

THAT FULL DINNER PAIL.

[With apologies to the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."]

"Vote for Roosevelt and Fairbanks and the Full Dinner Pail—G. O. P. Campaign Literature of 1904.

How sweet to our ears were the words of those spellers, When four years ago they presented to view, The pail that they toasted would never be empty,

While Teddy and Fairbanks were stirring the stew, The new empty bucket, The trust-hampere bucket, The old dinner bucket,

That we can't even sell, The old dinner buckets are right up against it, And the owners, alas, are all in, out and down,

For the mills and the shops and the men who worked in them, Are now lying idle in city and town,

The stick-rained bucket, The Teddy bare bucket, "The Street" damaged bucket

Is all shot to—h—! Shall you let it continue, this stage of starvation,

By bedding Bill Taft in the Capitol hay? Don't you know that Big Bill will be only the actor

While "The Street" and the combines are directing the play, The old muck-rake bucket, The Pious old bucket,

The now useless bucket, That we've thrown in the well, —G. N. M.

THE MOUSE.

People always said that I was a quiet girl, and my half-sisters called me Mother Mouse.

They did not mean it in the least unkindly, for they were very fond of me. I do not think I was so very quiet naturally.

I was not shy, and I thought of plenty of things to say, and sometimes I wrote them in my diary afterward—but I did not say them unless it was really necessary.

Nobody wants to hear girls talk nonsense unless they are pretty, and I was not; and that was the reason that I was a quiet girl.

The people who called me "quiet" and "sensible" would be surprised if they knew how anxiously I studied my looks in the glass when I was eighteen or nineteen.

I tried to be fair to myself, and I decided that I was not actually ugly, and that it would be ill-natured to call me such a nasty word as plain, especially when I had a little color. I was simply "not good-looking."

So I decided not to make a mistake of thinking that men who were polite to me meant anything, but to be content to become a pleasant old maid, and to speak when I was spoken to. I see now that this was only a disagreeable kind of vanity; but it is the truth.

There was another reason why I was quiet. I could not spare very much time from my household duties; and I wanted what I could spare for music. So I did not go on a great deal. I had to manage the house after I was seventeen.

My step-mother died then, and my heart was almost broken. I always felt as if I was her own child. I suppose that was wrong; but she was the only mother whom I remembered, and no words could tell what a sweet mother she was to me; a mother and a sister and a friend, all in one.

If she lived she would not have let me grow into my foolish quietness. I know just what she would have said.

"If you don't think you're attractive enough—but I do—the remedy is to be more attractive, or less!" Oh! How I missed her!

"We've loved each other very much, Nan," she said at the last. "I know you and am not afraid for Babs and Molly, only for my Nan. You mustn't sacrifice your young life and become a drudge for them."

Remember that isn't good for children to be brought up on sacrifice. It makes them selfish. It isn't even good for them to be mothered too much. We have to grow our own characters, Nan. Don't do every little thing for them. Teach them to do for themselves; but keep your influence over them. You, and no one else, will influence them as I should have done.

Kiss me for true, Nan. She always made us promise like that, and we never broke a promise to mother. I kissed her and promised them. So I always felt that it depended on me whether the girls grew up good women. Perhaps that was another reason why I felt old and serious.

They were lovely children, and they grew up very beautiful. They were as bright and amusing as they were pretty, and people admired them and petted them so much that they would have been spoiled if they had not been such sterling good girls at heart.

They were impetuous and full of mischief, but they were honorable and kind, and they could not have done anything mean if they had tried.

I was very pleased with them, and very proud that they were so much admired. I did wish that they were not quite so fond of flirting, and had not begun so young; but I thought that I should have done the same at their age if I had been pretty and lively.

So I did not blame them, but looked on very carefully that they knew only nice boys, and encouraged them to give some of their time to useful things, and especially to music.

They had nice voices, and I persuaded father to let them go on with singing lessons after they left school. We practised a great deal. It improved my own singing, too, because they insisted that I should do nothing but accompany, and they liked me to show them how their songs ought to go.

My voice is not very good. It is too husky; and I could not sing at concerts as they did. But they were very fond of hearing me.

"Oh, Monse," Babs used to say, "you are the nicest singer!" And if I shook my head Molly would seize it, and nod it forcibly. She was as strong as a young lion.

"Your modesty is all pretend," she teased one day. "You think in your naughty heart that you're clever and nice and lovely and the most wonderful player and singer that ever was; and you're as vain as vain can be, you awful Mother Mouse."

Babs watched my struggles—it was no use struggling with that big, wild Molly—and laughed.

"She's so vain that she won't even trouble to adorn herself!" she declared. "We won't put up with it, Moll. We'll make her adorn, as we have to!"

I believe it was a kind of plot to induce me to make the best of myself. Anyhow, after that, they worried me into having smarter dresses and hats, and did my hair for me, and put flowers in it. They had a natural taste for dress, and they certainly made my lack of looks less obvious.

Father abetted them, and I am afraid that, in my heart, I liked it. "It's the punishment for being too good," Molly told me. "And there's worse to come if you sit with your mouth shut in company. I shall say that my beautiful sister says!"

"They'll think you mean Babs," I declared. "No fear! Babs never said anything wise in her life, did you, old stupid?"

They always addressed each other like that; but they were devotedly attached really. "Oh! I hope not!" Babs clasped her hands tragically. "Except by comparison with you, silly-billy!"

Then they both roared with laughter. They are always so merry. It was not strange that every one liked them. When they were near nineteen and eighteen, and I was five-and-twenty, several young fellows began to pay them more obvious attentions, and I grew very anxious for fear that they should slip into an engagement too light-heartedly.

It seemed to me that Frank Carter would make just the right husband for Babs; but his father had heavy losses, and Frank went away to South Africa, and Babs didn't seem to care, except in a sisterly way—though, in that way, she was very nice to him and tried to cheer him up, and even worked him a pair of slippers, though she hated fancy-work.

I had hoped, too, that Tom Brian and Molly's boy-and-girl affair would come to something; but they seemed quite content to tease and flirt. They flirted more than I liked. I was almost sure that he kissed her down the garden one evening. I should have spoken to her severely, only I recollected that a boy once stole a kiss when he saw me home from a party; and I did not remember that I felt so very, very angry. It was before I had quite made up my mind to be an old maid.

So I thought that perhaps it didn't matter so very much, if they did not take it too seriously; but I kept a close watch on Molly. She was always the wildest; and Babs had grown a good deal more discreet lately.

real Nan! I've heard, Miss Nan, and I want to be friends with—the real Nan!" "I don't admit that I am such a sentimental person," I said; "but I am pleased to be friends; very pleased, Lord Eversby."

After that he paid me so much attention that I was quite sure that he was in love with one of the girls; but I was utterly puzzled which it was. I could not make out whether either was in love with him; and sometimes I was afraid that both might be, for they certainly were delighted to meet him, and they were always praising him to me. I was so alarmed at the idea that I spoke to father about it; but he only laughed.

"But it's a very serious thing, daddy," I protested. "He wouldn't come here so constantly if he did not mean something. He is not that sort of man. What do you think, really?"

"I think he is going to marry one of my charming daughters," father said. "But suppose she doesn't accept him?" I said.

"She will," father declared. "Oh-h!" I said. "You know which it is?"

"Of course I do! You're as blind as a bat, Mother Mouse!"

"Which, daddy?" I asked eagerly. "The one he pays all attentions to," father told me; and then he laughed and went off to bed.

I followed him and teased him to tell me, but he wouldn't. I had only to notice and I should see for myself, he declared.

I watched most carefully, but I could not see that he treated one differently from the other. If he gave Babs sweets or flowers or tickets or books or mugs, he gave them to Molly, too. Indeed he always gave me some as well. And if he took Molly motoring one day, he took Babs the next, and he took me with both of them.

I did not like to speak to them about it, for fear of putting wrong ideas into their heads; but I thought it was not quite right of him not to make his intentions more clear. So I talked a great deal to him myself, and kept him away from them as much as I could. They called me "a greedy old pig of a mouse" to steal their time, big ugly man—they always said silly things like that—but they seemed more pleased that he was kind to me than annoyed about it.

Toward the end of that summer, however, I saw symptoms of something more serious than a boy-and-girl affair. Lord Eversby came to stay at the Grante, where the girls went so often, and he took a great deal of notice of them. They were extraordinarily taken with him, though he was a dozen years older—just over thirty—and became "chums," as they called it.

He was a tall, muscular, bronzed man, and as strong in character as in body. He had been exploring and shooting in Africa, and he was full of stories. When they were funny he never moved a muscle, but his eyes twinkled. He was very likable.

He came to our house almost every day to see "the babies" as he called them. He was very kind to me, too, and never let me feel that he did not come to see me, too; and I talked more to him than I did to most people. One afternoon he came when they were out; and instead of rushing off, as their other admirers would have done, he stayed for quite a long time, and persuaded me to sing.

"The babies tell me that there is no singing like yours," he said. "I love my songs," I owned, "and I try my hardest with my poor voice. It is husky. I think you will try to overlook that, like the babies do; and so—I do not usually sing to people, but I will to you, Lord Eversby."

I sat down and sang "She is Far from the Land," and "Rose Softly Blooming." Then he asked for Wagner; and I smiled—I am always pleased when any one thinks that I am worthy to sing Wagner—and sang "Eisenstein's Intercession for Tamara," and her prayer. And then he came and put a manuscript-piece that he had found upon the piano, and begged me to sing that.

"It is your own," he said. "Isn't it?" "Oh, no," I told him. "It is stolen."

"Wagner!" he cried. "But—?" "I found the words in a magazine," I exclaimed, and I wanted to sing them; and so I put them to this. I adapted it a little. I thought Wagner would forgive me because I love his music so, and I can't help putting words to it."

Then I sang.

A HEART. You do not know the thoughts I think in silence, You who have found me only dull and cold; You do not know, who deem my soul so empty, The burning words my lips can scarce withhold.

You do not know my hands' desire to clasp you, My eyes' desire to look and look on you! You do not know my heart's desire to shield you— How I would smile to feel the sword go through!

When you shall know—I have a curious fancy That those we love at Heaven's bar are named— Give me no pity, but for God's dear mercy Smile on me once, and let me go unshamed.

He did not speak when I finished; and I sat playing little snatches on the piano for some time. I cannot sing a song like that without entering into it; and I felt as if I wanted a few minutes to come back to my quiet self.

"You sang that wonderfully," he said at last. "And yet—perhaps it was not so wonderful. I think you are like the girl in the song."

He always spoke of me as a "girl," not a "woman" as most people did. That was one of the reasons that I felt my real self with him.

"Oh, no," I said. "I am not romantic. Or if I am it is only for the babies. They ought to have romances. They are so beautiful."

"Yes," he agreed. "They are very beautiful. What dear babies they are!" He smiled. "But there is more in their pretty heads than people give them credit for; and more appreciation of their big sister—who is half their size. They are very anxious that other people should appreciate her, too. Do you know—don't betray me—they told me to make you sing that song."

"Oh!" I blushed a little. "They think too much of my singing."

"They think much of it; but it wasn't quite that. They said—they're correct because they were so enthusiastic that they both talked at once—Mother Mouse isn't a mouse at all, really. She only makes out that she is. It's for a pattern to us, we expect!" I couldn't help laughing at that. "They added that 'She can't pretend when she sings. You make her sing 'A Heart' to you. Then you'll hear the

real Nan! I've heard, Miss Nan, and I want to be friends with—the real Nan!" "I don't admit that I am such a sentimental person," I said; "but I am pleased to be friends; very pleased, Lord Eversby."

After that he paid me so much attention that I was quite sure that he was in love with one of the girls; but I was utterly puzzled which it was. I could not make out whether either was in love with him; and sometimes I was afraid that both might be, for they certainly were delighted to meet him, and they were always praising him to me. I was so alarmed at the idea that I spoke to father about it; but he only laughed.

"But it's a very serious thing, daddy," I protested. "He wouldn't come here so constantly if he did not mean something. He is not that sort of man. What do you think, really?"

"I think he is going to marry one of my charming daughters," father said. "But suppose she doesn't accept him?" I said.

"She will," father declared. "Oh-h!" I said. "You know which it is?"

"Of course I do! You're as blind as a bat, Mother Mouse!"

"Which, daddy?" I asked eagerly. "The one he pays all attentions to," father told me; and then he laughed and went off to bed.

I followed him and teased him to tell me, but he wouldn't. I had only to notice and I should see for myself, he declared.

I watched most carefully, but I could not see that he treated one differently from the other. If he gave Babs sweets or flowers or tickets or books or mugs, he gave them to Molly, too. Indeed he always gave me some as well. And if he took Molly motoring one day, he took Babs the next, and he took me with both of them.

I did not like to speak to them about it, for fear of putting wrong ideas into their heads; but I thought it was not quite right of him not to make his intentions more clear. So I talked a great deal to him myself, and kept him away from them as much as I could. They called me "a greedy old pig of a mouse" to steal their time, big ugly man—they always said silly things like that—but they seemed more pleased that he was kind to me than annoyed about it.

Toward the end of that summer, however, I saw symptoms of something more serious than a boy-and-girl affair. Lord Eversby came to stay at the Grante, where the girls went so often, and he took a great deal of notice of them. They were extraordinarily taken with him, though he was a dozen years older—just over thirty—and became "chums," as they called it.

He was a tall, muscular, bronzed man, and as strong in character as in body. He had been exploring and shooting in Africa, and he was full of stories. When they were funny he never moved a muscle, but his eyes twinkled. He was very likable.

He came to our house almost every day to see "the babies" as he called them. He was very kind to me, too, and never let me feel that he did not come to see me, too; and I talked more to him than I did to most people. One afternoon he came when they were out; and instead of rushing off, as their other admirers would have done, he stayed for quite a long time, and persuaded me to sing.

"The babies tell me that there is no singing like yours," he said. "I love my songs," I owned, "and I try my hardest with my poor voice. It is husky. I think you will try to overlook that, like the babies do; and so—I do not usually sing to people, but I will to you, Lord Eversby."

I sat down and sang "She is Far from the Land," and "Rose Softly Blooming." Then he asked for Wagner; and I smiled—I am always pleased when any one thinks that I am worthy to sing Wagner—and sang "Eisenstein's Intercession for Tamara," and her prayer. And then he came and put a manuscript-piece that he had found upon the piano, and begged me to sing that.

"It is your own," he said. "Isn't it?" "Oh, no," I told him. "It is stolen."

Then I would go on directly to Nellie Grant's engagement, and then I would offer to sing a little song that my old master had sent me, and give him time to recover himself; and when he went—I thought this out very carefully—I would press his hand very tightly, and say that we were all so sorry that he was going, and we should all look upon him always as one of our dearest friends.

"When you are a great man," I would say, "I shall be very proud to have known you—but not more proud than I am now. There are things that I won't say, only—God bless you, Lord Eversby, and make you happy."

I was not able to do anything of the sort. For he walked up to me in his resolute way—the girls always said that he pounced upon us as if we were lions or tigers—and gripped my hands, and said his say before I could begin.

"I love you most dearly, Nan," he said. "Will you be my wife?" I sat down on the music-stool and stared at him. I was never so frightened in my life.

"I never thought of such a thing," I told him. "I never thought—"

"Never thought of it!" he cried. He seemed as astonished as I was. "Well!"—he looked very angry—"you gave me encouragement enough!"

"Oh, Lord Eversby!" I cried a little. "I didn't—I wouldn't—I am so used to people admiring the girls, and they are so different from me, and—"

"What!" He opened his eyes wide. "You thought I wanted to marry one of those babies?"

"Yes," I owned. "I did. Indeed, I did. They are young, of course; but they are so beautiful and bright, and I—Do understand, Lord Eversby, I think most highly of you and like you exceedingly, but—but I never dreamed of your caring for me. I'm such—a dull, plain little thing."

"Oh, Nan!" he said. "You don't know what a dear woman you are; and as for beauty—Have you ever looked in the glass when you smile? Won't you think of it for a little while before you answer? Won't you, Nan?"

"Yes," I promised. "I will. I—I couldn't marry any one just for friendship or liking, dear Lord Eversby. It would have to be—much more. If—if I could learn to—I—should be glad. But how can I tell?"

"You will tell me when you find out. Or—I may ask you again in a week?"

"In a week," I agreed. "You won't ask before, will you?"

"No, dear. You will be friends for the week, won't you?"

"I shall always be friends," I said. "I am greatly honored, Lord Eversby; very greatly honored. Now shall we go for a little walk?"

I wanted to make him see that I really liked being friends; and I hoped very much that I should learn to be more, but I did not know.

I went up-stairs for my hat. When I walked to the glass I saw myself smiling, and I couldn't help thinking that I seemed just the least bit pretty, and I noticed that I was singing jocosely to myself; and then I knew! I ran down-stairs directly, with my hat in my hand. I could not be so cruel as to keep him in suspense a moment longer; and I made up my mind that I would not let my pride stand in the way, but tell him frankly and make him happy.

So I walked up to him and held out both my hands.

"You may ask me now," said—By Owen Oliver, in *Ainslie's*.

The Renewal of a Strain.

Vacation is over. Again the school bells ring at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been kissed by strawberries, have already lost something of the appearance of health.

Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so happily to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

It would be an interesting matter to trace, if possible, the relation of the prevalence of suicide to the prevalence of "stomach trouble." There is no doubt in many cases such a relation. One of the common results of disease of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, is a condition of mental depression and despondency. And one of the common verdicts in cases of suicide is "Killed himself in a fit of despondency." The home was happy, there was money in the bank, but the man threw his life away. Despondent people should begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By curing disease of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, it removes the depression resulting from these diseases. It purifies the blood and increases both its quality and richness. It makes health of body and promotes happiness of mind.

A Lesson in Patience.

When the eminent botanist, Professor Altman of Glasgow, was a small boy, he had the present of a silver bit, whereupon his mother was so worried with questions as to what he should do with it that she exclaimed, "Really, you had better go to Thomas Elliot's (a well known pharmacist) and buy sixpence worth of patience."

Down the street marched the lad and demanded of the chemist, "Mr. Elliot, please give me sixpence worth of patience."

Mr. Elliot, taking in the situation at a glance, said: "Certainly, my boy; there's a chair. Just sit down and wait till you get it."

Professor Altman's endeavor to purchase patience was a great success. It made a deep impression on the lad and was one of the factors of his success in life.

Mr. Lincoln's Brevity.

A historian recalls the fact that in Mr. Lincoln's speech to the notification committee at Springfield there were 193 words and in his formal letter of acceptance there were 134 words. In his speech of acceptance to the committee in Washington in 1864 there are 196 words, and in his letter of acceptance there are 200 words. But let us remember that there were no typewriters in those days, and such a thing as a phonograph had not been dreamed of.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

The most important attribute of man as a moral being is the faculty of self-control.—Herbert Spencer.

Care of the Teeth.—Fruits and vegetables with acids are apt to irritate the gums and the amount of cold drinks taken is likely to make the teeth sensitive.

There is a growing tendency to clean the teeth with a very soft cheese cloth instead of a brush. It is quite true that this is excellent for sensitive teeth.

Ice water should never be used for cleansing the teeth. It is worse than hot water. Lukewarm is the right temperature.

An old-fashioned way of cleansing and brightening the teeth is to rub them with a leaf of green sage, which has a very helpful effect. It is said by those who use it to effectually prevent the formation of tartar.

If one is out of the reach of the dentist when a filling falls out during the summer it is wise to take a piece of rubber, make it spongy by heat and press it into the cavity.

It is convenient it is always good to use a half tumbler of warm water to rinse the entire mouth after eating.

For receding gums a druggist will put up a safe and sound liquid made of orris root in tincture, lavender water, cinnamon in tincture, cinchona bark, also in liquid form, and cologne.

One of the more sensible of the new hats has a decidedly military air, with its small high crown tapering gradually into a rounded apex, and in shape closely resembles some of the chapeaux which the picture books lead us to believe were affected by the Plymouth Rock Pilgrims.

From the back this resemblance is marked, as the brims are wide and above them shows an untrimmed expanse of crown. Not a view of the front is calculated to be disappointing to any save the frivolous ones of the fashion.

It comes in a rather stiff felt in tobacco brown, royal blue, hunter's green and the various crushed berry shades, which seem destined to obtain throughout the coming winter.

Many hats are made of the heavy Ottoman silk that will be prominent in autumn costumes of plush, of soft mouseline, and also of fine fur. The last are trimmed with a forest of nearly priceless aigrettes.

Children's fashions do not change very greatly, but, nevertheless, they echo in a minor degree the style of the grown-ups. For small children, however, the famous "Easter Brown" costume knows no equal for general wear, and its smart simplicity is exceedingly becoming to small folk.

Another charming style closely resembling the "Easter Brown" costume is the long-waisted "Pinafore" dress.

A delightful frock worn by a little girl is made in this pretty style. It is composed of blue and brown striped French flannel, the rounded neck being strapped with plain blue, while the dress is fastened at the side with large blue buttons.

The frock is made entirely in one piece; the long-waisted effect being obtained by a sash of blue washing silk threaded through loops and tied at the side. A tiny blouse of white lawn finely tucked completed the costume. This design would be excellent for school wear if carried out in cashmere or any suitable material.

Serge is the foremost material for hard wear, and nothing is sicer than a well-toned costume of navy blue serge. A smart coat and skirt of this material for a child of 12 was shown by a firm renowned for children's tailor-mades. The skirt was made with broad killed plaits, a broad box pleat forming the front panel. The coat, which came down to within a few inches of the hem, was beautifully braided with black sateen, and large black velvet buttons adorned the sleeves from elbow to wrist.

Another coat and skirt for fine wear is of palest biscuit-colored cloth. The skirt is plain and the coat has the sides slashed. A broad-brimmed felt hat is simply trimmed with a wreath of large pink chiffon roses.

A loose coat of showerproof tweed should never be omitted from the school outfit. Such a coat proves a boon when the weather is bad.

A most important and very lengthy discourse might be written upon the theme of buttons, nor would the critic with any justification be able to prove that the prominence thus given to these attributes of dress was ill-bestowed.

Eminently favorable are all the auspices concerning the popularity of buttons as a trimming this autumn.

Once more enamelled sets are being used, in exquisite colorings, such as green, blue and rose, they are trimming the linen dresses worn at the seaside and for yachting. Beautiful gold buttons and burnished and dull oxidized silver ones and mold-covered with silk are all employed in variously appropriate ways.

Cucumber Pickles.—Wash small cucumbers, let stand over night in weak brine, then drain and let soak for two hours in cold water and drain again. (Cider vinegar must be used.) Heat the cucumbers through by covering them with water that has come to the boiling point. Let stand while you heat the vinegar to the boiling point, add a tablespoonful of cinnamon bark for each quart can, pack the cucumbers in the cans and pour the boiling vinegar over them. Seal while hot.

Nongat Joe Cream.—Shell and blanch one-half of a cupful of pistachio nuts and one-quarter of a cupful of almonds. Chop very fine with one-half of a cupful of English walnuts. Make a rich vanilla cream, and when nearly frozen beat in the nuts with a spoon, adding a few drops of pistachio extract.

Scalding hot milk is more effective in removing stains from linen or cotton fabrics than boiling water.

Wring a cloth from vinegar and wrap it several thicknesses around cheese to keep it from moulding or drying.

Put a pinch of salt into coal oil lamps for a more brilliant light. For a polish, rub the chimneys with fine salt.

FARM NOTES.

—Let the beginner be content with a small flock.

—It is a poor plan to try and keep eggs too long in hot weather.

—Keep plenty of clean water within reach of your hogs at all times.

—In cattle feeding, cow pea and alfalfa hay make up a good substitute for wheat bran.

—Much sickness among hogs is due to unclean quarters, wet pens and exposure.

—It is said that the first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope, the poet.

—Wild olive trees last centuries in Turkey, and there are some for which fully 1,000 years are claimed.

—Watch your horses' eyes. Many a horse could be saved from blindness if common sense care were given in time.