## FOR HIM WHO WAITS.

Everything comes in its own good time: It is we who get in a hurry. The wires get crossed and our hearts grow sac With watching and waiting and worry.

To have and to hold of worldy goods, Or winning a common living, Absorbs of our time a greater share Than all of our schemes of giving.

Everything comes to the one who waits Save the things we dread from habit. Some have a way of catching cold As a boy might catch a rabbit. Some have a way of looking down, No matter how bright the weather:

They seem at a loss to understand Why troubles all come together. Everything comes our way in time, Whether we're brave or shrinking Comes in about the way we shape Our habits of life and thinking, Lives that are lived in a stress of pain

Cannot be blithe or cheery, While the heart that sings in its love of song Vill never of singing weary. Everything comes to us all in time-Money and health and station,

None are so small but they have a right To the beunty of all creation. A right? Why, yes, there's a place on the top For the best in every calling: The fellow who climbs without looking down

Need never have fear of falling. -Atwyn M. Thuber.

## AT THE END OF THE LANE.

When they reached the lane that led to the house on the knoll, Renshaw touched the driver on the shoulder. "I'll get out here," he said. The surrey stopped and Renshaw stepped to the ground. He held his watch in front of one of the car-"Nine o'clock," he said. Come back at eleven.

The driver, with the silence of a man in a dream, turned the horses around until they faced the village, and the sound and sight of the surrey were soon lost in the night.

Renshaw looked around him and laughed. Many years had passed since he had last been at that corner and it is well to greet old friends with a smile. A breeze from the south enveloped him. "I open my arms to the night," quoth he, "and my love hath embraced me.

And so he stood with that air of whimsicality which was his charm. He dropped his arms then to search for a cigarette, and when the flare of the match lighted his face, it disclosed a smile that began in wistfulness and ended in longing. "Faugh!" said Renshaw. "To poison the perfection of night with a fume like this!" He dropped the cigar-

ette and stepped upon it. "Adv he cried, and he entered the lane. "Advance! It had been eleven years since last he had walked through the lane. Previous to that, the house on the knoll had been his home for three other years-three years in which he had worked with rushes and canvas and had painted his brushes and canvas and had painted his name on the column of fame. "I came here poor and went away rich," he genius of tragi-comedy, that strange gift of laughing in tears and weeping in mirth. "My poor Sarah!" thought Renthought, "or did I come here rich and go shaw. And he winked his eye at her and shaw. And he winked his eye at her and away poor?" The paradox pleased him and he waved his hand at the moon. "What's the matter?" she whispered. "Are you on a holiday, too, My Lady?" he asked of her. "Then give me a

dance!" He turned to his shadow on the

road and performed the steps of a con-Advance then, oh, my dear. Draw near and give a sign: And calm thy petty fear, For. oh, my heart is thine. And now my longing to eclipse

I'll place a kiss upon thy lips

he asked of her.

"Come now," he said to the moon, "tell me the secret of your attraction, that I may know the better how to paint you. Is it your pallor? No; for pallor is only a symptom. Is it your melancholy? No; for melancholy is a symptom, too. Then why are you so pale and why are you sad and why do you move them so? Ah, now I know! It is because you are extinct, because you are the ghost of what was once a life. And so I will paint you shining on a tomb and again the world will applaud and wonder at my insight!" He waved his hand with a rueful gesture. "Ah, we ghostly ones!" he added. "How well we know each other! We move the world, but we cannot move ourselves!"

On his right was a pond and in the water he caught the moon's reflection. "Shadow of a shade," he said, "that is my life." The pond poured itself over a dam and jingled away on a bed of stones.
"That, too, is my life," said Renshaw.
And he whistled a bacarolle.

The house on the knoll looked down at him through an opening in the trees.
"What an illumination!" thought Renshaw, stopping in the road. "Could they have heard from the village? No; for I am sure that po one recognized me. What a coincidence! I try to surprise them and they respond by surprising me. I come five hundred miles to make a dramatic entrance and they advance the drama by setting the stage. . . . It would be curious if Mary were married to-night ... Ah, well; at least I would kiss the bride."

Eleven years before, when Fame had called him with her silver trumpets, Mary was ten years old. "And twenty-one is a pretty age," thought Renshaw. "Would was ten years old. "And twenty-one is a pretty age," thought Renshaw. "Would that it were mine!" They had been more than companions; they had been chums. He had gravely discussed his plans and pictures with her, and she had followed many of his dreams with a child's charity of vision—followed and sometimes outdistanced him. They had raced over the fields together, hunted butterflies which had afterward serven as models for his had afterward serven as models for his "Magic Cloud," and on his Saturday exs she had carried the paint-box, and he had taken an extra stool, so that she could sit by his side under the um-brella and "watch the picture grow."

Renshaw sauntered toward the house on the knoll. I wonder which one of us will surprise the other to-night. If she is being married, it will be like a drama. And though I like the drama-ah, well, at least I may kiss the bride and to-morrow I could not even do that." He hummed a line from the contredanse:

And calm thy petty fear

"Now that is a curious thought," he mused, stopping and looking up at the stars. "Beauty, too, is romantic. It is rare enough to take us by sur-prise; it has its note of tragedy; the vil-lain Age pursues it—ah, villain!" he whis-

pered, his mood and thought changing, "What have you done with my heart?" And with a whimsical sigh, "Not that I greatly care," he added.

see the shadows that came and went upon the blinds, and it struck Renshaw with a new significance that although his picture "The Waltz" had crowned his reputation of a child see the shadows that came and went upon of eye-glasses that she seldom used, but which was always the finishing touch of her toilette. "You!" she laughed with the delight of a child.

Some one else would. And life is a dance, too, Mary. So let's make him jealous. Shall we?"

Mary's glance dropped for a moment. tation, he himself could not dance. "The reviewer cannot write a novel," he perhaps I have painted too much of love. this a surprise I have reduced it to the colors of the house on the knoll.

The door was paneled with glass over which a curtain had been stretched, and through the curtain, blue-pale and older than his years. "It is difficult to make an And was thinking. "I wonder if Sarah still her hand. reigns in the kitchen." On the tips of

the theater of an epic. Corners and cuparea made its cleanliness the most apparent. Along one of the walls stood He opened the door and stood framed the range, its damper open and disclosing a fiery Maltese cross. With this exception the stove was black and gave no indication of the fire that burned within.

A clock ticked somewhere with an insist tence which was magnified because the clock was hidden in darkness, the senses, cheated of sight, demanding more of the ear. Along another wall was a table and at this table stood a servant, ed. The door opened and be turned adjusting a lamp which she had been trimming. "Ah, villain!" thought Renshaw, "what have you done with my

ed it the wrong way and for a moment the kitchen was dark. Then, reversing the motion of the wheel, she turned the lamp up high and watched the wick to see if it were burning straight. Her face was well above the lamp and the shadows gave her a startled, almost a violent, look and accentuated the upward turn of her nose. Her eyes were far apart, her mouth large and yet tenderly shaped, although her face and body were thin to the point of emaciation. She stepped back and the shadows fell at Nightingale, once from her face, but the look of violence seemed to go more slowly, as if in-

deed it were loath to go at all. "Good evening, my Lady Windowmere, said Renshaw, taking a step forward and bowing low. Once she had posed for him; he had called the picture "Lady at Window," and ever since he had insisted

upon the title. "Mr. Renshaw!" she gasped. But, seeing his look of disappointment, she corrected herself. "Good evening, my lord!" She curtseyed low, and then approaching curtseyed again. In her air, in her carriage, and as though but darkly seen, was

"Don't they know you're here?" "Not yet. I heard the noise and I thought I would come around and see what it was all about. And besides, I've got a present for you."

Deliberately and with a pretense of pride, he produced a brooch, a necklace and a bracelet in oxydized silver and amethysts. "They are," he said. "for My Lady Windowmere." He fitted the bracelet and necklace in place and pinned the brooch at her throat. With her head held back she looked at him with that startled glance which was a part of her. "How did you know I'd be here?"

"I knew," he said, and his voice was she said, very knowing.
"How did you know I wouldn't bemarried?" she asked.

"Because men are fools," he easily answered her. Her eyes opened wide. "You are right!" he nodded. "They are fools—all fools— "And I am not exempt," he said. "And

now tell me what the party is for." He pointed to the door which led into the front of the house. 'It's Mary's birthday."

"Is she married!"
"Married? No! Didn't I tell you that men are fools? "But at least," said Renshaw, "isn't there some one in particular?"

There's young Thompson," scoffed Sarah. "He comes and he goes. He shillies and he shallies until I could knock his head against the wall. And some fine day they will quarrel, and she will send him packing and too proud ever to speak to him again. And he—the fool!—will stay away, and Mary will hold her head up all the higher, and one morning she will wake up and find that her hair is turning gray at the temples, and then she'll see the marks beneath her eyesand that's the way it goes.'

"Poor Mary!" said Renshaw. "And poor Sarah!" he thought. "I came out to get some cake,

Two doors and a passageway separated the kitchen from the rest of the house. Sarah opened the first door and Renshaw

followed her into the passage. The sound of dancing became more audible.

"It is like a comedy," smiled Renshaw to himself. "The prelude has been played in the kitchen; the theater is darkened in the kitchen; the theater is darken-ed before the curtain rises; and now—" Sarah opened the second door and for a moment Renshaw was overwhelmed by the noise, the lights, and the warmth which assailed him. Then seeing Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton in the sitting-room,

he made his way to them.

"See what Sarah has brought with the cake," he said, and bending over Mrs. Knowlton's chair, he kissed her. She was a motherly woman of fifty-

five, stout and somewhat deaf. Her voice was softly broken like a lute with a loose and she had a trick of silent

laughter in which her body shook and "Why shouldn't I be?" Their eyes met rocked itself as though in protest at the attempted solemnity of her expression.

She was dressed in black satin, at which pered Renshaw. "He asked you for the pered Renshaw. "He asked you for the didn't." He was near enough to the house to she seemed to be in awe, and around her hear the music of a dance inside and to

himself could not dance. "The cannot write a novel," he "The critic cannot act. And said, watching Sarah and the cake. "Isn't

"The best I've had for years!" exprism and the flourish of a brush. There is no illusion left." He looked up at the moon. "Ah, we ghostly ones!" he smiled, Renshaw sat between them, and while and he climbed the piazza steps of the they talked he looked from time to time at the company, some of whom he knew and to whom he sent a smile.

"But I wish they would not look so sad the light in the hall shown through upon Renshaw's face. Blue-pale he seemed, thought. "Or are they right and am I in the rays of the lamp that filtered wrong? And is this life a sad and serious

than his years. "It is difficult to make an entrance without knowing the cue," he He looked up and Mary was holding out

reigns in the kitchen." On the tips of his toes he walked around the piazza and peered in the kitchen window. "To the to guide him to the dancers in the next peered in the kitchen window. "To the life," said he. He went to the kitchen door and opened it.

to guide him to the dancers in the hext room. "But I can't dance," he said, "and besides—I would rather talk."

"And so would I," she said. "We'll wind the piagra until the guad-

walk around the piazza until the quadin its size, as though it were intedned for rille is finished. Will you wait for me out there?-or some one may come and boards were lost in its shadows and its get you. I must find a veil to put over

A clock ticked somewhere with an insis- rustled on the branches. "The breeze sighs in the trees," quoth he, "and they whisper your name." He looked up at the shadows that swayed above him. "I ed. The door opened and he turned around. Mary was silhouetted against the light of the hall, the cascade of her skirt gleaming with the sheen of silk and Sarah?" And perhaps because of his sense her veiled hair shimmering like an aura.

of lost illusions, "and to me . . ." he thought, "and to me . . ."

Sarah, still bending over the lamp,turn
"Let us walk on the grass," he said.
"It is dry, for I have tried it." She gathered her draperies around her, and placed her hand on his arm. "Truly, but she has grown," thought he. "And what have you done since I went away, Mary? he asked, aloud.

"Nothing," she said. "Then you have done better than I have," he answered her. "For I have taught my eye to paint, and now it cannot see; and I have taught my mind to express and now it cannot feel. "I saw your picture 'The Song of the ghtingale,'" she said. "Wasn't that

seeing and feeling?" "Just paint and expression," he said. An uncertain night, a trembling bush and a moon that looks ready to weep.' He glanced at her. Mary's face was up-ward turned and her eyes were glisten-ing. Renshaw followed her glance. "Ah,

lips moving but making no sound.
"And ever since I saw it," she said, whenever I think of it-at night-They walked in silence for a time. The music of the violin was borne to them from the house and the music of the water floated toward them from the brook. Renshaw, abstracted and as though he were by himself, hummed a note or two

we ghostly ones!" he sadly smiled, his

and then pleasantly sang to the stars: "Awake, then, oh, my dear, Draw near and give a sign: And calm thy petty fear, For, oh, my heart is thine And now my longing to eclipse I'll place a kiss upon thy lips." Mary's hand moved on his sleeve, but

he noted it not and while he sang he kept his eyes upon the stars with that air of detachment which had lately grown upon him. Mary frowned a little to her-"We must not go far," she said. engaged for the next dance."

His eyes were on the darkness above.

"We are all engaged for the next dance, Mary," he said, "but we cannot always tell who our partners will be." She seemed to miss his meaning. "I

He turned to her then like a man who is pleased with the unexpected. "My word, but you have grown!" said he. He looked at the stars, which pleased him; and he looked at the brook, which pleased him, too. And then he looked at Mary with the same air of pleasure with which he had gazed at the brook and the

stars. "Let's go back," she said, "or they'll be looking for us."
"Yes, Mary." As though unconscious
of it, he took her hand. "Let's run!" he

whispered. They ran to the he Wasn't that like old times?" he laughed, for thus they had run when she was a girl. Mary's breath was coming deeply

and her eyes were very bright.

"How you have grown!" he murmured, and, taking her cheeks between his palms,

Mary opened the door, but when she turned to look at him, expecting that his glance would still be upon her, he was gazing at the night and carelessly hum-

I'll place a kiss upon thy lips.' From the village came the first note of a bell. "Poor Sarah," thought Renshaw, a bell. "Poor Sarah," thought Renshaw, looking toward the kitchen window. And "Poor Mary," he thought again. "I think I'll bring young Thompson to the point. He is too sure of his sprize—a fault that can soon be corrected." The idea fitted well his fancies and moods. "Deus ex machina," he smiled, and "Bless you, my children." The reverberations of the bell died in the distance. "Ten o'clock!" died in the distance. "Ten o'clock,' thought Renshaw, entering the half. "

have still an hour."

Mary had taken off her veil and was Mary had taken on her veil and was arranging her hair in front of a mirror. "Now that is strange," said Renshaw. He was standing at Mary's shoulder, watching her in the mirror while she arranged her hair.

"What is strange?" she asked.

"The reflection of that young man who s eating cake in the corner. How he

"That's Frank Thompson," said Mary: "it's with him that I have the next dance." "Are you sure?" asked Renshaw. The "Are you sure?" asked Renshaw. The quadrille had come to an end and a local wit was performing a trick with a matchbox and a walking-stick. "Life is made up of tricks like that," thought Renshaw. "A little practice, a little deception, and a little patter—and hark, how the company applauds!" And aloud he repeated, "Are you sure?"

"Why, of course I'm sure," said Mary. will you marry me?"

pered Renshaw. "He asked you for the dance because he knew that if he didn't,

and for the third and last time that night she frowned to herself. "I will start by asking him to let me have the next dance with you," said Ren-

shaw, half turning away. "But you can't dance. "Oh, we'll sit it out," he said. "That's

part of the play."
"But I don't think he will let you have "Pooh!" laughed Renshaw. "Watch!"

He gracefully sauntered out of her sight and reappeared with her mother on his arm. The two approached Thompson and after a minute's conversation Renshaw returned to Mary.

"Your mother is going to dance with him," he said, "so that we may talk over old times. Let us sit on the stairs. We shall be out of the way there and we can talk and watch at the same time."

A ruby lamp threw its glow upon her. "My Mary has grown to be a beauty," he thought, "and I don't wonder that Thompson is already watching us with the eyes of a dragon. . . . I wish that I had the eyes of a dragon, too, but—" For already he had unconsciously begun to appraise the girl by his side in picture values and to analyze the shading and the texture of her beauty.

"Did you see the present I brought for Sarah?" he asked, changing the trend of his thoughts "No!" And she was all attentive. "A

present? He told her about it. "I brought three," he said. "One for Sarah; one for your mother; and one for you."

"For me?" she cried. From his waistcoat he drew a locket. "You remember the butterflies in the 'Magic Cloud?" he asked. "And how you helped? The picture won a medal and I had a locket made of it-for Mary." But almost while he was giving it to her he was watching the dancers in the next "I saw him then," he whispered, room. 'and his face was like a thundercloud." She held the locket in her hand and looked at it, but there was no pleasure in

her glance. "I wonder," Renshaw was thinking as he watched the dancers, "whether there can be any jealousy without love." And quite unconsciously he added, "The

"You got it in Paris?" asked Mary, looking at the medal. "In Paris, yes. The reverse side is polished. That is your monogram." She turned the medal over and over, as though she would get a story from it.

"Paris must be a wonderful place," she "Too full of confusion—no one can be sure where he's going." Renshaw's voice had a trace of bitterness in it.

"But if we cannot tell who our next partner is going to be," she said, "Why should we wish to know where we are Renshaw looked at her with approval.

"Let me put it on for you," he said. He unclasped the chain and she lowered her head, looking at him through her eyelashes. "Yes, my Mary has grown to be a beauty," he thought, and his heart moved a little. "Now that is strange," he mused, and he turned to self-analysis to explain the phenomenon. "It may be the glow of the lamp," was the doubtful answer. "Perhaps if it were some other

She was telling him about an old collie that used to accompany them wherever they went and Renshaw's mind became crowded with pictures of the days before Fame had called him on her silver trumpets, and nearly every scene was a setting for Mary. He was carrying her on his shoulder over the shallows of the river. They were having their lunch in a grove and she, with all the dignity of her ten years, was cutting the bread, and he, with the maturity of a man of twenty-one, was watching her. Or it was raining and she was walking home with him un-der his raincoat. Or "I know!" she was know at least who mine is going to be," crying in an excited treble. "Paint a picture all flowers and butterflies and blue sky. And in the corner, looking at every-thing as though he couldn't understand it, now paint an old toad." And through these memories he looked at the girl of twenty-one who was sitting by his side

"And am I the toad?" he asked him-

none else but her.

"Mary," he said.
"Yes, Mr. Renshaw?" ent loneliness and a presentiment of an even greater loneliness to come. "It is the glow"—began his irrepressible sense of analysis. "Oh, don't be a fool!" he told himself, "or a toad," came the gen-tler thought. "You know my first name, don't you?" he asked, aloud.

"Yes," said Mary, still leaning forward and looking past him at the dancers, her as I have at the big dry goods stores." chin upon her palm, her other hand playing with the locket. His voice was very low. "Then why don't you use it?" he asked.

"Because you are famous, I think," she said, "or it may be-because I have

And still she looked past him and smiled at the dancers. "Flowers, butterflies, and blue sky," thought Renshaw, and for the second time he felt his heart move within him. "I saw him then," said Mary, "and, oh,

now he looked over here."
"Mary," said Ren.haw, "I have kisse you tonight. "And I shall kiss you again if you tease

She looked at him full and slowly turned her eyes.

"Mary," he whispered.

"Yes, Mr. Renshaw?"

knew not, for altogether beautiful was Mary as she looked at him, and in her eyes he lost himself. His whimsical expression was gone and his eyes began to shake him. "Not in all the world—" he thought. "Not in all the world—" And still she looked at him from the depths of her eyes, her lips a little parted. "Mary" he said, and his voice trembled and the world seemed hushed to his ears—"Mary, And smilingly, promptly she answered him, "No, Mr. Renshaw."

She looked at him and laughed, and

ruefully he laughed with her. "How jeal-ous he will be!" laughed Mary. "But I meant it," he said.

Laughingly she shook her head.
"You tease!" he said. "You know meant it; and now give me a kiss and

And again she said, "No." Then falling into his previous mood she added, "You'll sweetest kisses-I've read somewhereare those which a man can't have.' The music had stopped and you Thompson appeared before them.

have the next dance, too," he said, "and I shan't give that one up, Mr. Renshaw." the last," said the latter, rising. He look- an old umbrella-handle. Her ed down at Thompson and noted the earnestness of the younger man's expresarched over his forehead like a tunnel. 'He lends himself to caricature." thought Renshaw, walking away, "but at least I

Mrs. Knowlton her present, and then-" He searched his pocket for the cameo earrings and buckle which he had brought Every time the kettle reaches the hand from Rome. One of the earrings was successfully, a fairy, personified by a timissing and he remembered then that something had dropped from his pocket from under the witch's cape and drop a when he drew out the locket. "It's in little packet into the kettle. The fairy is the hall by the side of the stairs," he fastened to the end of a pair of tongs, thought, and he retraced his steps. Which are handled by the helper behind Thompson and Mary were on the stairs the witch, so that they will drop the and when Renshaw stooped to pick up package into the kettle. Although the the earring he heard the young man ask-blindfolded person will not see the be-

self, hurrying away. "I thought I would contain any souvenir that the hostess bring him to the point." He placed the cameos in his pocket and went outside. "The curtain falls," he said, and he shut the door behind him. "I shall feel better soon," he told himself, and he turned his ink or water-colors. The guests need force to the moon, "Ab maghestly seed to the moon," and the point in the nostess wishes to give. A good choice would be pop-corn balls wrapped in oiled paper, and afterward in yellow crepe paper, and decorated with a Jack-o'-lantern face in ink or water-colors. The guests need face to the moon. "Ah, we ghostly ones!" he sighed. "What have we in common with them? But all the same," he added, "I'm glad there's no nightingale here. An uncertain night, a trembling bush, each a paper bag upon which and a moon that's ready to weep-and I am all three.

Again the door opened and for the sec ond time Mary appeared, silhouetted against the light. She saw where he was and walked over the grass toward

"Mother is looking for you," she said, "I told her I'd find you. In the darkness at the end of the lane, the surrey from the station turned around, one of its wheels screeching against the guard

'What a hateful sound!" shuddered Mary.
"No," he said. "It has come to take would make Thompson jealous? And, Mary, I wish you all the happiness in the

She placed her hand on his sleeve. 'Don't," she said. "I told him 'No.'" He looked at her and suddenly his eyes seemed blurred and his heart came to his throat

"And will you marry me?" he asked. His hand was fretting his watch-chain.
She opened his arm as though it were a gate and lightly settled her head upon his shoulder. His arms closed around her.
"My beautiful bird of God!" he gently cried .-- By George Weston, in Harper's

AUTUMN. The lovely summer days have gone

The trees are turning from their green. To red, and gold and brown. The melancholy days are here. The sad time of the year.

For the lovely summer days have past and gone Oh! lovely, golden summer, Why didst thou leave so soon, The asters they are blooming,

The stars are twinkling down The forests will soon be turning Their leaves to coats of brown. For the lovely summer days have past and gone And the lonely autumn days they now are

The wind it sighs among the trees As evening shades draw nigh, And whispers gently through the breeze That the autumn days are here: For the lovely summer days have past and gone

-Mary E. Gunsallus. Every seventh year, so science teaches. the vitality of the body is at its lowest. It is then most liable to be attacked by disease and less able to fight off such an attack. Just watch the record of deaths "Poor Shep," said Mary. "He was never the same after you went. And every day he would go down to the end of the lane and wait for you there." And dropping her voice, "Is he watching?" she whispered, leaning over and looking at the dancers. But Renshaw had eyes for none else but her.

attack. Just watch the record of deaths in your newspaper columns and note how many people die about forty-nine, the seventh recurring period of seven years. This is the climacteric period of human life. There is no doubt that the body may be fortified against disease, and physical vitality increased by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Thousands have proven the truth of this Thousands have proven the truth of this statement and have declared that they owe their lives to Dr. Pierce's wonderful He looked at her with reproach, but the reproach merged into a feeling of pres-body of foul accumulations which pro-"Discovery." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pel-

mote the development of disease. "I should like to open an account at this bank, if you please."
"We shall be glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?"
"O, but I mean a charge account, such

To look well you must be well. When the figure loses its roundness and the face its fairness, there is some disease at work which is robbing the body of its vitality. That disease will generally be found preying upon the delicate womanly organs. The surest way to look well, therefore is the get well and the sure therefore, is to get well, and the sure way to get well is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women have been cured by its use, and many have expressed wonder and delight at the restoration of their good looks, with the cure of local disease. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pallets assist the action of "Fa. Pleasant Pellets assist the action of "Fa-vorite Prescription," when there is a con-stipated habit of body to be overcome.

—Johhny—"Papa, would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?" Papa—"Certainly, my son."

Johnny—"Well, I saved it for you, all right. You said if I brought a first-class What he had started to say to her he new not, for altogether beautiful was would give me a dollar, and I didn't

> -Fair Critic-"Oh Mr. Smear, those ostriches over there are simply perfect! You should never paint anything but Artist (sadly)-"Those are not ostriches,

They are angels! -Subscribe for the WATCHMAN. FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing with the growth of summer I never yet have seen.-William Cullen Bryant.

Hallowe'en Party for Young Folks .-Begin the party with the game of visit-ing the Witch's House. Signs can be pin-ned up in various places, pointing the like it better if you don't get it. For the way. Dress up an old witch on the plan of a scarecrow. She should have a brown cambric face, with painted features, a tall witch's hat of black cardboard, and sticks for arms. Her skirts can cover her feet, but she must have a cape over her shoulders. One of her arms must have a "You were very good to let me have crooked end, such as can be provided by be an improvised tent in the corner of a room, or she may stand in front of drasion and the arrangement of his hair, peries hanging between two rooms, so that someone may be stationed out of

sight behind her. Blindfold each person in turn, and give could not draw him as a toad. I'll give each one, as his turn comes, a kettle to place on the witch's hand, or, in other words, to hang on the umbrella-handle. ing her a question.

"Ah-ha!" murmured Renshaw to him
stowal of the gift, all the others will.

The packet that the witch bestows may not realize that the gifts are eatable until

When everyone has succeeded in plac-ing a kettle in the witch's hand, give each a paper bag upon which some fa-miliar nursery rhyme has been written, or the name of some popular childhood's hero; as, Red Riding Hood or Yankee Doodle. After they have received the bags, ask them to join in the game of

Apple Cap: Dress a number of apples in gay caps of cloth or crepe paper, made after the pattern of dust-caps and tied with a bow under the chin. Make faces on the apples by pressing candies or beans into them to serve as features. Arrange to have each apple cap distinguished by some characteristic that will make it illustrate the lines written upon one of the bags. Each person is to find from among the apple caps sitting about on tables and chairs the one that belongs in his bag. Yankee Doodle, for example, can have a feather stuck in his cap; Golden Locks can be distinguished by the yellow curls about her face, and Jack Horner can have a raisin in his mouth. Each hostess will be able to think of the characters most familiar in her locality, but below are a

few suggestions: Jack Horner (raisin in his mouth). Yankee Doodle (feather in his cap). Red Riding Hood (red hood)

Golden Locks (yellow curls). Little Boy Blue (blue collar; small paper trumpet in mouth).
Blue Beard (a heard of blue thread). Puss in Boots (cat face, thread whiskers, and paper ears; resting in a boot).

Old woman Who Lived in a Shoe (paper

pectacles: resting in Humpty Dumpty (an egg instead of an Santa Claus (cap and bell, beard, and

Miss Muffit (sitting on grass, beside toy spider).

King Cole (crown; bit of coal for jewel

To carry out the idea of the witch's day in the refreshments, place a big witch's kettle, cut out of a pumpkin, in the center of the table, and set on its rim a row of little witches with hickorynut heads, witches' hats, and black crepepaper gowns. To make these, glue two sticks together in the form of a cross, with a hickory-nut on the top of the upright. The cross-bar will form the arms, and the nut the head. Paste the gown of black paper about the body, and push the sharpened lower end of the upright into the pumpkin to hold the figure in

Hang the kettle itself from a tripod made of witches' brooms, either small brooms, or brooms made of bunches of twigs bound to a substantial stick. A row of little Jack-o'-lanterns (witches lanterns) can lead from each corner of the table to the kettle in the center, with an occasional sign-post, stuck in twist spools, pointing the way to the witch's kitchen. These little lanterns are made like the ordinary pumpkin lantern, only out of orange-skins, with a bit of red flannel or a red candy for a tongue. The tripod is wound with vines and decorated with the orange lanterns and paper

Before each plate stand small tripods similar to the central one, holding kettles cut from orange-skins. The small brooms for the tripods are easily made of meat-skewers, with a bunch of broom-straws or pine-needles bound on one end. Fill each little kettle with candy, but so carefully covered with a neatly tucked-in paper that the guests are kept curious till the end of the meal as to what it con-tains. Run a black or yellow baby ribbon from each of the small tripods to one of the witches sitting on the edge of the large central kettle. On the end of each ribbon, hidden in the large central kettle, have a final surprise, such as a tiny doll or a toy clothes-pin dressed as a fairy; or a bat with inked peanut body and black paper witches, the witch's messenger; or a pussy-cat ball. These are black yarn balls which have been given eyes of white shoe-buttons, a little red nose of flannel, and whiskers of long

Just before the guests leave the table, pass finger-bowls, in each of which is a little boat made of half a walnut-shell. In the bottom of the boat put a raisin-and-clove turtle. Use a large flat raisin-for its body, a whole clove for the head, the small end of the clove for the tail, and clove-heads, with the bud part re-moved, for the feet. The paper bags used in the apple-cap game will be found very useful in keeping all the souvenirs of the day together.—By Eva Dean, in Harper's Bazar.

Albuminized Milk.—Beat up the white of an egg till light; add a good-sized pinch of salt and four ounces of fresh, sterilized milk, and sugar if desired

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