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I Wonder.

I wonder if the dead, the dear loved dead,
Unto whose memories we unchanging cling,
Return to us, that we be comforted,
And a sweet healing bring.

Ah! Who can answer? But, when twilight falls,
And a great hush drops on the world and me
A sound of air, a-stir, my soul enthralls,
And—almost—wings I see.

—Annie G. Murray.

The Earth's Surface.

Two sisters, one tipping the scales at two hundred pounds or more, and the other slight to extreme slimness, but very beautiful, were being introduced at a reception.

"What's her name?" whispered one young man to a friend, referred to the slim sister. "I didn't catch it."

"Virginia," answered the friend.

"Virginia!" repeated the young man in apparent surprise. "Then her sister must be the whole United States!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Wrongfully Accused.

The principal of the school was talking with him about his boy.

"By the way, Mr. Wipedunks," he said: "I have made a discovery about Jerry. He's ambidextrous."

"I don't see how that can be." replied Mr. Wipedunks, with rising indignation: "he hain't never been exposed to it. Besides, he was vaccinated last year, we bathe him reg'lar every weey, and his mother always has him wear a little bag of assafiddity tied around his neck. Some of the older boys has been lyin' on him."—Home Magazine.

Italy's Young King.

The young king Victor Emmanuel III. has been a revelation to his people. Long before King Humbert was cruelly assassinated, reports were circulated that the heir to the throne was intellectually a weak man, a know-nothing, and it was common talk that he would never be allowed by the Italians to reign over them. The unexpected happened, as it so often does. King Humbert was murdered on the 29th of July, 1900. His son assumed his rights without the slightest hint of trouble, and he has proved to be as intelligent, conscientious and judicious a sovereign as United Italy has had.—St. Nicholas.

Animals That Weep.

Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst, a mule has been seen to cry from the pain of an injured foot, and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams. A cow sold by its mistress who had tended it from calfhood wept pitifully. A young soko ape used to cry from vexation if Livingstone didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes wept over their young ones slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one, and fell a-crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to tears of grief. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured, began to cry when approached. Sea lions often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cummings observed tears trickling down the face of a dying elephant. And even an orang-outang when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do cry from grief or weep from pain or annoyance.—Harper's Weekly.

The Artful Squirrel.

You may find many a squirrel in the course of your tramp, but no two alike exactly in their method of attempted escape or concealment. The ways and means of the little rascals are legion. One may flatten himself out against a gray patch on the back of a tree trunk, absolutely motionless, and unless in your earnest, steadfast looking you can detect an ear or a shoulder in relief against the sky you might as well abandon search. Another may lie along a bough flattened at full length, but here the telltale ears are more easily silhouetted. Still another may crouch drawn up in a fork, and here the thing to look for is the fluffy tip of that little signal flag which always works and waves and jerks and signals so bravely when danger is not in the air. Or one may gather himself up in a bunch to imitate a knot or a knob, and here he can very well tell when you have spied him out. He will catch your eye, even as you catch the eye of an acquaintance in a crowd, and will instantly limber up for headlong flight, leaping from tree to tree, till he vanishes over the ridge.—Field and Stream.

The Poodle Howled.

Bonnie lived in a boarding house, and if you have never been a dear little white poodle in a boarding house you can hardly understand how very hard it is to love all the boarders just alike. Bonnie was a gentle, loving little fellow, and nearly every one loved him, but there was one woman who did not love Bonnie, and Bonnie, sweet tempered as he was, could not love that woman. It may have been because Miss Benedict was very near-sighted,and could not see how very cunning Bonnie looked curled up in a little while ball on the stairs. In fact she didn't see him at all, and almost stepped on him, and when he barked was so frightened that she almost slipped the rest of the way downstairs. After that time Bonnie always howled whenever Miss Benedict—which was the lady's name—came in sight. More than that he always howled mournfully every time her name was mentioned, and if he heard a caller in the hall inquire for Miss Benedict he would set up a heart-rending howl, which he would keep up until the caller was gone. Bonnie's mistress told Bonnie that something must be done, for she could not have him annoying Miss Benedict so. Finally Bonnie agreed to run into a far corner of a closet in the hall every time he heard Miss Benedict step or heard her name mentioned. It was a funny sight to see Bonnie run for the closet every time a caller came to see Miss Benedict or he heard her step. The closet had a swing door, and the minute the hated name was heard he would shoot for the closet, and there in a corner he would sit and howl softly till Miss Benedict was gone.

Eating His Way.

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It made you ache all over to say your tables. And you couldn't remember.

Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back, she had a glass jar of tiny candies. She was opening it, and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

"Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!"

"Oh!"

It was the most splendid way to learn your table. Freddie went to work with a will, and when the teacher—that is, mamma—said "School's out," he had learned his five table. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed the two tables, and the next day after the three, and the next day after that the four.

One day the next door twins' teacher was making their mother a call, Freddie was making one on the next door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him.

"Oh yes'm," politely.

"Oh, you do? Well, I suppose you think the multiplication table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no'm," eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine."

"Indeed! How far along are you?"

"I've only eaten as far as seven times seven yet," said Freddie. And he went home wondering why the next door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—Annie H. Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Betty's Singing Class.

Mrs. Betty was an important personage in Miss Hunter's out-of-town "Establishment for Young Ladies," and when it became known that she was falling off in her special line, there was much anxiety. Even Miss Hunter, who knew everything, was at at her wits' end. Mrs. Betty was apparently well, and seemed to have nothing on her mind, but she was not doing her duty, and neither argument nor persuasion could force her. She had one virtue, however—she was fond of young people, always looking around and nodding when the girls came in to inquire how she was, and it was during Mildred's visit early one morning that a sudden discovery was made, which wrought a strange and speedy cure. Indeed, Mrs. Betty has Mildred to thank, for otherwise she might have lost a good position—a serious thing to a lady of her limited powers.

On this particular day she heard Mildred singing, and the sweet, child is voice had a remarkable effect on her; she turned her head and gazed at the visitor with a pleased expression in her mild eyes. It was evident that she had an ear for music; the much-enduring maid grew quite excited, for Mrs. Betty seemed more like her old, docile self.

"Go on with your singing, Miss Mildred," she cried; "It's like old times—it is. See!" She pointed to the pail now rapidly filling with the rich milk, which up to this moment, Mrs. Betty had refused to yield in any but the smallest quantities. Much elated, Mildred sang on. Mrs. Betty's dun-colored head moving rhythmically to the music, as she stood patiently under the maid's skilful hand. By this time a crowd of girls and teachers had gathered in the cowshed to wonder at the result.

"It is certainly strange," said Miss Hunter. "I've heard that in Switzerland this peculiarity among cows is well known; all the milkmaids are good singers. We shall have to teach you, Bridget," she added with a smile.

"Shure, an' the young leddies can do me job," answered Bridget, with a grin, and her suggestion was followed enthusiastically, the girls begging to take turns, and thus it was proven beyond a doubt that music had a melting influence and filled the milk pail. So it was decided to give Mrs. Betty the singing class.



Butterfly Designs for Gowns.

It is to the butterfly that certain dressmakers owe their inspirations for frocks. The flutterer of the garden is unsurpassed for variety and delicacy of color. A French constructor of feminine garb was the first who went to the winged creature for suggestions. He did so at the instance of an artist friend, who said that of all the harmonious designs in nature those of the butterfly were the finest. So the dressmaker has been sending orders to a Boston naturalist who gets choice specimens from tropical countries. Only last week 25 butterflies were sent across the sea to serve as suggestions for gowns.—New York Press.

A Cricketing Governess.

Governesses who can play ball are the latest aspirants for eminence in the educational world. Simplified spelling and other "reforms" must stand aside in favor of the new idea. But good American baseball is not the game in question. A Scotswoman recently struck a bargain with a French governess of whom a friend had written the following praise: "You will find her just what you want. She played cricket every afternoon with my boy and the footman." There is food for reflection for the person who figures the Scot as painfully studious. No matter how progressive the systems of home learning may be this is perhaps the first time a giverness has been hired because she was qualified in sports.

"Puss-in-Corner" for Grown-Ups.

Ridding themselves of the gambling fever, even though it is only for an hour a day, sojourners in Hot Springs, Va., cease playing bridge and take to playing children's games. Puss-in-the-corner and blind man's buff are indulged in by grown-ups, writes a woman who is staying there. Says she: "It is a trifle odd to think of dowagers mixing bridge with puss-in-the-corner, but maybe there is method in the seeming freakishness. Some of those women are growing fat and they are glad to lose a few pounds through the exercise of rushing from corner to corner or racing up and down stairs. Who knows but that under the new order or things the yellowness of complexion caused by too close application to the card table may change to a ruddy glow?"—New York Press.

Why Not Smile?

Have you tried smiling? It is the latest remedy for all the ills of the flesh and the spirit, and it is cheap. All that is necessary to do to try the new "smile cure" which, we are informed, the London doctors are recommending, is to lift the corners of the mouth slightly by means of the facial muscles, expanding the lips and showing the teeth. Practice this before the looking-glass night and morning until the smile has worn in, and the beneficial results will be forthcoming, it is seriously asserted. There is no state of affairs so discouraging that it can't be bettered by smiling over it, and there is no joy in life so joyous that it will not spread a little wider over the surface of the globe with the coaxing of a smile. If you have trouble, bear it and grin—smile and smile till the smile grows in!—Albany Argus.

Mrs. Peters in the Shop.

Mrs. Mildred D. Peters is said to be the 'best man" employed in the Rice Lake Iron Works of Wisconsin, where her husband, J. H. Peters, is manager and proprietor. She can fire the boiler and run the engine as easily as she can run the kitchen range and "threading" a piece of steel, although a difficult piece of work, requiring accuracy and speed at the same time, is no more to her than threading a needle. Mrs. Peters went into the shop because she wanted to be with her husband and had no children at home. She began trying her hand at a few easy things, just for fun, and went on to more difficult ones, until now there is nothing in the shop that she cannot do. At the same time she does all her own housework, and has not outgrown a fondness for fancy work. The muscles stand out conspicuously on her arms as a result of her violent exercise in the machine shop, but her husband, who is inordinately proud of her, declares that her heart is still as full of womanly tenderness as on the day when she first became his bride.

To Display Presents.

In Paris most charming conceits are devised to enhance the effect of an exhibition of wedding gifts in the bride's home. Sometimes the furniture is removed from one or two rooms to give space to showcases, where is made a tasteful array of the most delicate parts of the trousseau and numberless bibelots. The heavier articles are suspended from screens or round the walls from hanging ribbons, pictures, or even dados of crinkled paper velours in some subdued shade.

One of the most telling arrangements is the dispersal against the walls of small tables covered with mignonette-green silk, and on which are artistically displayed the bridal treasures, eo each of which is attached with a pink ribbon the card of the giver. The contents of every table are partly veiled by vaporous tulle held up to the wall by some bracket lamp, high statuette and draped at the sides with large choux in pink satin. The coloring depends evidently on the prevailing tones of the house decorations. Such a treatment is light, tasteful and not too expensive.

A scheme which involves larger reception rooms and a greater outlay of time and money consists of a triumphal arch in bamboo at the entrance to every door, often covered with climbers, while through the whole suite of rooms are distributed in profusion palm trees, jardinieres, tall vases and corbeilles full of flowers, giving the impression of a bower of flowers and foliage, in which are nestled the marvels of the bride's outfit and of her friends' generosity and taste.—New Haven Register.

Appropriately Gloved.

There is nothing so conducive to a woman's self-respect as to be neatly and appropriately gloved. "A lady is known by her shoes and by her gloves." It is an aphorism that has stood the test of years.

It is poor economy to buy bargain sale gloves, except on rare occasions when you are sure of their quality. Many women make the mistake of thinking that a tight-fitting glove causes the hand to look small. Nothing is farther from the truth. A tight-fitting glove makes the hand bulge in places, so that it looks ill-porportioned. On the other hand, the glove that is too large gives a slovenly appearance to the hand.

Everything depends on the way the glove is put on the first time. The glove which is put on crooked can never be straightened.

No one but the woman who is by nature tidy, realizes how much longer gloves will last if they are carefully removed, and cleaned and mended. One girl, who prides herself upon keeping all her gloves in perfect order, always removes a slight stain on her gloves immediately with benzine, not putting the glove away soiled, so that the stain will become set and immovable.

Gloves should always be pulled off flat by the finger tips and wrist, and put away in tissue paper.

With ordinary care, any woman can clean her own gloves. She must have on hand some of the best grade of gasolene, a soft tooth brush and a covered ironing board. Pour some of the gasolene into a bowl. If the glove fits you it is better to put it on your hand and dip the tooth brush in gasolene, rub the glove until it is clean, rubbing it with a piece of flannel or a bath towel until it dries.

A white glove should never be worn more than once without cleaning. If it is cleaned properly after each wearing, it can be worn indefinitely, as the spots do not become set.—New Haven Register.

Fashion Notes.

The dainty tapestry embroidery on fine hosiery wears exceptionally well.

It is noticeable that many of the very richest broadcloth costumes are trimmed in self color.

A bit of embroidery will be done in contrasting color on the vest or somewhere about the coat.

There is a lovely new French ribbon in the stores with great shadowy, indistinct roses droped along its length.

Heavy embroidery in self color or in contrast (gold on white being a favorite) appears on the sheerest materials for dressy gowns.

The use of the handsome artificial flowers will not be confined to hats this season, but they will also decorate a great many evening bodices and gowns.

Squirrel lines a handsome broadcloth evening cloak, and sable forms its collar, while the fronts, cape and cuffs are heavily embellished with silk braiding.

One of the accepted modes of skirt trimming is the irregular band of net near the bottom dyed the color of the gown and embellished with cloth applique.

It seems that the short skirts of the tiny Russian blouse suits are never so cunning as when cut so widely circular that they almost ripple from the long-waisted blouse.

Various dangling ornaments in the shape of silk balls, gold tassels, glittering spangles, discs and pearl ornaments, appear on many of the smart toilettes of the hour and the effect is good when the ornaments are tastefully applied.