

CREATED FOR YOU.

I believe that the world was created for you.
 Oh, baby, with brown eyes and baby with blue,
 Oh, baby with gray eyes and baby with black.
 It was made and whirled out on eternity's track
 To just make a playground all colors and gold,
 All sapphires, and amber, and green, and I hold
 That we who are old are permitted to stay
 To help you, and guard you, and watch o'er your play.
 For we who are old yesterday were as you;
 We were babies with black eyes, and gray eyes, and blue;
 We romped in the meadows, and laughed in the sun,
 And at night, tired out with our frolic and fun,
 We crept to our mother so loving and sweet
 And she in one hand held our two tiny feet,
 And one arm held around us, and taught us to pray,
 Ah, yes, we were babies like you yesterday!

Our papa stood by us as yours stands by you,
 And he stooped, just like this, for a sweet kiss or two;
 And his look as he held out his arms wide apart—
 His look—why 'twas just like the throb in our heart
 When we stand by your mothers and watch while you pray.
 We grown-ups were babies like you yesterday!
 And the Lord lets us stay here, and play here with you,
 Because when you're weary we know what to do.
 —Houston Post.

Mrs. Bluebeard

IS it antique?"
 Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.
 "I suppose it is," she said, crossly. "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and rusty and is all covered with heavy carvings, if you mean that sort of thing. Why, Bess," she turned to the questioner with sudden energy, "I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never had known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all,' as she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining room wing, and it was in there."
 "And locked," concluded Bess, positively.
 "Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home, while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious—" She paused.
 "Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."
 "Only interested."
 "It is kind of mysterious, Bob's not telling you a word about it, and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of its being locked shows that some one didn't want it opened."
 As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess rose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin, and the confidence of eighteen in her blue eyes.
 "Of course, you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had found a locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of, I know what I'd do."
 Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilette of white crepon.
 "I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared.
 Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.
 "Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"
 "That was two years ago."
 Bess laughed.
 "Good-by, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He is a dear, and if it were I, I'd hunt a locksmith, all the same."
 Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dusk. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the semi-gloom, the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. If the affinity of moods and colors were true, she was in harmony with the soft velvet gray of the twilight tone that was stealing over the world.
 New Year's eve, and Bob away. The tears blinded her eyes. Of course, it was business, merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few days.
 And there was the locked desk.
 Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tire herself by rummaging while he was away. Rummaging! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Some way she had always blamed her for the romance, and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and keepsakes, then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thurston now—Copper Thurston, the boys called him. Perhaps, after all, Bob had been jealous of the copper-made millions, and had married her in a fit of pique.
 She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.
 It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing room and took a candlestick from the mantel. It was a wedding gift—a Japanese bronze griffin, with outspread wings and spiral, sinuous tail.
 As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle something fell on the rug at her feet and she picked it up. It was a small, old-fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea for concealment.
 She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Half way there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little low door leading to the "catch all." She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.
 The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely Colonial in style. The main body was crescent-shaped, supported on hand-carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeon-holes on top.
 Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so, in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly and she held her breath. The key turned easily and the drawer was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.
 She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been her unflinching belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet, at the first blow of suspicion, it gave way.
 Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all, or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith, and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a corner's right to hold a post-mortem over his dead past.
 There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she relocked the drawer quickly.
 "I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."
 The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.
 "It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"
 She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his clear eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.
 "I only ran down for to-night," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first New Year alone, sweetheart."
 His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.
 "I haven't used it," she said, brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe in you just the same, and I don't want to know."
 "Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue." He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyhow?"
 "That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."
 "Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"
 "I could, but—but I don't want to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear-wet face so that she could see her eyes.
 "Sue, darling," he said. "You blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Hadleigh. It's been in the family since the year one, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldy I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe keeping. What did you think was in it?"
 But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.—San Francisco Call.

OLD FAVORITES

Faithless Nelly Gray.
 Ben Battle was a soldier bold
 And used to war's alarms,
 But a cannon ball took off his legs
 So he laid down his arms.
 Now, as they bore him off the field
 Said he: "Let others shoot,
 For here I leave my second leg
 And the Forty-second foot."

The army surgeons made him limps.
 Said he: "They're only pegs,
 But there's a wooden member quite
 As represent my legs."

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,
 Her name was Nelly Gray,
 So he went to pay her his devotes
 When he devoured his pay.
 But when he called on Nelly Gray
 She made him quite a scoff,
 And when she saw his wooden legs
 Began to take them off.

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
 Is this your love so warm?
 The love that loves a scarlet coat
 Should be more uniform."

Said she: "I loved a soldier once,
 For he was blithe and brave,
 But I will never have a man
 With both legs in the grave."

"Before you had those timber toes
 Your love I did allow,
 But then, you know, you stand upon
 Another footing now."

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
 For all your jeering speeches,
 At duty's call I left my legs
 In Badajos' breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
 Of legs in war's alarms,
 And now you cannot wear your shoes
 Upon your feats of arms."

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
 I know your love so warm?
 Though I've no feet some other man
 Is standing in my shoes."

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
 But now a long farewell!
 For you will be my death—alas!
 You will not be my Nell!"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray
 His heart so heavy got
 And life was such a burden grown
 It made him take a knot.
 —Thomas Hood.

Strangers Yet.
 After years of life together,
 After fair and stormy weather,
 After travel in far lands,
 After touch of wedded hands—
 Why thus joined? Why ever met
 If they must be strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
 After strife for common ends,
 After title of "old friends,"
 After passions fierce and tender,
 After cheerful self-surrender,
 Hearts may beat and eyes be met
 And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
 O, the bitter thought to scan
 All the loneliness of man—
 Nature by magnetic laws
 Circle unto circle draws,
 But they only touch when met
 Never mingle—strangers yet.
 —Richard M. Milnes.

WOMEN AS WORKERS.

Some Figures that, After All, Are Not Discouraging.

A statistician has gone to the trouble to ascertain that 55 per cent of all the divorced women, 32 per cent of the widowed and 31 per cent of the single women are engaged in gainful pursuits. Only about 6 per cent of the married women are similarly situated. While the great body of married women are at home attending to the domestic duties which are naturally set down for them, there is some hope still that the old order of things is not going to be completely overthrown. The figures indicate that 94 per cent of the married men are supporting their wives, though the women are, of course, doing their full share in maintaining domestic establishments which are bulwarks of morals and good order and which keep the race from dying out.

On surface analysis it may seem wonderful that 94 per cent of the married men find enough to do to support families, when so many women are in men's occupations; but the earth is big, and the ordinary attempt at comprehending the things to be done and the number of people to do them is puny indeed. In the long run there appears to be room for everybody—the home woman, the "new" woman, the manish woman, the bachelor woman, etc., likewise for the womanish man and the men who depend on the labor and shrewdness of their wives to keep them going. The mixture of the sexes in the active business affairs of to-day would have scared writers on political economy twenty-five years ago. It seems plain enough, for example, that when a man on a salary gets work for his daughter in the same occupation at perhaps smaller compensation than he receives, he is sapping the foundation of his own employment and prosperity; that, in the long run, he will be simply dividing up his salary among the members of his own family and driving other men out of employment.

The results of widespread changes of this sort look, apparently, to an entire revolutionizing of society. But people are not stopping to study the textbooks. They are going ahead with the fashions of the time, leaving the pessimists and those who have nothing

to do but study to read up on political economy. A great many wise books have been impracticable in relation to business affairs. If society is going wrong in putting the gentler sex in the lines of employment that were formerly exclusively for men, the mistake will manifest itself some day in a serious way. Money panics result from over-wrought ambition to get rich quick, and then follows the travail of liquidation. And so it is with other affairs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

COOKS TO THE GREAT.

Although there are nearly fifty persons employed in the British royal kitchen, beginning with a French chef whose salary is well over four figures a year in pounds sterling, King Edward himself, says London Answers, seems to profit little by their skill. A thin soup, such as Julienne, some sort of white fish, and a delicate dish composed of chicken of other birds, form one of his Majesty's typical meals. It is his guests that most of the dainty dishes go.

Despite all that is said about the Gorman Emperor's Spartan habits, there are few monarchs who keep more elaborate tables. He has four chefs, of different nationalities, and in addition there is an individual who may be described as "sausage-maker to the Kaiser."

His Majesty is very fond of the huge white Frankfurter sausages, and has a supply of them made fresh every day in his own kitchen. When engaged in maneuvering his army on a big field-day, these Frankfurters and bread invariably form the Kaiser's lunch.

The chef to the Czar of Russia leads a dog's life, it is said, thanks to the monarch's habit of ordering special dishes to be prepared, and then refusing them and demanding something else. "Eik, in ten fashions," was one of his extraordinary orders—countermanded in favor of black game after the menu was put before him.

King Carlos of Portugal is the stoutest of European monarchs. This may be due to his love of English foods. Nothing delights him so much as simple roast joints and poultry, with plain gravies and sauces. When he is dining alone his evening meal frequently consists of a few oysters, a portion of a porterhouse steak, and a little Gruyere cheese.

Macaroni may be described as the staple food of King George of Greece. He insists upon having it on the table and partaking of it at every meal, in some form or other, and he alone of European monarchs employs a "macaroni chef," an Italian, who is not only expert at preparing the food in every possible way, but also at building it into all kinds of shapes.

The young King of Spain is extremely partial to goat's flesh. As he couples with this a strong liking for the garlic beloved of his countrymen, his chef's ingenuity is frequently taxed to provide something new in the way of dishes. Goose stuffed with chestnuts is another favorite of Alfonso.

The Scandinavian monarchs are simple in their choice of foods, and their cooks have easy times. The King of Sweden and Norway, in particular, is partial to cold meats and fish. Herrings with tomatoes are a favorite mixture of his, and reindeer flesh, which is a popular food in the country, always finds a place on the royal table.

Beauties Near and Far.

A Frenchwoman who has devoted much time to the study of Americans says that she finds them delightful. Especially is she pleased with the American grandmother, who, having no exacting ties, may travel and amuse herself at an age when the French grandmother, with a too clinging affection, has begun to crowd the nest. The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives this little illustration of the difference:

"You have children?" asked a Frenchwoman of an American whom she had met for the first time.

The American's face lighted charmingly. "Four," she answered, "and twelve grandchildren."

"Four children and twelve grandchildren, and yet you are in Europe!"

"Oh, they don't need me."

"No, perhaps not; but in your place I should need them."

"But why?"

The question caused the Frenchwoman a visible shock.

"Every evening," said the American, "I write to my children. I tell them what I have done. My letter leaves on Wednesday. Every mail brings me news from one of them. I have excellent health. I want to profit by it. There are so many things to see."

"What things?"

"Sweden and Norway first. I shall go there this summer. I visited Japan in the chrysanthemum season. I must return for the cherry blooms."

"Oh!"

The Frenchwoman's face was interesting to see. A woman of fifty-five, the grandmother of twelve children, was talking about returning to Japan to see the cherries bloom. Such a thing was unheard of in her experience.

A Money-Making Combination.

Friend—How are you doing now?
 Scribbler—First rate. Rev. Mr. Saintlie and I have gone into partnership. Making money hand over fist.
 "Eh? How do you manage?"
 "I write books and he denounces them." —New York Weekly.

A girl will say mean things about her kin to the man to whom she is engaged, which she will not permit him to even remember after they are married.



As an illustration of the very few elements contained in a successful picture I will say that a simple landscape containing the side of a hill divided into agreeable spaces by a tiny stream or a road, a footpath or a ravine, will give you only two spaces in your foreground. It should be remembered that the road, stream or footpath should not divide the landscape into horizontal spaces which are parallel with the base line of the picture, nor should it be divided into triangular spaces which are equal to each other. Nature seems to have abolished the exact rules of measurement in the arrangement of her beauties, and we cannot do better than to accept of this hint from nature. The sky space is divided into unequal parts by the roof of a dwelling outlined against the sky, or by a tree, one of the ordinary kind, and as unobtrusive as the landscape; and with these simple elements we have all of the material needed for a picture which will have sufficient strength so that it will appeal to all by its simplicity in line and its close and intimate relation to those simple bits of nature which are appreciated by all who have the true art loving spirit within them.

I am aware that there is always a tendency to introduce a figure wherever a road is found, and this may be well where the other elements of the arrangement are so very plain that they contain no natural beauty in themselves, and the figure is needed to give interest to the picture; but in a composition where the few simple elements worked with are in themselves beautiful, the introduction of a figure is an experiment attended with a considerable danger of weakening the composition by the introduction of another element of only ordinary importance. And yet I have known artists who have been considered famous, and whose pictures commanded high prices, to fill a road from near foreground to distance with groups of figures having no possible relation to each other, and then, as if this was not sufficient, to introduce as a side issue in the right foreground, at some distance from the road, a pair of lovers under a tree, apparently unconscious that the world contained others than themselves.—Chas. E. Fairman, in Camera and Dark Room.

A SHIP THAT FLIES.

Dream of Ages Has Been Attained by American Genius.

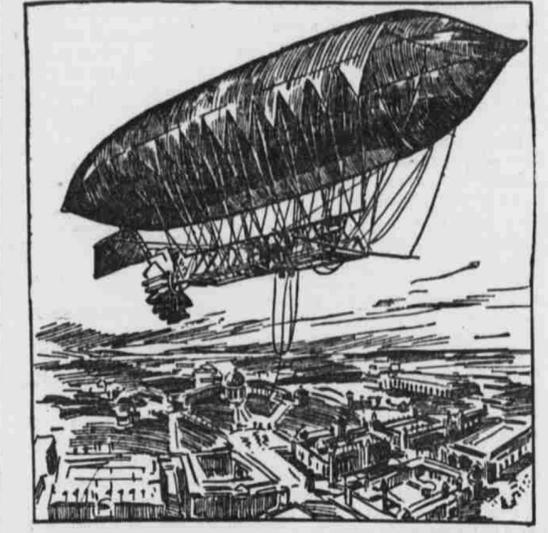
A spectacle which aroused unbounded enthusiasm among the vast concourse of people who witnessed it was the successful flight of Thomas S. Baldwin's great airship at the World's Fair grounds in St. Louis. The airship, which is called the "California Arrow," was navigated by A. Roy Knabenshue, of Toledo.

The California Arrow, as the Baldwin airship is called, is the result of 30

morning about 16 miles west of St. Louis. The ship had sailed low, and the anchor caught in a tree. There were two small rents in the gas bag, but otherwise the ship was uninjured. A half hour's work served to repair the damage.

Mexico Has a Small Navy.

The Mexican navy at present consists of four small boats in the Gulf of Mexico and two in the Pacific, besides small patrol boats in the southern waters. The Democrats, the first boat bought by Mexico, of 450 tons dis-



years of experimental work on the part of its inventor, Capt. T. S. Baldwin. It has a cigar-shaped gas bag of varnished Japanese silk, 52 feet long and 17 feet in diameter, with a capacity of 8,000 cubic feet. On the upper surface and at the ends the silk is doubled and at the points of greatest strain trebled.

The car, 40 feet long, is a light framework of white cedar braced with piano wire. It is, in section, a perfect equilateral triangle, so that the whole is in the shape of a right prism, save that it grows smaller and smaller towards the ends. It is pulled through the air by a two-bladed silk propeller, 11 feet from tip to tip, set at an angle of 20 degrees at the front end of the car. The draught of air caused by its 200 revolutions a minute serves to prevent explosions by constantly cooling the Hercules gasoline engine set about eight feet from the forward end of the car. The engine weighs only 66 pounds, but performs 2,500 revolutions a minute and has a working capacity of seven-horse power.

The aeronaut has a seat and conning platform about 12 or 13 feet further back, and he can move from one end to the other of the car at will, though a change of position of less than two feet is sufficient to cause the craft to ascend or descend in the air by raising or lowering the elevation of the beam. At the rear there is a rudder of 6x10 feet, made of light canvas stretched on a bamboo frame. The total weight of the whole apparatus is only about 220 pounds. The maximum speed thus far attained, by means of its own engines, not taking the wind into account is 12 miles an hour, but the usual rate is only about eight miles an hour.

One of the exciting incidents of the trial of the airships was the escape of the California Arrow. After a trial flight while the Arrow was being lowered to repair a slight break in the machinery, the rope was dragged from the hands of the assistants and the ship soared into the air and disappeared in a northwesterly direction. The runaway ship was found next

placement, is on the Pacific coast, and with her is the Onaxaca, and old slooped boat of steel, of about 1,000 tons, but of only seven knots speed, used as a transport.

Two new gunboats just bought in the United States, named the Vera Cruz and the Tampico, are in the gulf. They have steel hulls, are 200 feet long, displace 1,000 tons, have shown a speed of about fifteen knots and have two four-inch guns and other smaller rapid-firing guns each. The Zaragoza and Yucatan, 1,226 and 650 tons, respectively, the former having six 4.8-inch Canet guns, are also in the gulf, and are used as training-ships for the naval school which was established at Vera Cruz in 1807. The Bravo and Morelos, being built in Italy, will displace each 1,200 tons.

There are sixty-five cadets at Vera Cruz, also an arsenal and a small floating dry dock. There is a small wooden dock at Guaymas in the Gulf of California.

A Poor Receipt.

"Don't talk to me about the receipts in that magazine," said Mrs. Lane, with great energy. "Wasn't that the very magazine that advised me to put on that sooty solution and leave the tablecloth out overnight to take off those yellow stains?"

"I'm inclined to think it may have been," said Mrs. Lane's sister, with due meekness. "I sent you a number of them in the spring, I remember."

"Well, and what happened?" asked Mrs. Lane, with rising wrath.

"Didn't the stains disappear?" asked her sister.

"Disappear!" said Mrs. Lane, in a withering tone. "It was the tablecloth that disappeared. I don't know anything about the stains."

Always the Other Fellow.

Johnny—Pa, what is the average man?
 Pa—He's the fellow you see everywhere except in the mirror.—New York Sun.

No man favors expansion—of that little bald spot.