

AFTER AWHILE.

"Come, Freddie, my son, it is time for prayers!" I called, and heard with a smile...

After awhile, when the days are spent, And our steps grow fainter and slow...

O wonderful faith! that cheereth us all, When the step of the angel is nigh...

JENNY.

It was night. The cabin, poor but warm and cozy, was full of half twilight...

From his boyhood he had been a fisherman. His life, as one may say, had been a daily fight with the great waters...

"I have been unlucky," he continued. "What kind of weather have you had?" "Dreadful."

"Bad. But never mind. I have you in my arms again, and I am satisfied. I have caught nothing at all."

"Yes, the winter is a hard time. But never mind it now." Then, trembling as if she were going to commit a crime...

"I am forgetting the poor widow whom my husband found the other day alone and ill. I must see how she is getting on."

She knocked at the door and listened. No one answered. Jenny shivered in the cold sea wind.

strong and happy mother, she was now only the specter which remains of poor humanity after a long struggle with the world.

Near the bed on which the mother lay two little children—a boy and a girl—slept together in their cradle and were smiling in their dreams...

What had Jenny been about in the dead woman's house? What was she carrying off beneath her cloak? Why was her heart beating? Why did she hasten with such trembling steps to her own cabin without daring to look back?

When she entered the cabin the cliffs were growing white. She sank upon the chair beside the bed. She was very pale; it seemed as if she felt repentance. Her forehead fell upon the pillow...

All at once the door flew open, a streak of the white light of morning entered, and the fisherman, dragging his dripping net, appeared upon the threshold...

"Here comes the navy!" "You!" cried Jenny; and she clasped her husband like a lover, and pressed her mouth against his rough jacket.

"Here I am, wife," he said, showing in the freelight the good natured and contented face which Jenny loved so well.

"I have been thinking of you in trouble. Oh, nothing; just as usual. I have been sewing. I have been listening to the thunder of the sea, and I was frightened."

There is no sweeter music in heaven than the song that goes up from a grateful heart.

Home Made Gifts and Candies.

A Few Ideas for Christmas.

A writer in the Home Queen tells us how to make a "Heathen Chinese." The foundation for his Chinaman is peanuts. Select eight for his body arms and legs...

A drawing-string for the neck completes this becoming garment, and the gentleman from the land of the Rising Sun is ready for his cue.

To make this, cut out a round piece of court plaster—black, of course—run three strands of thick black wool through it, paste it to the back of the head, and braid the wool to form the cue.

A pin ball requires two pieces of silk or satin of two pretty shades, each three and one-half inches square, seven-eighths yard ribbon one inch in width, a very light embroidery silk, two rings and black and white pins.

Take two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, and one tablespoonful of glycerine. Put these ingredients into a kettle and boil hard twenty or thirty minutes...

Shell the peanuts, remove the skin, and break into small pieces, or not, as preferred. Take two cups of confectioners' sugar and one cup of the peanuts. Put the sugar in a saucepan, and as soon as dissolved throw into it the nuts, stirring rapidly...

Take two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of grated chocolate, one-half cup of water and a small piece of butter. Add spice to taste. Boil these ingredients, and when nearly done test by dropping a little into cold water. Pour into buttered pans when done and mark in squares.

Grate the rind of one orange and squeeze the juice, taking care to reject the seeds. Add to this a pinch of tartaric acid; stir in confectioners' sugar until it is stiff enough to form into small balls the size of a small marble. These are delicious.

A Well-Deserved Rebuke.

The man who disregards the rights of others will certainly come to grief. We have met the young man of whom the one mentioned below is a type. We would not wish him ill, but we feel confident that if he lives long enough he will see himself as others see him.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gentleman," and then proceeded to pick up and pile apart everyone of the half dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him.

"That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the governor of the state armed with recommendations and endorsements, an applicant for a position under the state government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his traveling companion of the morning without any trouble.

"What a lovely bag!" exclaimed the bride, "I am going to wear it. That will please Dr. Jameson, and slipping the white satin strings over her arms she thought no more of it until after the ceremony."

"That is a beautiful bag, and so odd," "I never saw a bag like it. The material is beautiful," commented some of her friends.

"I suppose the style is new," replied Mrs. Gregg. "Dr. Jameson brought it to me from Paris. I am delighted with it."

"Did you put anything in it?" asked Dr. Jameson, who had been listening to the conversation with a smile that was suspiciously near a laugh.

"The literature and dress during the last ten years, would form an imposing also would the collection. Equaling and imposing also would be the collection of all the empty bottles used in the last ten years for Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup."

The Greatest Man in China.

From the St. James Gazette. It there is at this moment in China any man who more than another has power to control the agitation now making head against European settlements in that country, that man is Li-Hung-Chang, the viceroy of the empire and "President-Secretary" of state.

"The size of a tower" says a Chinese proverb, "is measured by his shadow, and great men by the number of their enemies." Dreaded and obeyed, "Li-Hung-Chang is the powerful arbiter of whose word is law to 450,000,000 of human beings."

On the ancient historical heights from which he contemplates our modern civilization, this most humble scribe of Hawaii sees in it nothing but the evanescent creations of a day, subject to the eventuality of all social and political conditions.

Li-Hung-Chang is descended from a race of conquerors; his high muscular stature shows it. In his expressive features, in the furrowed depth of his intelligent look, the studied reserve of his words, in his unimpulsive courtesy to strangers, race is evident and the politician is revealed.

Li-Hung-Chang followed in the footsteps of Tseign-kuo-Fau, whom he was destined to succeed as viceroy of Nanking, and who died without leaving a single enemy behind him; having, according to some of his satirical countrymen, suppressed them all while he was alive.

Nine dolls out of ten are little German girls. In whole districts in Germany the country people spend the winter in making dolls, tilling their fields in summer. The cheap wax doll, commercially known as "composition wax," such as may be bought at retail in this country for twenty-five cents, is furnished perhaps the best idea of how dolls are made.

When she is sufficiently dry, she passes into the hands of a girl operator, who quickly paints the pink tinge upon her cheeks. Another girl adds the blue eyes, still another the eyebrows and eyelashes, and so she goes through the tint, the eye process taking about six hours, for there are delays while the paints are drying. In six hours six girls are expected to delay 10 gross, or nearly 1,500 dolls complete.

Some time ago the London Tit Bits offered a two guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received. The prize was awarded to Benjamin J. Greenwood, of Fulse Hill, London, whose definition is here given: "An insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love."

The World of Women.

Silk braid fringe for wraps and dresses. White satin ribbon on full-dress bonnet. Beaver edgings to trim lawn cloth gowns.

Princess brocade gowns for dressy home wear. Single bamboo fire-screens filled with China silk. Short white face veils of figured or applique lace.

Queen Victoria pays her private secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, \$10,000 a year and gives him a house, rent free. Sir Henry is a smartly dressed, well preserved man of 66.

For ordinary wear, the skirt and long jacket, with a soft blouse worn beneath, is very popular as a walking and house gown combined; and short bodices are certainly gaining ground for home wear but principally made with real or simulated corsets.

Veils are almost universally worn both with hats and bonnets, the most elegant, and consequently the most expensive, being made of real lace; while excellent imitations and charming sprigged and embroidered nets are also to be found, black, white and cream being the only permissible colors.

Whenever there is a very high polish on woollen goods it is well to distrust them. They have probably been finished by pressing them over hot rollers or calenders and a drop of water will remove the finish and leave a spot. In order to make such goods of value they must be sponged. Lay the cloth, yard after yard, on a board and go over it with a sponge dipped in cold water till it is thoroughly and evenly wet throughout; it need not be drenched. Lay it in a sheet. Two sheets may be necessary if it is a very long piece of cloth. Fold it in the fold of the goods as it came from the shop, but lay a smooth piece of the sheet between the folds. Begin to roll it at the end and roll it up evenly and firmly in the sheet until the cloth is all rolled up. Let it remain over night. In the morning press it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron until it is perfectly smooth and nearly dry. Then hang it on a clothes-horse until it is thoroughly dry.

One of the most charming women to be seen in Washington is Mrs. General Sheridan. So youthful is she in appearance that it makes one wonder to see her daughter, a rosy, well-grown young miss of 18 stand beside her, almost as tall as her mother.

Both Mrs. Conkling and Mrs. Sheridan are exceptionally elegant gentlemen; and in her own house, in her plain mourning dress, with delicate white bands at neck and wrists, Mrs. Sheridan makes a picture not to be forgotten. This house is on Rhode Island avenue in Washington. It stands on a sunny corner on terraced ground; it is a square structure three stories high and of moderate comfortable form. Indeed, it is an exquisite home, filled with objects that recall General Sheridan. From the entrance, rooms open to the north, south and east. These are arranged with dainty touch, and among the many souvenirs they hold are swords, arms which the dead General wielded in his battles won, and pictures of him in bronze, oil, or crayon. A great medallion in bronze and a life-sized portrait in oil, both representing him in full military uniform, attract the immediate notice of those entering Mrs. Sheridan's home.

The Cheap Wax Dolls.

Progress of Manufacture in Germany From the Plaster Models Up.

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What Is a Kiss.

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Against Mixed Drinks.

A Barkeeper Says the Poorest Liquors Are Used in Fancy Decantations.

Have a Manhattan cocktail? "I think I will," answered his companion. "I wouldn't if I were you, remarked the barkeeper.

"Why not?" both asked together. "Well," replied the man behind the counter, "if you never take a mixed drink you will never be cheated. I have been too long in the business not to have learned some of the tricks in the trade. It is such an easy thing, after knowing how to palm off cheap liquors under the guise of strong and spicy flavors. You can't fool a man who takes his whiskey straight, but very few know what they are drinking in a cocktail. It is usually cheap stuff. The fact is most bars are run with poor and good liquors. The worst is always used in the mixed drinks. It is quite reasonable, and is such an easy thing to pull up. Did you ever stop to think how much whiskey is put into a cocktail? That fact alone ought to tell an observant man that he is not getting the best."

"I think I will take a little straight liquor," said one of the men. "So will I," remarked the other. The honest barkeeper had converted them.

No End to Democratic Leaders.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer. The Democratic party does not often suffer from lack of leaders, and in the present Congress it will not, but rather may suffer from their superabundance. Besides the candidates for Speaker there are many Democratic Congressmen who are well fitted for leadership and who might well be candidates for Speaker if qualification for the post alone sufficed to bring them out for it. Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, would make an ideal Speaker. The Breckinridges Holman, who is one of the oldest members. Able men in the House are abundant, and it should make a great record in this Congress.

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