NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes To keep the home together, Nobody knows of the steps it takes, Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes, Which kisses only smother; Nobody's pained by naughty blows, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepiess care Bestowed on baby brother; Nobody knows of the tender prayer, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of loving one another; lobody knows of the patience sought, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears, Lesi darlings may not weather The storm of life in after years, Nobody knows—but mother-

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love!
Nobody can—but mother,
—Fireside.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Where are you going, Letitia?" demands Miss Bainbridge severely, gazing at the trembling Letitia over a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

Just out for a little walk, auntie. The day is so delicious," says Letitia, with her most engaging smile. She is thinking what an awful thing it would be if auntie forbids her to go out to-day of all days, and Jack waiting for her at the top of the meadow.

"Now once for all, Letitia, let this be understood between us," says Miss Bainbridge; "there is to be no intercourse between this house and that of the Court. You may think I am too old to hear things, but there you are wrong. I have heard a good deal lately about young Harding, who has returned to the Court after his father's death; heard, too, with deep regret, Letitia, that you so far forgot yourself as to dance with him a fortnight ago at

the Mainwarings' little-" "Hop," suggests Letitia, who is too frightened by her aunt's allusion to the young master of the Court to remember her society manners.

"Hop! How dare you use such a word?" cries Miss Bainbridge. "Good into the old meadow, now beaten down heavens! The manners of this present save where the tall, coarse tufts of day! Now, Letitia, hear me. It seems you did dance with this objectionable young man at the Mainwarings'ball. Perhaps you could not help that. But knowing as you do of the feud that has lasted for fifty years between their house and ours, I trust you | childish fancies. Sitting down on the have too much respect for me-for side of a tiny hillock at a distance, she your name-to recognize a Harding

"But what has he-er-" mervously "what have they all done?" asks Letitia, her eyes on the marble pavement of the hall, her heart at the top of the

Good gracious! if auntie only knew that she had been meeting Jack day for the past fortnight-ever since that long dance, indeed, when-when -well, he wouldn't dance with anyone but her. And it is all such nonsense, too. A rubbishy old story about a right of way that happened fifty years ago-and Jack the dearest, dearest fel-

"I refuse to go into it," says Miss Banbridge with dignity. "It suffices to say that this young man's grandtather once behaved in the grossest fashion to your grandfather-my," with a sigh, "sain. ted father. It you are going out, I trust that if you meet the present owner of The Court you will not so much as acknowledge his presence." "I sha'n't bow to him, auntie," says

Letitia in a very small voice. Detestation of herself and her duplicity is still raging in her heart when she meets Jack Harding in the old trysting-place. She had certainly promised her aunt not to bow to him. Well, she doesn't; she only flings herself into his arms-glad young arms,

that close fondly round her! "Oh, Jack, she's getting worse than ever. She was simply raging about you as I came out. I really thought she was going to torbid me to come at all. She says you're an objectionable young man!"

"Oh? I say," says Harding. "What have I done to be called names like that ?"

"Nothing, nothing!" cried Letitia, flinging her arms about in despairing protest, except that your grandfather once punched my grandfather's nose.'

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Harding, and they both laugh. "Would it do any good, do you think, if I were to go down now and apologize for my exceedingly rude old forbear?" "I shouldn't advise you try it," says

Letitia.

"But what are we to do, then?" says Jack, his arm round her. They are sitting on the grass, safely

hidden behind a clump of young trees. The sun is shining madly on their heads, the birds are singing on every branch. It is May-delightful May, the lover's month-and the hottest May that has been known for years. "I don't know," says Letitia, with deep despondence.

"It's such beastly folly," says Harding presently, in an impatient tone. "If I were a fool or a poor man or a reprobate: but I'm not-am I, now?"

"Oh, no!" says Letitia. She creeps closer to him and encircles his waist with her arm; or, at all events, tries bravely to do so. It doesn't go half way round, but that doesn't matter. She grasps a bit of his coat and holds on to him so, "Don't you know what you are, Jack?" The dearest old boy

"And you-do you know what you are?" says Harding, pressing her fingers to his lips.

"No," says she. "Well, I can't tell you," says he, because there is nothing on earth fit to compare you with. You are you, and

I love you," says Letitia naively; "but," whole life tormenting Letitia, but Leti | months?"

marry me." "We could marry without her permission," says he slowly.
"No, we couldn't," says Letitia with

"I wouldn't marry you without her now she lays many offerings at good deal I love her. I wouldn't desert. Jack.

"You could come back again," says

"Of course, I know that. But then she would always feel disappointed in me and hurt and-No, no, I shall never do that. She trusts me so." "Then I don't know what's going to

be the end of it," says he. "We must only wait," says Letitia, despondingly. "And now, Jack you had better go. She is sure to come up here presently to see how the men are getting on with that fence. You know what an excellent woman of business she is. If she caught you here-"

"There would be wigs on the green," says Jack, laughing. "Well, good-bye for awhile. I suppose if I come back again this evening I shall find you here? "Yes-oh, yes! Jack, do take care;

the men will see you!" "Not they," says Jack, kissing her again. "And you-what are you going to do while I'm away?" "Think of you," with a little saucy

glance at him from under her long the very jaws of death." lashes. "By the bye, have you got a match about you?' "What on earth do you want it for?"

says he, giving her some wax lights out | wild eyes. of a little silver box as he speaks. "Going to have a cigarette?" "Nonsense! I feel as if I want to set fire to some of those dry little bunches of grass; fairy tufts, we used to call

them long ago. They would burn beautifully to-day, the sun is so hot." "Well don't set fire to yourself, whatever you do," says he thoughtlessly. Once again they kiss and this time

really part. Letitia stands watching him till he is out of sight, standing on tiptoe as he gets over the wall to blow a last kirs to him. Then coming out from the shelter of her trysting-place she walks grass are growing. Lighting one of her matches she kneels down and sets fire to the tutt nearest her. It used to be an amusement of hers in her childhood and she is not yet so tar removed from those days as to have lost all

wathes the dancing flames-so small, so flickering, so barmless. She leans back against the bank be hind her and crosses her white arms behind her head. What a day it is !most heavenly sweet-quite a drowsy day. How lovely that light smoke is climbing slowly uphill and fading away among the voung And the little flames, like faries dancing. Perhaps they are fairies who dwell in those old dry tufts. No wonder they are dancing-with rage, evidently. Their strongholds are seized, destroyed, by the tyrant man! Nowoman this time. Ah, ah! In this about the emancipation of women last a pale face but not wholly unkindly about the emancipation of women last air.

night, and had laughed over it. After air.

'I must have time to think," says she only wanted Jack to love her always-nothing more. Perhaps the other queer women only ment that, too, only they hadn't found their Jacks yet.

Pout! How warm it is! Gradually her head sinks back upon her arms, her eyelids droop over the soft, cleor eyes. How delicious it is here! How cozy! Again the eyes open, but very lazily this time. See how the little insects run to and fro over her white trock, hither and thither, all in search of the great want-tood. A passing thought makes her laugh in dolently. She hopes they will not make food of her. And then the eyelids close resolutely; she leans back.

Sleep has caught her. So sound, indeed, is her slumber that she does not know that now the little black insects are rushing over her, not in search of food, but of safety—salety from the tiny hot mames that are creeping every moment closer to the thin white frock. Now they have touched her foot and have so far penetrated the thin slipper as to make her uppleasantly warm, but not enough to waken her. She only turns a little

and sighs; but now-! Now she springs to her feet with an affrighted scream. Smoke! Smoke everywhere! And what is this craepup the front of her gown? A thread of fire. It blows upon her tace. She recoils from it, but it follows ner. Madly she litts her hands and tries to beat it it back. The men!-the men at the fence! Where are they! Alas! they have all gone to dinner. Once again a

frantic ery bursts from her lips. It is answered. At this moment Harding reaches her, and flinging off his coat he catches her in it. Folding

it round her, he holds her as it in a What brought him back (beyond the that those last words of his. "Don't set fire to yourself, at all events," had seemed to haunt him after he left her. A foolish fear about the words had ed him to mount a wall and look back.

In a moment he had seen. stand up and answer faintly his passionate questions to her safety, when suddenly a voice strikes upon them that renders both dumb.

It is the voice of Miss Banbridge. She has been toiling up the hill. She looks almost distraught.

"Oh, sir," cries she, catching Letitia in her arms, "I saw all. I thought at's all!"

I should have died. Oh, my girl!—
"What a lovely speech! No wonder my darling child!" (She spends her

collapsing into gloom, "what's the use tia for all that is the apple of her eye) of it all? Auntie will never let you "Oh, sir, how can I thank you? The gratitude of my life is yours-the preserver of my prety child." Then the old lady burst out crying. Half an hour ago she would have died rather decision. She looks at him earnestly. than tell Letitia she was pretty, but permission for anything. We would feet. Poor feet. They might have have to run away and that would break been burned. "If you will add one her heart. I am all she has in the more service to the immeasurable one world, and though she scolds me a you have already done me," says she softly, "you will help me to get my poor child back to the house.'

"But," begins Harding. It seems wrong to him, even at this supreme moment, to deceive the old lad-to go into her house under false pretenses. If she knew his name. A little pressure from the hand of Letitia decides him. How can he have scruples when she is so ill—so frightened?

Silently he passes his arm round her and with her aunt takes her back to the house. They lay her on a sofa. Miss Banbridge flings a rug over her burnt dress. "She must rest here a little before

going up stairs," says she.

"Miss Banbridge," says the young man, now turning with determination toward her. "I—I wish to say—"

"Sir, it is what I have to say," says Miss Banbridge with emotion. "I have not half thanked you. How can I? If there is anything I can do--any way in which I can show my gratitude to you—pray, name it. In the meantime pray tell me the name of the brave man who has delivered my niece from

"Harding," says he shortly.
"What!" Miss Banbridge has fallen back in her chair, staring at him with

"Yes, Harding," says the young man, steadily, if sorrowfully. pauses. "After all," says he, "I can't help my name.'

There is a pause; Letitia draws her breath sharply. "That is true!" says Miss Banbridge at last, in a severe undertone.

"I can't help having had a grand-father, either," says Harding, taking another step. 'No; I suppose not," most reluc

tantly.

"Most fellows have grandfathers!" "I cannot contradict you, sir.' "Miss Banbridge," says Harding, going closer to her, and gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, "you asked me just now if there was any way in which you could show your gratitude to me-about-about this thing. I want no gratitude. I would have gladly died to save your niece a

the opportunity to tell you that I want -her! I love her. She loves me. give her to me. "Letitia!" says Miss Banbridge in a

pang. But-but you have given me

strange voice.
"Oh, yes! It is true," says Letitia better every day since. He," her sobs "ne used to come and see. me in the meadows where-where I was nearly burned!"

Whether this allusion to the late catastrophe, that might have ended in a tragedy, stills Miss Banbridge's wrath, or whether her old heart has been softened by Harding's plain acknowledgecase woman has come to the front, at ment of his love for her niece, no one all events. She had been reading can tell. She turns to Harning with

> she. She hesitates and then says: "This is very painful to me, Mr.— Harding." Its seems certainly painful to her to pronounce his name-the name so long tabooed in her household. "I must have time-time.', She grows silent. The hearts of the lovers sink. Suddenly she looks up again.

> "Perhaps you will do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow night ?" says she. Her tone is icy, but the two listening to her feel their cause is won. To ask Mr. Harding to dine-to accept hospitality at her hands! Oh, surely the old feud is at an end.

A little sound escapes from Letitia. "You are cold," says Miss Banbridge anxiously, who had thought the sound a shiver.

is shivering from her late fear of what her aunt might say.

'I shall fetch another rug," cried the old lady, running out of the room. "An opportunity once lost is never to be regained," says the ancient copy books. Harding and Letitia make up their minds not to lose theirs. His arms are round her in an instant, her cheek is pressed against his. "It is all right. She will give in.

I feel as if I loved her," says Hard-"! Jack," says Letitia; "wasn't it a

death ?'

"Oh! hush, darling-hush, Letty I can't bear to think of this day," "Well, I can,' says she, laughing seebly. "I shall think of it always. feebly. It has given us to each other forever.'

Moore's Greatest Puem

"Lalla Rookh" was read universally and translated into several European languages. The poem has no lofty Milmercy of God) he never knew, except the height of the sublime-but it is caltonic flights-no hall of Eblis reaching culated to suit the taste of every order of the mind. Young and old, educated and uneducated, comprehend its luxu rious imagery, sweet passages, fascinattouched his lover's heart and compell- ing descriptions and gorgeous voluptuousness; hence the uncommon popularity of the poem. Those who have hearts He quenched the flames in a miracu-lously short time. Lettia is able to enjoyments come not from external color, orient hues and Tyrian purple?will prefer the heart which is shown in many of Moore's other productions .-Westminister Review.

Preparatory Discipline. "No, I'll not marry. I think I'll be-

come a Sister of Charity." "You don't know what that means." "Don't I? Haven't I sat up with you every night from 8 to 1 for three GRAPES AND THORNS.

BY ALICE CARY. We must not hope to be mowers, And gather the ripe gold ears, Until we have first been sowers, And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we like it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we think it,
A harvest of thorns and flowers.

"My Country! 'Tis of Thee.' Six Canadian States for Uncle Sam and the Gospel of Division and Partition.

The Canadians bent on annexing the Dominion to the United States have part of their scheme laid out, and it is readly very fine.

The heart of the Dominion is the two Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, having an aggregate area of 331,280 square miles. The scheme is to cut these up into three, which, when admitted into the Union as States, will each have a larger area than Oregon by more than 15,000 square miles, and be more than twice as large as Pennsylvania, which has an area of 43,000 square miles. The capitals will be Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, which, as may be seen on the map, lie in a row not far from the present American boundary. Another State could be made out of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, their combined area being 45,707 square miles, or larger

than that of Pennsylvania. The Dominion was formed July 1. 1867, and provision made for admission into it of British Columbia. Prince Edward Islands, the Northwest Territories and Newfoundland. Two years later the Territories were acquired by purchase from the Hudson Bay Company, and Manitoba was cut out of them, erected into a Province and admitted in July, 1870. The next July British Columbia was admitted and in July of

1873, Prince Edward Island. Manitoba has an area of 16,000 square miles; equal, say, to that of a few tiers of the counties of Western Pennsylvania. It is one of the greatest wheat regions on the face of the earth. Because of contiguity it could be joined to either North Dakota or Minnesota. Joined to either the combined area would be big enough for two States. In either case Winnipeg would be centrally stiuated

as the capital. Prince Edward Island would do to keep Rhode Island in countenance, if she should not excite her envy. Prince Edward has 2,173 square miles and Rhode Island only 1,306. The two islands would make a pretty pair of little States, two for a cent, in which a working politician could make the acquaintance of all the voters in either in a day. Charlottetown as the capital of an American Commonwealth would brisk up and perhaps become a lively sum-

mer resort. Newfoundland has stoutly refused to enter the Dominion and has remained a self-governing Crown colony. It is about the size of Pennsylvania, having an area of 42,200 square miles, and has a population of about 200,000. Labrabursting into lears. "I do love him. I dor is its dependency, but that may be loved him that night at the Mainwar- left to the natives who like to freeze. ings-and I have loved him better and There is little doubt that Newfoundland would come into the Union without much coaxing, if it were only to be rid of the pestiferous French fishing rights on the French shore. The United States would make the frog-eaters know their place.

Out of the two provinces first named there might be made the States of Quebec, Ontario and, say, Huron, the last having Toronto as its capital. The State of Nova Scotia, say, out of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. A fourth State would be of Prince Edward Island, which would have to bear some other name as one of the Commonwealths of a republic; a fifth out of the Province of British Columbia and a sixth would be the State of Newfoundland. This would do to begin with. Other States could be formed as people were found willing to venture into the

icy North In six States there are not a few fat offices, and doubtless the annexationists across the border are reveling in the delights of them by anticipation as they ponder the scheme of lugging their fellow Canucks into the Union head and shoulders as Don Quixote said Sancho Panza introduced his jokes into conversation. It is a fine scheme, and we pay the annexationists the tribute of our admiration. And it touches our national pride. Uncle Sam will not have to take "A little," says Letitia, who, indeed, haritance. He has only to wait and the nations thereof will bring it to him.

St. Valentine's Day.

St. Walentine's Day talls February 14. St. Valentine was a priest and martyr. He lived about the year 270 A. D. He had nothing to do with lovemaking or lovers. He was a devout man-too good in fact for the times in which he lived. He was beaten nearly to death and then beheaded. His dust is preserved in the church of St. Praxede's at Rome. The Romans had a lovers' feast sunset. Evening work she seldom uncalled the Lupercalia, and in order to good thing I was nearly burned to eradicate objectionable customs connected with it, the feast of St. Valentine was instituted. The outline of the ancient ceremonies only was preserved. It is almost superfluous to note that Washington's birthday falls upon the

THE HEAVENS FOR FEBRUARY. The winter constellations will still be in their glory during the shortened nights of February. The principal astronomical events of the month will be the conjunctions. The moon will be in conjunction with Venus on the 14th and with Mercury on the 16th. On the 20th and 21st Jupiter and Mars will be in proximity to the moon, and the celestia, spectacle will be even finer than the resent galaxy of the moon and these two planets. Mars and Jupiter are still the evening stars, and Venus, Mercury and Uranus are morning stars.

Earthquake in Zante.

ATHENS, San. 31 .- The island of Zante was shaken early this morning by an earthquake. In the town of Zante many houses were wrecked and the occupants ran in their night clothes into the streets. Many dead bodies have been found in the ruins and a hundred or more are reported to be injured severely. It has been impossible to get further details. The governor has sent ed to make no change in my manner of his troops with tents and provisions for living, I don't want to be accused of the relief of the homeless.

Mary E. Wilkins.

The World of Women.

For an ordinary cold add a teaspoon-

If the throat is very sore, ring a cloth

out of cold salt water and bind it on the

throat when going to bed; cover it

Silk scarfs tied in loose bows are

much used with sealskin coats, and it in

There is great medical virtue in on-

ions, eaten raw at the very beginning of an attack of cold or malaria. They

have a dedided tendency to check it and

The going-away gown was in green

cloth, trimmed with shot bronze velvet,

with a little figure of pink, blue, green

and bronze, wolverine fur was used

An appropriate cover for the dining

and leaves in embroidery and plush ap-

plique. A border of oak leaves would

Early in the winter the mink and sa-

ble boas were the fad, now they are as

antiquated as though introduced in the

time of Noah. The correct out door

neck wear is now the plaited collarette

of fur. Persian lamb and sealskin are

the furs used for this stylish arrange-

ment, and it is certainly far prettier

than either the cape or boa of former

A pretty cushion that covers the seat

of a rocker in a young girl's room is of

blue and white pillow ticking, divided

into large squares by crossing lines of

feather stitching done in black wool.

Within in each square is worked a con-

ventional field daisy in white and yel-

low, the petals of the flower consisting

of single stitches of rather coarse white

wool. Each flower is large enough to

For the coming season satinette.

moleskin and satin sheeting will be used

for scarfs, table covers and portieres.

These are stained on light grounds in

delicate flowers and leaves, or large bold

designs in scroll work, or discs in the

old Persian colors. This is worked

around in filo flosses or heavy raw silk,

in the corresponding colors. These pat-

terns cover the article all over and give

it a very Oriental look. The finish to

scarf or portiere should be heavy Per-

Black silks and satins are again very

fashionable and a very efficient way of

freshening dresses of this description

that have been for a time laid aside is

to introduce vest, sleeve puffs and panel

of mauve, ecru or cream white Benga-

line or ottoman silk, striped with fine,

narrow cut-jet gimp. This gimp can be put on either in horizontal or diag-

onal lines, as best suit a tall or short

figure. Green velvet sleeves and revers

is another popular mode of freshening a

black dress. Another still more gener-

al is the introduction of some richly

striped or plaided surah. This is a very

popular English mixture, and French

iresses of the most recherche description

show elegant Directoire waistcoats of

fill the entire square.

sian fringe.

dainty tints are quite pretty, though colored bows are nearly alway sugges-

with a dry towel

hat and muff

seasons.

be also very effective.

tive of the country get-up.

ful of syrup of ipeeac to a cup of cold water. Give a teaspoonful every hour.

Mary E. Wilkins, whose "Jane Field" surprised the critics and pleased the public, is little more than a child in years in appearance. Small and delihas astonished the literary world with her short stories. which contain some of the best character sketches

that have ever been written. Her first literary attempts were almost entirely for children, but at the urgent solicitation of friends she soon began to take up a deeper kind of work, and sent her first story for older readers to Miss Mary L. Booth, then editor of Harper's Bazar. Miss Booth thought that such cramped and unformed handwriting promised little and that she was the victim of some ambitious but "un-available" child. With her usual con-act advantageously in kidney and stomscientiousness, however, she looked the ach troubles.

little piece carefully over. It was Miss Booth's habit, when attracted by a story, to read it through three times, on different days and in different moods, before accepting it. around the skirt and throat and on the She paid this compliment to "Two Old Lovers," the contribution which Miss Wilkins had submitted to her. Two days latter the "ambitious child" retable when not in use is made of denim, and ornamented with a border of fruits

ceived a handsome check for it. There are few writers who have been the recipients of such unreserved and spontaneous tributes of appreciation from famous men and women as the modest subject of this sketch. Dr. Philips Brooks pronounced her "Hum-

ble Romance" "the best short story that was ever written." Two volumes of Miss Wilkins, stories have been collected. The first called "A Humble Romance," was brought out three years ago. It has had a large sale, and has been translated into sever al languages. The second, "A New England Nun," is enjoying an even wider popularity than its predecessor, while her first novel "Jane Field" has just been published.

It must not be imagined by those who long for the skill and the fame of this fortunate writer that she has won her place without a struggle. She has toiled faithfully and incessantly, often discouraged, but never giving up. The remarkable evenness of her work is due to her "capacity for taking pains." She thinks her stories out until they are perfectly clear, before putting her pen

to paper.
Miss Wilkins has known much of sorrow. The pathos which she infuses into her stories could not be genuine unless she herself had suffered. One after another, during the first years of her writing, her father mother and only sister died. She lived with them in the beautiful village of Battleboro, Vt., but she has resided since their death in Randolph, Mass., with friends, whose love and devotion could scarcely be greater if they were connected with her by ties

of blood. Her two pretty rooms in the simple white house in which she lives, in Randolph, are full of her own quaint personalty. The first is furnish in terra cotta. The second, in which is a wide, old-fashioned hearth before an open fire, is in old blue. Near the hearth stands a desk in colonial style, with brass hinges and locks; also a couch, with a Bagdad rug thrown over it. A Madagascar rug forms the portiere between the two departments. Old decanters, candlesticks, pewter plate; and other memorabilia of "ye olden time," nearly all of which have come down to Miss Wilkins by inheritance, abound on every side. In the terra cotta room stands a pretty desk of bog-wood, sur-rounded by Hindoo relics. There are fur rugs on the floor, and all the furniture is antique, having belonged to the owners graudmother.

"I suppose," wrote Miss Wilkins to a friend when she was just settled in her new home, "that my blue room is one York state or hold residence therein. of the queerest looking places that you ever saw. You should see the people thors of either books, articles or pamwhen they come to call. They look doubtful in the front room but say it is list thus far collected are to be found 'pretty'; when they get out here they the names of Mrs. Isabella MacDonald say the rooms look 'just like me' and I don't know when I shall ever find out Ames, Mrs. Amelia Barr, Mrs. Lillie if that is a compliment."

Miss Wilkins is thought by many to bear a striking resemblance to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, though her features are smaller. She looks best in children's hats, and her clothes are most becoming when made after children's patterns.

Miss Wilkins thinks out the details of her stories much more completely than most writers before putting pen to paper. Like all skillful raconteurs, she appreciates the value of the opening and closing portions, and these are often the first parts of the work that she does. The last sentence she considers more important than any other. Once at her desk, with her matter well in mind, she composes easily and seldom recopies, unles an odd page here and there. She calls one thousand words a day her "stent" though she often goes a week or more without writing a line, while she sometimes writes three or four thousand words between breakfast and dertakes unless pressed for time.

"But God Did.

Harry and Lucy were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table and went out. They were all frosted so nicely, and did look very tempting. "How nice they look," said Harry,

reaching out his hand to take one. "No, no, you must not," said Lucy. "Mammadid not say we could have

But she won't know," said Harry "she did not count them. "But God did," answered Lucy.

This made Harry look sober. drew back his hand, and went and sat down in his own little chair. He looked as if he was thinking over something. "Yes, yes, Lucy, I guess you are right. God must count things, for don't you know teacher told us in Sunday. school that the Bible says 'the hairs of our head are all numbered." "- Water

"You inherited quite a nice little ortune," said the lawyer. "Yes," replied the fortunate youth.

"I suppose you will pay a lot of your debts now? "I had thought of it, but I conclud-

vulgal display." - Judge.

Persian-patterned satin with exquisite blending of the deepest and most brilliant colors, mostly in small matelasse

NEW YORK'S WOMEN AUTHORS. Among the exhibits presented at Chicago by the women managers will be a compilation of the names of all the women authors who are natives of New The list already embraces over 200 auphlets of acknowledged merit. In Alden (Pansy), Mrs. Mary Clemmer Devereux Blake, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Susan Fenimore Cooper, Mrs, Croly (Jenny June), Mary E. Mapes Dodge, Mary J. Holmes, Mrs. Sarah Jane Lippincott, Mrs. Anna Katherine Green Rohlfs, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan Warner, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Julia Wright, Ella Ann Youmans and more equally familiar

names .- Albany Letter IT IS THE CORRECT THING: To use perfectly plain visiting cards, of fine pasteboard, engraved in plain

script. In an emergency, if obliged to use a written visiting card, to write one's name with pencil, rather than with pen and ink, since the use of the latter would seem to imply deliberate purpose. For a gentleman to prefix "Mr." to

his name on a visiting card. For an officer in the army or navy, a physician, a judge or a minister of the Gospel to use his title on a visiting card,

To use the full name on a visiting card, as "Mrs. Joel Cotton Smith, 'Miss Clara Howard Jameson.' For a lady to prefix "Mrs." or 'Miss" as the case may be, to her name

on a visiting card. For a married lady to use her husband's full name or last name and initials. For the oldest single woman belonging to the oldest branch of a family to

use "Miss Esmond" on her card, or for the oldest daughter of a younger branch to do so, where there are no single women in the older branch.

For a lady to leave her husband's cards, and those of her sons and daughters, in making the first call of the sea-For a lady to leave her husband's

cards, as well as her own, after a dinner party. For a lady to leave two cards in calling upon a mother with several grown-up daughter-one for the mother and

one for the daughters. When calling for the first time upon several ladies (who are not mother and daughters), to leave a card for each.

For a lady, if admitted to make a call

to leave the cards of the gentlemen of her family on the hall table For a lady, if admitted to make a call to leave her card on the hall table, and send her name up by the servant. For a lady to send up her card when

calling upon a stranger.