LITTLE GUSTAVA.

Little Gustava sits in the sun. Safe in the porch, and the little drops run From the icicles under the eaves so fast, For the bright spring snn shines warm at last. And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap And a little green bowl she holds in her lap, Filled with bread and milk to the brim; And a wreath of marigolds round the rim; "Ha! Ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat, With her little pink nose, as she mews, "What' that ?"

Gustava feeds her—she begs for more; And a little brown hen walks in at the door; Good day !" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen, here comes a rush and a flutter, and then Down fly her little white doves so sweet, With their snowy wings and their crimson feet;

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs-But who is this through the doorway comes? Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags, Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags : "Ha! Ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow, Cooling their feet in the melting snow. 'Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried. But they were too bashful, and stayed outside Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the With doves and biddy and dog and cat, And her mother came to the open house door ; "Dear little daughter, I bring you some more, My merry little Gustava !

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves, All things harmless Gustava loves, The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed And, O! her breakfast is sweet indeed To happy little Gustava! -Saint Nicholas

BY SANDS OF GOLD.

"It is there !" said Ephraim, rising by the wagon and Pointing west over the

There was no blade of grass nor any tree, save the tall, jointed, spiny cactus plants that rose, solitary and gaunt, upon the crests of the low hills, which emerged like lonely sentinels above the face of the land. The weary oxen, as if divining that water lay not far distant, lowed, bent their heads under the yokes, and pulled with renewed effort. They had traveled since midnight, and it was now dawn. Soon the sun appeared, rising blood-colored upon the eastern verge of the plains, and casting the long, elliptical shadows of the wheels over the sand.

Far in the west, where the sky leaned to the land, was the faint, blue line of vege-Ephraim Peterman shook out his pipe, and opening the box-seat of the vehicle, took out a well-thumbed book. It was printed in Spanish, a language that he had learned to read during occasional trading trips to the military outposts in Florida. The date upon the title page was 1632; the volume had been found in the Great Desert, between the hands of a skeleton man who knelt beside a

slowly to Caleb, his brother.

"They said they traveled west, three months' journey from the Empire of the Seminoles, until they reached the Desert where nothing lives, and thence on to the Tobacco River, which never runs dry, except toward the end of the rainless season. Then, if one shall dig among the sands between the pools, he will find gold. But they met fair women there, of devilish origin, who besought them that they should renounce the debonair Saviour, and so they would show them wealth in great quantities as might ran-som all Christian captives of Soldan and Dey. Some, then, remained; but the rest, escaping by night secretly, bore witness to what they had seen."
"That is the Tobacco River," said

Ephraim, pointing westward again.

Caleb filled his pipe with a loose handfull of Carolina tobacco, and lit it with a coal he had saved, shielding the flame against the little wind.

against the fittle wind.
"Do you believe in those devils?" he
asked, looking upon Ephraim curiously.
"Maybe" the younger answered. "But "Maybe," the younger answered. "But I believe more in gold. Look you Caleb, it is time we settled down at home. I am twenty-four now and Beulah is twenty, and we have been betrothed two years.

And you are thirty—an old man," he added, clasping his brother's arm affectionately, "and it is for my sake that you have not married. It is time we gave up have not married. It is time we gave up traveling and bought farms in the Caro-linas, or even in Tennessee, where they are to be had for a few pence the

"If there is gold there—" began Caleb, slowly. "But the Spaniards are liars, and perhaps he was a liar who wrote about

"It is there," cried Ephraim, impatiently. "Come, Caleb, let us take it and re-

"Well, then," said Caleb, "let us not

halt, and by noon we should be there."
He plied the whip, and the thin beasts pulled willingly. They were wasted with the long journey over the alkali plains; nevertheless they would have a long rest to fatten upon the sweet grass beside the river. The creaking wagon alternately sank axle-deep in the white sand and bumped over the stony out-crop. After awhile little signs of vegetation began to appear. First, stunted shrubs and patches of grass came into view, and the blue line on the horizon resolved itself into trees; then appeared clumps of thickets and pasture land, green between the dry beds of little rills. Finally the river course lay bare to their gaze, a valley of sand, still sharply scarred with the im-press of the hoofs of the buffaloherd that had passed over it months before, when the whole land was green after the rains. The oxen plunged forward, and the wag-on began to descend the sharp declivity

Suddenly Caleb uttered an exclammation of astonishment and seized his brother by the arm, directing his gaze into the middle of the river bed. Before them rose the canvas covering of a dismantled wagon, bleached white as the sand by the

safety. The inmates had either escaped on horseback, abandoning their vehicle, or perished with it.

The tragedy must have occurred recently. The animals had been dead but a few days, for the hides still clung to the carcasses; and even as the brothers approached specks of black stirred and resolved themselves into a half-score of buzzards which, replete with their nauseous meal, waddled some paces, flapping their wings to gain momentum, rose with slow dignity and winged their way upward till they soared aloft, pin-points in the blue sky.

Caleb was startled by a loud cry from

draught beasts; in consequence it was imperative that frest meat should be obtained. Since it was clear that the buffalo would come down to the pool at night for water, it was agreed that the brothers should stalk them from a range of low hills near by which flanked the grazing-ground, each taking one side, so that they might pick off the animals as they passed through.

They started away at sunset; but, when he had seen his brother posted to await the coming of the herd at dawn, Ephraim made a detour and returned to the camp again. For the first time he was with the moon rises I will kill him." He saw her smile at Caleb as she plied him with

closed, the face greatly emaciated by famine, and a wealth of golden hair of dazzling hue and softest texture fell over her shoulders and coiled itself high upon the lotizon, his in the

"She is alive!" cried Caleb. "Look!"
A sigh came from her lips. She stirred; then, very slowly, her lids unclosed, revealing two eyes of golden brown.

The brothers, each overpowered with novel and inexplicable emotions, watched her in silence. At last, averting their eyes each from the other's, they carried the stranger to their own wagon and re-

Three days after she told them her story in broken English. She was of French parentage, she said, the wife of a Spanish settler, who had moved north from Texas to find gold, of which rumors had spread throughout Mexico. Three weeks' journey northward they had been attacked by a band of wandering Indians, with whom they two, single-handed, had carried on a running fight for one whole week. Had their antagonists possessed horses or guns they would have been massacred; as it was, they had eluded them, riding by night, and lurking by day within the hollows of the hills, until they lost their way. Their food became exhausted, her husband wandered away in his delirium and must have periched. At lest the had follen are received her re have perished. At last she had fallen into a stupor and knew no more until

she awakened. Search was instituted for the missing man, but no trace of him could be found. It was determined that the woman should share their fortunes, keep camp and cook for them, finally returning east, whence she could take ship for Spanish America. Digging between the pools and washing out the sand in their assaying-pans, the brothers soon came upon gold. Then small nuggets of pure metal obtained; it became evident that here was wealth in incredible quentity. Days are into used. incredible quantity. Days ran into weeks, and still they labored on, amassing their golden hoard, which was soon sufficient to stock them farms in the best sections to stock them farms in the best sections of the old country. But by this time their provender was running low; they had had poor luck in shooting, and only a few bullets and a handful of powder remained. "Come, Ephraim," said Caleb one day. "We have barely food enough to take us back to the Carolinas. Our oxen are fat and in condition for the insurant Western

and in condition for the journey. We can return next year. What will be the use of gold to us if we starve here?"
"Go, then," said Ephraim. "I stay."

They awoke wearied, and yet ins and wash, ever wash out those nuggets of gold to add to their increasing stock. They could not cease; , they knew that with us?" there was none of the old love between them; and, staring at each other dubiously, they would remain long absorbed in silent speculation, unable to understand what had befallen them. Then they would seize their spades and renew their work feverishly against the declining sun, two black and lonely figures in that immensity of land and sky. At lest without a word of land and sky. At last, without a word as if by a simultaneous impulse, each would throw down his spade and gather

Under the enormous moon, which filled the land with a cold light, they would play cards together. At first they played for the game; afterward, by a muttered understanding, for stakes of dust. But neither won much. Their luck and their lives had always been singularly agen and there was no change now. Perhaps this was as well. For once, after they had been drinking heavily, when Caleb had won more than usual, Ephraim leaped to his feet and struck at him with an upward blow. Caleb leaped back; then, glancing down, he saw that his sleeve was slit by something that glittered in Ephraim's hand. They eyed each other in silence for a few moments, till, with a multiple of the saw that the woman crouched near and watched them, her face aftame with the blood lust, careless who won, so that they fought for her with bloody sweat of agonizing life. Then Caleb tripped and went rolling down the shelving bank to the edge of the stream, turning over and over, his enemy still clutching at him. And, when they lay still, Caleb was unsplant they are the wash of agonizing life. Then Caleb tripped and went rolling down the shelving bank to the edge of the stream, turning over and over, his enemy still clutching at him. And, when they lay still, Caleb was unsplant to the wash of agonizing life. Then Caleb tripped and went rolling down the shelving bank to the edge of the stream, turning over and over, his enemy still clutching at him. And, when they lay still, Caleb was unsplant to the wash of agonizing life. Then Caleb tripped and went rolling down the shelving bank to the edge of the stream, turning over the wagon to creak. Caleb stooped and with an effort raised something shoulder-high. It was a sack filled with nuggets and over, his enemy still clutching at him. And, when they lay still, Caleb was unsplanted by the open content of the wagon to creak. Caleb stooped and with an effort raised something shoulder-high. It was a sack filled with nuggets and to the edge of the stream, turning over the wagon to creak. Caleb stooped and with an effort raised something shoulder-high. It was a sack filled with nuggets and to the edge of the stream that they fought they brought back their beasts and yoked them. They plied the whip; the wheels began to revolve, the wagon to creak. Caleb stooped and with an effort r silence for a few moments, till, with a muttered apology, Ephraim put the blade away and crawled under the wagon to the place where he slept. Then the wom-an departed to her wagon in silence, and Ephraim lay still, hugging the ground, listening to his brother's light breathing inside the vehicle above, trembling and shaking as though fever-stricken. He was afraid, for a great hatred had come

into his life-a hatred of Caleb. They grew to hate their gold still more than each other, and yet they toiled unendingly, amassing it. They hated the golden heaps, the golden sun, the golden sands; they hated the woman's golden hair and her great golden eyes. There seemed no other color than this anywhere and it inflamed and infusionated. where, and it inflamed and infuriated them. Each felt a vast and sweeping undercurrent of emotions which threatened to carry him away toward unchart-

ed oceans.
Once, when they had been eating to-Once, when they had been eating to-gether side by side, Ephraim rose and strolled idly away, saying no word. His brother stood up to follow; then, turn-ing, he saw that a rattlesnake lay, ready to strike, where he had been. Caleb look-ed at Ephraim searchingly, but said noth-

Another time, when Caleb was cleaning his musket, having first made sure that it was unloaded, the piece was suddenly discharged, the bullet ploughed through his hair, grazing the scalp, and his hands were scorched from the powder. And again the night came when Caleb, awaking suddenly within the wagon, saw Ephraim kneeling at his side, a knife in his hand. Ephraim murmured something about an alarm of Indians, replaced it,

and crawled to his place.

Caleb was startled by a loud cry from Ephraim. His brother came running blind force of compulsion which was not toward him, caught his arm, and dragged clear; but now at length he understood toward him, caught his arm, and dragged him to the vehicle. There both men stood lost in astonishment.

Upon the mattress in the interior lay of corn and puick popping over the interior lay of corn and puick popping over the right of corn and

She came out of her wagon, black against the sunlight, her long shadow preceding her, stretched out inordinately against the plain. She had been washing her gold hair, and it hung to the ground, shimmering as she moved in dazaling

sky, harried by drifting clouds.

"I hate him," Ephraim cried, vehemently. "All my life I have hated him, for he has always followed me like a shadow. to be done. Three times his brother had Never, by night or day, have I been alone, but somewhere he lurked near me. And now he stands between you and me, and I want you alone. There is not room for impetus for destruction rushed over him,

ed, pressing her red mouth to his and then withdrawing it. "Kill him," he snarled.

"Because he looks at me. I dare not face his eyes. If he should stand up defenceless, looking at me, I should fall at the knife; for one short second he held

with drink to-night, but you drink spar-ingly. Do not sleep; and when the moon shines through the back of the wagon crawl up, cover your eyes, and strike hard and swiftly Later in the day Caleb returned, dragging with him a buffalo shoulder. He looked fixedly at Ephraim, and, with com-

pressed lips, began to cut thin strips of flesh and hang them in the sun to dry. That evening their long silence was broken. They were sitting beside the pool, still watchful of each other, alert as cats, with

"Go, then," said Ephraim. "I stay." taut muscles and tense nerves. They And Caleb remained and labored on at rose and walked side by side up the steep And Caleb remained and labored on at his brother's side. The next day they killed one of their oxen; afterward another.

bank. Then Caleb turned, faced Ephraim intolerable dream. Out of the darkness he saw Caleb hestening toward him. He threw himself at his feet.

"I shall yoke up the oxen at dawn and threw himself at his feet.

"I shall yoke up the oxen at dawn and threw himself at his feet.

"Kill me, for Beulah's sake and yours,"

They had ceased to talk much together, except at night, when they drank heavily. I have known it a long time. The gold he cried. "I tried to murder you while has bewitched you. If you stay here in their desire to go down to the river bed will divide our dust and food and I will

had been bathing, and their hunting-knives lay with their pans some distance away, but neither sought for his. They tore at each other like wild beasts, striving to what you read to me that day about the rend the flesh from the throat and reach the channels of the blood beneath; and, up his pan, and they would go up to the wagon, where the woman, as silent as either, was cooking supper for them.

growling incoherently, they rocked back-has lain in the sands waiting for us perwagon, where the woman, as silent as either, was cooking supper for them. spurted from deep furrows in their necks and faces and went rolling down their chests and dripping upon the ground and seeping into the sand. And, suddenly, in the midst of it, both became aware of

> it. For near him, half a foot distant, his knife lay in its sheath upon the sand. He stretched his hand forth and possessed himself of it, and held it poised against Caleb's throat, waiting, with the slow, merciless rage of the man of Teutonic blood, who strikes after he grows cold. "You are going to die, Caleb," he said. "But first I shall make you cry out and heg for mercy. Curse you! I have also beg for mercy. Curse you! I have always hated you; you have been at my side since I was born, watching and spy-

ing on me. Speak, curse you!"

Caleb said nothing.

"We love each other," Ephraim snarled, "and we are going away together.

There is dead gold in the sands for you, but she is my living gold. There is no room in the world for you and me. So I with papers and magazines. It seemed with papers and magazines.

The knife fell from Ephraim's palsied The knife fell from Ephraim's palsied hands. Slowly his grasp relaxed; he stood up, turning his ashen face upon Caleb's. He passed his hand across his forehead dreamily. He glanced round; he saw the sinking sun, a ball of fire in the west, no longer blood-colored, light up the thickets and throw their shadows over the thickets and throw their shadows over the horrible land. Far off he seemed to hear the tinkling of cattle bells where the beasts roamed knee-deep in Carolina meadows. Then something seemed to pass out of his brain. He burst into loud sobs and stumbled away.

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The part by the state of the seemed to hear the state of the st

then and divide the gold with you."

"Yes, yes," he muttered, rising and staggering toward his wagon. "When the moon rises I will kill him." He saw her smile at Caleb as the clied his wagon is having it fresh.

"Month of flowers though it is, many of the foulard frocks intended for the summer have made their appearance in the streets during the last few days. Shant-ung, deservedly popular as it is

When he aroused himself from his stupor the camp-fire had gone out and all was silent. He was laying upon the ground, soaked to the skin from the fastfalling rain, and his teeth chattered with cold. He felt for his blankets but they had gone; the place where he lay seemed

impetus for destruction rushed over him, sweeping all other thoughts away. Fear-fully he placed his hand to his heart; sands, to guard our treasure store, and we will go south together to Texas; we will carve out a kingdom there, and you shall be my queen."

"What will you do to him?" she whispered, pressing her red mouth to his and then withdrawing it.

"Kill him." he snarled.

"To-night?"
"With my knife, while he sleeps," he hissed; and saw her white teeth gleam.
"Ah! but it has failed you twice." she said.
"Because he looks at me. I doze not of the force and the said the it aloft, weighing his doubts and scattering them. The next he had thrust the blade down furiously; and then, bereft of reason, he stabbed and thrust again till his arm wearied and the inanimate thing had long since ceased to writhe and gasp out its life beneath him. Then he flung the red reeking blade away and sprang to

the ground.
At that moment a moonbeam, filtering through the clouds, pointed straight as a inger at the dead. It was the woman's face, framed in its

hideous gold, no longer beautiful, but like a devil's in its malignity.

Ephraim sprang back, pulling at his throat. Suddenly he began to shriek.

"Caleb! Caleb!" he screamed.

He was as a child awakened from some

purchase your share in the wagon and over again, it is made over him.

he clasped him to his breast and wept to leave its closed path, or orbit, and is specially created for clothes for morning "She told me to stab you to the heart

"She asked me to kill you," said Caleb.

devils of the stream? Now I know what they were. She is one of them, and she has lain in the sands waiting for us per-

"If we had killed each other we should have gone to hell," said Ephraim, shuddering. "It was the gold in this accursed land that clogged our brains and hearts. Let us leave it and escape to freedom.

and over, his enemy still clutching at him.
And, when they lay still, Caleb was underneath.

His brother's bulging eyeballs and puffed face, plastic from blows, peered into his own. Then a slow grin passed over it. For near him, half a foot distant, his knife lay in its sheath woon the stream, turning over dust. Fphraim followed suit. They flung them from the wagon and heard them splash heavily upon the rain-soaked ground. Then they looked at each other. A weight had been lifted from their hearts; they smiled—By Henry Paradyne, in Harper's Weekly

\$100 a Month From Popcorn

"Making and selling popcorn balls may not seem a very big business, but in the last three years we have made in the neighborhood of \$100 a month by it," a young woman whose home is on the outskirts of a large Eastern city confided to an old school friend she met the other day in New York, says the Sun. "You know our house is near the railroad and only a few hundred yards from the spot

told her that I was going to kill you, and such an easy way of selling such little items that the whole household began to worry their brains on what we could sell. Then Caleb opened his lips.

"Beulah would not have smiled," he Pies and cakes are oldfashioned, sandwiches are no longer in demand by trav-elers on first-class passenger trains. At last some one thought of popcorn and we

determined to try it. "For that trial we bought a bushel of corn in the ear and my two younger sis-ters and I proceeded to get it ready. We made balls and we made bars, then we took what was left and made little forms

In the northwest great clouds had banked themselves, and out of the velvety darkness flashes of lightning played.

"The rains will break," said Caleb.

"Tomorrow the land will be a soaked sponge and the river will come roaring down in spats to hide the marks that we have scratched in the bed. It is well that we are returning home."

"Home," said the woman, softly, "Come," wagon, bleached white as the sand by the hot suns. In front of it were hides and bones.

The first glance told the story. The occupants had evidently been endeavoring to make the passage of the desert; but the oxen, exhausted by the long journey, had been unable to pull the ware seen on the sandy bed of the stream, and out of the velvety darkness flashes of lightning played.

"The rains will break," said Caleb.
"The rains will be a soaked sponge and the river will come roaring down in spats to hide the marks that we have scratched in the bed. It is well that we are returning home."

But after that they watched each other constantly by night, so that the other awoke if either stirred from his place; by day, the while they shovelled and washed beside the pool.

One morning fresh prints of buffalo were seen on the sandy bed of the stream. By this time almost all their food was gone; they dared not kill another of their left that they watched each other constantly by night, so that the other awoke if either stirred from his place; by day, the while they shovelled and washed beside the pool.

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One morning fresh prints of buffalo were seen on the sandy bed of the stream. By this time almost all their food was gone; they dared not kill another of their left that they watched each other constantly by night, so that the other will come roaring down in spats to hide the marks that we have scratched in the bed. It is well that we are returning home. "Home," said the woman, softly. "Come, left the woman, softly." "The year of our start we bought all the story." The rains will break," said Caleb.

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"The rains will break," sa

our popcorn and even then made a fair profit. After that we began planting half of the little garden plot that belongs to our lot, and this past year we rented a vacant lot so that we might be able to

"From selling to the people on the trains we gradually inreased our circle of customers, until now I think I am safe in saying that we supply a large part of the demand for popcorn in our city. We

ened, as it is almost tasteless.
"We do all the work of raising the corn after the ground is prepared in the spring.
My two sisters and I do all the cultivating with our hoes and one wheel plow. We do not find the work either hard or disagreeable and never enough to be te-

upon the ground before her, seized her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"I love you," he stammered in broken accents. "I love your gold eyes and hair more than my river gold."

She looked at him inscrutably, her red lips parted in a thirsty smile.

"Do you love me more than your brother?" she asked.

"I hate him," Ephraim cried, vehement-ly. "All my life I have the service of the service of the service for the with chiff-fon and embellished with fine lace, have foulard as their basis, and the tailor is part of our business is most interesting. Our parents agree that they had rather see us working on a farm than going into an office or shop, so as soon as we finish the high school we are each going to take the high school we are each going to take a course in practical farming, one of us remaining at home to carry on the popositive of the golden moon passed into the sky, harried by drifting clouds.

"I hat him," Ephraim cried, vehement-ly. "All my life I have been seed to be with chiff on and embellished with fine lace, have foulard as their basis, and the tailor is part of our business is most interesting. Our parents agree that they had rather see us working on a farm than going into an office or shop, so as soon as we finish the high school we are each going to take a course in practical farming, one of us remaining at home to carry on the popositive of the golden moon passed into the sky, harried by drifting clouds.

"I hat a work of the vehicle over him; he tool the vehicle over him; he tool the tailor as office or shop, so as soon as we finish the high school we are each going to take the high school we are each going to take the pressing the same all-popular material not service for the lining of coats and skirts of cloth and heavy Shantung. The foulards that appeal to the tailor are those with pin spats, rings and geometrical designs generally. But the foulards that appeal to the tailor are those with pin spats, rings and geometrical farming. farm.

Comets are Bits of Raw Material.

Comets, (the name "comet" is derived from a Greek word meaning hair) are heavenly bodies wholly different from all others known, and, in some points, are enveloped in mysteries that science has

yet to penetrate.

It has been affirmed that the heavenly space is as full of comets as the sea is of fishes. Only the brightest of these, however, are visible without the use of a good telescope. These easily visible ones differ little from one another in general appearance and consist of three partsnucleus, the coma and the tail. The nucleus is the bright, starlike tip; the coma appears as a bit of luminous vapor surrounding the nucleus; while the tail trails away from the coma, always in a direction away from the sun, and gradually fades away into the sky, like long hair blown out in the wind.

The nucleus, the densest and most luminous part, is believed to be gaseous, and more distant stars may be easily seen through it with good telescopes. The great comet of 1680 was computed by Sir Isaac Newton to be exposed when nearest the sun, to a heat 2,000 times the temperature of red hot iron-a tem perature sufficient to turn to gas any substance known to man.

Comets are believed to be tiny bits of raw material from which the planets were made, and to have wandered through space since the beginning of the solar about the house in the morning. system. One by one they are attracted torced into a different path after going "'Us'?" snarled Ephraim, and flung himself at his brother's throat.

Caleb staggered under the impetus of the attack. Then he grappled with his brother with scarcely less fury. They had been bathing and their hunting and the stab you to the heart while you were sleeping so that we might around the sun, and driven off into space, absolutely never to return. The opposite thing sometimes happens, that is to say, a comet that is traveling a path that would naturally send it of the heart while you were sleeping so that we might around the sun, and driven off into space, absolutely never to return. The opposite thing sometimes happens, that is to say, a comet that is traveling a path that would naturally send it of the heart while you were sleeping so that we might around the sun, and driven off into a difference.

Two-piece dresses for morning wear are opposite thing sometimes happens, and the proposite the say and the proposite the say and the proposite the say and the prop space forever, after going around the sun, may be so influenced by the at-traction of planets that its orbit, or path, becomes a closed path or eclipse, and so

to the sun, around it and back. one of the most remarkable periodic comets we are acquainted with, and the only one visible to the unaided eye, is Halley's comet. This will be visible in the eastern morning sky during the latter part of April and early May, passing the sun on May 19. It may then be seen in

the western sky immediately after sun-set, probably a gorgeous object easily seen without a telescope. It will disappear about May 25.

It was Edmund Halley, an English as-tronomer, who first noted the periodic appearance of comets. He inferred from his computations that the comets of 1531, 1608 and 1682 were really the same comet periodically returning, and he predicted its reappearance in 1758. His prediction was verified by its reappearance on Christmas day of that year. This comet has since been known by his name, and regularly appears about on time, but as it requires about seventy-six years to com-plete its orbit, very few of us will see it

Most likely this comet was a much grander sight in 1531 than it will appear to us, for it seems that when comets are made members of our solar system they become mortal, and in astronomical measurements, their lives are ahort. As they repeat their journeys around the sun their tails gradually grow fainter, the nucleus slowly fades into the coma, and in the course of a few centuries or a few thousand years, perhaps, there is nothing left but the coma, which itself then grows dimmer and more dim to the most powerful telescopes, and at last is no more—another ghost, perchance keeping endless vigil 'mongst the stars.—From "Nature and Science" in June St. Nicho-

How a Famous Hymn was Written.

As Tennyson's nurse was sitting one day at his bedside, sharing to a degree the general anxiety about the patient, she said to him suddenly:

"You have written a great many poems sir, but I have never heard anybody say that there is a hymn among them all. I that there is a hymn among them all. I wish, sir, you would write a hymn while you are lying on your sick bed. It might help and comfort many a poor sufferer."

The next morning, when the nurse had taken her quiet place at the bedside, the poet handed her a scrap of paper, saying, "Here is the hymn you wished me to write."

She took it from his hands with ex-

-An advertisement in the WATCH-

MAN always pays.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Nearly everybody is handicaped in some way. So don't fancy you are unique in having things to put up with and fight against. We are here

Month of flowers though it is, many of moon rises I will kill him." He saw her smile at Caleb as she plied him with brandy, and with the last remnants of his fugitive consciousness he drew his knife to the points about popcorn should be as nearly white as it can be popped. There are some makers who use artificial if the foulard frocks, with their short, and the last rew days. Snant-ung, deservedly popular as it is, will, one foresees, have to yield place to foulard as the fashionable fabric of the season, for it the foulard frocks, with their short, and the last rew days. Snant-ung, deservedly popular as it is, will, one foresees, have to yield place to foulard as the fashionable fabric of the points about popcorn is having it fresh. straight skirts bordered by wide bands of charmeuse, their seamless shoulders, and quaint baby frills at neck and wrists, showrooms, they became absolutely irre-sistible when worn with a picturesque wide-brimmed hat and smart shoes and

stockings donning with the dress.

Of course, the use of foulard is by no means restricted to this type of gown.
Elegant visiting toilettes, veiled with chiffon and embellished with fine lace, have
foulard as their basis, and the tailor is

ed Paisley patterns which somehow make all others seem crude and garish. The beautiful blues, greens, mauves and rose shades, blended with wavy-toned grays and browns, of these Paisley patterned

foulards are simply exquisite.

The new fondness for Paisley patterns Charming floral patterns are still to be had in these materials, but the Paisley designs are fresher. Scarfs, parasols and hats en suite are a leading feature.

The furthest north of kindergartens will be established next summer and a young Boston woman will be in charge. Miss Olive M. Lesley, who has been doing kindergarten work for almost ten years in Cambridge, will take ship shortly from Boston for St. Johns, and from there will proceed on another vessel to Battle Harbour, the point where Commander Peary first got into touch with civilization on his return from the North Pole. From Battle Harbor Miss Lesley will proceed by land to St. Anthony, and there will establish, among the half-wild boys and girls of that section of Labrador, just such a school as she has been conducting until recently among her little charges in Cambridge.

Long ago the wise woman learned that clothes often tell tales as to character.

Do you take pride in your home and toward the sun. Revolving around the are you willing to work yourself to always sun in a curved path, their momentum keep it its shining best? Then, let your carries them again into space, whence clothes, which you wear in the morning they may not return to encircle the sun when you are busy about the home duties. for years. Sometimes the influence of some of the planets may so attract the most plainly. Today there is no excuse comet that, instead of its path being a for a woman not to look neatly and taste"closed" curve or "eclipse" (which, you fully dressed in the morning. There are ou slept and I have killed her instead." know, is a kind of elongated circle), also many materials for her to choose from But Caleb's arms were around him, and lowing it to make its regular trips around which launder to perfection and wear wear that she need have no difficulty suit

separate belt made of ribbon or elastic belting in a contrasting shade from the dress, which is not as good style as it used to be, though with the shirtwaist suit the causes the comet to appear at regular black belt will never be wholly discarded,—intervals of many years, for its excursion Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home

> The place-plates are those which are kept at the covers between the courses. When a plate that is soiled is removed the place-plate is substituted, and this again is removed for the hot plate used for a hot course or for any plate used for for a hot course or for any plate used for eatables, as the place-plates are supposed to be at the covers only between the courses. The plates should never be piled before the carver; but the waitress should take a plate when the carver has put the meat on it, substitute another before him, and put the filled plate at the cover where it is intended to be. A dinner roll is eaten with or without butter, as preferred. At very formal dinners butter is not served; at informal dinners butter is not served; at informal dinners butter is often seen. The butter-plate is at the cover with a butter ball on it when the diners take their places, and a butter-knife rests on the little butter-plate. The bread-and-butter plates are removed be-fore the dessert, when the table is clear-ed. Almonds may be put at the covers in little individual receptacles or passed, as preferred; there is no absolute rule. We are glad to answer as many questions as you want to ask, now or at any other

Potatoes au Gratin.-Boil 12 medium sized potatoes in the usual way till tender, with a little salt, drain and dry; then divide each potato into halves lengthways. Brush over with plenty of melted butter, sprinkling liberally with grated Parmesan cheese. Lay them in a buttered tin and bake in a hot oven until a nice light brown color. Serve hot on a folded nap-

Fruit Punch.-Peel a pineapple and chop it very fine.

Cover with a pint of boiling water.

When cold strain through a bag or fine sieve, pressing out all the juice.

Make a syrup by boiling a pound of sugar with two cupfuls and a half of

Add this with a cupful of cherry juice and the juice of two lemons.

Other fruit juice may be substituted for cherry if desired.

Chill this mixture thoroughly.

Just before serving add a bottle of min-

Stewed Brown Onions. — Peel four Spanish onions and fry them a light brown pressions of gratified thanks. It proved to be "Crossing the Bar," the poem that was sung in Westminster Abbey at Tennyson's funeral, and which has touched so many hearts.—Evening Mail.

Spanish onions and fry them a light brown color in two tablespoonsful of hot browned butter. Remove them from the pan and add one teaspoonful of flour: brown this, then add one cupful of brown stock and seasoning of salt and percent hell. and seasoning of salt and pepper: boil up, put back the onions and stew gently for one hour. Serve hot with the gravy