

The Weed that all are Praising.

O golden roset sweet golden roset
Bride of the autumn sun;
Has he kissed this mellow morn,

WOMAN'S WEAPONS.

How do you like my aunt's new guest,
Bruce?"
"Say nothing wonderful in her. She's
not bad to look at I believe.

"And no doubt she is at this moment
donning her war-paint, with the laudable
intention of making a tablet of yours or
mine," he remarked carelessly.

"Half an hour or so," Cecil answered.
"Have a cigar? They're capital. Why,
what was that?"

"The door of the library swung to.
Are you growing nervous?"
"No, but I'm growing uncomfortable.

"Ah, she does think of us when we're
not by!" she whispered, dimpling smiles
on her face.

"Yes, I think you must, unless you
wish to confuse me hopelessly," said
Miss Vernon, with a smile in her dark
eyes.

"You look like a lily!" cried Kate;
"or like a Puritan maiden on her wed-
ding day!

Leslie Lord's Conspiracy.

Mr. John Clifford looked over the
walnut and plate glass railing around his
"office" in the corner of the counting
room of the Hue and Cry just as a
sweet, ringing laugh from the compos-
ing room opposite came to his ears.

"It's Leslie Lord—that is," Peter
Furman, the foreman, said, as he saw
the look of inquiry on Mr. Clifford's
face. "As pretty a girl as ever stepped
in shoes, but spoiled and humored—
until she thinks she can do as she likes."

"I would like to have an advance on
Saturday night's pay, if you please,"
the "if you please" was very much
at variance with the imperiousness of
her demand.

"You would like an advance?" he
reiterated gravely, somewhat surprised.
Leslie gave a provoked little toss of
her head and tapped her gloved finger
on the plate glass shelf.

"That is what I said, I believe,"
"Am I to understand it is the custom
in this office to advance money to the
employees upon all occasions?"

"I don't know anything about what
the employees do; I know I always re-
ceive an advance when I ask it."
Mr. Clifford closed his day book
quietly.

"I think the rules of the office forbid
such a precedent, Miss Lord. Frank,"
to the office boy busily directing the
mail, "just light up, will you?"

Leslie stood perfectly astonished at
the polite yet cavalier treatment she
had received. The ideal of this new
man putting on such airs to her—the
acknowledged belle and beauty of the
girls who sat type in the Hue and Cry
composing room.

Frank lighted the gas and Mr. Clif-
ford began counting the money in the
cash box, while Leslie, in a passion,
stood watching him.
"You don't intend to let me have
it?" she said presently in a low, indig-
nant voice that was irresistibly charm-
ing for all that.

HINTS ON TRAVELING.

Secrets of Comfortable Traveling to
Be Found in Light Luggage and
Simple Habits.

It only takes one railroad trip to teach
a woman that she can't travel with
bundles and enjoy herself. Freight and
postal rates are so cheap and amiability
so rare a charm that it is hard to under-
stand why the gentle race will econom-
ize on baggage at such enormous ex-
penditure of temper.

All any woman wants, unless she has
a family of small children to take care
for, is a single hand-bag and possibly a
shawl-trap. The bag will only pro-
vide for night-robes, handkerchiefs,
collars and cuffs, one or two vials of
medicine in case of accident and such
toilet articles as are deemed indispensa-
ble.

Don't hope to be neat or look nice
without a duster of some sort, and
never be tempted to break in a new
gown. There are plenty of nice cotton
goods, such as canvas, etamine, and sat-
teen, which make admirable traveling
dresses, though hardly as serviceable or
satisfactory as a light cloth would be.

Hands reveal habits, occupations,
trades. A crop of them rises at the
thought, like the show thrust up from
a crowd in honor of a candidate after
an election speech.

The slight-of-hand professor is a man
of long fingers. A conjurer with a slow
and chubby hand would betray the awful
secrets of the plum pudding that is
taken from the depths of your best hat.

After the first dimples they become
the inky hands of school; then the awk-
ward hands that don't know what to
do with themselves. Years pass, the
boy's hand ceases to grumble at gloves
—yes, he wears them in extravagant
freshness, in comparison as his collars
grow upward, and his shoes tighten
within an inch of his life.

Dimples, bones and wrinkles mark
the three stages of life's progress. With
the wrinkled stage the steadiness of
youth often remains in resolute charac-
ters. When the Duke of Wellington
was a very old man, he could still fill a
glass of water to the last possible drop
and hold it up steadily brimful.

Professor C. A. Bell's investigations
into the influence of musical notes and
noises upon jets of water or of gas have
as yet a theoretical, rather than a prac-
tical, importance; but, as in many other
cases, these apparently useless discover-
ies may prove to be the beginning of ex-
tremely important and valuable inven-
tions.

The Old Brocade.

The Forresters had arranged for a
ball inviting their neighbors and friends
to welcome the son and heir from his
travels. Of course Mrs. Lowell and her
daughter, Hortense, received their cards,
for the older lady was a power in the
vicinity and daughter the beauty of
Lyndale.

But what was their surprise when lit-
tle Vala, Mrs. Lowell's step-daughter,
held up a gilt-edged invitation, too,
with a certain expression in her purple
eyes which made them know that for
once their Cinderella would leave the
ashes and the dish-washing and all
the drudgery to which she had been
bound by them say what they might.

"I have not," said Vala, hotly; "it is
you that have the dresses, and the jew-
els, and the laces, which are paid for
with my dear father's money. I have
nothing; all the same, I am going."

"Then your fairy godmother shall
furnish you with finery," said Mrs.
Lowell in the hard, cold voice that used
to make her step-child quail, but did
not know now. "I cannot afford two ball
costumes, and of course Hortense must
have a new one. Perhaps it would be
as well for you to send regrets to Mrs.
Forrester."

Vala's whole pretty, impulsive face
flushed hotly; the Spanish blood which
she had a little of burned in her delicate
blue veins and her dark eyes.

"I shall go to Mrs. Forresters' ball,"
she replied with decision.
She left the room without waiting for
a reply and sought her chamber. Sadly
she turned over the few articles of
clothing in her closet and then turned to
look at her dead mother's faded dresses.

At last, with trembling fingers, Vala
drew forth a mass of shimmering stuff,
soft and rich; her mother had worn the
dress as a bride, in a far away time
when she had gone to the altar, it was
crushed and stained and some of the
luster had left it, but still the quaint
figures of blue could be traced on the
ground of amber, and as the girl shook
out the folds they shone rich and lusc-
ious in the winter sunlight.

"I will wear that," she said.
"Mamma, he is delightful; I am to
dance with him again presently," said
Hortense to her mother after Gerald
Forrester had led her back and left the
two alone.

Mrs. Lowell; it was not wonderful
that the young man should admire her
daughter, for Hortense was like a flower
in her silver-bird dress with clusters of
lilies here and there and one in her
golden hair and Gerald was a tall, hand-
some, self-possessed young man cultured
and sure to inherit his paternal wealth,
being an only child; so the scheming
mother smiled pleasantly, a gigantic
cackle erecting itself in her busy brain.

There is a Great Deal of Character in Them if we Only Know it.

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Never venture on a journey without
an umbrella and rubbers.
Plenty of time and a hearty meal at
the start have much to do with the
comforts of a trip.

On a sea voyage expect to be sick—
very, very sick, but don't make a pen-
ance of it, for it is the best medicine in
the whole catalogue of therapeutics. It
is useless to hope to cure the disease.
It must be made the most of. When
overcome, lie on the back. Eat in spite
of nausea. If vomiting follows try
some other article of food, and keep on
trying till something is selected that the
body can digest. Hot tea is good; so
are beef tea well seasoned with red-
pepper, crackers, and raw beef finely
chopped, seasoned and rolled in bread
crumbs. Lemons, fruits, and stimu-
lants are worthless, and dainties are no
good at all. If not sea sick live on a
light diet, or prepare for dyspepsia or a
billionaire's attack.

For ocean travel woollens are neces-
sary the year round for day and night
wear. Even in a lake trip one wants
an overcoat for mid-summer, and ten
months in the year a flannel night robe
is worth the ship's cargo.

A friend sends a message this month
about some Indian boys of the Makah
tribe, who live at Neah Bay. To find
that place, by the way, you must go
just behind Cape Flattery, wherever
the queer named cape may be. The
deacon says most likely it's a danger-
ous cape, judging from its title. Well,
it seems that the Makah boys have pets
and a form of amusement denied to
most youngsters. In midsummer great
quantities of fur seals approach the
shores in that region, and are chased in
canoes and killed by the men of the
tribe for the sake of both the hides and
the flesh. With them come many lit-
tle "pup" seals, some of which are
always captured and taken home. Tying
strings around the necks of these
"pups," the Indian boys make them
swim in the surf just outside the break-
ers, and tow their canoes across the
bay, and even after them up the rivers.

In short, the Indian lads have a world
of fun with those gentle and graceful
water-dogs.

Every child walks into existence
through the golden gate of love.

Every child walks into existence
through the golden gate of love.

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