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THE MOTHERLOOK.

asked.

story."

heroe never tired.

dress was torn, and -"

not at all to his mind.

to take care of; send me-"

grandpa mit fierce mads."

good."

sisted.

sent him?"

"And it never touched you?"

"Bat first I must show you what I've got for you. I found it when I was sweeping

she began the story of which he, being the

"It is five years ago this December, on a

'You were as cross as two sticks," said

Isidore's sensitive face flushed and his

"Dear heart, that's a joke. I was only

and brought you here, where I had every-

"And she sent you kittens," the enthral-led andience interrupted. "She sent six

whiskers by the face. She was awful

ing and gave them to me. But they soon grew up, and I was as badly off as ever."

"So you prayed some more," he said. "I did, indeed; and Mary-"

"The woman on the next floor was mov-

"Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild," he again in-

"Sent me a little boy to take care of."

"Glory be to God! he was the maddest

thing I ever saw; I thought he would

have had a fit. First he oried over you, and

he said, but I knew by the look of him-

until be was as weak as a kitten." "On'y Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild ain't

"int him?" the boy interposed again. "Indeed, she did not. And then he took

you away into the next room and warned

me-I didn't understand a word he said,

lip quivered. This was a digression and

snowy night just like this, that I found you

"As one whom his mother comforteth."-Isa, 53, 13 You take the finest woman, with th' roses in

her cheeks, An' all th' birds asingin' in her voice time she speaks;

Her hair all black an' gleamin' or a glowin' said the old woman. "Your with it when I found you." mass o' gold-An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n

halfway told.

There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies-

The motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eves will sparkle in her innocence the church." And she bestowed upon him a limp and shrunken paper bag containing six peanuts. As he rested happily on her knee and consumed this light refreshment, and fun,

Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones she wants to shun.

In pleasure or in anger there is always han'omeness,

But still there is a beauty that was surely made a bless-

A beauty that grows sweeter, an' that all but glorifies

Th' motherlook that sometimes come into a biography added with a chastened pride. woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile exactly-yet it's brimmin' his friend; "and you were dirty, and your full o' joy,

An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends above her boy

Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with it's dreams told in its face;

She smoothes its hair, an' pets it as she lif's it to its place.

It leads all th' expressions whether grave, or gay, or wise-Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin'

"I was a baby," he urged; "a little bit of baby. I couldn't to wash mine self, und woman's eves. mine grandpa he had a sad."

There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint

A picture of a woman mostly angel saint.

An' make it still be human-an' they'd have to blend the whole.

There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint

a soul. No one can paint the g'ory comin' straight

from paradise-The motherlook that lingers in a happy

woman's eyes. -Chicago Daily Tribune

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

"Lord God of Israel, hear my wrongs," the rabbi prompted; "grant me vengeance on the accursed Christian."

'No, grandpa; I don't needs I should say my wrong prayers," Isidore pleaded; "I don't needs them."

"Recite my wrongs," the rabbi comman

ded; "stand upright and begin." "''Lord God of Israel, hear my wrongs," Isidore began in measured and sonorous Hebrew. "'Let thine ear be attentive and thine arm swift to avenge. Look down upon thy servant and mark his suffering. Out of a town of a far country where we dwelt in love and peace with all men, out of the temple where my grandfather spent the years of his young life, out of the house wherein my mother was born and wherein then he cursed me-I didn't know a word she bore me, away from the friends who loved us, away from the friends we loved, We came to the tythe tyrant drove us. rant's land. Behold, there was no other place. With curses they received us; with indignities they welcomed us. And my mother-''' Rabbi Meirkoff covered his eyes with one long, thin hand and half sob- but I knew by the look of him-never to for behold, here was the whole heavenly

bed, half groaned, "Thy mother!" Always at this point in the "wrong prayers" he did these things, and Isidore, understand-the hoy. go near you or to touch you again."

out of English: on'y he kills my papa, and he takes away my mama, and he hits my grandpa a fierce back. I guess maybe he night, Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild; good night, Gentle-Jesus-Meek and -Mild." Gentle-Jesus-Meek and Mild." And Mis. Keating never realized that all her efforts had looks off the fire-engines. My grandpa toward Isidore's conversion had culminated he has a' awful fraid over fire-engines." in the theory that the Holy Family's names, like their lives, were Gentle and Holy and Mild. "Mild," he decided was Mrs. Keating crossed herself devoutly. 'And it was walking around alone?" she the surname. 'Walkin' and yellin'."

Upon his return to his own room, Isidore was greeted by his grandfather's sad eyes "It ain't seen me; I sneak behinds my para where he lays on the floor; they had a fraid from him, and while he was dead, and the constant question, "Thou hast held no communion with the oppressor?" "No, grandpa," answered Isidore; "I blood comes out of him-it goes on mine ain't seen him even."

blood comes out of him-to goes on mile and t seen him even. dress. That's what my grandpa says." "There is time," said the Babbi Meir-hoff; "thou art as yet too young. But the God of Israel will grant thee vengeance. For has he not written, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth'? Aye, but what for "Tell me about how you found me some more," Isidore pleaded; it is a' awful nice such wrongs as ours?" Well, I will," Mrs. Keating promised.

"Boy of my heart," said Mrs. Keating some mornings later, when Isidore knock-ed at her door, "is the old gentleman the church." And she bestowed upon him gone?"

"Sure is he," answered Isidore; "he puts him on mit them boards and he goes by Grand street. He won't never let me put on mit them boards. I likes I shall wear them. Und my grandpa he don't likes he wear them. He has afraid over the streets. He likes he shall sit where no noises und no peoples. He has it pretty hard."

crying in the next room. You were all alone and very cold." "Und I had a mad," the subject of this "Well, I have a treat for you," said Mrs. Keating. "I'm going over to church to help with the crib, and I'm going to take you with me. You will be good and quiet, won't you?" box for covering, and the remain-der, two-thilds of a yard, is fastened to-gether on the ends, and gathered on one "It had blood from off my papa?" "Well, I didn't mind any of those things;

"Sure will I," said Isidore in his changing form of assent, and he began to be quiet and good upon the instant. He I wanted a little boy, and I was glad to sat upon a cushion which once had graced a get him-glad to get even a dirty little prie-dien and still smelt faintly of dead incense, while his friend bonneted and shawled herself. He loved the church. To shawled herself. He loved the church. To his mind, the only place approaching it in attractiveness was a stable, two blocks away, where a dejected horse and three de-jected dogs lived in peace and unison with a dejected peddler. They were all his friends, though Mrs. Keating frowned upon the intimacy.

too glad to see you. You were as welcome as the flowers of May; and I picked you up But of the church she approved, and in the church he was happy. The peace, the coolness, the spaciousness of it appealed to the intimate refinement of his little soul. thing ready for you, because I knew that you were coming. I had waited years for you, I had prayed to Holy Mary for you." "Holy Mary-Mother-Mild," said Isidore, The mystery of its dim-lit arches, its high devoutly. "Mother of God,' I used to pray to her, "Mother of God,' I used to pray to her, galleries and choir, its sometimes sounding organ, and its one high lamp, pleased the poet in him. And everything interested the boy he was. But most of all he loved the flowers. The only other flowers he knew were in the florist's window, with 'you see that I am lonely; you know that empty arms can ache. Send me something cold glass interposed between them and their small lover. But in the church were orawly kittens mitout no eyes and mit less distant flowers, and one might touch them, smell them, fondle them, if one was so fortunate as to have a Lady-Friend whose privilege it was to dust the altar. Also there was a bell—a wonderful bell three stories high, and of an entrancing bright-ness; and from this one might extract booming responses with a small, tight knuckle when the attention of one's Lady-Friend was centered upon dusty cushions

But to day there were other things to "Und you lays me on your bed, und you gives me I should eat, and you makes me I watch and wonder at. There were lights and people inside the high gold railing which separated the altar from the comshould sleep, and by mornings comes my mon ground. A noise of hammering echoed strangely through the silence which had never been disturbed save for the distant jangle of a horse-car or the rumble of a truck. And when Isidore's dazzled eyes grew clear he saw that the small altar where Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild had always stood had undergone a transformation. It was no longer an altar; it was a stable. And Isidore was very glad, for she could never again object to his visits to the peddler, the

choir assembled in a barn, benignly associ-

Christmas Lists of Ribbons.

So many useful and attractive articles may be fashioned from ribbons that even fingers unaccustomed to the needle are tempted to turn the pretty strips of silk to account at the season of universal gift-making; while the deft needlewoman makes every scrap tell in the dainty trifles with

which she enriches her friends at Christmas tide. In one of these flowered ribbon puffs there may be a bit of embroidery, some fine lingerie, or lace work-portions of that 'pick-up work'' which most women keep at hand to sew on at odd moments; or it may be that the humble dust-cloth hides within the folds, ready to wipe away some spot that has been left by a careless or hurried housemaid. If one is making up for lost moments, Christmas having crept upon one almost unawares, these small bags may prove a grateful suggestion; they are so easily made, three or four being

possible in an afternoon's work. A little puff that might be classed under the generic name of "bag" holds the baby ribbon now almost universally used in the lace and edging of undergarments. This takes a pasteboard disk two inches in diameter, a brass upholstery ring one inch in diameter, three-quarters of a yard of ribbon five inches wide, and about a yard and gether on the ends, and gathered on one selvedge edge to the disk; the other edge

must be gathered to the brass ring, which has been carefully buttonholed over with embroidery silk the shade of the ribbon. With the addition of two buttonholed loops that are sewed in the bottom of the disk for holding the flat bone bodkin the work that will easily pull loose inside the bag, before the little gift is ready for its place among the dainty Christmas packages. This bag possesses an added virtue, too. It may

be sent by mail in a good-sized square envelope, obviating the expense and bother of an express package. There are numbers of ways to utilize

ribbon, in making needle-books, and threadand-needle receptacles for the travelling bag, or for banging near the dressing-table, providing just at hand the utensils for taking that stitch in time which so surely saves nine. For one of these use a half-yard of Dresden ribbon and a half-yard of plain ribbon about three inches and a half wide. Stitch them carefully together, the plain ribbon serving as a lining to the figured. About two inches down from the ends run a line of feather-stitching across to form a small pocket for holding buttons: hem the ends and run baby ribbon through for drawing up closely. Nick a bit of fine white flannel for holding needles of three or four sizes and fasten it just in the middle of the strips. On this flannel put two spools of thread or silk, black and white, and one of twist; ruu baby ribbon through them and fasten it tightly with tiny bows to the edge of the ribbon band, and shoe or

glove buttons or an unsightly rent may be taken care of in travelling, for the handy little bag may be rolled up and tucked into a small corner of the travelling bag. There are always the more elaborate sewing bags with the stiff bottom and the gathered top drawn together with cords of ribbons. They are fitted up with pin-oushions, needle-books, and scissors, and serve to keep delicate work clean and fresh. While very useful and decorative, they take patience and accuracy in the making, and You will need A SH awl around you. Ash, any woman who sews feels deeply appreetc. ciative of such a gift. Out of a quarter of

They ate sandwiches and cookies cut out a yard of figured ribbon, perhaps a "left- in leafsbape, and drank one may fashion one of those pretty | with squares of golden sponge cake. And old fashioned "tomato" pincushions, for as they went happily home in the golden gloaming, they looked up at the trees with new interest. "For," said one little girl, 'we are just getting acquainted.'

Simple Life in Iceland

jail, nor a court in which anyone accused of a crime could be tried. Should anyone break the law he would be taken to Den-

mark to answer for his misdeeds. The

other country, having a voice in all elec-

tions save that for members of their legis-

Small Pay for Lace Makers.

Belgian female workers on hand made

In Eastern Flanders the wages are still

A few years ago the earnings of lace

oluding agents and dealers, secured the full

proceeds of the sales to the producers. This

lady has also established working schools

and greatly improved the industries of the

---- "Darling," said she, "do you love

me as much as ever ?"

of ribbon to hang near the dressing table for holding all sorts and conditions of pins Lovers of the simple life should take -black, white, and colored, round, flat, themselves to Iceland, where the conditions and safety. With one of these at hand no woman's kingdom need be lost for want of appear to be ideal. There are no manufactories in the country, each home is a factory and every member of the family a Another pretty sewing bag is made to "band." Shoes are made from goatskins, stockings, woolens and broadcloth come from the hand looms found in every house.

bang up in one's stateroom on shipboard or in a room in a hotel. It has at the top a little pocket stuffed with wool wadding, Not a drop of liquor is manufactured on the island and for the 78,000 population making a cushion into which pius and needles may be put. Below this the ribbon is there is but one policeman. There is no

turned up twice to make pockets. In the larger one spools and the thimble may be kept, and buttons in the smaller one. For this . urd of ribbon three or three and es wide is needed, and narrow a-h ribbon for tie-strings. A little loop of the narrow ribbon should be sewed to the under side of the cushion at the top to serve for a hanger.

women are among the most advanced in the world. Their political league has a membership of 7,000 and they enjoy more civil rights than the women of almost any Another pretty little bag of black gros-grain ribbon and duli jet beads is intended for an elderly lady's use. It has two pocklative body. The Iceland Parliament will have none of them.—London Tatler. ets-one for the handkerchief and the other for the spectacles. It is made of two widths of ribbon joined under the row of beads. So many useless, unwieldly, and abso-

lutely ugly things find purchasers in the lace earn but from 25 to 30 cents per day of 12 to 15 hours' work. inevitable rush that precedes Christmas, that it is refreshing to know that one may find the true spirit of Christmas lurking in lower, ranging from 16 to 20 cents per day. the gift fashioned of ribbons, embodied in Girls from 6 to 9 years of age are instructed the small and pretty trifles that ingenuity in lace making in schools superintended by may contrive or suggest in their use. Again, nuns. they may be the conveyance of a very costly gift, the covering that holds some su-preme surprise.-By Jane W. Cuthrine, in makers in East Flanders averaged only from 7 to 8 cents per day, as the lace was then sold direct to dealers, but a philan-thropic lady, Miss Minnie Dansaert of Haeltere, took hold of the matter and by selling the lace direct to customers, ex-Harper's Bazar.

Children's Tree Party.

It came about from a mother who wished her children and their friends to know something about out-of-door things, relates Good housekeeping. She sent all the childistrict. dren whom they knew invitations to a tree party. On green cardboard maple leaves was written in gold ink:

On Tuesday by four. "Yes, dearie," said he, with his nose At the Richardson home. buried in his newspaper. To a party outdoor That ought to have satisfied her, but she had to ask : "Why ?" We'll be pleased if you come. "Oh, I dunno. Habit, I suppose." After playing some romping games the children were seated on the grass under the -Jinks-Were you ever in Niagara trees and given numbered cards, on which Falls? were pasted real leaves from trees. Each Blinks-Yes, once. child had a pad and pincil and a row of "What do you think of the place ?" "Didn't see it." numbers on the first page. The cards were passed from hand to hand, and opposite the "Didn't see it ! How's that ?" numbers they wrote the name of the tree "I was there while on my honeymoon they thought the leaf came from. The cortrip.' rect list was then read and the one who

had the most numbers right was crowned -Cousin 'Liza. "Ellen, didn't ye with a wreath made from the fern-like fetch me somethin' from New York ?" Cousin Ellen. "'Liza, I fetched y' leaves of the walnut tree. On the next page of their pad they wrote the answers to these questions; 1. What part of a tree is like a dog? Answer, bark. soovneer spoon, but sister Martha liked it so well she make me keep it myself." 2 What part of a tree is going away? Leaves. -Mrs. Knicker. "How can you give 3 what part of the tree is like an elephant? ball without a ball room ?' Trunk. 4 What part of a tree is like a bog? Mrs. Bocker. "Haven't I got eight cosy Root. 5 What part of a tree is like a corners and two staircases ?" stream? Branch. 6 What tree is beloyed by heroes? Laurel. 7 What tree is double? ---Grandpa. "And if you work hard you may be President of the United States some day." Pear. 8 What tree is not me? Yew. 9 What tree is mournful? Pine. 10 What tree suggests the seashore? Beech. 11 What Tommy. "Gee ! that 'd be great. I'd tree suggests paradise? Tree of heaven. 12

just love to go huntin'." What tree never fades? Evergreen. 13 What tree will never be younger? Elder. -Tramp outside the gate-Does your The girl whose list of answers was most dog bite ? nearly correct won a little acorn cup, in Mrs. Weptonwish (on the porch)-Yes. which was glued an emery bag of green he does, and—oh, please don't come in ! We are particular what we feed him on ! velvet. The winning boy received a willow whistle. Baried trees were on the next page, and were like these: 1. Who calls

-Tom-Life is full of trouble. Dick-That's right. You no more than just cease dodging ice cream signs, when oyster announcements loom up before you.

ing as little of what he was saying as many sumed:

'My mother, the only child and daughty should endure. My father they foully

repetition could dull the agony which, at each new recital of his wrongs, tore his awful mad." tired old heart with savage hatred and black despair. Each evening Isidore dragged him through the scenes of that night whose evening left him in his stately library surrounded by his books and by his little family, and whose morning found kills my papa and steals my mama awayand a great fear in all his being. Five years grandpa and mit me." had passed since then, and he was still afraid; still dazed; still, too often, hungry.

cantiously. threw himself into the darkness beyond it, and was caught in a close embrace. "Boy of my heart," whispered a fond

old voice, "how are you to-night?"

"I'm bealthy," Isidore replied as his hostess closed the door and lighted an inchlong candle which shone upon them redly from the cracked sides of what had once been a sanctuary lamp. "I'm healthy, and I guess I goes by the block."

'Is it like that you'd go?" Mrs. Keating demanded. "I will have to wash your face first."

"But you washed it yesterday," the boy objected. "I don't needs you shall wash it some more."

Then you can't go out."

"Then I'll stay in."

Which was exactly what Mrs. Keating desired.

They spent a delightful evening. The hostess entertained the guest with reminis-cences of far-off days in Connemara when her heart and her life were young. She was a relic of the time when East Broadway and all its environs had been a prosperous Irish quarter, and the years which had changed these stately homes to squalid tenements had changed her from the mistress of one of them to the worn and fragile sweeper of St. Mary's church.

'My mother," she told the boy, "was a lovely girl; her hair was as black as the night, and her eyes were as blue as the

the guest interrupted, "mine grandpa he tells me. From the gold hair, mit ourls. On'y somethings comes by nights and takes my mama away."

'The saints preserve us! What kind of a thing?'

"I don't know what kind from a thing dear Lady-Friend," said he; and then, to known.-By Myra Kelly in Century Maga- in place. he was. I don't know the name from him the painted family over the altar, "Good zine.

"And it makes mit you nothings?" said ating with a very small, very large-eared "Nothing at all; when he was out I'd go lambs. Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild, disoardhorse, a wide-horned cow, and three woolly another six-year-old understands of the Lord's Prayer, regarded this interruption ress you in the little shirts and things I from her pedestal to kneel beside the man-from her pedestal to kneel beside the man-

ter of this old man, they carried off to be gentleman! so queer in his head and so their plaything for such a time as her beau- wild in his ways, walked up and down wild in his ways, walked up and down Grand street all day long-a sand wichman, slew, and their remains of our ancient God help him!-and came home too tired house a man too old for vengeance and a to notice the clothes that were on you or to ing straw, was Gentle-Jesus-Meek-and-

house a man too old for vengeabce and a child too young. Cast, then, thine eyes upon me, and hasten the day of my strength.' Now can I go by the block?'' "Yea," said the rabbi, weakly; for o neutrition cand dull the around which at is out of Jewish; on'y they makes him

"Dearie, you musn't bother him; you must be a good boy; because if you are good now, you'll grow up to be a good man "

"Und I'll go and kill that thing what him with other fugitives fleeing toward the my mama what had from the gold hair, frontier, a crying child beneath his cloak und a light face, und was so much mit my

"'Of course," said Mrs. Keating, "you must kill the beast-and oh! it must be a "vou "Can I go by the block?" asked Isidore. cruel beast to harm a lovely lady! I know "If thou wilt shun the opressor have no she was a lovely lady," she explained as communion with him, and touch not of his she laid her hand upon his golden head and food. And woe to them upon whom that turned his beautiful little face up to her monster of fire and flame which they call own loving one; "I know she was lovely fire-engine comes suddenly! Go now, and because a little bird told me so."

"I guess she was," Isidore agreed, "the Isidore clattered out into the squalid while she was loving much mit her; her hall, and a door at the farther end opened name stands like that Leah, and all times With a rapturous chuckle he my grandpa he makes prayers over it. Bv times he makes sad prayers over it; by times he makes mad prayers over it; by times he don't say no prayers at all, on'y 'Leah! Leah, Leah!' My poor grandpa! He has it 'Leah! pretty hard." "He has, indeed," said the hostess; "and

he'll be no better as long as the beast lives. So you must grow as strong and as fast as you can, and then go home and kill

it. And you'll never grow at all if you stay up late like this, talking to a foolish old woman. So come and say the prayer I taught you and then go to bed. But first I'll light the altar."

Isidore helped her; it was his greatest joy, this little altar whose foundation was a three-legged table, and whose crowning glory was a much defaced and faded but

still beautiful copy of a Raphael Madonna. There were other holy pictures of lesser size, several cracked red-glass bowls, some

broken vases, a paper flower or so, a spray of dried grass, bits of tinsel, and scraps of lace-edged linen.

Isidore was supplied with a broken spirited taper and spent five minutes of reverent joy in lighting the innumerable candleends which his hostess had fixed to pieces of broken china or to circles of tin cut from the tops of corn-and-tomato-cans.

Then the tinsel shone, the linen gleamed, the red-glass glowed, and the gentle-eyed Madonna looked down upon a little face as fair and as pure as that resting against her breast, as Isidore knelt before her to say

his evening prayer: "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look on me, a little child; Pity mine and pity me,

And suffer me to come to thee. At the door he turned. "Good night.

made you out of Father Burke's old sur-plice and the tail of Father Jerome's cas-Mild; while three other gentlemen, whom sock. And your grandfather, poor old Isidore knew to be saints because they wore "like ladies clothes and from the gold somethings on their heads," offered gifts of price. Two long-winged angels knelt at the Mild. Isidore was entranced. Mis. Keating opened the golden gate and led him into the quiet group of adorers, where he knelt as reverently as any one of them, and looked as much a part of the picture. His Lady-Friend knelt by his side and they said their prayers together, while high above them the great star of Bethlehem shone with an unsteady lustre. Now the star of Bethlehem was used only on great festivals, and its attachment was insecure. As Isidore and Mrs. Keating prayed a helper at the main altar threw a heavy green garland over the high-hung gas-pipe which prossed the chancel. There was a quick cry of warning, and Isidore looked up in time to see that the star of Bethlehem had broken loose and his dear friend was in peril. The heavy blazing iron crushed down upon her thin shoulders, but Isidore's little body bore the brant.

Some hours later he opened his eyes upon the scene of all his joy and cherishment. Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild smiled down upon him from her accustomed frame as he lay in his friend's arms.

"Boy of my heart," she greeted him, 'You shouldn't have done it."

"It was polite," he said. "Stars on the neck ain't healthy for you, und so I catches it. On'y say, it makes me a sickness." "Go to sleep, dear," said Mis. Keating. "Shut your pretty eyes and go to sleep." Obediently Isidore closed them, and then uddenly reminded her:

"I ain't said mine prayers."

"Say them, then, sweetheart," she hu-mored him. And when he had reconciled himself to a stiff unresponsiveness of his body which forbade his kneeling or even folding his hands, he turned his face to the lights and began:

> "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look on me, a little child; Pity mine and pity me,

And suffer mine to come to thee

"To come to thee!" Mrs. Keating echoed. 'To come to thee!'' "Und now," said Isidore, after some

pause, "I guess I says mine wrongs prayers," and addressed the Lady of the Altar in the tongue which had been hers in the days of her white virginity at Nazareth:

" 'Lord God of Israel, hear my wrongs! Grant me vengeance upon the accursed Christian! We came unto their land. With curses they received us; with indignities they welcomed us-

"Go to sleep, my darling," crooned his Lady-Friend and kissed him. "You can "You can finish your prayers-later." And presently she laid him-quite still

-among the lights and the paper flowers on the altar of that faith whose symbol had crushed him, whose perversions had crushd his people, but whose truth had made are also fastened across the inside of the all the happiness which his short life had case to keep the delicate little "turn-overs"

hat pins, or to tuck into the travelling bag to use in one's room at hotels for pins. And ribbon-covered equares of pasteboard fastened by a band of ribbon elastic serve to hold fresh handkerchiefs in compact and

convenient form while travelling. Next to the bags are the boxes covered

with ribbon, and one need not be a needlewoman to be able to make exceedingly pretty gifts out of the combination of box and ribbon. The work demands, however, deft fingers, care in measurement, and ex quisite accuracy in securing a fit for covering and lining. When the bottom of the box, inside and out, and the top of the lid inside are duplicated with pastboard thin and firm and a trifle smaller, and covered with the lining fabric, then the work be-comes easy, for all of the covering and linings are pasted down firmly under these duplicates, which go on as a final finish to cover unsightly edges. The outside cover of the box must have a thin padding of cotton wadding, and one side of the lid must be broken off. The inner lining of the box is then pasted up tightly to the inner top of the lid, and the outer covering of the lid is pasted down firmly to the bottom of the outside of the box, providing the hinge. Narrow ribbons are sometimes used as ties, or a little bow is placed in front as a lift for the lid, but this seems superfluous. Many women keep shirtwaists and delicate bodices in the covered boxes, which generally carry a delicate scent under the lining; indeed, so universal s the use of the boxes for waists and fragile bodices that light standing racks are made to hold either four or six of them. The racks may be made by any carpenter and painted the prevailing color of the room where they stand. Similar racks are also made for the covered bonnet boxes which drop at the side for the removal of the bonnet instead of by lifting off the lid.

Old candy boxes may be covered with Dresden ribbon, and lined with plain, and filled with delicate ruching for the neck and sleeves of the gown. Such a gift should meet with gratitude when one considers the perishable nature of the ruching now

so indispensable an accessory of dress. Ribbou sashes and belts are always pretty accessories of dress for a young girl, and even an unskilled needlewoman should be able to gather a strip of handsome ribbon to a whalebone for the back of a belt and fasten the ends to as simple or as elaborate

a belt-buckle as the purse will allow. Equally attractive are the little "turn over" cases made of ribbon. These have a foundation of stiff white pasteboard, top and bottom, fifteen inches long and five and one-half inches wide. The boards can be secured at a job-printing office and accurately and evenly cut there. They must first be padded with thin cotton wadding scented with some delicate sachet powder. Each board is then covered with white silk, of soft texture. Along the top of the up-per board a band of Dresden ribbon should be feather-stitched on. The upper and lower boards are held together about three inches from each end by half-inch wide ribbon, which is tied in a small bow at the back, and left in ends, to be tied when the case is full, at the front. Ribbon straps

Miniature mattresses also may be made

Caw and Coo Legend.

How the Crow and Dove Got Their Feathers.

When Adam named the birds, the crow and the dove both had dirty-white feathers, and they asked Adam to change them, for white is beautiful when it is clean, but when it is dirty it's awful.

The crow said in his harsh voice: "Caw, I want my feathers changed; caw, caw, and the dove said: "Coo, coo, won't you please change my feathers, too? coo,

Adam could not change their feathers, but he asked the sunlight to change the feathers, because you know, all colors come from light. So the two birds went to the Light, and the crow said: "Adam sent me to you-caw-he said you are to change my feathers; caw, caw; so be quick about it, caw, caw." But the dove said: "Coo, coo, Adam said you would be good enough to change my feathers, coo; can you please do it now? Coo, coo." Now, the Light did not like to be spoken to in a harsh voice, but he liked the gentle way in which the dove spoke, so the Light said: "Yes, I will change your feathers," and he changed the dove's to a beautiful pearly gray that turned into the colors of flowers when the dove moved, and he put his own red ring round the dove's neck. And he changed the crow's feathers, too, but he made them plain black. All the same, they shine as the dark sky shines at night.

Adam's children loved the soft-voiced dove and took it to live about their houses; but the crow, with his harsh "Caw, caw," and rough ways, Adam's children never liked, so he wanders like a stranger in their land .- Bolton Hall, in the Independent.

Just a Few Stories.

She was 4 years old, says Harper's Monthly, and all alive-a dancing, laughing, brown-eyed elf. She loved to go to Sabbath school, but all of the impressions she received for some time were musical ones so that it was a great comfort when she an nounced one Sunday upon her return : "I've learned sumfing."

"What was it, dear ?' responded the delighted mother.

"Names," she replied briefly. "I can't fink of 'em."

"Sit right down here, darling and think hard."

So she wrinkled her little brow, and strove strenuously to recall. "Oh, I know," she shouted, jumping up as it all came back to her.

"What? What?" shouted the excited parents. "Matthew !" Then they almost slipped

away for a moment, but she seemed to catch them on the fly. Her eyes gleamed. "Matthew ! March ! April ! May !"

Mrs. Newliwed-It's just brutal of you to call it "this stuff." You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread and-Mr. Newliwed-Yes, but I didn't say

wanted you to bake mine.

-He-Miss Rich said that she felt very giddy on her last ocean voyage. -Well, perhaps she remained on the port side too long.

-Woodby Riter-I've always thought it would be fine to be a poet. Editor-It certainly should be fine, or imprisonment or both.

-"Barber. "How was the last have ?" Patron. "Fine. My wife cut her new

waist by the diagram on my face."

RUSSIAN REFUGEES ARRIVE

Five Hundred Reach New York On Two Steamers.

New York, Dec. 12 .- Five hundred Russian refugees, many of them eyewitnesses of the massacre in Odessa and other Russian cities, disembarked here from the steamers Patricia and Chemnitz. Some of them told graphic and pitiful stories of their experiences. Jews who had themselves lain hidden in Odessa houses while mobs searched for them, Russian workmen of the Christian faith, strikers from the railroads, a newspaper reporter, and Germans who had long lived in Russia, joined at Ellis Island immigration station in declaring that they had been attacked irrespective of religion, that their assailants were led by police disguised in citizens clothing, and that the massacres were not race persecution, but revolution.

While telling their stories the men sometimes burst into tears, for perhaps half of the entire number had left behind them wives and children who were either dead or defenseless in Russian cities.

BULLETS CURED PARALYSIS

Remarkable Result of Murderous Attack On D. F. Rowe.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11. - The shots aimed to kill David F. Rows really effected a wonderful cure. Prior to the murderous assault on him by his sonin-law, Casper Cooper, Rowe had been for a long time a paralytic on the right side. When taken to the Pennsylvania hospital after the shooting his death was expected in a few hours, but instead of that he left the hospital and now declares that every vestige of paralysis has left him and that he feels better than he did for years.

It is less than three weeks ago that Rowe was shot five times by Cooper, who then committed suicide. Cooper fired at his father-in-law as the latter lay helpless and paralyzed on a couch. unable to do anything to defend himself. When he left the hospital Rowe's arm still contained three of the leaden pellets, his thumb was still in splints from a wound that cut to the bone, and a cotton bandage covered a fresh scar on his breast. In spite of his 60 years he has been up and about ever since, with not a trace of paralysis left.