ONCE ON A TIME.

Once on a time a wife's heart bled;
The world was gay, the world was kind;
But one who should cherish had spurned instead,
And the days were long and for love she pined.

Once on a time another came,
His voice so low, his words so rich,
The bleeding heart of the wife in name
Felt the potent spell of the Cupid witch.

Once on a time a woman thought
To repair an error by one as deep;
Little she recked of the ruin wrought
From seeds sown only tears to reap.

Once on a time a month and a day
Were spent in laughter and love's sweet spell,
And then came the end, he went away,
Caring nothing if she fared ill or well.

Once on a time the wife then thought
Of the vanished name, the fair repute,
Of the spell of happiness dearly bought,
The words of respect that for her were mute.

Once on a time there came an hour
When she realized her great mistake;
The sound of music, the scent of a flower,
Did naught but the voices of memory wake.

Once on a time when the city slept
A frail, fair form to the river's brink,
Cowering and heart weary, closely crept
To hide her shame, no more to think.

Once on a time all this was true,
Fiction no place has on folly's page;
An illicit love was but born to rue,
And surely death is sin's own wage.
—Philadelphia Times.

MISS NANCY.

November was growing old, and Miss Nancy Camp, who sat at the window watching the gray clouds shift across the sky in heavy masses, wished in her secret heart that it was gone.

"Who'd 'a thought it would hev come off so cold after such a warm spell, Nancy?" said a voice from the little bed-room that led out of the kitchen.

"It's moderating. I reckon it's going to snow," responded Miss Nancy.

"It's jest like the November when Jim Wilmot went out West," continued her sister reminiscently.

"Yes," was the low response.

"'Twas a real warm Thanksgiving, and then a day or two after it begun ter snow, and the 28th—you remember, Nancy—'twas the time they had the cele'bration in the schoolhouse, and you and Jim went—my, how it did blow and sleet! And on Sunday it was so drifted that Cousin Anne Camp—she thet was a Stevens, you know—couldn't git ter meeting. It was the first time in 'leven years thet she'd missed hearing Elder Dickens. She felt real bad about it," added Miss Abby.

Miss Nancy drew her chair nearer to the window and brushed her hand across her eyes. There was no sound from the little bed-room for a while. The big, old-fashioned clock on the high shelf ticked away the minutes, and Miss Nancy rocked by the window, with her hands folded in her lap.

"There's someone a-comin' across the old bridge," said Miss Abby, eagerly. "See who it is, Nancy. Likely as not it's that school teacher thet boards down ter Foster's, though it don't sound like their team. She must be a powerful sight o' trouble to 'em."

And Nancy pressed her face against the pane obediently, although there was a mist before her eyes that blinded her a little. The wagon came nearer and nearer until she could see that it had but one occupant—a man of about 40, apparently, with a beard that perhaps added a little to his age.

"Who is it, Nancy?" questioned Miss Abby, fretfully. "It ain't her, is it? My! It sounds as if it was coming in—in—here."

"I don't know," answered Miss Nancy. "Like enough he wants some directions."

"He? Lands! It's a man, then! Be sure to tell him us——"

But there came a heavy knock on the door and Miss Abby subsided. Slowly Miss Nancy crossed the room and turned the knob. There was nothing said for a moment. The man looked steadily at the figure before him; at the simply made woolen dress with its pure white collar and cuffs, the slender, blue-veined hands, the face with its firm mouth and faded blue eyes, the hair parted smoothly and with the same little wave in front that he remembered so well, and the high shell comb that was new to him. He saw the wrinkles, too, but he saw no more—the years of toil and trouble that must have brought them. All this he noted, and then held out his hand.

"Nancy, have you forgotten Jim?"

She gave a startled glance into his eyes, and a little crimson flush crept into her cheeks. It reminded him of the time he had kissed her in the garden back of the house.

"Who is it, Nancy?" whispered Miss Abby from the bed-room. "Do tell him ter come in and shut the door, and—I want some more fennel."

"Yes, Abby," answered Miss Nancy, opening her lips with an effort.

Jim Wilmot came in and closed the door softly behind him.

"Is Abby very sick?" he asked.

"She hasn't walked for six years," answered Miss Nancy, mechanically taking some fennel out of a dish on the table and going into the bed-room with it.

"Who is it?" whispered Miss Abby again.

"Jim Wilmot," responded her sister.

"Jim! Lands o' Goshen! Well, well! Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' turn up after all these years. Do tell him to come in here 'fore he goes. Jim Wilmot! Well, I never!"

Miss Nancy gave a little pat to the pillows, and then entered the sitting-room again.

"If you'll stay to supper, you'd better put your horse and team under the shed. We haven't a hired man now."

"Thank you," he said, gladly.

She sent him a little sly glance as he went out of the door.

In a few minutes he was back again, but the talk was a little forced. He told her how rough the life was out West when he first went; how, after many discouragements, a little prosperity came to him, and then he came on a visit to his folks, who told him that they lived together at the little house, and that Abby was "s'ckly," though they didn't know she was a regular invalid.

Miss Nancy wondered, looking at the firm chin, and the hair that had been so brown now streaked with gray, if it was not very lonesome out there, and if he had quite forgotten the old days.

The clock at last warned her that she must be about her preparations for supper, and after excusing herself she brought in a dish of oranges to peel. She worked swiftly, though her hands trembled and felt "al' thumbs." She had almost finished her task when an orange slipped out of the dish and rolled on the floor. Both stooped to pick it up and their hands met.

"Dear!" he said, holding out his arms.

Miss Nancy gave one glance into his face, so near her own, and in a moment was crying softly on his shoulder.

What mattered the years of waiting, the years of toil and trouble? Nothing mattered any more.

The clock ticked on and Miss Abby awoke from the little "cat nap" she had been enjoying.

"Nancy!" she called sharply.

Miss Nancy started and raised her crimson face with its new expression from its resting place.

"Wait a minute, dear heart," whispered Jim. "I want to know when you'll go back with me. I went away to make a fortune and a home for you. They're waiting. When will you go?"

"When will I go?" echoed Miss Nancy, bewilderedly.

"Nancy!" called Miss Abby again.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, Jim," faltered Miss Nancy.

"Why, back out West. I've got a pretty little place there, with thirty acres or so, and nary a mortgage. You'll have neighbors, for there's other farms near, and you shan't work, Nancy. I'll get a girl."

"And Abby?" asked Nancy.

Jim Wilmot started.

"I had forgotten her," he said helplessly. "But where's the rest of the relations? Or why couldn't she go to a 'home' or—something?"

The flush in Miss Nancy's face faded and a little line of pain formed around her mouth.

"She'd never stand it to leave this place. She's lived here all her life, Jim," she said slowly.

There was a silence for a moment, then she continued, steadily:

"I shall never leave her; so good—good-by, Jim."

"And you'll sacrifice yourself and me for a notion?" he replied hotly. "All right, then, I shan't leave my farm and settle down in this humdrum place jest for the sake of your sister. Good-by, Nancy." And five minutes after the horse drove out of the yard and down the hill while one lonely woman strained her eyes for a last glimpse of it, and the gathering flakes of snow were already filling up its tracks.

She stood there a long while watching the sullen clouds and the snow that was coming thicker and faster. Little puffs of wind blew the flakes of snow against the pane, and Miss Nancy wondered vaguely if they felt unhappy because they melted so soon.

At last she roused herself and went into the bed-room. Miss Abby, tired of calling, had fallen asleep. She was thankful for the respite, and, going out softly, prepared her own supper and the invalid's while the wind blew furiously around the little old house and fairly shook its foundation.

She sat by the fire with her head on her hands long after her sister had eaten her supper, and being satisfied with the evasive answers to her many questions had gone to sleep again. But the fire had died down and it grew chilly in the little kitchen, so finally she, too, went to her night's rest. It was very late when she dropped into a light sleep and the morning soon came.

The day passed drearily. Miss Abby talked incessantly of Jim—Jim, until her sister felt she should scream or go mad; but she did neither, and was only a little more tender, a little more patient.

The night set in with a regular snowstorm. Miss Abby declared they would be snowed in by morning. The wind blew down the chimney with moans, like an uneasy spirit.

In the morning Miss Nancy was startled by the darkness in the little rooms. The wind had blown the snow in big drifts against the windows and door. What Miss Abby had feared had come to pass, and they were snowed in. But there was no cause for worry as yet. There was plenty of food in the pantry and wood in the wood box. There was no stock to suffer, and someone would surely go by before the day was ever and discover their plight.

She lighted her lamp and did her work, though in a rather half-hearted way, and the day passed and no one went by, and the snow piled up higher and higher around the house.

Miss Abby was very little frightened at their situation. Indeed, her sister hardly knew what to make of her; she seemed a little wandering and confused things strangely.

The next day, late in the afternoon, it stopped snowing, but no one went by, and darkness came on again. Another long night. Miss Nancy left a lamp burning in the kitchen and then went to bed.

Very early in the morning she was suddenly awakened by a shout and the sound of someone kicking on the side of the house. She hastily dressed and then entered the sitting-room.

"Hi!" someone called.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me—Atwood—down to the foot of the hill, yer know. Wife was sick and I had to go fer the doctor. Be ye snowed in?"

"Yes. Will you get someone to dig us out some time to-day?"

"All right. I'll git Sam, if he'll come. Be back in an hour or two."

Miss Nancy sat down and waited. The wood was almost gone and she was glad Mr. Atwood had discovered their predicament.

The clock has just struck when she heard a shovel strike the house.

"We're here, Nancy—be out in a shake," said Mr. Atwood.

"All right," she answered, and went into the bed-room to tell Abby.

But her sister was sleeping quietly, so she tiptoed back again.

After an hour's hard shoveling the door opened, and in the gray light of the morning she saw Jim Wilmot standing before her. Mr. Atwood, after assuring himself that everything was safe, went around to the drifts before the windows and commenced work again, but Jim did not go.

"Nancy," he said, "I was a fool the other day. I'm going to sell my farm and come back here. I can't live without you. Nancy, will you marry me?"

"And Abby?" she questioned.

"Abby shall live with us. You shan't be separated."

"But it's so 'humdrum' here, Jim, and you'll be homesick after the West again," protested Miss Nancy.

"P'raps so, a little," he admitted. "But I must have you, Nancy. Will you forgit what I said the other day an' marry me?"

"You know I will, Jim," she said in a whisper, and he kissed her fondly.

And in the bed-room Miss Abby lay asleep, a sweet peace upon her wrinkled face. "She had gone beyond the shadows into the reality."—Waverly Magazine.

Highest Observatory in the World.

The highest permanent astronomical observatory in the world—on the summit of Mont Blanc—was fully equipped with instruments a short time ago. There has been a temporary station there for some years, but the instruments have been small and of little power compared with those now in place.

The establishment of this observatory was a task which at the outset seemed impossible, and the obstacles which M. Jansen, who headed the quartet of French astronomers, had to overcome were unparalleled. Mont Blanc is nearly sixteen thousand feet high, and its ascent, even under the most favorable conditions during the summer months, is difficult as well as dangerous.

The transportation of many heavy and delicate scientific instruments to the top of this loftiest mountain of the Alps was, therefore, a labor so great as to seem beyond the range of possibility, yet it was accomplished without the loss of a single life. The telescope and the other instruments had to be taken to pieces before being carried up the precipitous mountain sides; even then some of the packages weighed a hundred pounds, and most of them about fifty. One of the guides who assisted in the work holds the record of having made the ascent more than five hundred times since the beginning of his professional career, and it was he who found recently the bodies of the Austrian professor and his two guides who lost their lives not long ago.

Saved by His Wit.

If a man is going to play the bully he ought to have good muscles or a clever wit. A little adventure into which one such braggart stumbled is thus narrated by an exchange. He was a smallish man with a large voice.

He had a companion who, be it said, to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in, stood in a hotel rotunda one Saturday night. The little fellow was talking about Ireland, and he said many hard things concerning the country and the people.

A big man stood by listening to the little fellow's vaporings. He merely smiled until the little fellow said in a very loud tone:

"Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward."

Then the big fellow slipped up, and touched the little fellow on the shoulder, saying in a heavy bass voice:

"What's that you said?"

"I said 'Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward,' said the little fellow, whose knees were shaking under him.

"Well, I'm an Irishman," said the big fellow.

"You are an Irishman? Well," and a smile of joy flitted over the little fellow's countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl, "I'm a coward."

Didn't Grasp the Idea.

Mother—Robert, I gave you half an orange, didn't I?

Robert—Yessum.

Mother—Then why did you steal the half I gave your little sister?

Robert—Coz you told me to always take her part, boo, hoo!—Exchange.

Enjoyable Tandem.

"Do you enjoy your tandem, Mrs. Desmond?"

"Yes, indeed; Jack and I can quarrel on it as well as if we were sitting at home on the piazza."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Dearest Friend.

Cholly—How old do you suppose Miss Furbish is?

Gertrude—You might ask mamma. Perhaps she'll remember.—Cleveland Leader.

OLD-TIME FORTUNES.

There Were Millionaires Then and They Knew How to Spend.

When reading of the large sums possessed by modern millionaires, it is interesting to recall the notable fortunes of ancient days. Croesus, whose name has become a byword for excessive wealth, could certainly not have bought up a Vanderbilt; his whole fortune did not exceed three millions. A far greater sum was left by the infamous and miserly Tiberius, who was worth $118,125,000 at his death, and it is said that his successor, Caligula, squandered this immense wealth within a year. Seneca had a tidy little fortune of $17,500,000, which could hardly have been the case had his philosophy been pure and unalloyed. Aspius, discovering that his treasury contained only $400,000, committed suicide from fear of poverty; a single repast cost Lucullus $100,000, and at one of her banquets Cleopatra made Antony drink a pearl valued at $50,000. In extent of fortune, certain living millionaires may beat the ancients, but in the matter of extravagance we think the balance is on the other side.

Milking a Zebu.

Mrs. Braddock gives in the Independent the exciting story of her attempt at milking a zebu, or Indian cow, a weird, uncanny little creature like all her kind, with a hump and long ears "sewed in crooked" so that they point backward. One morning the gwala, or cowherd, informed his mistress that the calf had died in the night, and that the cow would not allow herself to be milked unless the calf's skin should be stuffed and set up before her; moreover, he suggested that if certain rupees should be given him for the purchase of material, he would stuff the skin himself.

In America I had milked more than one kicking cow. Calmly, not to say loftily, requesting the gwala to bring his pail, I marched down to the cow-house, inwardly resolved to see the reason why that cow should not be milked, and more than that, meaning to illustrate what an American could do when an Indian had failed.

Outside the cow-shed the zebus were tethered in a row. They paid no attention to the half-naked brown gwala, but at my approach each, with wild eyes and uplifted head, snorting and trembling, seemed, but for the restraining tether rope, about to bound away into the jungle.

The gwala called a second man to his aid. With a new rope they lassoed the hinder legs of the bereaved, holding them in a slip-noose. One man held the end of the rope, while the other with the pail cautiously approached her.

In a twinkling the pail was a rod away, the man with the rope was pulling as for his life, the man with the pail was with it still.

I was gasping to regain my breath, while that zebu was kicking as nothing unpossessed could kick. She appeared utterly indifferent as to whether there were ground under her, as all four feet seemed continuously in the air. The adept who was declared able to dance with

One foot six inches off de groun',
de oder not quite 'ooehin',

must deliver up the palm.

Thankful that my valorous resolutions had been mental, I meekly gave the gwala exactly one-third the amount he had requested, and directed him to stuff the calf's skin.

This having been accomplished, I was again summoned to the scene of action. There stood that remarkable cow, contentedly licking and fondling her offspring, and occasionally lunching scantily upon the hay stuffing which protruded through her progeny's hide, while the native milked merrily away, sitting, as is customary, on the wrong side.

A Remarkable Oak.

There is a wayward white oak tree near Laporte, Ind., that may well puzzle naturalists with the vagaries of its growth. The tree is nine feet in circumference at the base, and there are no branches of any size below fifteen feet from the ground. There the great bole divides into a number of limbs. Two, leaving the trunk about twenty inches apart, grow west, their lines diverging for six feet, and then each bending toward the other. Twelve feet from the body of the tree they unite again, making a perfect oval, and out of this grow two smaller branches. As if not satisfied with that expressed disregard for the laws of nature, this old tree has performed another feat. Six feet from its base grows another white oak, less than half its size, and no sooner does the smaller tree arrive at the charmed circle of those branching limbs than one of them grows right into it and is absorbed. The second tree is very much larger twenty feet from the ground than at its base.

Frugality.

"There are men, I suppose," she remarked, pensively, "who are engaged to more than one girl at the same time."

"Yes," he answered, "but I am not one of them."

"I am glad to hear you say that. It is so frivolous and insincere."

"Of course. And there's no reason why a man shouldn't make one engagement ring go all the way around if he only takes his time."—Washington Star.

Forethought.

Irate guest—You scoundrel, why didn't you bring me that hot water at 6?

Boots—Ye see, sorr, I was afraid of oversleepin' meself—so I stood it outside overnight.—Funny Cuts.

By the time a man is able to buy all he wants to eat, he has no stomach.

RIDING FAST AFTER HOUNDS.

BICYCLES and golfing sticks will soon be forgotten by the fox-hunting members of New York's four hundred. Not by any means all of the swell set in New York ride to hounds. At the most the total number is not greater than three score, for fox hunting is a rare sport, requiring rare nerve, rare sense and rare horsemanship. Not every woman possesses these qualities. But the fortunates who do give the lie to the popular idea that the woman of fashion is merely some dainty thing whose sole mission in life is to sit still in her framings of finery and be admired. These women of the hunting set ride straight and true, never flinching when the pinch

MRS. KERNOCHAN.

comes, and often beating scores of men whose nerves were not equal to the run. For instance, there was a run last fall near Hempstead, L. I., behind the pack of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club. Seventy riders started, including a dozen women. There were but ten in at the death, all of the others being unhorsed or forced out of the hunt by the towering obstacles, the rough going and the swift pace. Of these fortunate and hardy ten the most conspicuous was Mrs. J. L. Kernochan, the only woman to finish. Since then Mrs. Kernochan has been playfully dubbed the "Queen of Rough Riders," and she deserves the title. In this particular run the distance traversed was twelve miles, over eighty different jumps, varying in height from three feet to five feet one inch. It is considered a stiff run when there are sixty jumps to twelve miles. Moreover, the pace was extremely fast, the run being made in an hour.

Horsewhipped Her Father's Admirer.

Miss Elaine Clarrage, an attractive young woman residing in San Francisco, has just achieved notoriety by publicly punishing Mina Trimmer, a former friend, because of the persistent attentions she bestowed upon her (Miss Clarrage's) father. Miss Clarrage, in explaining the cause of the affair, said: "Mina Trimmer was formerly my friend, and I introduced her to my family. We were friends for a long time, but I discovered that she was too friendly with my father and came to the house only to see him. I saw how things were going and did not want to see our home broken up. I talked to

MISS ELAINE CLARRAGE.

my brothers about the matter, but they did not seem to believe that there was much danger. I finally won my point and she was told by the members of the family that she was no longer welcome at our house. Since then she has simply taxed her ingenuity to devise ways of annoying us. She has used opera glasses before to peer into our house, and has nagged and annoyed me on the streets. I could not stand it any longer and made up my mind to horsewhip her."

Shop Girls in England.

One can hardly enter a high-class London shop without noting not only the height and air of distinction the attendants possess, but their refined voices and manner. Referring to this one day, the manager of a large establishment said that the girls in their dressmaking department are required to have all these qualifications, and for the most part they come from good families, preferring this to the overcrowded occupations of nursery governess or companion. There is hardly much to choose from in point of freedom, for all the girls are obliged to live in a building provided by and under the supervision of the management. These homes are doubtless comfortable, but the rules are extremely strict. No masculine callers are ever allowed and the house is closed promptly at 10. If a girl misses the closing hour on three occasions no excuse prevents a prompt dismissal. The management claims that these rules necessitate its attendants taking a proper amount of rest, and probably customers find it to their advantage not to be obliged to listen to an account of the last dance, or what "he said" and "she said" when they wish to be waited on.

Magpie Evening Gowns.

Magpie costumes will be favorites this winter and are especially recommended to the woman of small purse, but in combining black and white great care must be taken not to have too violent contrasts. A very beautiful costume has a skirt of black moire with a bodice of gleaming white satin covered with embroidered chiffon, tulle or fine lace-like grenadine. A pretty dinner gown recently worn was made of white satin as to the bodice and skirt, with a bolero jacket and ceinture of Russian green velvet. There were deep Vandyke sleeve caps of the velvet, with close coat sleeves of the satin beneath, trimmed with pearl and gold passementerie, the same beautiful garniture showing on the satin bodice front and ceinture.

Songs When Hypnotized.

While in Denver a few weeks ago Mrs. J. K. Emmett, the actress, was hypnotized in presence of some friends, who thereupon learned for the first time that she had a clear and by no means inconsiderable soprano voice. A few days ago, being then in New York, she again allowed herself to be hypnotized. A professional friend who was present played "Alice, Where Art Thou?" several times upon the piano, and finally Mrs. Emmett arose slowly from her chair and sang the song in charming style. Not until her first hypnotic experience in Denver did Mrs. Emmett know that she could sing a note.

Gains Fortune by Kindness.

Miss Bessie Almy lives in New York. Years ago one of Bessie's aunts married a Cuban and moved to Costa del Ruez, where her husband had large plantations. Miss Bessie has frequently visited her aunt and her cousins, remaining in Cuba many weeks at a time.

Adjoining the plantations of her uncle by marriage were those of old Jose Martinez, a Spaniard by birth and a wealthy sugar planter with two sons and one daughter. The insurgents laid waste the property of Miss Bessie's

MISS BESSIE ALMY.

relative and Don Jose's two sons were killed in battle. This so shocked his daughter that she sickened and died. The old man was then taken ill, and Miss Almy nursed him as she had his daughter. He recovered partially, but later was stricken down again and died. Bessie at this time was cashier in a New York piano store. A short time ago she received news that Don Jose had left her his entire fortune, estimated at about $1,500,000.

Muffs Are Large.

So large are the new muffs that they will need chains to hold them, and give another excuse for bedecking ourselves with these same chains. It is stated that real jewels are to be used in the chains and ropes of pearl and inclienally rubies, emeralds and other precious stones will be worn, but such a fashion has not good taste to back it, and cannot be more than a passing fad. But that the muffs are much larger there is no question, and the long-haired furs have the preference. This is in keeping with the poke bonnets and other picturesque headgear and must needs have its day.

Rubies in Engagement Rings.

Jewelers have unwelcome news for impecunious bridegrooms. Engagement rings, to be strictly correct, must now have ruby jewels set in them, the diamond having at last been crowded out by the more valuable stone. The ruby is supposed to be of all stones the most lucky—a pretty legend connected with the gem is that Noah was supposed to have had a ruby of marvelous brilliancy in the ark, and that the rosate light which it emitted was sufficient to illuminate the wonderful boat until all danger was past. Many of the oldest betrothal rings were set with rubies, these stones being the acknowledged love token of long ago.

Kitchen Hints.

Melted butter will not make good cake.

Mutton should be deep red and close grained.

The colder eggs are the quicker they will froth.

The best poultry has firm flesh, yellow skin and legs.

Nutmegs should be grated at the blossom end first.

Good macaroni is of a yellowish tint, does not break readily in cooking and swells to three or four times its bulk.