LIFE.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never to laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tear to refresh us;
And joys seem sweeter when cares come after;
And a moan is the finest of oils for laughter;
And that is life!

THE WRONG CARD.

THE attorney was in a reflective mood, as he walked from the office to his home. The afternoon had developed business of great importance, which would take him a thousand miles away during the next six months. The lawyer, however, was in love, and dreaded to leave the field free to his many rivals.

As he walked along, he pictured himself in a certain pretty home uptown, laying his love and lucre at the feet of a charming woman, who, long ago, had come to be an essential part of his existence.

While he was thinking over the situation and hurrying homeward, he was hailed with a business-like: "Ho, Farr; I want to speak to you a moment!"

Turning about he faced the speaker, a friend of his junior partner; and in a few minutes they were deeply engaged in a discussion of some abstruse question, concerning a case which was then interesting a great many lawyers.

When the two parted, the one who had hailed Farr handed the latter a card with a request that he would give it to Somerton, the junior partner of the firm of "Farr & Somerton." In the hurry of parting Farr took the card without looking at it, and only after he had reached his residence his mind still full of the matter they had discussed, did he think to glance at the bit of pasteboard. It should have borne certain memoranda which Somerton desired; but was, however, quite blank, save for the engraved name of the owner. With a slight smile at the other's carelessness he tucked the card in his pocket.

Supper over, he betook himself to pipe and slippers. Then, lounging comfortably in a big armchair before the study fire, he gave himself up to the interrupted reflections of the afternoon. As a result of his cogitations, before he retired a letter had been written, addressed to "Miss Margaret Lamore." In it Miss Lamore was informed that he would call the following evening on an urgent matter. The letter, perhaps, was a trifle stiff and business-like, but surely could not help being clear to a woman. So, at least, thought Farr, and he went to sleep that night to dream of a gracious woman and a successful suit.

The business of the next day put an end to any further air castles for the time being, but when evening came he lost no time in hurrying whither the letter had gone. Arriving there, a ring brought the maid to the door—a new maid—Farr noticed. With his thoughts on the coming interview, it was only in a mechanical way that he gave her his card and asked to see Miss Lamore. A few moments' waiting, and then the girl returned to say, in a well-bred voice, that Miss Lamore had an immediate engagement and begged to be excused.

Somewhat dazed by what he considered a rebuff, Farr left the house. Once more in his own rooms he contrived, within an hour or two, by the aid of his pipe, to put himself in a mood which played havoc with sentiment.

An early train the next day carried him rapidly away from his home and the woman who, a few hours earlier, had been all in all to him. Now, however, he thought he had convinced himself that she was not worth the wooing. Yet every single day of the next half year had its full measure of bitterness, souring even the great successes he met with. Not a single night but found him wearily praying for sleep, to drive away the vision of a proud, sweet woman who so persistently haunted him. Sometimes he wearied of both himself and the world, but he was obliged to live and meet his fellow-men, even if a woman had scorned his love.

Time passed, and the conclusion of his mission allowed him to return home. But little more than six months from the day when Margaret Lamore had made life seem so gloomy to him, he was once again in his native town. On the day of his return Somerton insisted that he should dine with him at the earliest possible opportunity, and, of course, tired though he was, and desirous of nothing beyond peace and melancholy quiet, he was compelled to accept the invitation so warmly pressed upon him. Accordingly that evening found him on the way to the Somerton home.

He must have forgotten that Mrs. Somerton and Miss Lamore were the most intimate friends, or, perhaps, it was natural to start when he found himself face to face with the latter in the Somerton parlor. That he did start was a fact quickly detected by Miss Lamore—a fact also which naturally increased her embarrassment.

"Judging from your appearance, Mr. Farr," said she, "your health has not been much benefited by the Western trip."

"I am afraid not," was his answer; "the work was hard, and I did not go to it in the best of spirits." This last with a glance intended to be full of meaning.

She saw the look, and, wondering at it, colored.

"You look so worn and ill," she continued, "that I have not the heart to scold as you deserve; yet you must have known how much I should regret not seeing you before you took the trip."

The seeming effrontery of this took the power of speech from Farr, and the astonishment depicted on his countenance brought a flush once more to the face of his fair companion. Seeing that he was not disposed to speak, she resumed:

"You promised to call and then left without a word. I certainly did not expect it of you."

Recovering himself a little at this, Farr told her, with as much dignity as possible, that she must have been deeply engrossed that summer day to have forgotten the card he had sent up to her, and the fact that she had pleaded an immediate engagement as an excuse for not seeing him.

Then followed a period of polite and gentle contradiction. Miss Lamore firmly insisted that he had not sent up his card, and Farr as obstinately persisted in saying that he had. When, for several minutes, they had accused and counteraccused each other of forgetfulness, Farr took matters into his own hands by breaking out vehemently with:

"Do you know why I wanted so much to see you that day? Do you imagine that I could be, for a moment, forgetful of the most trifling incident that happened then, when I thought you had treated me with such crushing indifference?"

They were now seated on a couch, and he, with a bitterness born of the unhappiness he had experienced, told her his whole story from that day to this present time when she saw him so ill and worn—worn, not with toil, but with the hopelessness of his life. He had no new phrases in which to frame his thoughts; but the old, old words semed to satisfy her; for when dinner was announced there were at least two people supremely happy among those who went arm in arm to the dining-room.

Somerton's friend, Barton, with whom Farr had held such a profound discussion on the day when the story opens, arrived in time to join the party at dinner. When the meal was well under way Barton, suddenly recollecting, desired to know why and wherefore Farr had so carelessly neglected to give his partner the card which had been intrusted to his care. Farr, in his new-found happiness, had little memory for such trifles, and forthwith Barton rehearsed the affair. Then, recalling the incident, Farr said:

"You are the one guilty of carelessness in giving me the wrong card. The one I did receive from you bore no memoranda whatever; when I discovered that fact I put the card in my pocket, and have not seen it since."

"I have," interposed Miss Lamore. "The idea of your calling upon me and sending up Mr. Barton's card!"

A gleam of intelligence came into Farr's eyes and a quick smile passed between him and the charming girl beside him. Then, with almost unseemly haste, they turned the conversation into safer channels.—Exchange.

LEARNED OF THE BATTLE.

News of the Santiago Naval Battle Astonished the Austrian.

When the American fleet was operating in Cuban waters foreign men-of-war occasionally happened along to see what was going on. It chanced that, very soon after the vessels of Sampson and Schley had destroyed Cervera's fleet, an Austrian ironclad hove in sight. The Indiana steamed out to meet it, and soon a boat, with a lieutenant, left the Austrian to visit the Indiana. The Washington Star tells the story:

The Austrians had heard nothing but a distant cannonading, which might have been salutes. The lieutenant's visit was merely one of ceremony.

His countenance betrayed astonishment when he came aboard, and saw the decks blackened with powder, and men and officers begrimed and covered with perspiration; but he asked no questions until he was conducted to the Captain's room, and found it filled with the stifling smoke of gunpowder. Then the Austrian officer asked Captain Taylor what such a state of things indicated."

"It indicates," answered the Captain, "that we have just engaged the enemy."

"What? Cervera?"

"The same."

"But what were your losses?"

"None."

"But where is the Spanish fleet?" The Austrian was now thoroughly excited.

"Come up on the poop and I will show you," said Captain Taylor.

They steamed in the direction of the shore, and the Austrian officer had his glasses leveled.

"There is one, and there another, and a little out of view, there is the Cristobal Colon," said Taylor, pointing out first one Spanish wreck and then another.

The Austrian, whose sympathies were undoubtedly with the Spaniards, was shocked beyond expression at this picture, typical and declaratory of the ruin of a nation. The Americans respected his feelings, and he departed in silence.

Electric Motor Wagons.

The Automobile Club and some electric associations in France are occupied in endeavoring to establish electric charging stations for electric vehicles. The idea is to arrange with electric light and power stations to do the work, so as to make the use of electrically propelled carriages possible all over France.

When a man offers you something for nothing don't accept it unless you can afford to pay at least double its value.

IT WOULD REQUIRE A HORSE THIS SIZE TO RUN ALL THE CARS NOW PROPELLED BY ELECTRICITY

Gigantic as was the wooden horse of Ulysses in the siege of Troy, it dwindles to insignificance when compared with the size of the horse it would take to draw all the electric street railway cars now in use in the United States. It is calculated that 320,000 horses would be required to move the cars now propelled by electricity, making no allowance for the extra cars which would have to be run to equalize the present schedule were horses used. One horse, representing the combined height, length and bulk of the 320,000, would be so massive that he could plank the hoofs of his fore legs down in Cincinnati and slake his thirst in the Ohio river, while his hind legs rested on Manhattan Island, whence with his tail he could brush the flies off the Brooklyn bridge management. His back would be high up above the reach of clouds, higher than the air strata through which it is proposed by visionary electrical inventors to communicate the current generated by Niagara Falls to Paris to run the exhibition in 1900.

The illustration appears exaggerated, but it truly represents the condition of what is claimed to be the most important individual industry in this country. The amount of capital involved in the electric street railways is placed at about one and a half billions and it is increasing rapidly every month. Should the national government decide to buy all these roads it would take all the $525,000,000 of gold, the $120,000,000 of silver, the $400,000,000 of certificates, the $225,000,000 of national bank notes and $250,000,00 of United States treasury notes in circulation to pay for the purchase. A conservative estimate places the number of passengers carried in a year by the electric cars at 2,660,000,000, not including the passengers transferred from one line to another. That means two rides each year for every human being on earth. The steam roads of the United States carry only 535,000,000 passengers annually over 182,000 miles of track.

MRS. HENRY T. SLOANE.

The New York Society Leader Who Figures in a Domestic Scandal.

The report that Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Sloane are to resume their former relations, after a separation, and after rumors of divorce proceedings, has not stopped the tongues of the New York gossips. Mrs. Sloane's social prominence has made this sensation of more than local interest. The wife of the New York millionaire is one of the most accomplished, keen witted and beautiful women in the metropolis. She and Mrs. Ogden Mills have divided the honors and responsibility of ruling

MRS. HENRY T. SLOANE.

in female swelldom in New York, and at Newport. They have been bosom friends, though they quarreled once and by so doing created a sensation. It was at the famous Bradley Martin ball. In the afternoon Mrs. Sloane sent her hair dresser to Mrs. Mills' house, at the latter's request. Mrs. Mills detained the hair dresser so long that Mrs. Sloane could not get ready for the ball in time. She was late in reaching the Bradley Martins' and the quarrel with Mrs. Mills resulted. The following summer, however, their differences were settled, and the society queens thereafter took Ward McAllister's "400" and reduced the list of exclusives to "75."

Mrs. Sloane, before her marriage, was Miss Jessie A. Robbins, the daughter of the junior partner in a great drug firm. She had no prestige of ancestry, but her beauty and her wealth, together with her rare ability, won her social distinction of the highest kind. Her husband, a modest, quiet man, is engaged with his brother in the wholesale carpet business. He has not shared his wife's fondness for society, but has spent money lavishly for her enjoyment. Her home has always been little short of a palace; her gowns are of the most expensive sort, and number 100 or more; her diamonds and other jewels are the most magnificent in the city, and her whole life has been surrounded by luxury.

MARK TWAIN'S PET CATS.

Pretty Mousers that Basked in an Atmosphere of Fame.

You might not suspect the great humorist, Mark Twain, of being fond of cats and dogs. Though it would seem that his mind must be thronged with queer fancies and imaginary characters, always getting into laughable and difficult situations, Mark Twain yet has room for thoughts of friends belonging to the animal kingdom. He once owned four of the prettiest and daintiest mousers that ever basked in an atmosphere of fame.

When Mark Twain lived at "Quarry Farm," a picturesque home high up on a southern New York mountain, overlooking many miles of landscape, he did most of his writing in a little eight-sided summer-house, which he called his "Pilot House," in memory of the days long ago when he was a pilot on the Mississippi River. * * * Cozily nestling in a great chair or snuggled comfortably upon an old lounge in this literary workshop, at almost any time of the day, could be found Mark Twain's pets. They were allowed there because they had the good manners to keep quiet while he worked. If they had presumed to jump upon the desk and put their little feet upon the manuscript or tip over the ink, they would not have been allowed to remain.

The cozy little Pilot House was very popular with these cats. It may have been because it was such a nice, sunny place, having windows upon all of its sides. Being upon the very tip-top of the great hill, it received the warmth of the first and last rays of the sun, of which these pets were quite as fond as was the humorist himself. Mark Twain knew that although cats are said to have nine lives, the time must come when even his pets and he would have to part, so one day he summoned Mr. Van Aken, the photographer. * * * A jealous dog did his best to prevent a photograph's being taken, but in vain; and two good views of them were obtained. Mark Twain himself thus sings the requiem of his pets:

"Hartford, Conn.

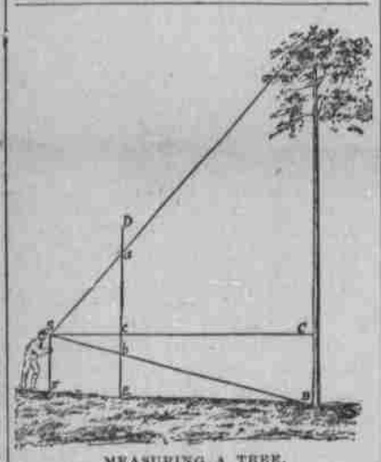
"I don't know as there is anything of continental or international interest to communicate about those cats. They had no history. They did not distinguish themselves in any way. They died early—on account of being overweighted with their names, it was thought—Sour Mash, Apollinaris, Zoroaster, Blatherskite—names given them, not in an unfriendly spirit, but merely to practice the children in large and difficult styles of pronunciation.

"It was a very happy idea—I mean for the children. Mark Twain."—St. Nicholas.

TO MEASURE A TREE.

Simple Rule for Estimating the Height of Standing Timber.

There are various methods employed in determining the height of a standing tree; of these the geometrical method may be recommended for its simplicity and sufficient accuracy. At some distance from the tree, where both top and base are readily visible, place a pole from four to five feet long (SF) perpendicularly in the ground; put in the ground another and longer pole (DE) at some distance from the first one, so that the poles and tree are situated in the same vertical plane. Sight from the top of the smaller pole the base and the top of the tree and note the points where your lines of vision intersect the longer pole; measure the distance between them; measure also the horizontal distance between the two poles. Multiply the first distance by the second and divide by the third, the result being the height of the tree.



MEASURING A TREE.

For example, let the distance between the points where the lines of vision intersect be six feet, the distance between the pole and tree thirty feet, the distance between the poles two feet; then the height of the tree equals 6 multiplied by 30 divided by 2, giving 90 feet

WOMAN AT HOME

WHY WOMEN MARRY.

THE motives for which women marry are as numerous as the sands of the sea, or—as the women. Accident, propinquity, trifling circumstances, social or family pressure, some slight airy nothing decides the question between marriage or no marriage for the woman so slight, that it is as if women were always waiting on the brink of this new experience, and a very light touch caused them to fall, wander, or drift into it, according to their several temperaments, says Harper's Bazar.

The curious point is the final determining motive in each case. Noting the number and variety of these, one is tempted to comment that a woman's motive for marriage is generally too high or too low; the desire to secure a living; the wish to escape from uncomfortable surroundings; the wish for money to spend, for ease, position, fine clothes or jewels; the fear of being an "old maid;" to secure the liberty of a married woman; desperation or sheer indifference; a yielding to the wishes or expectations of family or friends; or a reaction from disappointed hopes in other directions; often, alas! because the woman is fitted for nothing else, and must take whatever chance offers.

A little higher, and the motive rises out of self. The woman feels that she should take the burden of her support from those who are unable or unwilling to bear it, or she wishes for means to help those who have befriended her, whether parents or friends; she may feel a wish to help the man, make his life happier, or himself better. She may feel ability to do good still greater to others in the offered position. Marriage may mean care, responsibility, self-sacrifice, or self-denial, yet she may take all these as a duty and a means to the performance of some large deed. But while these motives are more worthy of respect than the first class, they are just as foolish and just as misleading.

But from all of these motives women marry, and when one considers how little of any human or reasonable or sensible thought enters into any of them, one is surprised that there are not more shipwrecked women in the world than there are.

ABOUT THE BABY.

Amusing the Baby.

A baby will be attracted for a time by some fine toy that he can simply look at, but he will spend ten times as long in putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose or in taking out one by one from a well-filled basket articles, no matter what—spools, blocks, clothespins, anything—so that they are sometimes changed and he does not tire of the monotony. Then the task of putting them all back keeps him busy for a still longer time.

As baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble, a pleasing device for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes—round, square, triangular, etc.—with blocks and spheres to fit into the various places. Should these be in bright colors, his love for color may also be gratified, and learning these colors soon follows. Little tasks of carrying articles from one portion of the room to another, or from room to room, will often keep a child busy and interested for hours.

The Matron of Honor.

The matron of honor, as a rival to the maid of honor, seems to have established herself pretty securely. At some of the weddings the two divide the honors between them, but one of the winter brides was attended, or preceded rather, by a matron of honor, without any maids at all. The introduction of the matron as an attendant for a bride has been welcomed by girls who have a single strong friendship. Hitherto the first one to marry has enjoyed having her friend as maid of honor, while the maid of honor, when she became herself a bride, was forced to be content with some less intimate acquaintance as an attendant.—Harper's Bazar.

Regarding Bedclothes.

In regard to bedclothing nothing should be used save what can be, when needed, thoroughly cleansed. This will restrict us to blankets and the old-fashioned bed quilt. A comforter may be at hand for the exigency of a zero temperature, to be thrown upon the outside of the bed, but never placed beneath the other coverings. Comforters in constant use should be protected at the top by a neat covering of some fadeless material, as they are easily soiled where they come in contact with the mouth of the sleeper.

Growing Old.

The fashionable women of to-day will not grow old—no, not if they die for it, which many of them do, poor things. Their waists must be as slim, their manners as vivacious and their attire as up-to-date as if they were 25 instead of—well, let us say 50, although 60 might be nearer the mark. No gray hair for them—no worn-looking eyes. They touch up the former with one of the many restoratives, so their rapidly-thinning locks become more and more golden or bronze, until they are finally hidden under a red or yellow wig. The eyes which have been dimmed and aged by the tears they have shed and the things they have seen, are touched up with a pencil and brightened with belladonna, and faded and wrinkled skins are ironed out, whitened and painted so that by candle-light and at a proper distance they look comparatively youthful (to their owners), while, as long as gout and rheumatism will allow, they hop and skip to dance music with the best.

In these latter days we have elected not to grow old, and it is distinctly unfashionable to dress or act as if the accumulated years were a burden hard to bear. Up to the very end men and women are expected to dress and to act as if they were as young as ever, and, like the thoroughbred horse, to go until they drop.—New York Tribune.

The Attractive Woman.

A clever woman, provided she be not sarcastic and too fully alive to a sense of her own importance, is generally an attractive one. Men may be charmed for a time by a pretty face, but they soon tire of mere prettiness. Nor does it follow that all women of good sense and sharp intellect are necessarily plain. Bright thoughts enliven the most ordinary face, until the reflection of the mind shining out in all its radiance makes one forget that the features are not pure Grecian, and leads us to believe that such a woman is in reality a great beauty. The vivacious creature of varying moods and quaint fancies is the one charm. A man forgets the type of beauty she may or may not possess, so interested does he become in the pleasing study of a mind that renders her face ever winning, irresistible and pleasing, because, like the surface of a lake, there comes a change with every varying emotion. The attractive woman should cultivate the mind, for grace of soul and education of spirit count for more than limpid eyes, a rose-bud mouth and a dimpled chin. She should be ever teachable, for there is not one iota of lovableness in the man or woman who thinks he or she knows it all.

Successful Domestic Financing.

The secret of domestic finance is to make a little money go a long way. The old axiom about saving the pennies and letting the pounds take care of themselves is not the natural policy of Americans; only the frugal Scotch and French know that rule by heart. But women could learn it better than men, because their minds dwell more naturally upon little things. If they are rarely great financiers they are frequently successful small financiers. Make a woman responsible for an allowance and she feels the interest of a junior partner; pay her bills, and she is put on the footing of an inferior. There is a feeling of ignominy about asking a man for car fare, 50 cents, $5, or even $100, disagreeable beyond expression to a woman with any pride or independence. Now that women are thinking more for themselves than in the past, independence is becoming naturally a part of their creed. This independence cannot be choked out.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Helping the Church.

There is something inexplicable in the attitude of some women in moderate circumstances regarding their financial duty to the church. "Let the rich contribute, I can't afford it," says the woman who spends 50 cents for a buckle, a quarter for bonbons and throws a penny into the collection box. It would be amusing if it were not so shocking, to note the richly gowned, jauntily millinered, daintily gloved young person who has nothing but a dirty little copper to offer in the house of God. The widow's mite is never a despicable thing; the small coin of poverty is a generous proportion of her all, but the really indigent woman is not adorned in fashionable attire. A poor washerwoman would be ashamed to give the miserable offering so unblushingly handed out by many a fine-plumaged dame and demoiselle.

Secure.

One way that one woman has of fastening the plain back of one of her new skirts is by safety pins of graduated size. These are all of heavy gold wire. The largest is just below the waist, and in the center of it is an oval turquois. The next pin below this is a size smaller, the next a size smaller than that, and so on through the five. A safety pin with a turquois like this is in a set with two small stick pins, each having the little turquois head plainly set in gold.

More Truth than Poetry.

"Here's an article for women," he said, on 'How to Make Yourself Attractive to a Man.'"

"Before or after marriage?" she inquired, thinking it was about time to have a little sport with him.

"After, of course," he replied promptly. "No woman ever loses the knack until after she marries."

No doubt he was, as she said, "a mean old thing."

Patriotic and Sentimental.

The prettiest and most poetic of all the patriotic badges has just been issued. It consists of an interlaced triple true lover's knot, in red, white and blue, and is supposed to be given by a soldier to his betrothed, or vice versa. The cord is of fine non-corrosive wire wrapped with colored silk thread, and is intended to stand the roughest usage.