OH MY DEARIE.

Oh, my dearie, dearie, dearie!
Life's a wondrous thing and cheery!
Never dark and never dreary
  All its blooms are sweet with dew!
And the mocking bird is singing,
Swinging low and high and singing,
And my every thought is winging
  Out across the world to you!

Life's a wondrous thing; a potion
Stirred by breezes from the ocean,
And its every sweet emotion
  Dear, is born of dreams of you!
And I lift the chalice gladly,
Slowly, slowly, never sadly;
Never quickly, never madly;
  'Tis a most enchanting brew!

Drain it slowly, slowly, slowly,
With a spirit meek and lowly.
'Tis a wondrous brew and holy:
  Life is good! it gave me you!
And I'm glad, dear, in my telling
Can you see the gladness welling
In my heart and feel its swelling?
  Ah, life's skies are arched and blue!

Dear, when I am lowly lying;
When my last faint breath comes sighing,
And my spirit preens for flying,
  And life's cup is drained and through,
I shall end it, never shrinking,
With no sad regret or thinking,
All of it was worth the drinking:
  It was sweet with love of you!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Mabel Versus Mabelle.

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

IT was Mat Bronson who put the idea into our heads—which, indeed, were ready enough to receive it. I knew that Mat was cross that afternoon just by the way he slammed his wheel against the veranda and came charging up the steps.

"See here, Molly," was his only greeting—always having lived next door, he is not always very ceremonious—"why don't you girls take this nonsense out of Mabel Rogers?"

I asked him, "What nonsense?" I knew well enough, but Mat has such an exasperating way of breaking into a subject!

"Don't be unnecessarily dense," was all the satisfaction I received. "I tell you, Molly, I'm sick of Mabel's city airs and affectations, and so are the other fellows. They're all beginning to keep shy of her."

It was wicked of me, but I could not resist.

"And yet," I said, "when Mr. Matthew Bronson came home from college, about two weeks ago, he said it was refreshing to find one really stunning girl in town—a girl with some style and manner, a girl who knew what was what. And he considered it such a pity that the rest of the Harwich girls couldn't visit somebody in New York, and—"

But that was as far as I got, for Mat was fairly snorting something about its being just like a girl to remember everything a fellow ever said, and rake it up after he had changed his mind.

Then, when he felt a little more comfortable, he said he thought it was somebody's duty to make Mabel "cut it out," as he expressed it. Her father did not care to, it seemed, and her aunt did not dare to, so he thought it was left for us—his sister Nell and me—as Mabel's most intimate friends. She was too fine a girl to be spoiled by such silliness. If it were one of the boys, now, the other boys would "take it out of him mighty quick!"

Nell had come up on the veranda during this oration, and she asked Mat, sarcastically, what method he would suggest. Would he advise us to put Mabel on the floor and sit on her until she promised to be nice and natural again? She believed that was the usual mode of procedure with boys.

But Matthew only shook his head and hinted darkly that girls had "ways;" he did not know how they did things, but he knew they did. He could not tell, for instance, how they had made Ned Bates stop smoking—but they had.

Nell gave me a funny little look and said that she guessed Ned could not tell, either, and I hurried to ask if Mabel had been doing anything new and striking. She was certainly interesting in those days.

"I was over there a little while ago," said Mat, "to see if she would go to Edith's party with me. That new maid held me up at the door for a card—wouldn't let me in without it, either—and ordered me to walk into the 'drawing-room' while she took the card to Miss Mabelle. Mabel had seen me from the window, too."

"Oh," I interrupted, "did you hear how she tried to make Timothy wear livery when he took the horses out? Fancy it—Old Tim! Of course he wouldn't, and for once Mr. Rogers interfered. He said that he would pay the extra maid and change his dinner-hour and call her Mabelle, but he wouldn't let her make a fool of Tim, too."

Mat said, "Good for him! I didn't know he had the spirit."

Then he told how he asked Mabel to go to the party, and she wanted to know if he did not think that sort of thing "so country." Mat asked her what sort of thing, and she said, thinking you must always go to places with boys. And her aunt preferred her to go just with one of the maids.

Then Mat had said things. He told her that was all right in a city, but in the country, where they had been neighbors all their lives, it was simply ridiculous. He finished by telling her that she could go with one of the maids until the end of her days, so far as Mr. Matthew Bronson was concerned. Then Mabel told him not to act like a small boy, and he came away.

Nell and I screamed. To be called a small boy is so irritating—when one is! And Mat is undeniably undersized.

But he did not see the cause of our mirth. He said, severely:

"It's all very well to laugh, but I think it's your duty to make her drop it, if you can. You think it over."

So Nell and I thought it over. To tell the truth, we felt flattered by Mat's confidence in our power to do something, and we agreed with him in thinking that something ought to be done.

Mabel Rogers used to be considered the prettiest, brightest, most popular girl in town before she went to visit her New York cousins; but that visit nearly spoiled her. When she came back her aim in life was to look and act and talk like the city girls she had met, and of course she overdid it. No city girl ever would have recognized herself as the original of Mabel's exaggerated imitation.

She wore her pompadour about three sizes too big; her manner was all "gush," and her affected way of talking made it a standing joke in town that "Mabel Rogers went to New York on the cars; Mabelle Wogehrs came back fwom New Yawk on the cahs."

What Mabel needed most, I think, was a brother. I have noticed that the girls who have brothers are not so apt to get silly little airs and affectations as other girls are. I have often wished I had a brother, but Mat does very well. He keeps me supplied with many of the comforts of one, particularly in the matter of frank criticism.

Nell and I thought it all over for several days. We thought hard. It takes hard thinking, I have discovered, to find a really successful way of not minding your own business. In the end, I am sure we would have given it up if Nell had not had an idea in Latin. She is always having ideas in Latin.

She had this one while we were reading in the hammock one afternoon, and she gave a little bounce that made the hammock flop and throw us out on the ground. Our hammock has the floppiest disposition, anyhow.

Then, while we sat there on the ground, weak from laughing, she explained that she had the loveliest idea. I said it seemed to have quite upset her, but she utterly snubbed my poor pun.

"I just found in this book," she went on, "Similia similibus curantur. I wonder we didn't think of it before."

"Translate it," I said. I never have ideas in Latin myself.

"And you expect to enter college this fall!" Nell said, significantly. "Like cures like,' of course, my dear. I've heard it somewhere before," she added, honestly.

"You mean—" I began

"Exactly," Nellie assured me. "We'll just try being affected ourselves, and let Mabel see how silly it is."

I had my doubts. I said that Mabel would be more likely to see that we were just rude, and perhaps we would only offend her instead of reforming her. Mother agreed with me, too. She advised us, if we really felt called on to mend Mabel's ways, to tell her frankly what we thought, instead of using a method that was so likely to be misunderstood.

But Nell and I agreed that we did not have the courage to do that, and besides, this other way would be more fun. Mother smiled and did not say any more. She never nags, and she never says, "I told you so, my dear!" She just lets me find out a good many things for myself.

So Nell and I spent several days in learning how to do it. We studied Mabel pretty closely, and I confess I had a kind of sneaking feeling, for she is one of the sweetest, frankest, most generous girls I ever knew.

But at last we considered our education completed, and one afternoon we started out, with trailing skirts—borrowed—and absurdly bepompadoured heads, to make a formal call on Mabel. We flattered ourselves that we had acquired the correct accent, and our manner was affected to a point several degrees above Mabel's. We tried it on Mat before we started, and he nearly had a fit.

At Mabel's house we usually walk right in and announce ourselves, but this afternoon we rang the bell and brought Maggie with her tray. I know she was surprised, but she was "game," as Mat would have said.

As we gravely presented our cards and asked for "Miss Wogehrs and Miss Mabelle," her face was as expressionless as if we were perfect strangers. She quietly showed us into the parlor and went to "tell the ladies." She came back in a minute to say that Miss Rogers was out, but Miss Mabelle would be down in a minute.

Nell and I wondered afterward if she gave Mabel a hint. We have never found out.

Perhaps our sending our cards warned Mabel. At any rate, when she came into the parlor nothing in her manner suggested that there was anything unusual about us. She had played tennis with us all the morning, too.

She said, "Aunty will be so sorry to miss your call! How do you do, Mary—and Helen?"

Then she shook hands with us both, explaining how glad she was to see us, and how long it was since we had met.

She was simply delicious, and for a moment Nell and I were staggered. We thought we were ready for anything, but this perfect composure nearly routed us.

But Nell rallied and "went into action." Nell Bronson is nothing if not thoroughgoing, and she is a born actress. It was the funniest thing I ever saw—those two girls matching their imitation city manners against each other. I stayed out, for the most part. I had all I could do to keep from laughing and spoiling it all; and besides, Nell did not need any help.

They talked about the weather; about Edith's party, which Mabel pronounced a "charming bit of local color, but so country, you know." Then she described a party she had attended in New York.

Nell said, feelingly, that it must be terribly stupid to live in a country town when one was used to the city. Mabel said it was—oh, unspeakably stupid! (She had been in New York just five weeks!) There was no society in Harwich. Of course there were nice people, but no society. Nobody knew how to entertain, except, perhaps, Mrs. Meriweather, and she really was a New Yorker.

So the girls went on, and I think they would have kept it up indefinitely only I rose to go, fairly bursting with swallowed laughter. Nell got up, too, and Mabel.

"Must you go?" she said. "But you will come again? Mary, love, pardon me, but your hat is a bit too far forward. Do you mind if I fix it? There! Really, one needs to have lived in a city to get things just right."

Then she asked us if we would let her show us some day how to do our hair. And she insisted on showing Nell how to put her belt on "the new way." And as we started down the steps she offered suggestions about the "correct way" of holding up our skirts, which Nell and I had caught up anyhow, to keep from falling all over the miserable things.

I watched Mabel closely to see if she meant mischief, but her face was as innocent as a baby's. She seemed to be doing it all out of the kindness of her heart. She honestly wanted to help, I thought, and she appeared positively flattered by our wanting to be like her!

The noble duke of York, or whoever it was, who marched up the hill and then marched down again, has my sympathy. I know exactly how he felt. Nell and I felt like that when we marched down the hill from Mabel's.

We came away in good order, however. We did not run until we were round the corner; and then we did not stop running until we were safe in Nell's little "den," where we dropped on the divan and proceeded to have hysterics, all by ourselves, as we supposed.

But in a minute we heard Mat politely inquiring from the door if he could be of any assistance, and in the next breath impolitely advising us to "stop snorting" and tell him what the "row" was.

Nell sat up, mopping her eyes, and tried to explain. "O M-Mat," she choked, "it's the f-funniest thing! Mabel never saw the p-point! She thought we really wanted to be l-like her. Molly, I shall die!" and she collapsed again.

"Hurrah for Mabel! She's all right!" was the only sympathy that we got from Matthew. "Of course she was just bluffing you, and it serves you right! Girls never can mind their own business, anyhow. They're all the time meddling."

That brought Nell and me to in a hurry. We started for that wretched boy, but he was too quick for us. He dodged into his room and locked the door, so we had to content ourselves with telling him through the keyhole our opinion of boys in general and of Matthew Bronson in particular.

Nell said it was just like a boy, anyway. If you took his advice and succeeded, he was a wonder; if you failed, you were a meddler.

Oh, we said several things, and we could have said many more, only before we came to them somebody ran up the stairs and distracted our attention. It was Mabel.

"I've come to return your calls, girls," she said, "and I couldn't wait to send up cards."

Nell and I just stared. She was speaking in her old, natural way, and somehow I knew she had been crying.

"I want to tell you that I'm very grateful to you," she went on. "I was furious at first, for I think it was a pretty mean way of telling me that I've been a goose, but I suppose I deserved it. Only, instead of discussing me behind my back and letting me keep on being a goose so long, I think you might have told me frankly."

Then her voice began to tremble and she stopped. Things looked pretty squally, and Nell and I could not seem to think of a thing to say. We simply stood there and felt mean. And then suddenly the door flew open and that blessed boy came bouncing out. I could have hugged him!

"I beg to inquire," he said, solemnly, "whether I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Mabelle Wogehrs or Miss Mabel Rogers?"

"Mabel Rogers," Mabel said, laughing. "I just came back from New York this afternoon. Come on, Mat! Let's show these little girls here how to play tennis. Go change your skirts, my dears!"

Mabel is all right!—Youth's Companion.

"Sunday Folks."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1864, he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say, pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yis, sorr," said his guide. "'Tis Sir John O'Connor's," or "'Tis Sir Rory Moore's." He always added, "He's a Sundah mon."

At last Dr. Cairns grew curious.

"What is a Sunday man?" he asked.

"Well, sorr, it do be a mon thot has so many writs out agin him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the week, and only comes out on Sundah, when the law protects him."

Dr. Cairn's opinion of the landed gentry underwent a change.—Youth's Companion.

Hatpins are shown of gun metal set with glittering crystal.

All the new veils show spots and not small spots either, for some of the dots are almost as large as a dime.

Purses and bags of gold and silver mesh seem quite as popular as ever and many are seen studded with real jewels.

Some very dainty gauze butterflies in red, blue and pink and white spangled with silver and gold are mounted on shell hairpins and are to be worn for coiffure adornment with evening gowns.

LIVER TROUBLES

"I find Thedford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. It cured my son after he had spent $100 with doctors. It is all the medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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Thedford's Black-Draught will cleanse the bowels of impurities and strengthen the kidneys. A torpid liver invites colds, biliousness, chills and fever and all manner of sickness and contagion. Weak kidneys result in Bright's disease which claims as many victims as consumption. A 25-cent package of Thedford's Black-Draught should always be kept in the house.

"I used Thedford's Black-Draught for liver and kidney complaints and found nothing to excel it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marblehead, Ill.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

FROM OUR AMERICAN POETS.

A Character Sketch.

I knew a man who thought he knew it all;
He knew how earth became a rolling ball;
  He knew the source and secret of all life;
He also knew how Adam came to fall.

He knew the causes of the glacial age;
And what it was that made the deluge rage;
  He knew in fact, he knew most everything;
In his own mind he was earth's greatest sage.

His knowledge was of such stupendous girth
It took in everything upon the earth
  And in the heavens; but, most strange of all,
He didn't know a thing of real worth.

He knew where people go when they are dead;
He knew all wonders ever sung or said.
  He knew the past and future; but for all
He didn't know enough to earn his bread.

He was a marvel of omniscience,
He knew the secret of the hence and whence;
  He was a bundle of great theories;
The only thing he lacked was common sense.
—J. A. Edgerton, in N. Y. Sun.

The Mother-Heart.

Dear Mother-heart, of you I sing
  My best-beloved song,
For in your world I reigned as King—
  "The King can do no wrong!"

My virtues all were great to you,
  My weaknesses were small;
The sins laid at my door, you knew,
  Were never mine at all!

The world might raise a hue and cry
  And hiss my very name;
The Mother-heart was standing by
  To hiss the world for shame!

Whenever I had lost the day
  And things had gone amiss,
You soothed my bitterness away
  With Mother-heart's own kiss.

Your bosom held my throbbing head,
  Your fingers stroked my hair,
Till grief and rage and hate had fled
  And life again was fair.

Oh, Mother-heart, dear heart so true,
  God called you long ago;
His pitying hand reached out to you
  That you might never know!
—Sinade Marion Russel, in Indianapolis Journal.

Hard Lines.

I wish 'at I wasn't a kid so long;
A kid doesn't have no show.
I'd wish I was dead if it wasn't wrong,
  Or my hair wouldn't never grow.
Because I'm not big an' I have to mind
  It don't seem edzackly fair
Whenever it's gettin' too long behind
  For mommer to cut my hair.

The stickers work down and they itch my back
  An' I dasn't move my head;
An' she'll clip an' pull an' she'll saw and hack
  Till some tears I've got to shed.
When I'm grown up I'll be awful glad,
  For I won't have that to bear.
It isn't no wonder they say I'm bad
  When mommer still cuts my hair.
—Chicago Daily News.

Poor Charley Brown.

I'm glad 'at I ain't Charley Brown;
  They say that Charley's pa's
The richest man in this here town,
  And he's stuck up because
His maw don't wear a thing but lace
  And silk, but I don't care—
I'm glad 'at I ain't in his place,
  For he's got curly hair.

He's got a pony that is gray,
  And lots and lots of toys,
And spends more money every day
  Than all the other boys;
He's been away to Mexico
  And almost everywhere—
I'm glad I ain't in his place, though,
  For he's got curly hair.

Their house is big and grand and fine,
  They've everything that's good;
His paw could buy and sell our mine—
  I heard maw say he could.
The girls all say he's nice, but gee!
  I guess the boys don't care—
I'm glad 'at Charley Brown ain't me,
  For he's got curly hair.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Mother's Way.

When I was young, I recollect,
  My mother had a way
Uf dropppin' all my nicknames when
  I chanced to disobey;
Or when I tried to shirk my work,
  By arguments or games,
I 'member how she'd change my mind
  By simply saying "James!"

I 'member how I ust to kick
  When mother wanted wood,
How if she called me "Jim," 'twas safe
  To whine, I understood;
But how I shot out to that shed
  For fuel for the flames
When mother paused and turned around
  And quietly said "James!"

It's thirty years or thereabouts
  Since she called "James" to me,
But thirty years ain't long enough
  To kill that memory
To-day that word from mother's lips
  "I'd be the king of names—
I'd give the world to hear onct more
  Old mother call me "James!"
—Kansas City Star.

Vanity.

There is ever something lacking
  Though the cup of fame be sweet;
Some ingredient will be missing
  That might make the draught complete.
Though you carve your name in letters
  Which posterity must see
Probably your next door neighbor
  Will be asking: "Who is he?"

Though you aid your fellow-creatures
  By some scientific plan
The conductor says: "Step lively,"
  As to any other man.
Though to-day they print your picture
  Through the land from sea to sea,
In six months if you are mentioned
  They'll be asking: "Who is he?"
—Washington Star.

Merit Is Always Modest.

On this one fact you may depend,
  True virtue needs no recommend;
Real worth, in time, is understood,
  And people who are really good
Don't have to cry the news about—
  The world will somehow find it out.

When some one tells me he's a saint,
  I'm almost certain that he ain't.
—H. W. Williams, in Four-Track News.

Contentment Is Wealth.

How little we know by the surface
  What the deep under current may bear;
There's many a light-hearted pauper,
  And many a sad millionaire.

It isn't what shows on the surface
  That counts in the everyday strife,
That man is well off who's contented
  With his draw in the lottery of life.
—Loren J. Keith, in Four-Track News.

BITS OF OPINION.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.—Chicago Journal.

"Riches hab wings," said Uncle Eben, "an' some folks 'pears to hab as much trouble managin' 'em as if dey was a flyin' machine."—Washington Star.

In discussing lawyers, one day, Disraeli wittily remarked: "Everybody knows the stages of a lawyer's career—he tries in turn to get on, to get honors, to get honest."

Since the world began it has been the custom of man to hold woman responsible for all his misfortunes and at the same time to accuse her of absolute irresponsibility.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

TRAFFIC TOPICS.

At a cost of $32,500,000 a large central railway station, with 32 tracks, is to be built at Leipsic.

The railway system of East India is to be improved by the adoption of heavier locomotives and cars after the American type.

A new express train now connects Berlin and Vienna in 12 hours 30 minutes. Heretofore the best time was nearly 15 hours.

A line of steel-hull compartment boats, to measure 265 feet in length, with a carrying capacity of 1,800 tons, has been proposed for the Ohio river business between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Eighty-two Smiths have served in the lower house of the congress of the United States.

Of the 390 members of the house of representatives 257 are lawyers; then there are manufacturers, 13; journalists, 16; bankers, 18; merchants, 5, and the rest in varied occupations.

Congressman Warnock, of Ohio, is one of the largest cattlemen in his state, owning several fine farms in Champaign county, all well stocked with cattle. In these properties he has invested the profits of twenty years' law practice and ten years on the bench. The judge is reckoned one of the shrewdest cattle buyers to be found anywhere.

Representative Cooper, of Wisconsin, recently received a telegram from the president of a dancing class up in the woods of Wisconsin asking whether the president wears a turn-down collar with his evening clothes. "I don't know," Representative Cooper wired back. "Find out," came back a telegram reply, "for if he does we can't support him."

Thomas W. Hardwick, of the Tenth Georgia district, is the pigmy of the house, standing but 5 feet 1 inch in his high-heeled shoes, and weighing 107 pounds. When seated in the house his toes just touch the floor and his head is barely visible above the desk in front. Besides being quite diminutive he is very youthful in appearance, looking considerably younger than his 31 years. Mr. Hardwick has, however, a vast amount of energy and determination and it is probable that he has a long congressional career ahead of him.

A MIXED LOT.

Baby buggies will be supplied to visitors at the world's fair for a small fee.

Sweden will send 24 gymnasts, ten swimmers and six instructors to the world's fair to compete in the Olympic games.

A fad in London at present is the collecting of needlework pictures. Lady Wolseley has a most interesting collection, which includes some dating from the reign of Charles I.

To honor the memory of Emilio Castelar, the celebrated republican orator and former president of the Spanish republic, his friends intend to raise a monument to him in Madrid.

Owing to an increased demand, rather than a diminished supply, the value of pearls on the Persian gulf has risen greatly in recent years, a price of $10,000 for a rosary of faultless pearls not being considered excessive at present.

On the whole, the workingman has profited more in the general advance in wages in the leading industries than he has lost in the general advance in the cost of everything he eats, drinks, or wears. There has been a general impression that in actual practice he has been getting by no means the short end of the prevailing prosperity. This is the opinion of Secretary Cortelyou, after his investigations in the department of labor.

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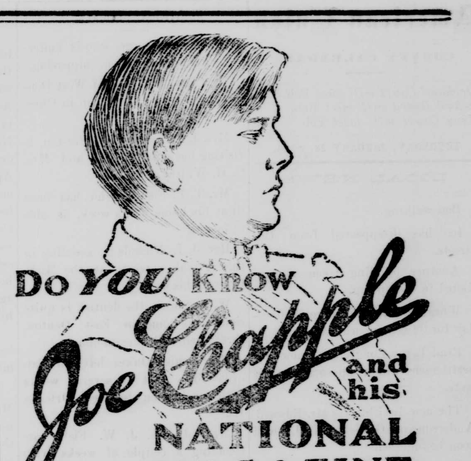
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