

GONE TO HIS LITTLE BOY BLUE.

(Written Upon Reading of the Death of Eugene Field.)
That Little Boy Blue who wandered afar
At sound of the angel's song
Stands still by the beautiful gates ajar
While around him the children throng
There's a smile upon the little boy's face
As, waiting for papa, he stands
And welcomes him there with a baby grace
And holds out his little hands.

JINNY GREEN'S JEALOUSY.

The Greens were the aristocrats of Whittaker's Row, and this, aside from the intrinsic merits of the case, made Jenny Green's jealousy an interesting spectacle to her neighbors and friends, especially her friends.

If eyes were stilettos it would have ended with a death-stab to Maude Morrison the night she kept Charlie Maude within her hearing, by detaining him on his doorstep with a request to tie a strip of rag around her finger, which she had just burned over the fire.

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"Stop sewin' an' come out on the front with me, Jinny," he would beg time and again, and Jenny's hazel eyes would snap roughly as she obediently stopped the wheels and answered with alacrity.

"Cert'n'y, Charlie; it's only puttin' on the weddin' a day or two, an' it suits me as well as suit me!" Charlie would declare with much positiveness.

Charlie McLane earned good wages and was much respected of men and desired of women in Whittaker's Row, though Jinny and her mother might easily have been the only one who knew that he made them by "working 'round the wharf" at Dock street.

varied—one day it might be gin, another beer, and quite frequently something as pretentious as brandy or fine wines; but there was an overpowering sameness about the quantity.

The Morrison woman was a bad one, so Jinny said when the bitter poison of jealousy had begun to work in among her Christian principles.

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with the Morrison woman again and again, and yet again, their feet seemed treading down the fruit and flower of poor Jinny's love-dream and pressing out the dark wine of hatred—a draught which had not yet become sweet to the lips of "that there saint," as Maude mockingly termed the girl who thought it wrong to dance.

To make up for Charlie's defection Dolph Hendry was overly attentive to her, a sight which added fuel to the flame of Maude's recklessness.

"You'll lose that hat," said someone to her as she flung her great white flaunting-leathered leghorn around by the string on an agitated finger.

"Take care," called someone, "he's slipped again!" and with that smile still on his face—all in that long, awful minute—Charlie McLane fell backward into the river, followed by the heavy plunge of Dolph Hendry's body and Jinny's cry: "Oh, save him, an' I'll do anything in the world for you!"

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mind, and as much of Whittaker's row as could be accommodated in the tiny bedroom looked longingly at the dying girl, who seemed already of another world.

Maude Morrison had been more than horrified at Charlie McLane's death, and repentant, too, though "hardly green enough," as she would have said, to give expression to her regret.

"Stop!" screamed Jinny. All eyes turned to look at her, as she sat up in the bed like a pallid figure of vengeance. "I ain't agoin' to forgive her now! I ain't agoin' to die! I'll live to make Maude Morrison's heart ache as she's made mine ache, and break as she's made mine break.

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ed in her ears like a trumpet-call of warning which she dared not resist. Like one in a dream she answered, "I promise you, mother; I'll not marry him."

Dolph Hendry heard of this somehow; likewise Maude Morrison. Maude almost trembled with a joy which her experience told her would be of uncertain continuance, being founded on nothing more stable than a girl's word.

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For and About Women.

The public building at Milwaukee, a more extensive institution than many large cities can boast of, is managed by Miss Theresa West, and she has a corps of assistants composed exclusively of experienced young women.

Children must be taught what the parents wish them to know. Teach them truthful, gentle ways, and they will be true and gentle. If a boy hears bad language from his father he will repeat it just as certainly as he has a tongue in his mouth; and if a little girl hears her mother gossip, she will gossip the moment she meets a playmate.

Great use is being made of small buttons for trimming, for outlining lapels, sewing down the edges of folds, and in the tight portions of the sleeves.

A distinguishing feature of some of the new bodices are the short basques. Fancy velvet and figured silk coats are most worn with plain skirts, and for these occasions a very elegant sort of cut steel, simit, painted china and enamel, are needed.

While most people admit there is nothing better for the scalp than a thorough brushing of the hair morning and night, many will not persist in this and are constantly asking what will make the hair come in when it is fast falling out.

Many children and some of an older growth are severely troubled with dandruff in the scalp, which always makes the head and hair look dirty. This can be removed by rubbing pure grease in every other night, washing thoroughly once a week with hot water and tar soap.

Worth has made yellow the color par excellence for the beautiful and those not blessed by the gods. He said one day to some prominent ladies gathered in his saloon that a homely woman was beautified by yellow and a handsome one became radiant in the reflected rays of the sun's brilliancy.

Dress a sweet-faced elderly lady in a modish gown of black crepe, a coat of astrachan, with a muff to match, and put on her beautiful silver hair a smart bonnet of royal purple velvet, decorated with a rich white lace and a cluster of black ostrich tips, and she is gowned fit for any occasion.

What we used to call the three-quarter length coat, only two years ago, hardly exists now. Practically there are three lengths for the winter cloaks.

Hot milk for the complexion has proved to be of the greatest benefit and many women say they owe an improvement of their complexion to the constant use of hot milk applied every morning and night to their faces.

A little kerosene is an excellent thing for cleaning a zinc bathtub. Apply with a soft woolen cloth, then wash off with hot water—no soap in it—and polish with powdered bath brick.

A novel costume is of brown cloth with touches of black. The skirt hangs full and plain to a trifling below the knee where three tiny piping of black satin head a broad yoke-like piece that flares about the feet.

An Honest Answer.

"Any insanity in your family?" asked the examining physician. "Well," said the man who was applying for life insurance, "my wife says she must have been crazy to have ever married me."