

SOLILOQUIES IN THE CHORUS.

THE SOPRANO. It's strange how blind that preacher has grown. He actually thinks he's the drawing card. That the people flock here to hear him spout—I've a mind to resign and let him down hard.

THE ALTO. The soprano, no doubt, thinks she sings like a bird. And she does, to my mind; but it can't bring her luck. I could give her a hunch when she joins on my score. For she knocks it all silly, and quacks like a duck.

THE TENOR. Good heavens and earth, it's lucky I'm here. For the sake of those girls who are learning to sing. The fear that I'd leave it they sent them adrift. May possibly hold from now until spring.

THE BASS. Oh, well, these tyros make me sad. It seems at times that I must weep. They're children, and I ought to rock them in my "Cradle of the Deep."

TI-RHADA.

Ti-Rhada was only a little Nepalese tea gatherer, small and strong and brown, with two great braids of jet black hair coiled about her head. Despite her dark skin she was very pretty, as Nepalese girls go; not the least of her marks of beauty were her large, brilliant eyes. But she did not know that she possessed charms uncommon to her race, for her mother and sisters were always too weary of tea gathering to think of beauty, and Nepalese men are not given to complimenting women.

In the tea fields of Darjeeling, in the very heart of the Himalayas, she was telling among the fragrant plants where for centuries her ancestors had toiled before her. She had been there throughout every day of the tea season, every one of the fifteen years of her eventful life, and the thought had never entered her head that she would ever be anywhere else, nor that there was an "anywhere else," for that matter.

But this day in particular a party of tourists was wandering about Darjeeling, and they at length came into the plantation, where one of them, a young Englishman named Mainwaring, spied her out.

"Good looking young nigger, that," he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of Ti-Rhada.

"Perhaps," remarked his companion, "but beauty in woman is always a relative quantity. They are or are not good looking, according to your taste and condition of susceptibility. The divine Blanche, now, might not agree with you."

"The divine Blanche, fortunately, is 3,000 miles away, so I don't see what she has to do with it."

"Try not to be impatient, Mainwaring, but the eyes of five and forty do not see all things as do the orbs of five and twenty. I am an older man than you are, and—"

"And what?"

"Nothing, perhaps, and perhaps a great deal. But the others are hurrying on toward supper and we must not detain them. Come on."

The sightseers passed out of the plantation without being seen by Ti-Rhada. Mainwaring came back to the tea fields for another look at the "young nigger" the following morning; and he came alone.

Ti-Rhada was a bit startled at finding him suddenly close beside her, with that in his gaze which she had never seen in man's eyes before.

"Not wishing to alarm her, Mainwaring turned away."

His friend, Colonel Fritch, was on the hotel porch when he came in.

"Been hunting up more niggers?" he inquired.

Mainwaring bowed stiffly and entered the hotel without answering. He was not only annoyed but indignant. Fritch was an ass. He was dignifying the merest nothing in the world. Whom could it harm if he had gone back for a second glance at the little Nepalese? What was she or any other Hindoo woman to him? They were interesting to look at, and he should continue looking at them all he pleased, and if Fritch had anything more to say about it he would cut the Fritch party, stay at Darjeeling as long as he wished and go away when he got ready.

The next morning he made a third trip to the fields.

This time, after persistent exertions, he managed to engage Ti-Rhada in conversation. That is, he prevailed upon her to listen to his questions and remarks and to make occasional little monosyllabic answers thereto. This was not very edifying, and had the girl been less pretty Mainwaring would have voted it all a bore, but it was very pleasant to see her red lips shape themselves into varying word frames, and there was a suggestion of music about the words themselves.

sure of it. He was pleased mightily. Surely he must have some strength of character when both heathen and civilized women were attracted by him!

In a little time a change came over Ti-Rhada. She not only listened and assented when Mainwaring talked, but talked herself, and for an uneducated little heathen she talked well.

Mainwaring was more than ever fascinated; but somehow he felt constrained to delay demonstrations of affection. Down in the dark depths of Ti-Rhada's eyes there was that which showed that love to her, would be no light thing.

Three weeks from the day he first saw her, by which time it was her wont to greet him with a beaming face, she met him almost sullenly one morning.

After a dint of much coaxing he wormed out of her that her dearest friend, a girl of about her own age, had lost her lover. Still worse, in absconding he had taken her future with him, for she was now an object of contempt and derision to her entire tribe.

"What will she do now?" asked Mainwaring, endeavoring to muffle the stab the disclosure was to his own purposes.

"Kill herself," said Ti-Rhada stolidly. "What else is left for her to do?"

"Why, in my country she would kill her lover."

"Yes? It is unlike India then. I should like to live in your country."

"I am glad you don't live there," responded Mainwaring quickly. "I—I should be afraid of you."

Silence seemed a morsel so much sweeter than speech to the girl's palate that morning that Mainwaring soon became uncomfortable and went away. After much ruminating he decided to leave the hotel the next day, return to Calcutta and thence home to England. But the following morning when he went for a farewell glimpse of her Ti-Rhada smiled her sweetest, and was so much more gracious than ever that he lost his head entirely.

The weeks which followed were full of blind, unreasoning joy. Not a thought did they give either to the past or to the future. The present was all sufficient.

When fall came, and the tea fields no longer trooped with brown skinned folk, and there was a sharp chill in the air, Mainwaring got a letter from his parents. The intelligence which it conveyed filled him with dismay.

He was commanded to start for home at once, so he would be there by Christmas time, and he was notified that he would be expected to marry his fiancée immediately upon his arrival. He was threatened with disinheritance if he ventured to deviate from this course in the slightest degree.

No mention was made in the letter of either Ti-Rhada or Fritch, but that the latter had told the Mainwarings everything in his ken about the little Nepalese it was plainly to be seen.

Mainwaring was furious. The washed-out blonde splendors of Blanche no longer attracted him. Ti-Rhada was the only woman in the world for whom he cared. But—he must have money. Ti-Rhada and poverty was a combination which failed to conjure him with lasting spells. If he could have money in the degree of abundance essential to his tastes only by leading Blanche to the altar, why, to the altar Blanche should be led.

But he would not give up Ti-Rhada. As tactfully as he could he told the girl his position, dilating emphatically upon the hopeless helplessness poverty would plunge them both into. There was but one thing to do, he assured her; he must go home, marry Blanche, tolerate her for a few weeks, till he could get his money affairs in good condition, and then fly back to Darjeeling and his heart's darling once more.

Would Ti-Rhada trust him so much? Long and steadily she looked into his eyes, till he seemed to have searched out his every secret hope and fear.

"Yes, I will trust you," she finally said. "You may go and—and do as you say. You love me. You will come back to me."

With every oath of constancy, a frenzied lover can think of he swore to keep faith with her.

Cold and passionless with the pain of it, all as the bronze she looked like, was Ti Rhada the day he left her; and when the train had born him away she sank into a little pulseless heap and neither moved nor spoke for hours.

March was to have found him back in the Himalayas again, but he did not come. Nor did April bring him, nor May.

Once among people of his own kind, little by little he began wondering if he had not made a mistake in falling in love with the coarse little Nepalese tea gatherer. In the course of two months he was sure of it.

She moved silently down the lawn beckoning him to follow.

Terrified beyond power of resistance, he obeyed.

In the midst of a little clump of trees she stopped and faced him, fixing her great dark eyes upon his with long and searching scrutiny, the same as she had done the day he left her.

After a time a shaking sob, like a mortal convulsion, was wrung from her bosom, and the rich bronze darkness forsook her skin and left it gray and ashen.

"I see—I understand!" she said quietly. "You are all hers. Nothing within you is mine any more, nor his neither."

"His?"

"I speak of the little dead babe, lying alone under the tea plants in the Darjeeling fields."

Mainwaring groaned, but could not move. Nor could he even raise a defensive arm, though he saw what her clenched hand held when it flashed upward into the air before it fell with soiling force upon his bosom.

He felt the sudden sharp pain, saw the crimson answer his life blood made to her knife, lurched, caught himself and fell backward upon the turf; but not an articulate sound did he utter, not even when he watched her turn from him and glide swiftly, noiselessly toward the sleeping Blanche.—*Low Vanderpoole in New York Recorder.*

The Atheist and the Flower.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was emperor of France, he put a man by the name of Charney into prison. He thought Charney was an enemy of his governments, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty. Charney was a learned and profound man, and as he walked to and fro in the small yard into which his prison opened, he looked up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, and to the moon and stars which he ordained and exclaimed: "All things come by chance."

One day, while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground near the wall. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion of his thoughts. No other green things was within his inclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it there?" was his natural inquiry. As it grew, other queries were suggested. "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its prop roots so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stock, neither too near another, nor too much on one side."

In his loneliness the plant became the prisoner's teacher and his valued friend. When the flower began to unfold he was filled with delight. It was white, purple and rose-colored, with a fine silvery fringe. Charney made a frame to support it, and did what his circumstances allowed to shelter it from pelting rains and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had been written by him on the wall, just above where the flower grew. Its interproof, as it whispered: "There is One who made me, so wonderfully beautifully beautiful, and he it is who keeps me alive," shamed the proud man's unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that, "He who made all things is God."

But God had a further blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The girl was much pleased with Charney's love for his flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailer. The story of the prisoner and his flower passed from one to another, until it reached the ears of the amiable Empress, Josephine. The Empress said: "The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man," so she persuaded the Emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flowers home and carefully tended it. It taught him of a God and released him from prison.

The Treasury All Right.

WASHINGTON, February 17.—Secretary Foster said this afternoon that there was nothing in the financial condition of the treasury to cause the least uneasiness and that it was silly to suppose that the contemplated use of the \$100,000,000 gold reserved by him to meet the current obligations of the government meant harm. He said also that the present net cash balance of \$27,500,000 consisted almost entirely of subsidiary coin and money on deposit with the National banks. It does not include the National bank redemption fund of \$5,500,000 and disbursing officers' balances amounting to \$25,000,000, both of which funds are subject to the action of the department and should not be regarded as "demand liabilities."

A man wanted to find out what calling his little son was most fit for, and locked him up in a room with a Bible, an apple and a dollar note. If he came back and found him reading the Bible he would make a parson of him; if he had been eating the apple he should be a farmer, and if he were playing with the note he would train him for a banker. On entering the room he found the boy sitting on the Bible, eating the apple and with the dollar note in his pocket. He then and there decided his son should be a lawyer.

A Yale College student, being hard up, wrote to his father in New York: "Send me a hundred dollars by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double."

The old gentleman replied by the next mail, inclosing \$50, with the remark that as he had responded promptly, the \$50 inclosed were equivalent to the desired \$100.

Cartridge paper of some low tone is by all odds the most artistic finish for the walls of a small room. If a bright color is selected only etchings or engravings will look well; paintings require a neutral ground for relief. Grays, browns and pearls are always safe for floor and wall furnishing.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

LARA HARVEY. Oh life, so prodigal of life! Oh love and destiny at strife! Oh earth, so full of busy feet! Oh woe and hills and mountains sweet! Was there no room amidst you all for two more feet, so soft and small? Didst envy me, where thousands sing, The one bird that made all my Spring, My dove, that had so many ways of making beautiful life's day? No room! Or rather it may be Earth was too small to imprison thee. God only knows. I know I miss Thy sweet carols, thy loving kiss, The patter of thy dear small feet, Thy hand in mine through life's a street; While all that now remains to me Is just a precious memory, Two little feet beneath earth's brown sod, Two white wings somewhere safe with God.

Not a Tenderfoot.

A young Englishman has been stopping at the Richeieu for three or four days. He dawdled about the corridors with his hands stuffed into his pockets and drew an occasional answer to a question in a way familiar to readers of the comic weekly. He looked the typical stage English noodle at first glance, but his neck and face were a trifle too brown to warrant the same conclusion after a second glance. The smart drummer didn't look twice, however. The smart drummer never does except when a pretty girl is across the dinner table from him. He winked at his friends who were sitting in their big-leather chairs at the window and walked over to where the young Englishman stood.

The young Englishman was apparently watching the procession of smart turnouts on the boulevard. His eyes at least were turned in that direction, although there was really no expression on his face to indicate that he saw across the street.

"Just over?" the drummer asked.

"Yaas," yawned the Englishman. "Beautiful street, isn't it?"

"Yaawn'n, sah."

"Going out west?"

"Yaas."

"Rough country out there," said the drummer, winking again. "Hope you're well armed. May have a scrap on your hands before you get to the city limits. The Indians are swarming all over the west side, ghost dancing and all that sort of thing."

"Really?" with some astonishment.

"Oh, yes," continued the drummer, warming up his subject. "I attacked a car out here on West Madison street, killed the conductor with his own bell punch and scalped the defenseless passengers. Oh, she's a hot town. General Miles has gone out with a detachment of cavalry to check the redskins. People are fleeing their homes. Attacks are made on every train and the engineers are wearing boiler iron clothes as a protection against the bullets."

The Englishman drew a package of cigarettes from his pocket and selected one, which he lit. Then he turned rather abruptly on the drummer and laid one large brown paw on the young man's shoulder. "Son," he said, "I give you a bad pain. If you have any more fairy stories to tell about this neck of country pick out a tenderfoot. I've been punchin cattle on the prairies for ten years and I pass you up."

The Englishman resumed his vacant stare and the drummer went away without paying his bill.—*Chicago Herald.*

Conundrums.

How many peas in a pint? One. What trade is like the sun? A tanner's. What is an extra dry subject? A mummy. What is a counter irritant? A woman shopping. Why are hogs like trees? They root for a living. What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction. What is a lawyer's favorite dish? Suet pudding.

Who was the straightest man in Bible times? Joseph; Pharaoh made a ruler of him. Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over dew. Why are kisses like the creation? They are made of nothing, and God knows they are good. Why was Goliath surprised when he was struck by a stone? Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

Bridal Fancies.

Married in white, you have chosen all right; Married in gray, you will go far away; Married in black, you will wish yourself back; Married in red, you will wish yourself dead; Married in green, ashamed to be seen; Married in blue, he will always be true; Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl; Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow; Married in brown, you will live out of town; Married in pink your spirits will sink.

An Italian Defines Flirting.

An Italian author, Ernesto Zenuti, in an article entitled "Americanesimo Fiorentino," in which he shows a remarkable appreciation of the charms of the American girl, defines flirtation as "a fascinating and delightful form of intimate friendship between beings of a different sex, in which there is much of tenderness, much affection, much coquetry, but in which there is not—must not be—a spark of real, true love. The Italians," he adds, "whether from the influence of climate, temperament or education, cannot flirt."

PROOF POSITIVE—"Papa," said a talkative little girl. "Am I made of dust?"

"No, my child. If you were you would dry up once in awhile."

Nervous Children.

A little Iowa girl complained bitterly of "peculiar sensations in her hands and arms." "Never mind," her mother said, "I dare say you are just nervous."

"Dear me, mamma! I maybe I'm going to die of nervous prostrations!"

No wonder children are afraid of "nervous prostrations," when half their mothers and sisters are "laid up" with "nervous prostration!" The little wiggling, squirming, restless boys who "bat their eyes," "twitch their eyebrows," and sit up in their little cots at night to fight their brothers in their sleep; and the little girls whose fingers and feet are never still, and whose books will follow them through dreamland, will be nervous still, unless they get more sleep and less excitement, simpler meals, and greater care as to study." So says an eminent New York doctor.

Nervous susceptible children need the closest attention. Their diet must be carefully selected; frequent change of air and scene given them; gymnastic exercises to promote a free circulation and soothe the nervous system. Avoid brain pressure and fault finding. Nervous children are sensitive, in an acute degree; blame so hurts the heart, often injuring them beyond repair. A Paris specialist, on nervous diseases, writes: "Unless great care is given to delicate, susceptible, nervous little ones during early growth, maturity develops hysteria, St. Vitus dance and insanity."

Mental impressions are so extreme: dependency or exhaustion! Their quickness of intellect dominate over the body. Genius often belongs to this class, and out of such are made men and women who grow far above the level of common walks.

Dr. Mitchell says: "Let discipline be merged into recreation. Give abundant fresh air, exercise and good food. The kitchen and the class room are closely connected. Encourage special pursuits as there seem an aptitude, and don't let the brain go underfed!"

A good brain must have a good body, and unless parent and teachers see to it, and judiciously balance them, there will come a crash sooner or later. Mr. Dr. Witt Talmage says: "Our young people have read till they are crazed, of learned blacksmiths, who at the forge conquered forty languages; of milliners who, while customers tried on spring hats, wrote a volume of first rate poems."

Now, no blacksmith ought to be afflicted with more than five languages, and the supply of poetry is greater than the demand; milliners better stick to their business. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of silly boys have tried only to fail. We are continually told how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon; but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for needed rest, wastes all his time!"

Our children may not astonish the world at six like "Goethe," or "Victor Hugo," but they are "worth raising," and let the dis of "nervous prostrations."—*Margaret Spencer.*

What Money Is.

A daily paper recently offered a prize for the best definition of "money." The prize was awarded to Henry E. Baggio, of Sheffield. His definition was: "An article which may be used as a universal support to every who except heaven and as a universal provider of everything except happiness." Among the other definitions were the following:

Devil's dust. The traveler's best pocket companion. One of the umpires in the game of life, played by happiness versus misery. The best friend of the masses, the mainstay of the classes, the grand aim of the masses and the ruin of the asses; money is an idol, worshipped in every clime without a single temple.

The sugar that sweetens life. The best microscope for finding relationship with the father's independence, the mother's satisfaction, the son's snare and the daughter's blessing.

The God of the miser, the plaything of the rich, the joy of the middle classes and the envy of the poor. The hall's eye of ambition. The balance that adjusts the scale in well high every transaction of human life.

That which is man's mission to get and woman's mission to spend. Hard to get, easy to spend, awkward to borrow and unpleasant to lend. The rich man's faith, the poor man's hope and the good man's charity.

Money is that which has eagle's wings and yet cannot mount as high as man's desire. The shot required in life to hit the target of success.

Ammunition for the battle of life. A convenient handle for grip of avarice; a lever for the efforts of benevolence and an impulse to the practice of thrift.

A tangible expression of fickle fortune's smile. A sign language that holds good throughout the world. A sweat condenser and the suction in the pump of the rich to rob labor.

That Funny Story May Kill Her.

CAPE MAY, Feb.—Flora Springer, who was brought home to Goschen suffering from an attack of hiccoughing, is no better to-day. She was employed in the millinery store of Partridge & Richardson, in Philadelphia. One of her friends went to the store three weeks ago and told her funny stories. She laughed violently and then began to hiccough continually for a week. She finally was compelled to give up her position. The family fear the girl will die.

Christine Nilsson's return to her native country of Sweden as wife of the Spanish ambassador, the Count de la Casa Miranda, rounds out her romance of real life. She was a farmer's child on the hills when her gift of song was discovered, and after a most fortunate life as queen of song on two continents she returns in the rank of a grandee of Spain.

The World of Women.

Beads here, beads there, beads everywhere. Rushing of silk at the neck and wrists. Long-box-plaited cloaks, belted in at the waist. Pale green for trimming white evening toilets. Black cloth ulsters having a rubber finished lining. House dresses will have the high collars and deep cuffs. The girl of the period cultivates bright and quick responses. Girdle bolts of seal leather and kid encased with steel. Long hairpins, fancy brooches and bangles of cut silver. Some of the handsomest spring gowns will have blouse bodies. Twilled china silk, showing stripes that have a slight bourette effect. Black hose for slipper wear that have the instep in new designs of lace work. Blue serge for general wear dresses intended for shopping, walking, traveling, etc. A late veil is of black Chantilly embroidered with sprays and finished with a heavy scalloped edge. An extravagant supply of napery is required in the dining room where the meal is served on polished oak minus table cloth. An uptown girl has made a bed, spread out of pieces of her discarded blazers. Each patch recalls the story of a summer flirtation. The fashion of young women wearing their largest pink, yellow or blue sashes around their necks on the street seems to be constantly spreading. Miss Ellen Terry has an eye to business. She saw a lot of her portraits in an Edinburgh bazaar marked down to eighteen pence each. Taking her pen, she wrote her name on each of them and they at once became in active demand at a guinea apiece. Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who has earned almost as much fame as a traveler and Egyptologist as by her work as an author, is likely to be placed by Queen Victoria upon the list of those who receive literary fund pension as an acknowledgment of their services to the cause of literature. Rosebud luncheons develop some marvelously pretty floral ideas. A recent entertainment given by one of fortune's favorites a novelty in wall decorations exhibited a trellis of natural branches in and out of which were twined the sweetest and freshest of flowers. An oddity in ribbon-trimming appears upon the sweet dimity gown or the toilette of fine chambrey. Just above the hem of the skirt button holes are worked and an inch wide ribbon is carried through them. These button holes may be placed upon any part of the dress with excellent effect. Crimson and the old magenta red will be the fashionable shades next season. This is good news for those who are tints that almost every woman can wear and look well. Red lips, the deep, blood red of Italian beauty, have been admired since nature began painting them, and that is the color the fashion artists have tried to reproduce in the new fabrics for Spring and Summer. Full corsages are prettily varied by a trimming of velvet ribbon carried from the shoulder seams on either side round the front edge of the armhole. It is then brought in oblique direction towards the centre of the waist, and the strands meeting there form a point, and a second length of velvet carried round the edge of the bodice to the point in front, and confining the few pleats their laid makes a dressy yet simple decoration for a slender figure. A neat little home dress which carried out this idea was of softest rose colored India chamere, the sleeves of dark wine velvet, as were also the three narrow frills that trimmed the sheath skirt and the moderately high Medici collar. Sashes have come into great favor within the last few weeks. It may be only a folded ribbon round the waist, terminating at the side in a rosette, or even a plain band of satin fastening invisibly under the arms. Bodices are frequently made in the round old-fashioned style and therefore require a "finish" of some kind. The "Director's" style (and this is such a very elastic term that it means almost any bodice with big revers) is being pushed by French dressmakers for the Spring season. The prettiest form of the many varieties of this Director's costume. Is that which has a bodice with immense revers crossed under a softly folded silk sash tied a little to one side of the front in large bows and ends. Only a very slender figure can stand such a style as this, for it has too many excrescences at shoulder and waist to suit any redundancy of figure. An extremely effective tailor-gown was worn by a very well "set up" woman the other day. It was certainly not mourning, but as madame was on her way to Liverpool, thence to embark for America, perhaps she may be forgiven for not assuming the regulation black or gray. At any rate this frock was of very thick rough tweed interwoven with threads of every shade of tan on a brownish gray surface, with a broad though irregular stripe of powder blue showing well against the rather mixed background. The skirt was of course plain and pointed. A long coat bodice half fitted and with a rolled-over collar shaped like a man's frock coat collar, faced with dull gray corded silk. A waistcoat of plain smooth tan-color was evidently fastened underneath the arms, as no buttons were visible, and the fit was exquisite. The sleeves were very full to the elbow, and then buttoned tight and plain to the wrist. The hat worn with this gown was of powder blue felt; in shape, a round crown, with curled-up, though rather broad, brim. This was trimmed with rolls of tan-colored velvet and a bunch of stiff blue feathers on the left side. A rather clozemosed, though clear blue veil, and tan-colored gloves and shoes completed an exceptionally "business" looking costume, and one well calculated to stand even the buffeting of an Atlantic passage in midwinter.