"OH, WHO AM IT

"Only the singer of a little song"-But what a singer! What a song she sings! Yea, heaven to earth her music nearer

brings, With subtle powers, that to her gift belong. And Jovely thoughts her rippling verses

throng, Their inspiration drawn from secret springs We rise and soar with her on angel wings, As she in flights of fancy glides along. She teaches us our dearest friend in pain, And not, as we had deemed him or

foe; And using things in nature, mean and low, The highest truths her metaphors contain Cease not thy strain, thy melody prolong, Sing on sweet singer, for we love thy song! -Henry B. Blunt.

WILKIN'S WIFE.

Nobody ever understood why he married

You expected calamity to pursue Wilkinson, -it always had pursued him, -but that Wilkinson should have gone out of his way to pursue calamity (as if he could never have enough of it) really seemed a

most unnecessary thing.

For there had been no pursuit on the part of the lady. Wilkinson's wife had the quality of her defects, and revealed herself chiefly in a formidable reluctance. It was understood that Wilkinson had prevailed only after an austere struggle. Her appearance sufficiently refuted any theory of unboly fascination or disastrons charm.

Wilkinson's wife was not at all nice to look at. She had an insignificant figure, a small, square face, colorless hair scraped with difficulty to the top of her head, eyes with no lasbes to protect you from their store, a mouth that pulled at an invisible ourb, a sallow skin stretched so tight over her cheek-bones that the red veins stood stagnant there; and with it all, poor lady, a dull, strained expression hostile to fur ther intimacy.

Even in her youth she never could have looked young, and she was years older than Wilkinson. Not that the difference showed. for his marriage had made Wilkinson look years older than he was; at least, so it was said by people who had known him before that unfortunate event.

It was not even as if she had been intel-Wilkinson had a gentle passion for the things of intellect; his wife seemed to exist on purpose to frustrate it. In no de-partment of his life was her influence so peretrating and malign. At forty he no longer counted; he had lost all his brilliance, and had replaced it by a shy, unworldly charm. There was something in wouldn't have minded playing up to her if Wilkinson that dreamed or slept, with one eye, fixed upon his wife. Of course, he had his blessed hours of deliverance from the Wilkinson's wife. woman. Sometimes be would fly in her face and ask people to dine at his house in Hampstead, to discuss Roman remains, or the Troubadours, or Nietz-che. He never that it wasn't right to sacrifice poor Evey. "enter," as be expected it, into these subjects. He smiled at you in the dimmest, saddest way when he referred to it. "It's extraordinary," he would say, "the little

interest she takes in Nietzsche." Mrs. Norman found him once wandering in the High Street, with his passion full oles; and there were pleasant creases in his strings. neer, clean-shaven face.

She inquired the cause of his delight.

And Wilkinson would try and make you believe that they had threshed out the Troubadours between them. But when Mrs. Norman, who was a little curious about Wilkinson, asked the Tronbadour man what they had talked about he smiled and said it was something—some extraor-dinary adventure—that had happened to Wilkinson's wife.

People always smiled when they spoke of her. Then, one by one, they left off dining with Wilkinson. The man who read Nietzsche was quite rude about it. He said he wasn't going there to be gagged by that woman. He would have been glad enough to ask Wilkinson to dine with him,

if he would go without his wife.

If it had not been for Mrs. Norman the Wilkinsons would have vanished from the social scene. Mrs. Norman had taken Wilkinson up, and it was evident that she did not mean to let him go. That, she would have told you with engaging emphasis, was not her way. She had how things were going, socially, with Wilkinson, and she was bent on his deliv-

If anybody could have carried it through, it would have been Mrs. Norman. She at it—as if they hadn't come often enough was clever; she was charming; she had a before! house in Fitzjohns's Avenue, where she entertained intimately. At forty, she had preserved the best part of her youth and prettiness, and an income insufficient for keep her there.

Mr. Norman, but enough for her. As she The dreadful lady thus creditably dis Mr. Norman, but enough for her. As she said in her rather dubious pathos, she had nobody but herself to please now.

You gathered that if Mr. Norman had been living he would not have been pleased with her cultivation of the Wilkinsons. She was always asking them to dinner. They turned up punctually at her delightful Friday evenings (her little evenings) from nine to eleven. They dropped in to tea on Sunday afternoons. Mrs. Norman had a wonderful way of drawing Wilkinson out; while Evey, her unmarried sister, made prodigious efforts to draw Wilkinson's wife in. "If you could only make her," said Mrs. Norman, "take an interest

in something."
But Evey couldn't make her take an interest in anything. Evey had no sympathy with her sister's missionary adventure. She saw what Mrs. Norman wouldn't see— that, if they forced Mrs. Wilkinson on people who were trying to keep away from her, people would simply keep away from them. Their Fridays were not so well at-tended, so delightful, as they had been. A heavy cloud of dullness seemed to come into the room, with Mrs. Wilkinson, at nine o'clock. It hung about her chair, and spread slowly, till everybody was wrapped

Then Evey protested. She wanted to know why Cornelia allowed their evenings to be blighted thus. "Why ask Mrs. Wilk-

"I wouldn't," said Cornelia, "if there was any other way of getting him."
"Well," said Evey, "he's nice enough,
but it's rather a large price to have to

"And is he," cried Cornelia passionately, "to be cut off from everything because of

that one terrible mistake?" Evey said nothing. If Cornelia was going to take him that way, there was nothing to be said!

inson out more and more, till one Sunday afternoon, sitting beside her on the sofa,

They had been talking together about his blessed Troubadours. (It was wonderful, the interest Mrs. Norman took in them!) Suddenly his gentleness and sadness fell from him, a flame sprang up be-hind his spectacles, and the something that slept or dreamed in Wilkinson awoke. He was away with Mrs. Norman in a lovely land, in Provence of the thirteenth cen-tury. A strange chant broke from him; it startled Evey, where she sat at the other end of the room. He was reciting his own translation of a love-song of Provence. At the first words of the refrain, his

wife, who had never ceased staring at him, got up and came across the room. She touched his shoulder just as he was going the same unpleasant way?" to say "Ma mie." "Come, Peter," she said, "it's time to

he going home." Wilkinson rose on his long legs "Ma

mie," he said, looking down at her; and the flaming dream was still in his eyes behind his spectacles.

ly, "if it gives you pleasure, should you cut yourself off from it?"
"My dear Mrs. Norman, we have to cut He took the little cloak she held out to

raised it with the air of a courtier handling a royal robe; then he put it on her, smoothing it tenderly about her shoulders. Mrs. Forman followed them to the porch.
As he turned to her on the step, she saw

that his eves were sad, and that his face, as she put it, had gone to sleep again. When she came back to her sister, her

own eves shone and her face was rosy "Oh, Evey," she said, "isn't it beauti-

"Isn't what beautiful?" "Mr. Wilkinson's behavior to his wife.

It was not an easy problem that Mrs Norman faced. She wished to save Wil-kinson; she also wished to save the character of her Fridays, which Wilkinson's wife had already done her best to destroy. Mrs. Norman could not think why the woman came, since she didn't enjoy herself, since she was impenetrable to the intimate, peculiar charm. You could only suppose that her object was to prevent its penetrating Wilkinson, to keep the other women Her eyes never left him.

It was all very well for Evey to talk. She might, of course, have been wiser in the be ginning. She might have confined the creature to their big monthly crushes, where, as Evey had suggested, she would easily have been mislaid and lost. But so, unfortunately, would Wilkinson; and the whole point was how not to lose him.

Evey said she was tired of being told off to entertain Mrs. Wilkinson. She was beshe had approved of the game; but Mrs.

Mrs. Norman cried a little. She told Evey she ought to have known it was his spirit that she cared about. But she owned could understand why his wife couldn't Neither, since he had a wife, was it altogether right for her to care about Wilkinson's spirit to the exclusion of her other friends.

Then, one Friday, Mrs. Norman, relieving her sister for once, made a discovery while Evey, who was a fine musician, played. Mrs. Wilkinson did, after all, take on him. He was a little absent, a little interest in something; she was accessible to release. She was at death's door in March. flushed; his eyes shone behind his specta- the throbbing of Evey's bow across the

She had started; her eyes bad turned "I've got a man coming to dine this evening, to have a little talk with me. He ing, to have a little talk with me. He been released from some biding-place in its been released from some biding-place in its unlovely house. Her face softened, her mouth relaxed, her eyes closed. She lay back in her chair, at peace, withdrawn from them, positively lost.

Mrs. Norman slipped across the room to the corner where Wilkinson sat alone. His face lightened as she came. "It's extraordinary," he said, "her love

Mrs. Norman assented. It was extraordinary, if you came to think of it. Mrs. Wilkinsen had no understanding of the art. What did it mean to her? You could see she was transported, presumably to some place of charactered stupidity, of condoned oblivion, where nobody could challenge her right to enter and remain. "So soothing," said Wilkinson, "to the

nerves." Mrs. Norman smiled at him. She felt that, under cover of the music, his spirit was seeking communion with hers.

He thanked her at parting; the slight hush and mystery of his manner intimated

that she had found a way. "I hope," she said, "you'll come often often." "May we? May we?" He seemed to leap

Certainly she had found the way-the way to deliver him, the way to pacify his wife, to remove her gently to place and

posed of, Wilkinson was no longer back-ward in the courting of his opportunity. He proved punctual to the first minute of the golden hour.

Hampstead was immensely interested in oming forth. It found a touching his blos simplicity in the way he lent himself to the ympathetic eye. All the world was at berty to observe his intimacy with Mrs. Norman

It endured for nine weeks. Then suddenly, to Mrs. Norman's bewilderment, it ceased. The Wilkinsons left off coming to her Friday evenings. They refused her invitations. Their behavior was so abrupt and so mysterious that Mrs. Norman felt that something must have happened to account for it. Somebody, she had no doubt, had been talking. She was much annoyed with Wilkinson in consequence, and, when she met him accidentally in the High Street, her manner conveyed to him her

just resentment. He called in Fitziohn's Avenue the pext Sunday. For the first time, he was with-

He was so downcast, and so penitent, and so ashamed of himself that Mrs. Norman met him half-way with a little rush of af-

"Why have you not been to see us all

manner betrayed an extreme embarrass "I've come," he said, "on purpose to explain. You mustn't think I don't appreciate your kindness, but, the fact is, my poor wife—" (She knew that woman was at the bottom of it!) "—is no longer—up

"What is the wretch up to, I should like to know?" thought Mrs. Norman. He held her with his melancholy, unsteady eyes. He seemed to be endeavoring

So Mrs. Norman went on drawing Wilk- to approach a subject intimately and yet

abstrasely painful. "She finds the music-just at present-a he emerged positively splendid. There were moments when he forgot about his know. It's extraordinary how they affect her. She feels them—most unpleasantly—just here." Wilkinson laid two delicate fingers on the middle buttons of his

Mrs. Norman was very kind to him. He was not expect, poor fellow, in the fabrica-tion of excuses. His look seemed to imtion of excuses. His look seemed to im-plore her pardon for the shifts he had been driven to; it appealed to her to help him out, to stand by him in his unspeakable situation.
"I see," she said.

He smiled, in charming gratitude to her

for seeing it.

That smile raised the devil in her. Why, after all, should she help him out? "And are you susceptible to musi

"Me ? Oh, no-no. I like it ; it gives me the very greatest pleasure" He stared at her in bewilderment and distress. "Then why," said Mrs. Norman sweet-

ourselves off from a great many thingshim, a pitiful and rather vulgar thing. He that give us pleasure. It can't be helped."

She meditated. "Would it do any good!" she said, if I were to call on Mrs. Wilkin-

Wilkinson looked grave. "It is most kind of you, but-just at present-I think it might be wiser not. She really, you now, isn't very fit." Mrs. Norman's silence neither accepted

nor rejected the preposterous pretext. Wilkinson went on belping himself out as best "I can't talk about it; but I thought I she u

give everything up " She held herself in. A terrible impulse was upon her to tell him straight out that she did not see it; that it was too bad; that there was no reason why she should be cali-

ed upon to give everything.
"So, if we don't come," he said, "you'll understand? It's better—it really is better

His voice moved her, and her heart cried to him "Poor Peter!" "Yes" she said; "I understand."

Of course she understood. Poor Peter! it had come to that? "Can't you stay for tea?" she said. "No; I must be going back to her."

He rose. His hand found hers. Its slight pressure told her that he gave and took the sadness of renunciation. That winter Mrs. Wilkinson fell ill in good earnest, and Wilkinson became the prey of a pitiful remorse that kept him a prisoner by his wife's bedside.

He had alwaya been a good man; it was now understood that he avoided Mrs. Norman because be desired to remain what he had always been.

III

There was also an understanding, conseerated by the piety of their renunciation, that Wilkinson was only waiting for his wife's death to marry Mrs. Norman.

And Wilkinson's wife was a long time in dying. It was not to be supposed that she would die quickly, as long as she could interfere with his happiness by living.

With her genius for frustrating and tor menting, she kept the poor man on tenderhooks with perpetual relapses and recoveries. She jerked him on the chain. He was always a prisoner on the verge of his In April she was to be seen, convalescent, in a bath-chair, being wheeled slowly up and down the Spaniard's Road, And Wilkinson walked by the chair, his shoulders bent, his eyes fixed on the ground, his face set in an expression of illimitable

patience. In the summer she gave up and died and in the following spring Wilkinson re sumed his converse with Mrs. Norman. All things considered, he had left a decent it-

terval. By autumn Mrs. Norman's friends wer all on tiptoe and oraning their necks with expectation. It was assumed among them that Wilkinson would propose to her the following summer, when the first year of his widowhood should be ended.

When summer came, there was nothing between them, that anybody could see, but it by no means followed that there was nothing to be seen. Mrs. Norman seemed perfectly sure of him. In her iutense sympathy for Wilkinson, she knew how to account for all his hesitations and delays. She could not look for any passionate, decisive step from the broken crea ture he had become; she was prepared t accept him as he was, with all his humilia ting fears and waverings. The tragic

be undone in a day.

Another year divided Wilkinson from his tragedy, and still be stood trembling weakly on the verge. Mrs. Norman began to grow thin. She lost her bright air of deance, and showed herself vulnerable by the hand of time. And nothing, positive ly nothing, stood between them, excep Wilkinson's morbid diffidence. So absurd ly manifest was their case that somebody the (Troubadour man, in fact)interposed discreetly. In the most delicate manne ossible, he gave Wilkinson to understand that he would not necessarily make him-self obnoxious to Mrs. Norman were he to approach her with-well, with a view to

securing their joint happiness—happiness which they had both earned by their admir-That was all that was needed; a tactful

friend of both parties to put it to Wilkin-son simply and in the right way. Wilkin-son rose from his abasement. There was a light in his eye that rejoiced the tactful friend; his face had a look of sudden. virile determination.
"I will go to ber," he said, "now."

It was a dark, unpleasant evening, full of cold and sleet. Wilkinson thrust his arms into an over coat, jammed a cap down on his forehead

strode into the weather. He strode into Mrs. Norman's room. When Mrs. Norman saw that look or his face, she knew that it was all right

Her youth rose in her again to meet it.
"Forgive me," said Wilkinson; "I had "Why not ?" she said.

"It's so late." "Not too late for me."

"Oh, no, no," she moaned.

He sat down, still with his air of deter nination, in the chair she indicated. He waved away, with unconcealed impatience. the trivialities she used to soften the vio nce of his invasion.
"I've come," he said, because I've had

something on my mind. It strikes me that I've never really thanked you." "Thanked me?"

"For your great kindness to my wife." Mrs. Norman looked away.
"I shall always be grateful to you,
id Wilkinson. "You were very good said Wilkinson.

"I assure you," he insisted, "she felt it very much. I thought you would like to know that."

"Oh, yes." Mrs. Norman's voice wen very low with the sinking of her heart. She used to say you did more for heryou and your sister, with her beautiful music—than all the doctors. You found the thing that eased her. I suppose you knew how ill she was—all the time? I

mean before her last illness."
"I don't think" said she, "I did know." His face, which had grown grave, bright-

"No? Well, you see, she was so plucky Nobody could have known ; I didn't al ways realize it myself."

Then he told her that for five years his wife had suffered from a nervous malady that made her subject to strange excite-

ments and depressions.
"We fought it," he said, "together. Through it all, even on her worst days, he was always the same to me." He sank deeper into memory.

'Nobody knows what she was to me She wasn't one much for society. She went into it" his (his manner implied that she had adorned it) "to please me, because I thought it might do her good. It was one of the things we tried.' Mrs. Norman stared at him. She stared

through him and beyond him, and saw a strange man. She had listened to a strange roice that sounded far off, from somewhere beyond forgetfulness.
"There were times." she heard him saying, "when we could not go out and see

any one. All we wanted was to be alone together. We could sit, she and I, a whole evening without saying a word. We each knew what the other wanted to say without saving it. I was always sure of her; she understood me as nobody else ever can." He paused. "All that's gone."

"Oh, no." Mrs. Norman said, "it isn's."
"It is." He illuminated himself with a faint flame of passion.
"Don't say that, when you have friends

who understand. "They don't. They can't. And," Wilkinson, "I don't want them to."

Mrs. Norman sat silent, as in the pres nce of something sacred and supreme. She confessed afterward that what had attracted her to Peter Wilkinson was his tremendous capacity for devotion. Only (this she did not confess) she never dreamed that it had been given to his wife.—By May Sinclair, in McClures Magazine.

Snow-Blindness.

Snow-blindness is an affliction little known through description, though not very difficult to describe, for here the strongest adjectives need few qualifications, writes V. Stefansson in Harper's Magazine. The pain does not follow immediately upon the straining which seems to be its cause. After a long day of haze the traveler finds when he gets into camp that his eyes are a little itchy, and that they water if he comes too near a fire or any source of heat. Later they feel as if there were a trace of smoke in the tent, then as if a grain or two of sand had gotten under the eyelids, and finally as if the eye sockets were lined with saudpaper. Every movement of the eye causes pain, and then the pains begin to come without a provoking roll of the eveball. At first there is a dull ache, growing gradually sharper, until toward morning of a sleepless night it throbs through the eyes every few seconds, with twinges comparable to, but not equaled by, the shooting pains of toothache.

It is the only affliction with the pain of which the ordinary Eskimo cries out. The zague Xavier Francois D'Assise Eugene. severity of the attack diminishes toward the end of the first 24 hours; for the larger part of that time the sufferer usu his tent, moaning and occasionally crying ont sharply, lying on his face, with both hands covering his closed eves to keep out the faintest possible light; on the second or perhaps third day he is able to travel, but very near sighted and sees everything In a week or so, if the weather is hazy or he has no goggles, the same indi vidual may have another attack-but the first attack of the year is the most severe, apparently. Every attack weakens the eyes and predisposes to further attacks which (so, at least, the Eskimos believe finally lead to total blindness, an affliction rather common among the Eskimos. Keep ing the eyes from strain and, if possible focussing them continually on some dark object (such as a black dog in one's team) believed by the natives to be the chie afeguard. The same view is held by many of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police whose duties within the Arctic and on the plains of the northwest frequently expose

hem to snow-blindness. Nothing, perhaps, could more clearly bring out the trying nature of the afflication than the fact that one or more suicide among the policemen on spring duty in the northwest are attributed to inability to bear the pain of snow-blindness. Occasionally the police employ the amusing but apparently rather effective device of painting the nose black and trying to focus the eyes upon it. The type of nose may have something to do with the effectiveness of this scheme.

Palms in California.

Investigations by the Southern Pacific company have gone far enough to show that the date palm can be grown success fully in California soil. At the Govern ment's experimental farm near Mecca, in the Colorado Desert, several acres have been set out and the trees are thriving. They have not reached the full bearing stage, but several branches have produced as high as 20 pounds each already. Mr. Fee, Pas-Pacific, has received samples of both the soft and dried dates produced at these farms, and pronounces them of excellent

The successful growing of the date tree of the desert in California is almost as great a triumph as the successful introduction in the past years of the Smyrna fig. Some packing and shipping of both soft and dry dates may be done this year. Ultimately it is expected that the date will form an important addition to California's fruit product. So confident of commercial success are those who have been watching the date experiments, that considerable plant-ing has been done by private growers. The region selected for the experiments

is the Coachella valley, west of Salton and north of the Imperial valley. There is no reason, experts say, why it should not be covered with thriving date plantations that will produce the larger part of the fruit all of which is now imported.

-Mrs. Muggins-Your husband seems like a man of rare good taste and excellent judgment.
Mrs. Buggins-Of course. Otherwise be wouldn't have wanted to marry me.

"Mr. Jonesby never interrupts one and he is the best listener I ever met."
"No wonder; he's been married three

Portugal's New King.

Manuel, proclaimed by the council of state as the new king of Portugal, is the econd son of the assassinated monarch. He is but little more than 18 years old, having been born in the royal palace at Lisbon on November 15th, 1889

While not in the direct line of succession to the throne, as long as his elder brother, who was also assassinated, was alive, never-theless Manuel received an extremely careful and painstaking education. In study he proved he has brains, and he is describ ed as being distinctly a young man of parts, promise of developing into an able mon-

It is probable that he will have oppor tunity to prove his abilities as a ruler if the alliance between Portugal and England means -as many observers declare it doesthat British power will be ready to keep

the young man on his throne.

England, according to those familiar with the treaty with Portugal made in 1898, is bound, not merely to protect Por-tugal from foreign invasion, but also to safeguard the throne from any danger aris ing from internal revolution. Not only is England declared bound to sustain the new king by this treaty, but it is further pointed out that it would be against her policy to leave Portugal to her own devices should it appear that a state of anarchy is to result or that the country is to be tarown into chaos by three parties fighting for the

power. The reason for England's desire to maintain the Portuguese throne on a firm basis lies in the scattered lands of Portugal in many parts of the world, in which England is anxious to retain her coaling stations. It is pointed out that were a chaotic con dition to arise in Portugal, the country be ing left by England to do what she likes. Germany or another power might well seize the Portuguese islands, should it become necessary to make reprisals for injuries done by the Portuguese mob to German

property in Portugal.

Prophets familiar with international af fairs, therefore, argue that England will sustain the new king that he will have full opportunity to show what kind of a ruler has the ability to make. Thus far Manuel has been best known as a yachts-man, yachting being a sport of which he is exceedingly fond. He has been a prominent figure in many of the regattas held on the Mediterranean, in frequent instances bandling his vacht himself. Last year he won the king's cup, offered by King Edward of England, in one of the regattas held off Marseilles.

One of the strong points about the new king, as far as his sudden elevation to sovereignity is concerned, is that he is in extremely close touch with court matters and has a good knowledge of affairs in Lis-

He was the favorite son of the dead ruler, being much closer to King Carlos than was the crown prince, and being often confided in by the king.

The new king has bad something of a

naval education, in addition to the usual schooling and tutoring of a prince. In his early teens he was sent to the naval school at Lisbon, where he showed great aptitude for a naval career. In personal appearance he is described as being fair, well formed

and handsome.

The title held by the new king, while merely the second son of Carlos, was that of the Duke of Beja. He bears 14 Christian names in addition to his title, his full name heing Manuel Marie Philippe Charles Amelio Louis Michael Raishael Gabriel Gon-

-Pittsburg Sun The Making of Milk Bottles.

The story of the milk bottle and its equipment reveals an interesting situation, says the Review of Reviews. Its construction for one company that uses 5,000,000 bottles annually keeps eight glass fac-tories busy, most of them the year through. The paper cap that is part of the milk bottle's equipment is made by machinery,

each machine turning out from 400,000 to 600,000 a pay. One man manages five machines.

Each milk bottle is filled on an average

once in four days. Thus each one of the 100,000,000 bottles in use receives a fresh cap every time it is used, which will average seven times a month. Sixty per cent. of the milk bottles in use

are equipped with a tin cap or clamp, as well as the paper cap. A dozen factories are busy each year producing them.

Completely furnished, the wholesale cost of the milk bottle is five cents. It furnishes employment to thousands of workmen in the three trades into which it enters.

The wooden cases in which milk bottler are transported are so widely used that their construction is almost an industry in itself. Thousands of freight cars are needed in the daily transportation of the milk, for the milk trade knows no day of rest. In New York City, where the trade is highly organized, the rail receipts in 1906 exceeded 10 000,000 forty quart cans. These were brought by fifteen different railroads from five states, many traveling 300 miles in transit.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"The Bible of the Body."

That title has been aptly given to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, ecause to the physical nature it is a "ligh unto the path and a lamp unto the feet."
In this book the physical life and its mysteries are dealt with in the plainest English. From life's Genesis, wandering humanity is followed through desert and wilderness, and before it is always set the Promised Land of perfect health and happiness. This great work is sent free by the author on receipt of stamps to defray the expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

His First Wish of Three.

"Now," said the good fairy, "I am going to grant you three wishes. "Anything I mention I can have?" said the boy, who has been reared in a modern business atmosphere. "Anything."

"Well, to start with, I'd like to have you guarantee several encores to each

"What is the matter with my poem ?" asked the amateur contributor. Isn't the meter all right ?" "Oh, yes," replied the editor; "the neter is excellent!"

"Out of my line," replied the lawyer. "But these are matrimonial bonds," re oined the caller, putting a different face on the matter.

"I want to get rid of some bonds.

When we are happy we seek those we love. In sorrow we turn to those who

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Be noble! And the nobleness that lies In other men, sleeping but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own. -James Russell Lowell.

The question of eyestrain, which is reeiving a good deal of attention at the present moment, is a matter which cannot h too strongly considered where children are oncerned. If the fatigue which is due to straining the nerve of sight is the cause of irritability in the case of adults, it must also be doubly true of the nursery folk.

Nothing is worse for a tiny baby than to allow it to lie on its back in a perambulator, staring at a bright light, and if the day is clear or sunny a covering of some kind should always be interposed to modi-

fy the glare.

In the nursery the greatest care should be exercised in determining the relative positions of the children's beds and cribs. They should never under any conditions he allowed to face the window, but if this is difficult to avoid a movable rail should be affixed to the bedstead, which can be adjusted so as to screen light from the window, the lamp, gas or fire, as the case may be

The newest touch on the early spring frocks is the attractive girdles and scarfs

that adorn many of them.

The making of these girdles or scarfs is comparatively a simple matter. No great amount of sewing experience is required and the making of one is an excellent investment of time and money.

They are so very new and smart that

they work wonders for the style of the gown, be it new or old. Pink is the favorite shade of separate girdles for white frooks, with vellow or

tints of yellow following a close second. One of the most attractive girdles shown was made of softest liberty satin ribbon six

Three widths were required to cover the broad fitted and boned foundation that forms the belt part. This will be found much more satisfactory than covering with single hand of wide ribbon.

If desired, the boned foundation may be purchased already made, and then there

emains only the work of tacking the ribon on the foundation. Most of the girdles fasten on the left side of the front under a huge rosette or flat

Very often two long ends fall from this, almost reaching the knees, where they are finished with large silk tassels. The effect is most graceful and artistic.

The girdles attached to the spring gowns are as varied in their nature as the sands of the sea; wide, crushed, fitted affairs made of the material of the gown are the standard thing, and the most elegant with a handsome cloth, owing to their absolute simplicity.

Most of these girdles fasten in the back

under a little heading which folds over to one side; sometimes three flat buttons made of the cloth, hand embroidered, are tacked on, forming a pretty little deception. The lace girdles are extremely new, as

well as are the lace scarfs. Both are exquisitely pretty.

They are made of the lace stretched tightly over a boned balt fashioned from

Openwork embroidery and trimmings, passementeries and braids are need in th same way.

In lingerie gowns narrow hands of tucks alternate with the lace inserting, and make up most effectively. These belts are worn straight around the

they give a neat, trig offect that is very much sought after at present, although lacing or any pulled in appearance is religiously avoided, rather straight lines being the thing. To have a clear complexion and bright

eyes is impossible unless one sleeps in a well-ventilated room, for impure air acts injuriously upon the system-it clogs the lungs, prevents the blood from being properly purified and finally stains the skin and colors the eyes.

Too often ventilation is confounded with draughtiness, though the two are decided-

ly different. For instance, to sleep in a draught is quite as bad, though in a different way, as to have no fresh air. The happy medium can usually be accomplished by placing a bed so that air will not strike directly upon it when window and door are open.

When possible, door as well as window should be open, admitting and carrying off air, or else there should be two win-

dows to do this. Every one is not so situated, however, and some substitute must be arranged. This is best done by opening the window at the bottom as well as at the top when there is but one from which to ventilate. When there are two, both may be done from the top, or one from the upper part and the other from the lower. To a person who understands the action of heat and cold the reason for this is quite obwhich has been used, and is vitiated or impure, rises. Cold air descends. If a window is open at the bottom the fresh

sion of the old warm atmosphere, and the each should be down from the top to permit of the stale being expelled. Ventilation for a bedroom. Such an arrangement is ideal for a bedroom, no matter how many windows there may be. It is practically impossible to have a room too cold to sleep in, if there is sufficient bed-ding, and the danger of contracting lung trouble is greatly decreased. Should the temperature be such as to make the head feel cold, the hair will not be harmed by wearing a worsted or flanuel cap.

cold air coming in will hasten the ascen-

Unless, however, the bedding is warm enough, serious cold may be contracted by sleeping in a low temperature. Should a person he lacking in vitality so that the natural condition is cold, it will be neces-sary to sleep in a light blanket. This is far more comfortable than a flannel bed-gown, and if of a soft quality the woolen sheet, as it may be called, is not rough. Usually with this warmth against the

body the temperature will be normal. All blankets and comforters should be as light in weight as one can afford to buy, for when heavy they are a load on the body. Quilts stuffed with cotton batting are preferable to a cheap quality of blankets,

for the former are less expensive, warmer and weigh practically nothing. To air such bedding thoroughly every morning is most necessary to hygiene. Should one dislike the feeling of woolen next to the body sufficient warmth is some-

times given by wearing soft shoes, or more strictly speaking, worsted socks. In the temperature that is ideal for health one is conscious of breathing cold fresh air through the nostrils, while all parts of the body are entirely warm. Were this done more often there would be fewer cases of ill health.