A little hand lies on my knee, Two trustful eyes look up to me, A thrill the childless cannot know Sets all my quickened blood aglow.

And so 'tis given me to feel What power is in this soft appeal, While these bright eyes his mother gave Are holding me a willing slave,

This little, five-leaved, rost fist, By loving lips so often kinsed! Was ever force more beautiful? Can strength in greater beauty hide?

Unsteady are his steps just now. But when white looks lie on my brow, And age erceps on with vision dim; My waning strength may trust in him.

Then be will be the strong, and I The weak and trusting one; I sigh To think it, but I see that day, And acquiesce in Nature's way.

For thus the links of life connect, In love we give, and so expect That love and life will ever spring Where hearts and hopes their treasures

And so in giving and receiving Is found the best and sweetest living; So life to life renewal gives, And in the young the parent lives.

Whate'er may come of good or ill, Tis good to have these loved ones fill The measure of domestic loy-My sweetheart-wife, my bouncing boy! -Youth's Companion.

THE EXTRAVA-GANCE OF DAN.

"To think," exclaimed Farmer Biggs. solemnly, as in either hand he held upright the carving knife and fork, their butis resting upon the table-cloth; "to think as I should 'a' raised up a boy to be as extravagant as this!"

Aunt Annabel shook her head sorrowfully; Mrs. Biggs gave a low moan of grief, and little 'Liz'beth, with eyes big and wondering, stared full at her brother Dan.

Dan himself stood beside the breakfast table, half defiant, more than half embarrassed, and feeling uncommonly like a fish out of water. It was Sunday morning, and Dan, who had driven to town the evening before and returned late, had just sprung a genuine surprise upon the family circle.

"Jest look," continued his father, se verely, as he pointed full at the culprit with the carving knife, "at that red shirt an' high dude collar!"

"It sin't red," protested Dan, eager v. "It's pink, with white stripes." "An' the blue necktie!" gasped Aunt Annabel, with another reproachful

shake of her head. "An' the bran' new suit!" said Dan's mother, striving to concent the tone of pride that crept into her voice.

"An' oh, Pop!-look at his shoes!" cried little 'Liz'beth, clapping her

They all looked down at Dan's feet, and stared in amazement at the shiny, patent-leathers that glistened in all their newness.

"'Twere my money," said Dan, the blood surging into his round, beardless face, "an' I don't know as it's anybody's business 'cept mine. Can't a feller be a gentleman if he wants to?"

"Not with them hands," said his father, sternly.

Dan looked down at the big, red fists that hung far out of his sleeves, and then put them behind his back.

"Ner with them feet," declared Aunt Annabel with evident contempt. Dan shifted them uneasily.

"Ner with that head o' hair," said his mother, critically. Dan's hands sought his head, and he ran his fingers slowly through the sandy shock of hair that adorned it.

"You can cut it, can't ye, mar?" he asked, anxiously. "but I dunno as it would be a Christian

act to encourage you in your foolish extravagance." "Foolish ain't no name for it," announced Mr. Biggs; "it's downright

wicked." "'Twere my money," repeated Dan, but the tears stood in his blue eyes as he realized the impossibility of justify-

"You set down here an' eat your breakfast," said his mother, giving her husband a warning look; "we'll see

about that hair-cut afterward." Dan meekly took his place at the table, and the meal proceeded in silence, although 'Liz'beth could not keep her admiring eyes off her big brother. "Arter you've finished, Dan't," said his father, as he rose from his chair,

"I'll see you in the barn." Dan's appetite was indifferent, and as he pushed back from the table, his mother sald:

"Come over here by the winder, son, an' I'll see what can be done with that hair. Father can wait a bit, I guess." Dan removed his coat and sat down obediently by the window. Mrs. Biggs took her scissors out of the work basket, and pinned a calleo apron around

Dan's neck. "The suit ain't so bad," she said, musingly; "It looks like good sfull, an'

it's pretty well made."
"Mr. Blodgori said it was the latest siyle, we marked Dan, proudly.

you got it over to Blodgett's Never you mind mar," said Dan,

falling back upon his original defense; Mrs. Biggs signed and snipped busily

away with the scissors. "I'm glad you wasn't reckless enough to go to one of them barber fellers over

town," she said. "Oh I were reckless 'nough; 'twarn't of m afraid, Dan'i," sighed Aunt go your own bent." o tirste niare I clean forgot all about it." Annabel, "that you're gittin' into bad

ways. I never knew your father to in his pocket, climbed into the buggy spend so much money at one time in and drove away without a word. his life. It must 'a' cost a heap."

Dan was silent and the scissors clipped away briskly, until Mrs. Biggs ing in the week, and his parents be announced the fob was complete to her satisfaction.

"Now for pop," sald Dan, and he put on his cont and walked resolutely to the barn. His father sat upon an apturned pail in moody reflection, and when his son hatted before him he looked up

and said: "Dan, I allos tried to be a good father to you. When you come 21 this spring I let the hired man go an' took you in his place on half wages. "Tain't ev'ry father would 'a' done that. An' when you come to me last night an' wanted fifteen dollars, I made sure you was goin' to put it in the bank. Sech a thought as your spendin' of it recklessly never entered my head. Whatever

made you do it. Dan-whatever made you do it?" "Loon here, pop; we've had 'bout 'nough o' this kind o' talk," said Dan. with spirit; "I've worked steady an' I've earned the money, an' it's my business. I'd got tired o' them baggy old clo's an' home-made shirts, an' made up my mind I'd dress as a feller should dress; an' now it's did, an' there's no backin' out. So you jest take

it quiet and det it pans."
"Well, well," said Mr. Biggs, after a little thought, "you never did seeb athing afore, an' so we'll let it pass, as you say. Mebbe it'll be a good lesson

He arose from his seat, as if to indicate that the interview was at an end, but Dan hung around as though there was something more he wished to say, Finally he mustered up courage to ask; "Kin I take the brown mare an' the

top buggy to drive to church?" "The top buggy! Air ye too proud to ride wi' the rest of us in the wagin?" "I thought I'd go over to the Larkinsville church this mornin'."

"An' why?" questioned his father in surprise. "Ain't the church at the Corners good enough fer you?" "Oh, it's good 'nough; but all the best

folks go to Larkinsville." "The rich farmers as live on the

turnpike go there," said his father, sharply, "but you ain't got no call to associate with the Larkins an' Pentons an' Abbeys. Why, they's stick up their noses at the son o' a poor farmer like

"Anyhow," persisted Dan, stubbornly, I'd like to go."

"Then go!" growled the farmer; you'll know more the next time. I s'pose you want to show off them new clo's-an' the red shirt."

So Dan drove over to the Larkinsville church, and, strange to say, seemed in high spirits on his return. And on Monday morning be put on his old clothes again and went to work with his usual energy and good will.

During the week, Farmer Larkins, reputed the richest man in the county, rode up to the Biggs farm to arrange for the purchase of some milch cows While he was talking with Dan's father the boy passed by and touched his hat respectfully to the great man,

"That's a good lad you have there," said Mr. Larkins, looking after him; "he was over to our church Sunday an' set in our pew; an' Sally 'lowed as he was the best behaved young man at the meetin'."

Mr. Biggs reddened with pleasure at this praise from so high an authority. "Dan's a rare worker," he said, "an' I'm payin' him half wages now for takin' the hired man's place. He'll make a right smart farmer one o' these days."

"Yes," replied Mr. Larkins, thoughtfully, "he has a likely look. I wish I had a son like him," and he mounted his gray nag and rode slowly away.

The next Sunday there was no oppo sition to Dan's driving the bay mare to the Larkinsville church, and Mrs. "I kin, o' course," replied Mrs. Biggs, Biggs was really proud of her boy as she watched him drive away, so spruce ly dressed in his new clothes. It was nearly dark when he returned, but no one questioned him, and he made no explanation as to what had detained

And so the summer passed away, and Sunday became Dan's day off. Sometimes he would not return until the ing himself to his unsympathetic family was in bed, and his father and and have his portrait in the learned mother spoke to each other anxiously about his "carryin's on" and feared his bad habits were growing on him. But Dan's newly developed stubbornness restrained them from remonstrating

seriously. Dan asked permission to attend the county fair in October, and to drive the brown mare with the top buggy. and his father reluctantly consented But when the young man, after much hesitation, asked for two dollars to spend, Mr. Biggs firmly refused.

"Fifty cents was all I ever spent at a fair when I was a boy," he said, "an' to chuck away two dollars for sech nonsense would be downright sinful. I'll give you 50 cents if you want it, but no more.

Dan looked him straight, in the eye. "There's about twenty dollars comin' to me, ain't there?" he asked.

"'Bout that. But I ain't goin' to en courage you in extravagant habits." "I'll trouble you for two dollars," said Dan, white with anger, "or I'll take what's due me an' you can find another hand, . I'm 21, an' I'm my own mas-

His father eyed him curiously a more ment, bins he saw. Dan was in carbest, and so with a greatest protest he took the monay from his pecket, and gave

"I s'pose you're goln' to take that red-headed gal o' Jenkinses with you, an' squander the money buyin' her pea nuts an' candy," he said spitefully; "them red-headed gals has ruined more men than you, Dan. But I see you're

Dan did not reply. He put the money

After that Dan got into the habit of absenting himself more than one evencame so worried that Mr. Biggs began praying earnestly for him at family prayers.

But nothing seemed to move Dan; even the prayers were ineffectual to stop him in what Aunt Annabel called his down'ard course."

One morning in December, Dan, having returned exceptionally late the preceding evening, remarked calmly at the breakfast table:

"You'd better look up a hired man, pop; I'm goin' to be married New Year's

midst the Biggs family could not have been more startled. His mother lay back in her chair and stared with eyes and mouth wide open;

If a bomb had been exploded in their

Aunt Annabel screamed and scared little 'Liz'beth into tears, and the farmer uttered words under his breath. Mrs. Biggs recovered herself first, "Who to, Dan?" she inquired, breath-

"To Sally Larkins."

"Sally Larkins!" they echoed, with

"Why, she's the richest gal in the county," said Aunt Annabel, in amaze "An' the preciest!" said 'Liz'beth.

Dan caught his little sister in his arms and kissed her rapturously. "An' she's an only child!" cried his mother, as the importance of the an-

nonneement came home to her. "Dan," said his father, rising from the able and trembling with excitement, "I'll see you in the barn arter you're through your breakfast."

Dan kissed his mother and Aunt Annabel and 'Liz'beth with happiness shining from every feature of his round face, and then he sought his father. "Dan," said that parent, impressive-

ly, "how air you goin' to support a wife, to say nothin' o' supportin' yourself?" "Mr. Larkins has promised to give us the Downs Farm for a weddin' present,

There ain't no better piece o' land in Mr. Biggs sat stiently upon the up-

thought. "Dan," he said, at length, "I may have kicked a little at yer extravygence now an' then, but let bygones be bygones. A business deal is a business deal, an' to tell you the truth, that bit o' money o' yourn were mighty well in-

MOUSE ON A MONUMENT.

vested.

Explorers Find a Rodent 10,000 Feet

When the vanguerd of the recent Mazama expedition to the summit of the mountain they moved some of the a few months should be kept throughfragments of rocks to get at the box out the entire year. It is said that containing the record of mountain climbers who had reached the peak." This disturbed a mouse that had his botel at a greater expense and with habitation in that desolate spot and less certainty of comfort. The conto escape from the men who were taking such unauthorized liberties with be a very great one to the tenant, but his home he left the two or three square it is a highly profitable form of entergards of rocks and scampered out over prise to the landlords, who, in addition the snow that stretched an unbroken surface away on all sides. There he was easily caught and Charles H. Sholes brought the timid creature back to Portland with him. The mouse took kindly to his new environment and is alive and flourishing now, not having suffered any appreciable discomfort by the great change in the altitude of his abiding place. The top of the mountain is-nearly 10,000 feet above the sea. The rodent is described as rather large for a wood mouse, having very large ears and a very long tail, being the usual mouse color above and white underneath. He is active and silent, but watchful. He is believed to be of the same kind as the mouse found a few years ago on the top of Mount Hood. His description has been sent to Professor Merriam, who was to have been the biologist of the expedition, but failed to make connections in time. If he shall find the little beast to be a new mountain elimber a special examination will be made into his case and the mouse may become famous books of science. Portland Oregonian.

A COSTLY DINNER.

First of Expensive Entertainments in New York.

Writing of the lavish expenditures of New Yorkers, Euretta Van Vorst recalls, in the Ladies' Home Journal, a dinner given in 1884 by a man of wealth which cost \$10,000, and which stonished his most extravagant assoclates, as it was the most expensive feast given up to that time.

"Delmonico, the helpful resource of both those who know and those who do not know how to spend their money, was at a loss to know how to dispose of this then fabulous amount upon a single meal. There were seventy-two guests, and they were entertained in the large ballroom which in Delmonico's Fourteenth street establishment has seen so many social triumphs. The house had been Moses Grinnell's, and ever bore the imprint of a gentleman's residence even when transformed into public place of entertainment. The

endth of the room; the waiters had parels space to move about it. It was a long, oval table, round which a maslaid guarding a miniature lake thirty feet long. The water, by mechanical contrivance, undulated gently, and on its breast floated four living swans, a golden network keeping them in place."

We often think that people should pay less attention to society, and more to being comfortable, in winter. Bald-headed friends find it difficult

LADY CURZON IN INDIA.

What It Means to Be a Viceroy's Wife -Social Demands on Viceroyalty, Under the title "The American Girl

Who Leads an Empire," Edward Page Gaston writes interestingly in the Woman's Home Companion of the responsibilities undertaken by Lady Curzon "It sometimes devolves upon the wife of the Viceroy to give audience to a native Maharajah alone, when it is her duty to advance and meet him on the threshold, and duly wave him to a seat, after which her American tact prompts

her to speak of the satisfaction it is to see him in her home, to inquire after the health of her distinguished guest and his family, and to pay him all the usual compliments of the season. As make it understood that they can acto photographs.

"Two thousand guests are sometimes

posing procession to and from the as- life begin to engage the attention of sembly, which is opened by the quad- both parties, the wife sees the man as rille of honor at about ten o'clock. he is-a mere boy often, who, save in After this Lord and Lady Curzon hold the role of Romeo, is utterly devoid of a reception, and the warm climate interest or attraction and who is quite makes these wearing events upon the her inferior in every respect. It is then hosts and hostess. That the social ad- the tragedy of life begins for her. ministration of Lady Curson will not fall behind those of her predecessors was evidenced by orders for thirty-five thousand invitations, programs and cards of various sorts being given in London previous to her departure for

India. "One of the delicate duties of the lady of the viceroyal mansion is to learn the rules of management governing the native servants, for these have their places as unniterably fixed by caste as persons in higher stations. In the bedchamber service there is not one or two brisk chambermalds to do up a room as in America, but the various items in the almost triffing work are divided among seven or eight men servants, and this is the rule throughout an Indian establishment. Lady Curzon's body servant stands or sleeps outside the door to her room constantly, and when she goes to drive alone another attendant rides in the carriage with her, and at any time would give turned pail, evidently engaged in deep his life for her protection."

FURNISHED HOUSES.

Are Rented by the Fashionables for the short Term Session.

Now that it has become the habit of New-Yorkers to remain out of the city for longer periods than they formerly did, the furnished house has become a much more important element in the dency has been noted in London, where it is no longer considered necessary to the maintenance of one's position that a house which is to be occupied for only crat and Chronicle. are now in the habit of taking a house when possible rather than living In a venience of the furnished house may to the advance in price paid for the use of furniture, are in the habit of receiving for a few months the same price that would be paid for a whole year, The prices demanded for furnished houses are very high, and they are dangerous speculations only when they are not taken by the beginning of every winter season, which is commonly supposed to be from about the middle of November to the 1st of December. After this later date the rent asked for the furnished house declines steadily and the profits of the landlord are diminished. This loss is less in the case of those who are in the habit of occupying the house until it is rented, but as a general rule the percentage of loss is likely to be considerable when the house is not rented promptly. The demand for such house has been so great in recent years that the number available has increased in spite of the risks. -New York Sun.

Two Irish Stories.

One day, hearing a knock at the door, a mistress asked her Irish servant who it was that called.

"It was a gintleman, ma'am, looking for the wrong house," was the reply. A workman repairing the roof of one of the highest buildings in Dublin lost his footing and fell. Striking a telegraph line in his fall, he managed to grasp it. "Hang on for your life!" shouted a fellow workman. Some of the spectators rushed off to get a mattress on which he could drop. But the workman, after holding on for a few seconds longer, suddenly cried out: "Sthand from under!" dropped and lay senseless in the street. He was brought to the hospital, and on recovery was asked why he did not hang on longer. "Shure, I was afraid the wire wud

brake," be feebly replied. Trouble in the Camp. "There seemed to be a rather acrimo nious discussion going on as I went by

headquarters." "Yes," said the Salvation Army cap tain sadly. "Brother Jones, who beats the dram, happened to say to Brother Smith who does most of the preaching, that actions spoke louder than words. -Indianapolis Journal.

Other Troubles. "Doesn't your broken engagement at the beginning of a new year make you

unutterably sad, Archibald?" "No; a man can't die of a broken heart when he has to hustle for his next meal or go hungry."

"I have a splendid ear for music," said the complacent young man. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, regretfully, "but you don't sing with your



WHEN WOMAN LOVES BEST.

HE typical American girl often blooms into premature young womanhood, and falls in love before she makes her "teens." When the girl in her teens falls in love, howthe ladies of the viceroyalty generally ever well developed her physical charms may be, her powers of loving cept no gifts of value from their sub- are yet immature. A young girl is jects the exchange of tokens is confined | fascinated by a man and she allows her sentiment to dominate her good sense. She mistakes her soul of being loved present at the state balls, when the for the love of a lover. After the vice-royal party is conducted by an im-

> A woman of 28 or 32 judges men from an entirely differed acmdpoint, and is capable of a depth of feeling 20. Her nature is riper, her emotions more intense, her judgments more ma-

> An old lady of 70 told a stranger she had been three times married. She seemed greatly surprised when the lady remarked: "And you loved your second husband best of the three?" "Yes," she said, "but how did you

> know? That conclusion was formed on general principles. The woman who has been married three times usually begins early-too early to know what real love is. Her choice is usually one of caprice or accident. Her second marriage would under ordinary circumstances occur in the thirties, and it would be'a marriage based on strong magnetic attraction. The third busband would more than likely be se lected merely as a companion for her declining years; one to whom she gave respect and affection, but not ardent

love. Of course, we find people who have wedded in very early life and loved unfil an old age; but those cases are rare. Were statistics made of the greatest and most enduring passions the world has ever known, no doubt it would be found that the women lovers were real estate business. This same ten- nearly always past twenty-five; and as a rule a man's second wife and a woman's second husband usually receive more love than the first.-Demo-

> Wants Hanging Stopped. Miss Alice Carey Harlow, of Charles ton, Ill., the originator of the movement for the abolition of capitaling in Illinois, is a cultured and sympa-



was drawn into her anti-capital punishment crusade by the circumstance of the execution of Carter Martin, who was hanged on Dec. 16 for murder. The horror of that affair so deeply stirred her human sympathies that she has since been unable to rest. To relieve the stress she labored under she prepared a petition addressed to the legislature now in session asking that capital punishment be abolished. Copies of the instrument were circulated over the State and thousands

signed it. Married Life in Albania. An Albanian woman expects to be beaten if she misbehaves, this being the prerogative of the Albanian busband. He must be careful, however, not to draw blood during his castigation, or the wife can complain to the authorities, who will fine the husband and give his property to his wife When an Albanian marries he is bound to provide his wife with food, clothes, and a home in keeping with his station and means, and cannot require her to earn money for herself or him by her labor. Divorce is quite common.

Will Be a Nurse. Lady Terrence Blackwood, before her marriage a New York belle, learning to be a



ed a desire to become a nurse, but was prevented by her father. LADY BLACKWOOD.

The Art of Crying. "Very few women know how to cry properly," said a cold-blooded observer, "but if they realize how potent tears fully. As a rule brunettes cry much patch. **** -- Date 18-

better than blondes. I call to mind, for instance, a very pretty little lady who was a litigant in court some years ago, and who wept when a certain portion of the testimony was reached. As the critical moment approached her eyes began to swim. They seemed to grow larger and darker, and they took on a wistful and appealing look that made every man in the jury box feel as though he wanted to climb right out and hit the plaintiff with a club. Her lips were quivering and presently two great tears rolled softly down her cheeks. That settled it. I was foreman of the jury, and we were exactly a minute and a half in giving her a verdict. Now, if that had happened to some other woman, equally worthy, but of lighter complexion, the chances are her nose would have turned pink and her eyes would have assumed a slightly inflamed appearance that would have been er very damaging to her cause. If she had sniffed, as wholly unknown to the girl of 18 or they usually do, I can't say what the result might have been. A woman who can cry artistically can have anything she wants. I'm surprised it lsn't taught, like Delsarte movements."

Samon's Prettiest Woman.



Moss Fa'mun is the daughter of ex-King Malietoa, and a German officer desires to marry her.

About Calis. A first call is made on the newcomer by the older resident without waiting for the formality of an introduction. It is returned within ten days. If the acquaintance proves undesirable, it may cease after the first interchange of visits.

The fashionable calling hour for ladies is from 11 to 12 and from 3 to 5. For men, from 8 to 10 when the day is

A formal or first call lasts fifteen minutes, a friendly call twice A man must ask permission before he may call, or bear a letter of introduc-

tion from another city. An invitation to any entertainment, whether accepted or not, necessitates a call from the recipient within a

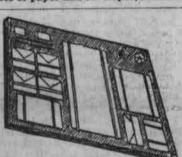
month. "Calls should be made on the hostesa" day, if she have one.

The guests of a dinner call upon their hostess within a week. A bride does not call upon her friends until they have called upon her after

the wedding reception. Calls of congratulation are made on the young mother, the flancee or a friend to whom unexpected joy or suc-

cess have come.—The Ludies' World. Handy Writing Table.

A pretty accessory for a bedroom in a country house is a pretty writing tablet or board, to be placed on a small table. It is first covered with chints to match the furniture, and then elastic slik ribbon of a corresponding shade is sewn on in straps to hold, first the blotter in the center, then different sizes of paper and envelopes; next tele-



BEDROOM WRITING-TABLE.

grahph blanks, and then pens and sealng-wax, etc. A safety topped inkstand firmly glued into place, with penwiper, match-box and stamphox, completes the accoutrement.

Take What You Can Get, One of the most helpful qualities for the winning of success is that ability which enables one to take philosophically what one can get if one cannot get what one wants. That is, to be contented with second best if the best

is unattainable. It is certainly hard to be sufficiently philosophic to carry this principle into everyday practice, although to desire the unattainable is worse than foolish, and to know our limitations and to act accordingly insures a certain

amount of success. Young people especially cannot help feeling, for the time being at least, that the second best, or what they consider the best, is not worth the taking, and are as a weapon they would spare no so opportunities are lost which can pains in trying to shed them grace- never be regained .- Pittsburg Die