

CHILD LOVE.

When weary and worn with the struggle in seeking life's coveted prize, When clouds of despair hover round me and shut out the blue of the skies; At times when I feel so discouraged and burdened from bearing the load That seems to completely overwhelm me while struggling along the rough road,

"Tis then, for relief, that I turn me away from the world and entwine My arms 'round the one who still loves me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

What temptation can I not conquer? What battles not win, if the prize is the love and the mute adoration that beam in my little one's eyes? With her dimpled arms thrown around me, and her baby voice in my ear, There's sunshine forever about me, and all of my doubts disappear.

The beams of hope that inspire me are the love-lights that trustfully shine in the brown eyes of one who adores me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

The blossoms of spring may all wither and the birds lose their power of song, Yet life has a sweeter attraction than these to entice me along; Her smile, like the sunbeams of noonday, brings gladness and warmth and good cheer, And drives off the shadows of darkness and doubt that are hovering near—

God take away from me forever the riches of earth, but enshrine The wealth of the love of my treasure—this golden-haired baby of mine! —Buffalo News.

When Phyllis Took Me

PHYLLIS, I asked, "will you marry me?" "Seventeen," said Phyllis.

I looked at her in astonishment. "Seventeen?" I questioned. "Seventeen what?"

"Why, the score, you silly," she responded demurely. "Some one has to keep track of it."

That's the trouble with Phyllis. If her sense of humor was not so highly developed, I'm sure I would have had her ages ago. She never will take me seriously.

"Bother the score," I cried desper-



PHYLLIS NEVER LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL.

ately. "Anyhow, we'll not count the other sixteen times."

"But I would very much rather."

Phyllis was staring into the fire. I didn't know just what she meant. I never was much good at guessing.

"Well," I answered, indifferently, "just as you please. Count them if you like. All I mean was that none of them mattered so much as this time."

"Positively your last chance, ladies and gentlemen," she cried gaily.

I assented in my most dignified manner. Phyllis laughed. I do wish she would take me seriously once in a while.

"Why do you keep on proposing to me like this?" she asked me.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig; others are troubled if they behold a cat," I quoted. "Are you answered?"

"That is no answer, thou unfeeling man."

"If you must have it," I replied, flippantly, "I suppose it's my form of diversion. My hobby if you will. We all have our hobbies, more or less, you know."

Phyllis frowned. I liked that frown immensely. Then she looked at me quickly when I was not expecting it.

"You appear to be enjoying yourself," she complained.

"Me?" I queried in mock innocence. "Oh, I protest; really, I'm not."

Phyllis frowned again.

"Well, then, you ought to be."

"I know it," I agreed. "I ought to be. Seventeen times ought to be productive of more than it has shown so far. I wonder," I concluded dreamily to myself, "I wonder if eighteen will do it?"

"You haven't been answered, for seventeen yet," said Phyllis.

"No," said I, "nor for any of the other sixteen either."

"Now, there was Darcy Graham," said Phyllis, inconsequently. "He asked me to marry him nineteen times and swore eternal devotion each time whether I would have him or no. There's a man for you!"

"And then went and married Kitty McPherson," said I, almost to myself.

"No," corrected Phyllis; "Kitty married him."

"Willie Atkinson came next," I ventured.

"He only ran up to thirteen," said Phyllis.

"Which accounts for his failure," I suggested.

Phyllis paid no attention to my remark.

"I think the little fellow from the bank whom I met in the summer came after that?" she murmured interrogatively.

"Surely you don't count him?" I questioned in surprise. "Why, you told me yourself that he only lasted till the second round."

"He would probably have stayed longer if you hadn't come down that Sunday," said Phyllis, in a vexed way.

"You always do turn up at the most inopportune moment."

"Had I only known you didn't want me—" I began.

"I can't remember who was next," interrupted Phyllis, quickly; "do you know?"

"I think," said I, reflectively, "I added about two to my own score that way. I always liked you in white, you know."

"Three," corrected Phyllis, consulting her tablets.

"Hold your head that way again," I said. "What long eyelashes you have!" Phyllis deliberately turned the other way. "Hold it round," I commanded. "I want to look at it."

Phyllis held it round. Phyllis likes to be commanded at times. "A rather pretty mouth, too," said I gravely; "and your color is also very fair yet. One would never guess you were getting up in years."

"I'm not!" denied Phyllis, with a certain assumption of dignity; "I'm only twenty-three."

"You don't show it," I responded gallantly. "Were I asked to make a guess, I should say 'sweet sixteen' and—"

"Quite so," said Phyllis, dryly.

"How awful it must be to be laid on the shelf," I remarked sympathetically.

"I'm not!" asserted Phyllis, indignantly.

"The very idea!" I murmured in a surprised way. "I never even insinuated such a thing. But you know," I concluded dismally, "you haven't had a proposal in three weeks."

"I have," insisted Phyllis, "I had one just to-night."

"Oh, but that doesn't count," said I. "You told me so yourself. These are only sort of trial heats, to keep you in form, you know."

"Oh!" sniffed Phyllis.

"Besides," I added, "I need material for my stories."

"What a risk you are willing to run for the sake of material!" said Phyllis.

"Yes," I replied suavely, "but it is necessary that one make some sacrifices for the sake of art."

"Suppose, though, I were to accept you some time?" queried Phyllis in an awful tone.

"I would have a new climax for the next one," said I, indifferently.

I had expected Phyllis to be affected; instead, she burst out laughing. That's the trouble with Phyllis; she never will take me seriously.

"You're a goose," she complimented me.

"Aw, thanks," I murmured. "So good of you!"

Phyllis regarded me gravely. Now, it's on odd thing, but whenever Phyllis looks at a fellow just like that he feels sort of funny all over, you know. I don't know what it is. I think it must be what they call personal magnetism.

"Jack," she said, "do you know you have some gray hairs?"

"It's not polite of you to remind me of it," said I.

"And your complexion isn't as good as it used to be," she continued. "Besides, there are a lot of little things—particularly about your clothes."

"Nothing serious, I trust?" I asked, in alarm.

"No," said Phyllis, "nothing serious. But a lot of little things. I think you need some one to take care of you."

"Parks is an unexceptionable valet," said I in his defense.

"But he draws his salary every month," put in Phyllis.

"And why shouldn't he?" I interrogated.

"Now, a wife—" began Phyllis, mus-lingly.

"Would draw hers at the end of the month and every other day as well," I concluded.

"Yes," said Phyllis, taking no notice. "I think you need a wife. Now, why don't you propose to some nice girl, Jack?"

"I have," said I, stoutly.

"Huh!" snorted Phyllis, in disbelief. "How many proposals have you ever made?"

"Seventeen," said I.

I think Phyllis was pleased. Anyhow, she smiled a little.

"There was the Rawshaw girl," said she, warningly.

"Nice girl," I assented warmly.

"Nothing particularly queenlike about a girl's carriage when she's only five foot three."

"And Beale Fleming?"

Phyllis was getting back at me.

"A sweet creature," I agreed, "but I really prefer blondes."

"And then there's a whole host of others that you might have if you wanted them. You're a catch, you know."

"I know," said I, wearily. "I suppose that accounts for my popularity."

"Oh, no," said Phyllis, sweetly; "you're rather nice as well."

"Thanks," I replied, "but with a score of seventeen, it doesn't seem to have benefited me greatly. Will it do me any good to make it eighteen?"

Phyllis toyed with the corner of the sofa cushion.

"You might do a great deal better," said she, deprecatingly.

"Then I don't have to make it eight-

teen?" cried I, for once in my life comprehending.

"I did not say just that, sir," said Phyllis, saucily.

I don't think I ever saw Phyllis look so beautiful, and the odd part of it was, I couldn't see her eyes, either. She was staring full into the fire all the time. If it makes her look that way, I wish she would look into the fire always.

"But I do make it eighteen, Phyllis," said I, soberly.

I took hold of her arm and turned her round so that she was facing me, but she still held her head down and I could see only her eyelashes. Phyllis has long eyelashes.

"And you'll marry me, Phyllis?" I whispered. I don't know whether I raised my tone interrogatively or not. I hadn't the same control over my voice that I had the other seventeen times.

Phyllis looked at me with a funny little smile. She never will take me seriously.

"I suppose this will make a new climax," she said.

But her looks belied her words, and for once I was bright enough to see.

"No," I replied, as distinctly as my throat would let me, "this is not a climax. This is a beginning."—Toronto Saturday Night.

PROPHET MUST KEEP RECORD.

This Is Why a Weather Prognosticator Was Doubtful.

"I flatter myself that I keep track of the weather about as well as the bureau man himself," said a resident of Jefferson avenue the other day to a Detroit Free Press man, "and I feel humiliated at what happened on the car yesterday morning. Three or four of us were talking about the weather for the past winter, and I mentioned that we had nine very bad days in December. An old chap across the aisle who had been listening to our talk dives down to his pocket and pulls up a memorandum book and softly says:

"My dear sir, I think you are mistaken. We only had three cold days in December. I have the record here. It was Dec. 22, 23 and 24."

"I ignored him," said the oracle, "and remarked to my friends that Jan. 8 and Feb. 19 were the two coldest days of the winter."

"I beg your pardon, sir," put in the man with the book as he held it up against his nose to see. Jan. 8 was so mild that I went without an overcoat, and on Feb. 19 the thermometer marked 41 degrees above."

"I tried to save my reputation by announcing that we had had twenty-eight days of sleighing in Detroit during December, January and February, but that book went up to the old fellow's nose again and he replied:

"No doubt you mean well, but you are mistaken again. We have only had twenty-four days, and three of those were very poor."

"You may have heard the birds singing along about Jan. 17," said I, thinking to get even with him.

"No, sir," he blandly replied. "From the 17th to the 22d it was fairly cold, but on the 23d the buds began to start on my rosebush."

"The old chap lied—deliberately and maliciously—lied—and I know he did," said the weatherwise man with bitterness, "but what could I do? He had the record in his little book, while I had nothing, and before that car got down to Woodward avenue my reputation as an oracle was knocked into a cocked hat and my fellow passengers were regarding me with pity and contempt."

A Story of Dewey.

J. Martin Miller, the Washington newspaper correspondent whose recent interview with Admiral Dewey has created a buzz of excitement not only in this country but in Germany and Europe, knew Admiral Dewey well at Manila. Mr. Miller has been a globe trotter in his day, and has covered every part of the globe. He was at Manila during the warm times there when Admiral Dewey was the hero and master of the bay. Speaking of Admiral Dewey at that time, he said:

"A few days after Admiral Dewey was promoted from commodore to rear admiral a big French man-of-war came steaming very near the Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship. The Frenchman gave the commodore's salutation. But the Olympia's guns kept perfectly still, while the new rear admiral was quietly reading under the awning. The French commander was puzzled. He did not know what to think. He waited for quite a while, and after consultation with his staff decided to send a boat over to the Olympia to ascertain why the salutation was not returned. Admiral Dewey simply said to his deck officers: 'Send back word to the French commander that he has evidently not looked at my pennant. I know of no reason why I shouldn't return a salutation that is intended for me.'"

A Candid Opinion.

"What do you think the greatest need of the modern drama is?"

And after serious thought Mr. Stormington Barnes replied: "Lower railway fares and better hotels."—Washington Star.

The Shining Morning Face.

For breakfast food of sweetest taste, And nourishing meanwhiles, I'd choose a table covered and graced By wholesome family smiles.

WOMAN'S REALM

Women's Rights.

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed the man with the thin face. "What other things, in the name of high heaven, are to be crowded into that already healthy declaration which has run down through all the fleeting years? Are men's rights to be further limited by the proposed extension of woman's rights? What I say is in no controversial spirit, but I would like to make the point that a very serious objection may be made to this talk about equality. Right thinking men will probably shudder at the very suggestion of woman becoming man's equal. That may sound a little harsh. It depends on how you look at it. I have my own way of viewing the subject, and having used the sentence will reserve the right of giving my own definition of its meaning. I said right thinking men will probably shudder at the very suggestion of woman becoming man's equal. Why? Because right thinking men prefer to look upon woman as man's superior. No doubt some of the more strenuous women will look upon this saying as soft, and sickly, and growing out of that old foolish sentimentalism of an earlier time. But it is no such thing. The trouble about the equality business is that it works both ways, up and down. Will the men go up a notch or two? Or will the women come down? I do not pretend to know. The political and the social status are closely related. Society has not been able to escape up to this time the influence of bad practices in politics. Individuals have carried the ugly methods of politics into business. Cheating in politics is followed by short weights at the grocery. The point is that you cannot accept the blessings of the ballot without having its evils forced upon you. The good and bad in politics are probably more indiscriminately mixed than elsewhere.

"But I was thinking of woman's rights in a broader sense, and the point I had in mind was this mainly: I do not want to see woman dragged down to the point of equality. I shrink from the idea of seeing her on a level with man. I want her to remain man's superior. Women of the advanced type talk much about equal rights under the law. Do you know that it has always consoled me to think that the law makes a difference between the sexes? I like to know that this is so. I do not mean by this that woman should not have a definite legal status. She should be equipped to enforce her rights. She could be forced to respect the rights of others. But I cannot refrain from thinking that the law, in the main, at least, is for delinquents. I know many men who live entirely above the law. In the whole category of enumerated offenses, forbidden and punishable by the law, there is not a line or a letter which will in the least interfere with the life and business of the really respectable citizen. Good men are above the law. The law is not for them, but of them, mere copies of the self-enforced rules of conduct sprung from an enlightened and quickened conscience. I like to think of women as something separate and apart from the laws and its tedious ways. Good cannot be legislated into the human soul. Laws are made to restrain the vicious and the wicked. God grant that women may remain above the law."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Mother's Novel Object Lesson.

A great deal of trouble is usually found in teaching children to adhere to the practice of "keeping things in their place," and as I had six children, all under 9 years of age, and only one working housekeeper, it became necessary for me to adopt methods to save work. So, in collusion with my housekeeper, I instituted a "pound," the unalterable rule of which was "a place for everything, and everything in its place." Whenever the housekeeper or any member of the family found any article out of place they were at liberty to "pound it." The "pound" was kept and presided over by myself. A locked room prevented any infringement of my rights as "poundkeeper." Every article entering there called for I cent to release it. At first caps, slates, slippers, pencils came teeming in—and corresponding cents for release—which formed a fund for purchasing something to further tidiness—such as waste paper basket, paper rack, slipper cases, etc. Soon, by firmly demanding ransom cents, the articles coming to the "pound" decreased, and by the time my eldest son went to college there was rarely an article impounded.

Oriental View of Womanhood.

The Oriental idea of the freedom which American women enjoy does not accord with that of Americans. One Hindoo lady expressed herself as greatly shocked that American men should compel their women to go about in public unprotected, their faces exposed to the gaze of strangers, and a Hindoo gentleman with whom we talked thus expressed himself on the subject of Oriental treatment of women:

"You say that we do not honor our women. Why, tell me tell you that all Hindoo boys, till they are ready to learn the ways of men, are taught by their mothers. We are subject to our mothers and we know what you Occidentals do not yet seem to realize, that to have good men and citizens you must have good mothers. You will hardly find a Hindoo man, whatever his caste, daring to go against the

counsel of his mother. Can you say as much for American men?"

Could as much, do our readers think, be said for American men? There are no asylums for helpless fathers and mothers in the Orient. So long as there is a corner and a crust to be shared, the parents in the Oriental family have the lion's share.—Household.

Who Smiles in the Rain.

The coward may smile When there's sun all the while— It's braver to smile in the rain.

The weakest may joy When there's naught to annoy— He's stronger who smiles through his pain.

And then when there's sun, when there's a bird song and breeze, When Gloom's put to rout and Discouragement flees,

What need has the world Of the mouth corners curled In the cheerful smiles, when the fields and trees

Are smiling so broadly that nobody sees The wee bit of brightness you're giving the while—

But days when it's rainy there's need for your smile.

The weakling may smile When there's brightness the while— It's better to smile when there's rain. The gloomster may joy When there's naught to annoy— He's brave who can laugh through his pain.

When all the wide world is so full of song That birds sing and brooklets go warbling along,

With hearts light as chaff All the earth seems to laugh— The sunny-day courage says not you are strong,

Though hearty good cheer one could never call wrong— But, oh, when the day is all haggard and gray

And Nature weeps gloomily, sobbing away— Then laugh in the hope of the sweet afterwhile;

On days when it's rainy there's need for your smile.

—S. W. Gillilan in Baltimore American.

Shirtwaist Laundry Hints.

Of course, we should really have as much regard for the wash lady who does up our shirtwaists as we have for ourselves when we perform this homely task. But equally, of course, we don't. We ease our conscience by paying her a good price. But if one must do her shirtwaists herself, here are some points worth remembering when making or buying.

Box plaits, when stitched all the way from shoulder to waist, are easily laundered, but the box plaits wide or narrow which end in fullness at the bust line are an abomination to the laundress, and not one time out of ten will they be well done up. So, though there are many such models and they are most attractive, the wise woman will pass them by for side plaits or box plaits stitched all their length.

Another thing that will vex your soul when laundering is the heavy waist of vesting or other thick wash stuff, laid in a wad of plaits below the waist line in front. Where one plait is laid upon another in this heavy material the iron simply will not do its duty and the results are sad.

It is a nuisance to lay the plaits and pin them each time a waist is worn, but the canny woman will choose that lesser evil and leave the bottom of her heavy shirtwaist left loose, so that it may be readily ironed.

Woman Health Inspector.

Miss Genevieve Wilson has lately been appointed health inspector for the Civic Sanitation Association of the

Oranges, New Jersey. She is a beautiful Virginia girl, with ancestry of the best, her father being General Wilson, a well-known Confederate officer. Miss Wilson has been finely educated. She studied abroad and recalls the attention of the

poorer classes to danger of neglecting the laws of sanitation, examines the sewerage conditions, opposes the keeping of cows, chickens and other live stock within the city limits, and keeps the scavengers up to their work.

Miss Wilson is particularly able to deal with the prevention of tuberculosis, for she made an extended study of it in the consumptive hospital at Fort Byard, New Mexico.

How to Make Caramel Pudding.

Put half a cupful of sugar in a saucepan; stir with a wooden spoon until it melts and turns amber color; beat four eggs; add to them half a cupful of sugar, one cup of milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract; put one teaspoonful of the caramel into small molds, then fill with the egg mixture; stand the molds in a pan of hot water; put in a quick oven and bake twenty minutes or until firm in the center. The caramel liquid in the molds is to be served as the sauce with the custards.

Getting Up Blondes.

A very hot flatiron will fade delicate colors. Therefore never iron your pretty colored blouses with more than a moderately heated one.

Mrs. Gramercy—My husband is going away for a rest.

Mrs. Park—So you're not going with him.

Scrofula

Has come down to us through the ages like the pyramids and the sphinx.

It makes its presence known in many signs—glandular tumors in the neck, cutaneous eruptions, flamed eyelids, sore ears, nose, throat, wasting and general debility. Sufferers should take

Hood's Sarsaparil

The great specific for scrofula, the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures. Be sure to get

Natural Sequence.

"Yes," concluded the medical tour, "she became insane through excessive dancing."

"One might say she was mad, I suppose!" gurgled the idiot.

Advice to the Widow.

Widow (tearfully)—Yes, my ers are now my only resources.

Friend—Take my advice and band your resources well.

Oddities of Love.

He—I don't know how it I've noticed it is the girl who all the other girls "what he seen in her" who is the first to

ried.

She—And it is the man that say they wouldn't have if he last man on earth who has his all the pretty girls in town.

Separate Hearts of Eels.

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Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using 2d

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