#### THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her " He touched her hand as He only can. With the wondrous skill of the great Physician-With the tender touch of the Son of Man. And the fever pain in the throbbing temples. Died out with the flush on brow and cheek : And the lips that had been so parched and burning Trembled with thanks that she could not speak; And the eyes, where the fever light had faded. Looked up-by her grateful tears made dim; And she rose and ministered to her household-She rose and ministered unto Him

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her." Oh, blessed touch of the Man Divine ! So beautiful then to arise and serve Him When the fever is gone from your life and mine: It-may be the fever of restless serving, With heart all thirsty for love and praise And eyes all aching and strained with yearning Toward self-set goals in the future days;

Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish, Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted And the head stoops low for the thorny crown Or it may be a fever of pain and anger, When the wounded spirit is hard to bear. And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there,

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it; Whatever the tempest, His voice can still; There is only joy as we seek His pleasure There is only a rest as we seek His will : And some day, after life's fitful fever, I think we shall say, in the home on high, "If the hands that He touched but did His biddin How little it matters what else went by!"

Ah. Lord! Thou knowest us altogether-Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be Touch Thou our hands! Let the fever leave us And so shall we minister unto Thee -London Christian

### TECKLA'S LILIES.

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN. She was not taken so often, it is and Maud Ellen entered. true, but when she was, everything gave way before her.

On this especial occasion Arthur Garfield and Perkins Perryto, Jun., having been turned into the street to find amusement, Maud Ellen and the baby were piled upon Perryto, having thus cleared the field, began operations.

She had gotten one corner of the floor nicely wetted, and her brush well soaped, when her eye fell upon the dresser. This article of furniture was in reality a wooden box draped with an old curtain and surmounted by a small looking-glass. Its eurtained recess had long been used as a convenient storing-place for the family's odds

and ends. As Mrs. Perryto's eye rested on it she paused, then laid down her brush and rest-I've more'n half a mind to clean out that cian's. dresser," said she, and promptly forsaking her bucket and brush, she began to drag forth the contents of the box and cast them on the floor

'As sure as life," she went on, shaking the dust out of the baby's lost bonnet, and if here ain't your onion flowers!"

'My! cried Maud Ellen, hanging over the foot-board. "I 'most forgot 'em, an' what would Teckla have thought?" Mrs. Perryto. "Seein' as Teckla's dead,

how'd she be a-thinkin' anything ?" But Maud Ellen, fondling the lapful of er's door, he said : bulbs her mother had handed her, apparter, an' I'm going to give you my lilies, as I sang it ven I vas von leedle child." an' I want you to go an' take 'em next year fur me,' an' I says. 'I'll do it, Teckla, sure'; an' s'pose now, Mumsey Perryto, I

"But there ain't no flowers about them things, nor lookin' likely to be, Maud

"She told me about that too, Teckla did. 'Count up a six weeks afore Easter,' said she, 'an' put 'em in water, and set 'em on the winder-sill.' When's Easter, Mumsey

That lady, having so readily forsaken her scrubbing, now did as much for her straightening, and while twisting up her back hair afresh, eyed her little daughter reflectively.

Had it been any one but Mrs. Perryto whose gaze was then fixed, she might have been wondering why all the Perrytos, big little, should have snub-noses and white hair except Maud Ellen, who looked from beneath a mass of tangled brown hair ont of dark eyes, soft and appealing, which in turn surmounted as straight a little nose as any one need wish for. Or she might have been wondering why the plain "ma" which fell from the lips of her other children should be changed to Mumsey Perryto in the case of Maud Ellen. All this and a great deal more she might have been wondering, but was not. It was not her way. She accepted things as they came. At present she was simply trying to remember if she had ever known when Easter came or what it came for—"'ceptin' eggs, to be sure, an' that made her think-"

"Pin your little shawl over your head an' run across to Mis' Tipping's, Maud Ellen. She'll know about Easter, seein' ez she allers get the egss ready weeks aforehand for the bakery winder."
So Maud Ellen handed the baby over to

her mother-who by this time had forgotten the cleaning altogether, and now stepped into the hall to pass the news of the day with a neighbor, while her little daughter ran over to Mrs. Tipping's bakery.

That lady, on being consulted, and, like every one else, responsive to the appealing eyes of Maud Ellen, produced a yellow almanac, and, with the help of the grocer next door, made out that Easter would be 'six weeks from come next Sunday.' Which point being settled, Maud Ellen went home and summoned an audience of play-fellows.

"Now," said she, "yer all on yer, 'ceptin' them like Perkins Perryto, Jun., what's too little, remembers Teckla?"

There was a unanimous murmur of assent. "Well, here's what Teckla said ter me again, and Herr Hoffmeister's gloomy brow jus' afore she took an died. 'Here's my cleared. lilies,' said she, 'for you to march an' carry, an' take ez many of the other children to Holy Innercents, 'cause she couldn't more, like to no end of 'em comin'. A And now came the sound of far-off voices he wants to do any business at all.

says is the finest an' most stylishest thing children can be. Her not bein' able to walk, after 'twas all done an' over, her laid her lilies down with the rest-lilies off them same round things she give me. An' a man who was a-standin' there among them flowers, all white, even his dress, he put his hands on her head an' he says, says he, 'God's blessin' on yer, my child,' an' Teckla said with that blessin' on yer, yer can go straight ter heaven; an' seein' this Easter she'd be there, we was to take her lilies an' get the blessin' an' come on up there. Now all on yer as is goin' hold

Every grimy hand in the company, from that of Perkins Perryto, Jun., the youngest, to Katia Chapinski's, the eldest, went up, amid a noisy acclaim of voices.

"Then come on ter our room, as many of ver as can get in, an' we'll plant them lilies. But see yer come quiet like," cautioned Maud Ellen, "'cause them's Teck-la's lilies, an Teckla's dead."

Seventeen round smooth Japanese lily bulbs, and only a broken glass pitcher to put them in! On learning this condition of things from a dozen eager voices, Mrs. Donigan, in the next room, generously lent a clipped yellow bowl, and yielding to persuasion, Mrs. Perryto donated one of her two tin saucepans. "It'll be jus' as good as ever after Easter," Maud Ellen had

From the moment of planting, the Perryto apartment became the most popular in the tenement, and despite much well-meant but injudicious investigation as to their progress, the lilies grew, and one after another sent up a slender green blade into such sunlight as filtered through the smoky atmosphere and dirty window-pane.

"But we've got to sing when we march," said Mand Ellen one day, then sat still a long time, gazing at the lilies, with her small chin resting on the edge of the yellow bowl. "She said there was music, too," added Maud Ellen to herself, quite softly, stroking a green blad with a tender

Herr Hoffmeister blinked his red eyes, In the words of Mrs. Perryto herself, "it and cried "Herein," as a knock came at the all came of her being taken with a clean- door of his room under the tenement roof,

With the warfare between himself and the tenement children in mind. Herr Hoffmeister laid down his violin and regarded Maud Ellen with suspicion. Only yesterday a crowd of children had followed the tipsy musician to his very door, mimicking the bed, along with the chairs, the coal- and jeering him until he quivered with box, and other movable articles, and Mrs. helpless rage. To-day, although sober, the testy little man had not forgotten it.

Maud Ellen, unconscious of his frowns shut the door and came close beside him. then laid her hand upon his knee. remember Teckla," she began, confidentially, raising her soft eyes to the old man's

bleary ones. Herr Hoffmeister nodded, and his face softened. Yes, yes, he remembered Teckla, who had loved the music of his violin so well-the little Teckla, who, drifting with her father in his downward course from a different life from the tenements, had died ed back on her heels. "While I'm at it, in the dreary little room next the old musi-

> "Ya, ya; but what for you ask me of Teckla?" the old man answered. Maud Ellen pressed close against his knee.

"I wish her father hadn't a-gone away soon's she died, 'cause he could tell you disposing of a greasy bone by tossing it through the broken window, 'Maud Ellen, part, 'cause Teckla tol' me how. But won't you help to the singin' part, Mr.

Hoffmeister, an' the fiddlin'?" And later, when the old musician went down the rickety steps on his way to the "Maud Ellen, how you talk!" cried cheap music-hall where he played nightly in the orchestra, he held Maud Ellen's hand in his, and as he left her at her moth-

"Und you haf the children on hand, ently did not hear. "I remember what mein liebchen; und it shall be like the Teckla said jus' as well as if 'twas yester- singing of the leedle vuns in der faderland day." Said she, 'Maud Ellen, I won't be ven I was young. It shall be Luther's here to go to Holy Innercents another Eas-grand old hymn I vill teach them, the same

Maud Ellen did her best, and daily marshalled her forces, with such of their interested parents as had nothing else to do, and as the green blades of the lilies divided into long slender leaves, the tenement advanced

in its musical education. At the appearance of the first buds the rapture of the tenement was great. But when the lilies began to unfold their spotless raiment the question of garments suitable to march to Holy Innocents in assailed the minds of the tenement, and its spirts

fell accordingly. White was not to be dreamed of, save in the case of Maud Ellen, whose mother undraped the dresser, and fashioned her a garment wonderful to behold out of the cur-As for the rest of the house, it washed its clothes, and contented itself with the consciousness of unusual cleanliness in honor of the occasion. And this momentous question of the hour once settled, the rest of the time was given over to energetic rehearsals.

"Maud Ellen sez to come on." The word would speed around the neighborhood, and the forces would gather before

the tenement's front door.
"Take yer places," Maud Ellen would command, "just 's if 'twuz Easter an' this yere street wuz Holy Innercents. Now, Mr. Hoffmeister, play. Gladiola, if yer ain't a-goin' ter see ter them twins yerself they sha'n't march. Go on now; I'm agoin' ter march ter that hole in the street and back. Arthur Garfield Perryto, sure's yer tie that tin can ter Mike I'll tell Mum-Now-no, wait till that fishman gets Now, Mr. Hoffmeister, we're ready.

All on yer sing!" And they sang. They could do that with a will, even if Perkins Perryto, Jun., did cause a halt midway by charging at Arthur Garfield like a young billy-goat, wrought to frenzy by that gentleman's determination to shout his part through the tin can directly into the infant Perkin's

Barring this, the procession proceeded in safety, turned, and, singing still, marched back to the tenement's curb, where Herr Hoffmeister was discovered dancing up and down in helpless rage. "The tune-we ist

der tune? Ofer again-ein, zwei, dreising! Then they must stand still and try it again and again, until Kitty Dugan, being relieved of the care of the baby, ran over from the meat shop to join them, and with her righ sweet voice to lead, all went well

On Easter morning at the church of the Holy Innocents the music from the great as'll go 'long.' Yer all on your remembers organ rose and swelled amid the vast arches how last Easter her father had to carry her as if struggling to carry its meed of praise straight to heaven, or sank and beat at the Well, Teckla tol' me all about it, hearts of waiting congregation as if it would 'cause I hadn't never heard of Easter, nor enter and bid them sing to God's praise. Holy Innercents neither. The doors come As the doors of the church were swept open, blind? Beggar.—Well, boss, times is a open sudden-like, she said, an' in they it rose to a glorious swell that shook the hard, and competition is so great, that even marched, children an' children, more an' church, then died to a throbbing undertone. the blind man has to keep his eyes open, f

carryin' flags, she said, an' flowers, an' singing, that grew and rose and neared, singin' an' marchin'. An' all bein' mostly in white, 'twas like angels, which Teckla came processions of children.

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day,

they sang, while their garlands filled the father kerried her up to the front, an' she air with heavy perfume, and their glisten-laid her lilies down with the rest—lilies off ing banner, rustling, fluttering, marked their course; up, down, in, out, around the great church, marched the white-robed children, under the shadows of the masse of palms, into the jewelled lights from the great windows.
"Allelulia!" they sang. They laid their

fragrant burdens down. The very air was thick with blooms and carolling voices. "Allelulia, Amen!" and again the organ swell died into silence, and the service be-

But as from amid the palms a whitehaired man arose and stretched out his hands above the congregation to pray, a single one of the heavy doors swung open, and music, the sweet clearness from a single violin pierced the silence, and, turning, the people saw an old man standing in the open door and playing. And again they heard the sound of many voices singing. A second procession passed in.

Maud Ellen led—in the old white cur-

tain dress. Her eyes were like stars above her pink cheeks, and in her arms was a pot of Easter lilies. The stalks, holding a wealth of bloom, rose far above her head To the memory of Teckla she carried it: and the old musician, playing as he had not played in years, his eyes closed in rapture, he only could tell the price of how many "beers" it had taken to buy it.

Behind Maud Ellen marched the children of the tenement. One of Teckla's fragrant lily blooms was in each eager hand. Unmindful of rags or of congregation, with their eyes on the soaring lilies their leader carried-how they sang!

"A mountain fastness is our God On which our souls are planted." It was Luther's grand hymn that fell from their lips, and as they sang, the wondering congregation of Holy Innocents sat still and

> "By our own might we naught can do; To trust it were sure losing.
> For us must fight the Right and True,
> The Man of God's own choosing.
> Dost ask for his name?
> Christ Jesus we claim
> The Lord God of hosts, The only God; vain boasts Of others fall before Him.

Up the long aisle they went, and standing on the steps amid the palms, gazing into the kindly face of the white-robed man, they finished their song. And then Maud Ellen, smiling up into his face, held out her pot of lilies. Why should she be afraid -was not everything just as Teckla told her it would be? So she smiled.

"We've come to get a blessin', please. she said, simply, and looked up.

And the old clergyman, he whose life had been spent in trying to get into the lives and hearts of just such little ones as these, understood, and stretched out his He put them on the rough little hands. head of Maud Ellen. "The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always-his children!

The children laid their flowers amid the other offerings. The hearts of the mothers of the tenement, who were scattered here and there about the church, swelled and thrilled with something deeper than tenement pride. But in the church "those in authority" who had at first wondered and frowned, seeing what their minister did, come forward and found seats for the ragged little strangers on the steps amid the palms, and the service went on.

So was made little dead Teckla's offering, and Maud Ellen and the tenement gained 'the blessing." For a blessing the gentle white-haired minister proved to be, gather ing Perkins Perryto, Jun., and the twins, and all the other toddlers in the neighborhood into a wonderful place of cleanliness, warmth, flowers, and love, that his pretty daughter, who had it in charge, called a kindergarten, and into other things be-

Maud Ellen and Gladiola and Kitty, and all that would, being no longer needed as nurses and guardians, found there was a place already provided for them called a chool; a place where many wonderful things were to be learned, even to the judicious cleaning up of a tenement room. And they found also that the doors of Holy Innocents, and other doors still, stood open for them wide, not on Easter day alone, but alway.

# A Paradise of Prunes

A ride in the Santa Clara valley, California, through one of the vast prune orchards when the trees are in full bloom is an experience never to be forgotten. Some of these orchards, consisting of 500 acres, contain 50,000 trees, their ages varying from five to ten years, and planted in regular rows about twenty feet apart.

Nor pebble, nor clod, nor blade of grass can be found among the friable soil of the mile long aisles which intervene, tessellated by the flickering shadows of the swaying snowy petals which project on either side from flower laden branches. Bird and bee and butterfly are each alive to the situation, and puncture the perfumed air of cloudless May morning with song, buzz, and voiceless wing.

Among this embarrassment of beauty walks the alert, intelligent orchardist, watching with the trained eye of an artist the development of the tiny bud of the embryo prune upon the tree, until picked at the prime of its perfection with the deft hand of an expert. In order to produce the desired uniformity of size and shape, each fruit bearing bough is subjected to such thinning and pruning that there lie scattered around the base of a tree often more rejected prunes than are left hanging upon its branches.

As the eastern plum pest, the curculio, is unknown in California, as scarcely a drop of rain falls upon the trees from May until November, and as there is no scorching sun to shrivel the delicate skin of the prune nor rough wind to mar its contour, a bough of full ripened clusters represents one of

perfect prunes. In an area from six to twelve miles square planted to fruit trees, 18,000 acres are in prunes alone.

They cover the billowy surface of the

majestic foot-hills, as well as the plair, with a beautiful irregularity impossible to describe. At plucking time thousands of busy hands are at work, chiefly those of boys and girls, preparing the luscious fruit for curing under the rays of the midsum mer sun.

The average yield when the crop is ful is about eight tons per acre. The average cost of caring for the orchards, harvesting and curing such a crop, is \$30 per acri, leaving a net income per acre of \$210. -Harper's Weekly.

-Passer-By.-I thought you were

Compulsory Education

Upon the Subject.

At a meeting of the educational and municipal departments of the Civic club, held in Philadelphia, Saturday, Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, state superintendent of public instruction, made an address on "Compulsory Education."

"The day of arguing whether we should have a compulsory act or not has gone by,' said Professor Schaeffer. "It is simply a question whether the present act shall be enforced or can be enforced. I am not here to apologize for endeavoring to carry out the law which is my sworn duty to enforce. If the law is a bad one, the best way to secure its repeal is to enforce it. If the law is a good one, of course it should be enforced. If it cannot be enforced, let us the hardships in the present crisis. find out the reason why. If any of its pronow keep children out of school. Every Japhet. society for depriving any child of the to educate its citizens.

"It will be helpful to call public attentage of illiterates to the total population ten years of age and over, in Pennsylvania, is six and eight-tenths. In the German that it is a matter of the highest moment words are accented on the last syllable. for the state to see to it that all its citizens shall be able to read and write.

Another argument in favor of compulsory education that can be pressed for the purcated labor of the continent had wrested honey, and weave their carpets and rugs. from England her supremacy over other nations in manufactures. According to the lim, and it is made up of Kurds and Turks. statistics of the report of the commissioner The former are by nature brave and hoson education, the percentage of illiteracy in England is seven as compared with one fourth of one per cent, in the German em- the degenerate Turk. Contrary to the cus-Massachusetts and Pennsylvania points in the same direction. The percentage of liberty. illiterates among the native white popula- to guerilla regiments of the Turkish army. tion ten years of age and over is three and one-half per cent. in Massachusetts. Among the foreign born whites and among according to history, St. Gregory the illuthe colored population the percentage is minator, in 289, when the king was bapalso in favor of the Bay state. percentages compare the fact that the religion. The Armenian is supposed to be average citizen of Massachusetts earns more the oldest of any national church. money than the average citizen of Pennsyl- were at war during the council of Chalce-

"Certainly, if we look back over the edunothing to be proud of," continued superintendent Schaeffer. "Reckoning upon the been trapping the Pennsylvania boy, and that our boy is gravitating toward the tail end of the class. It will not do to ascribe grants come from countries where the percentage of illiteracy is less than it is in the

United States. 'There are three elements in our population—native white, foreign-born white and colored. The statistics show that the number of illiterates among the foreignborn whites is greater than among the native whites. Practically that does not change the problem. The city of Philadelphia is credited by the census of 1890 with 269,480 foreign-born inhabitants; Allegheny county with 153,078; Luzerne, with 64.103 : Lackawanna, with 46,399 ; Schuylkill, with 31,533; the entire state with 845,720. These people and their children must be assimilated by our American life

hence, their children should be educated. to investigate the reason why children are absent from school, they found upward of out in Armenia. The curious situation is 120 who had never owned an entire suit of that, should Russia decide to interfere with clothing. The compulsory education act the awful iniquities which have been going over the shoulders that looked like long rewill help to bring all those conditions to on in Armenia, the Sultan could, under vers pushed up from the waist and away sooner this is done the better.

#### Crime on the Increase. Figures Show a Bad Record for New York for 1895.

ALRANY, N. Y., March 29,-Secretary of State Palmer's annual report of criminal statistics for the State of New York for 1895 shows a considerable increase in crime. There were 71,491 convictions in the State last year, against 68,146 in 1894, an increase of 3345 in one year. Of this number 67,023 convictions were in courts of special sessions and 4468 in courts of record. The increase in the former courts is 1857 and in the latter 1528. In the courts of special sessions 60,414 men and 6604 women were convicted.

The classification of the convictions in the courts of record were as follows: For crimes against the person, 1086, increase 543; against property with violence, 876. increase 42; against property, 1913, increase 668; against the Currency laws, 90, increase 2; offenses not under the foregoing classifications, 611, increase 278.

# How to Grow Sweet Peas.

Sweet peas should be sown very early in the spring—in April, if possible. They should be kept moist and cool at the root. In order to secure these results, sow in trenches, at least six inches deep, covering lightly at first. Draw earth about the plants as they reach up, until the ground is level again .- April Ladies' Home Journal.

-I'm afraid your young man is not economical. Yes, he is, he asked me to go sleigh-riding to-night, and he wants to borrow your\_cutter.

Armenia is a country lying about Mount Ararat as a central point. The country is Ararat as a central point. now partly in Russia, partly in Persia, partly in Asia Minor. Turkish Armenia is about the size of New England ; it is a mountain land, some of the Taurus peaks rising over 10,000 feet. There are a few valleys in which scant rice and cotton may be grown, but the high plateau is mostly a grazing place. As in the rest of the Ottoman Empire, agriculture is in a pitifully primitive state, and, though there are abundant deposits, mining does not exist. The climate is one of extremes of cold and heat The sources of the Euphrates and Tigris are in Armenia, and there is also Lake Van, a salt lake. The roads are

The Armenians represent an ancient civvisions are inadequate or unwise let it be ilization, and have kept their individuality amended. Perhaps the mere attemp to enforce it will bring to light the causes which an early king, Haik, a descendant of Armenia is mentioned several child has a right to an education; not even times in the Old Testament; for instance the struggle for bread can excuse modern (2 Kings xix., 37), when the sons of Sennacherib are said to have escaped thither. rudiments of an education. Moreover, it is The best-known Armenian king, Tiagrenes a matter of self-preservation with the state | I., was an ally of Cyrus the Great, and in Xenophon's Retreat of Ten Thousand we have a description of Armenia as it might tion to the statistics recently collected by commissioner of education of Washington. be to-day. Then came Alexander's conquest, followed by those of the Parthians, Ro-From his report it appears that the percenmans, Byzantines, Saracens and Turks. The latter over ran the country in the eleventh century.

The Armenian language is, like the empire, the percentage of illiteracy as de- Greek, an independent branch of the Indorived from the army recruits is less than Germanic. The Gothic Bishop Ulfilas was one-fourth of one per cent. In all the the first to give form to the early German, countries of the German empire attendance by his translation of the Bible, and so did at school is made obligatory by law. To the Armenian Bishop Mesrob to Armenia; my mind, this is an unanswerable argument he invented the Armenian alphabet, and in favor of effective compulsory school leg- then translated the Bible into that tongue. islation, if we accept the proposition that The language is distinguished by two every child has a right to be educated and characteristics: there is no gender, and all

There are about four million Armenians, of whom only 600,000 are in Armenia-a fourth of the entire number in all Turkey. There are 1,250,000 in Russian Armenia, pose of creating public sentiment is the and they are fairly prosperous there; bearing of education upon the industrial 150,000 in Persian Armenia; 100,000 in development of a people and upon the Europe; and about 5,000 in this country. earning power of each individual. When the saying runs that if it takes ten Christ-lows over which it was then brought and at the close of the World's Fair in London, ians to cheat a Jew, it takes ten Jews to tucked under them again. At the place it was found that the majority of the pre-cheat an Armenian, and the cleverness of where the centre of each pillow would come miums had gone to the continent, a com- the latter in trade is well known. They was worked in the green flax, in bold outmittee of parliament was appointed to in- go to Constantinople and the great cities line, the monogram of the owner of the vestigate this result. When this committee made its report there was terror all over England. The report said that the edute their flocks, till their soil, make their considering the considering the result. When this committee whenever possible, and often become affluent. The stay-at-homers attend to their flocks, till their soil, make their considering the result. Half the population of Armenia is Mus

pitable. But are still unsubjugated, and have become brutal through contact with pire. A comparison of the statistics of toms of the other Mohammedans, their women go about unveiled and enjoy much The Kurds are now organized in-According to the legend, the Apostle Thaddeus founded the Armenian church ; With these tized and Christianity became the national don, the Armenians did not attend it and "Certainly, if we look back over the edu-cational development of Pennsylvania and did not approve its decrees. This led to a separation, and, about five hundred years the other states from 1870 to 1890 we have ago, a division in the Armenian church itself occurred when a branch of it acknowledged the Pepe's supremacy. The highest basis of illiteracy to the total population Armenian ecclesiastical dignitary is called ten years of age and, Pennsylvania ranked katholikos. He resided near Erivan, the twentieth in 1870, twenty-third in 1880 capital of Russian Armenia, and at least and twenty-seventh in 1890. If we base once in their lives all Armenians must our estimate upon the percentage of illiter-acy to the native white population ten worship of saints in the Armenian church, years of age and over, Pennsylvania in 1870 but none in purgatory; there are ignorance ranked twenty-second; in 1880, twenty- and superstition, but the work of foreign just a shade narrower than they were last fifth, and in 1890, twenty-ninth. In other missionaries is doing much to break words, if we conceive of a spelling class through the dry ecclesiastical crust. In width. whose boys are named after the states in Armenia and Asiatic Turkey there are this Union, and who are ranked according about 250 Americans, who hold over \$2,to the percentage of illiteracy, we are com- 000,000 worth of property for religious, pelled to admit that the other boys have medical, and educational uses. These figures do not cover our large commercial interests there.

been admitted into the comity of nations. British preponderance was meanwhile grow-"In one American city when they began defend the Armenian frontier against Rustect him. An added responsibility of Eng- almost necessities to the spring costume. land's as found in the Treaty of Berlin The sixty-first clause of that Treaty declares that the Porte shall carry out the reforms demanded by local requirements in Armenia. As a part of that agreement the Sultan guarantees the security of Armenia against the Circassians and the Kurds, and agrees that he "will periodically make known the steps taken to this end to the Powers, who will taken to this end to the Powers, who will and becoming airs than ever before. superintend their application." Not once has Turkey announced any reforms; there have been none. In the Russo-Turkish Treaty of San Stefano the Sultan had bound himself to introduce reforms in Armenia, and the Russian troops were to remain in that province until such reforms were established. To her shame be it said, England was the only Power insisting upon the submission of the Treaty of San Stefano to the revision of the Congress at Berlin .- The Outlook.

> Dr. Catharine Houser has been made a physician in the State Insane Asylum in Kentucky. She is the first we man to hold such an office there.

# The Joyous Time.

Same old robbin, same old song: Same old cold wind blowing strong Same old cloudlets ; same old sky Same old brooklet babbling by.

Same old violets, same old blue: Same old grass-plot, same old hue Same old look in everything: Same old season; same old spring

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The Difference. He couldn't write, he couldn't read. About the people's wrongs or need; How others lived he took no heed Nor how they fared.

The big saloon he couldn't pass Nor pools of any type: He couldn't live without his glass, And he was miserable alas! Without his pipe.

On public streams, which'e'r the way. He could do naught but float, And on the questions of the day He couldn't think, he couldn't 'pray, But he could vote.

She couldn't drink, she couldn't swear, She could't even smoke, Nor could she open wrongs declare, Nor with a ballot did she dare

She loved the people and she knew
The questions passing by
Were weighty; her conclusions drew,
And out of these convictions grew
The how and why. She kept herself outside the rut, From leading minds could quote: She had opinions clearly cut, Could read and write and reason—but She couldn't vote.

-Hattie Horner Louthan

A rubber plant or a growing palm makes a delightful Easter gift.

A young girl or budding woman is bewitching in a picture hat, but a woman who is beginning to fade is made less attractive by framing and thus emphasizing her charmlessness.

The separate bodice, in spite of the prophets, has not lost its prestige; every conceivable kind of waist is worn with every conceivable kind of shirt—a fashion far too pretty and convenient to be readily aband-

A pretty bedspread seen in a room where pale green was the prevailing hue was made of coarse wide bobbinet trimmed with a loosely gathered frill or valance of the same lace, which had been darned in a conventional pattern with coarse green flax. The spread was lined with green silesia and was made long enough to pass under the pil-

Considering discontented women of all kinds individually, it is evident that they must be dull women. They see only the dull side of things, and naturally fall into a monotonous way of expressing themselves, They have also the habit of complaining, a habit which quickens only the lower intellect. Where is there a more discontented creature than a good watch dog? He is forever looking for some infringement of his rights; and an approaching step, or a distant bark, drives him into a fury of protest. Discontented women are always egotists: they view everything in regard to themselves, and have therefore the defective sympathies that belong to low organiza-They never win confidence, for tions. their discontent breeds distrust and doubt, and, however clever they may naturally be, an obtrusive self, with its train of likings and dislikings, obscures their judgment and they take false views of people and things. For this reason it is almost a hopeless effort to show them how little people generally care about their grievances, they have thought about themselves so long and so much that they cannot coninteresting the rest of the world.-North American Review.

Remember in the purchase of materials for spring and summer gowns. Skirts are season. Five yards around is a very good

Round waists continue to be worn, but they are in the minority and will grow more and more as the season advances. Nearly everything is made with a basque. The short, dumpy girl who looks best in the shortest kind of a short waist, a la Olga end of the class. It will not do to ascribe our downward movement entirely to immicised for a hundred years a kind of protector"those horrid basques," but there are too gration from foreign lands. Many immi- ate over the Ottoman Christians, but in many tall girls in the fashionable world to 1856 she was deprived of that protectorate, keep the basques and jackets out. Revers and the Great Powers of Europe, in a col- have returned to us along with the jackets, lective protectorate, took her place. Rus- and we shall be all ready for the shirt front sia had always accomplished something and necktie of the summer girl when June with the Sultan; he had never forgotten comes around again. The jacket, however, that, with one exception, for two centuries is with us now, for it can be worn without Russia had defeated him in every war, an outside wrap, a great advantage in the Therefore he was delighted at the chance of early spring when it is too cold to wear the escaping from dealing with one Power to ordinary dress on the street. Make your dealing with a number, for what was every- gown any way you please, with round body's business was nobody's business. waist or jacket, big sleeves or little, and Furthermore, he was convinced that the in- then when it is done stick a fluff of lace untegrity of his Empire was essential to the der your chin and you are in fashion. Cosbalance of power in Europe. The best tumes also have lace flounces at the wrists proof of this was the fact that Turkey had and a cascade of lace around the muff.

Box coats are decidedly the fashion, they ing, and in 1880 England bound herself to fit only at the neck and wrists-but are A particular jacket was trimmed pretty. sia, and to see that reforms were carried to simulate a narrow yoke with gimp passementerie which also extended around the bottom of the coat. There were enaulets the consciousness of the public. The this convention, call upon England to pro- from the front. Revers and epaulets are

> The woman who borrows trouble and has feared that the shirt waist would not remain in favor this season may possess her mind in peace. That comfortable article of apparel is already favorably considered by leading modistes. It is to be continued in the front and is to put on more attractive

> Turndown collars of linen or of the fabric of the skirt will rival the standing collars and cuffs made to match. Ecru batiste and the familiar grass linen will be used for shirt waists even than last year. They are refined looking, are capable of being semi-dress if well made do not show soil and are generally becom-The new grass linens have stripes of color woven in, or else there is an all over design of flowers embroidered in white. cream-tinted, or in colors, or else lace designs appliqued form their exquisite garnit-

> A flaring cuff, slashed and turned back is a stylish finish for a Louis Quinze coat. Indeed, elaborate trimming is seen on all the new sleeves at the hand-doubtless to make amends for loss of size at the top.

> The imported mohairs are charmingly refined and suitable for spring toilets. A swell modiste is making up a brilliantine, checked off with fine red, green and blue threads. Very nobby is the ripple backed little jacket, with its lining of apricot taffeta. It is to have a shirt front of imported batiste, rich with embroidery, and there will be a high stock of black satin added to