your recipes?"

The smart little woman smiled in appreciation of these little compliments. You are right," she said, "in attributing my success to the recipes. Without them I should have been a rank failure. With them I have been able to establish a profitable business down

on this corner. "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 Shakspeare'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. after ferns.

ABOUT THE BIOGRAPH 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 paneakes or cooking rabbit, and recommended me as an honorable, secretive person, to whom it was advisable to loan the famfly 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

CURB ON INQUISITIVE PEOPLE. Chicago Man's Way of Getting Rid

of an Impudent Crowd.

"Some people have a great deal of curiosity," said a Chicago traveling ply; "but I ain't voted fer you sense," man as he sat swapping experiences with a group of his fellows at the club. 'On my last trip South I took in a town that I had never visited before. The town was growing, and, among other improvements, was the establishment of a public stenographer in the office of the principal hotel. The stenographer, a pretty young lady, seemed quite an attraction to the young men of the town, and there was geenrally a dozen or more of them hanging around

"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 sociable 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 cago Inter Ocean.

A Poet and the King.

A poet whose lines never was summoned before the king and dear sir, we have to sit there and listen 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 lous to learn "My dear," answered on your tingers, like an honest work. the young woman who believes there man."

"May your majesty outlive your prime minister by as many years as remain to you," said the poet reverently. "I do count my syllables. But observe, my left-hand lacks a finger-bitten off by a critic."

"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 half price. mpossible-there is nothing to count with! It is the forefinger that is lack-

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

An Interesting Investigation. During his summer vacation, an Eng-

lish professor traveled about the country, asking every tramp that he met why he didn't work. He interviewed two thousand vagrants, and, classing them according to the various reasons and he hasn't heard it since in that they gace for not earning their daily bread in an orthodox manner, we get the following: Six hundred and fiftythree said they were willing to work, but could not obtain any; four hundred and forty-five could not give any renson that would hold water; three hundred and one thought that no one ought to have to work, and if some people were foolish enough to do so-well, they intended living on those said people; four hundred and seven were on their way to procure work at distant towns, having letters in their possession promising them employment at the said towns, and the remaining one hundred and ninety-four were waiting for relatives to die and leave them their money.

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 father, tell me candidly, what you the empire.

If a woman ever had enough pluck two minutes, then answered with delibto go out and dig for greens, she would eration: "Well, John, I can only say spoil the effect by saying that she was you have shown much better taste than



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 wittlest poet," declared the Briton. "Oh! I don't know," returned the Yank; "we have a Mr. Snaggs-The leaves are leaving

my dear. Mrs. Snaggs-Is there any-

thing 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."

am not. But my wife reads the ads. in the papers." Small Man-Yes, str, 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. Susle (after much thought)-Little Willie's bands 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 re-

Her Father-Well, sir, what can I do for you? Her Lover-1-er-ealled 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 tratlan as well as she does English. Visitor (innocently)-And does she speak English well?

Teacher-What is meant by "medium 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

ire 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 hem for you. Fred-Orange blossoms!

"What is the nature of this new fangled malady which they call the 'golf-ing 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 blg price? You may not have to play half a dozen times during the whole evening. Brass Band Leader-But, my to the speeches.

"Why do poets wear long hair?" asked the young woman who is anxis no such thing as modern literature. "if they didn't wear long bair bow 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

Mother-Ethel is the very image of what I was at her age. He-Really! I shouldn't have thought it possible! Mother (coldly)-Mny I ask why? He (see his error, and striving to rectify iti-Oh-er-I was forgetting what a long time ago that must have been.-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," be answered. "It's a mistake." The recess bell rang just then, school.

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

A stalwart Life Guardsman in London strolled leisurely down the street, and, approaching an expectant bootblack, pompously placed one enormous foot on the polishing block. For a mament 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 stret. "Hi, Bill," he shouted, "lend us some

polish. HI've got a Harmy 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 pater famalias, who was a canny Scot, "Now, think of her." The old man eyed the blushing bride-elect critically for fully