

THE LAND OF THE ASTERNOON.

I know a wonderful land of pearl
And pink and golden gleam,
Above whose battlements of clon
Broad crimson banners stream
Beyond the azure depths of noon,
Far down the west it lies,
Its gate, the setting sun, is cleft
Through the saffron-colored skies.
Its seas are floods of amber light
Where stately cloud-ships sail,
And violet mist its silvery domes
And palace walls enveil.
Athwart the dewy shadows, that
Forever eastward creep,
The long-winged swallows, silently
In mazy circles sweep.
It is the realm of finished toil—
To weary hands a boon—
And 'twixt the day and twilight lies
This Land of the Afternoon.
Good Housekeeping

One Woman's Way

"It's no use, I've worn all the cast
off clothes I'm going to."
There was no sign of irritation or
ill-nature in the girl's bright face as
she made this assertion. She sat in
the centre of a heap of discarded
finery. There were frayed and spotted
velvet skirts, satin and silk waists,
strained out and threadbare in almost
every seam, flounced and bedraggled
gros-grains and nun's veillings, crumpled
ribbons and torn laces.

"What do you propose to wear?"
Florence Annable's only companion
on this occasion was her married sister,
Mrs. Paul Grenman, in whose pretty
ears sparkled valuable solitaires, and
whose fingers were crowded with costly
jewels.
Mrs. Grenman's tone was
cold, and the smile on her faultless lips
was almost a sneer.

"I don't mean anything unkind,
Julia," Miss Annable replied, "but the
truth is, I am not comfortable in second-
hand clothing."
"Blanche would be edified at your
remarks, Florence," said Mrs. Gren-
man; "it was no easy task to get these
things together," she added with in-
creased hauteur. "You know very
well that my maid expects every
garment I discard, and so does
Blanche's."

Notwithstanding her protest, the
young lady had selected the least in-
jured of the velvet skirt, and had begun
to rip off the braid. But she
threw down her scissors now and
stepped out of the debris.
"That settles it, Julia," she said,
with shining eyes, with no other in-
dication of excitement. "I will sort
those rags and jags, and velvet gowns"
into bundles, and you and Blanche
need not disappoint your maids."

"What stupidity, Florence!" Mrs.
Grenman hastened to say. "You
know that we want you to have our
things. You have made lovely cos-
tumes many times out of poorer ma-
terial than that is there."

The lady's tone was a little more
condonatory. She evidently had some
reason for not wishing her sister to
carry out her threat.
"These things are much more suit-
able for you, maid than for your
sister, Julia," Miss Annable replied, as
she set about her task.
"Perhaps you think that your sisters
should keep you supplied with new
clothes?" said Mrs. Grenman.

"No, I do not; but I will tell you
what I do think," Miss Annable re-
sponded, with heightened color, but in
firm cool tones. "I think that you
and Blanche ought to be willing that I
should earn my own wardrobe."
"Earn it?" said Mrs. Grenman, dis-
dainfully. "What new and abominable
crochet have you got into your head
now? Something to disgrace us all,
I suppose."

"If you and Blanche would pay me
in hard cash, as you would be com-
pelled to pay a professional, for play-
ing the piano at your luncheon parties
and your kettledrums, your receptions
and your informal evening gatherings,
I could buy my own clothes, and be
much better satisfied."

"Florence!"
Mrs. Grenman was ready to go.
"Wait!" said her companion.
"I shall repeat this conversation to
Paul. I tell you, that you may be
prepared to meet the consequences."
"I am prepared for anything but
rags and jags," Julia, her sister re-
plied; "and I beg you to believe that
I should not have remade your cast-off
garments so long if it had not been
for keeping the peace. Let me tell
you what else I am willing to do. You
say that some of the costumes I
have made from the dresses you have
finished wearing have been very pretty
and stylish. I will hold myself ready
to make over the best of them for you
to wear again, and I will do it in my
best manner."

"And be paid for it?"
"Certainly, like any other dress-
maker."
"If you were not a perfect simple-
ton, you would marry Luke Harkness,"
Mrs. Grenman burst out anew.
"Then you would have an establish-
ment equal to your sisters', and there
wouldn't be such a horrible inequality
in our stations as now."

"I marry Luke Harkness?" said
Miss Annable, with the first touch of
haughtiness she had shown. "A man
old enough to be my grandfather, as
deaf as a post, and as bald as an
ancient American eagle? I would go
out as a cook or housemaid first. Yes,
Julia, if the choice were given me of
marrying that man or digging my own
grave, with the understanding that I
was to jump into it when completed, I
would choose the latter alternative
with gratitude."

"And you wish me to understand
that you will not play for one of my
parties again unless you are paid for
it?"
Mrs. Grenman's hand was on the
knob of the door as she asked this
question.
"I wish you to understand that I do
not regard your old velvet and silk
gowns as a fair equivalent for my ser-
vices as chief musician," said Miss
Annable. "And also, that I do not
believe with the Bible that 'the laborer
is worthy of his hire,' but that labor
is eminently respectable."

The departing guest's twist of the
door-knob was nothing less than
vicious. Florence, who knew her
sister perfectly, understood that the
breach between them now would be a
hard one to bridge. Work was a de-
gradation, in the opinion of her own
near relatives. But it was not so for
her. There were two ways in which
she knew she could earn a generous
support. One was by her musical
talent, and the other by her taste and
ability in designing costumes.

"It is wicker to keep you at the
piano, Miss Annable, when we all
know you are so fond of dancing, but
no one plays as you do," her friends
were constantly saying.
Now why, she asked herself, with
this available talent in her possession,
should she not earn some money, and
in a business-like and "open and
above-board" manner, as men termed
it? Miss Annable was unable to see
why she should be idle, and wear
her sister's cast-off clothes, any more
than the man who had a room
across the corridor should be idle and
wear his rich brother's "rags and
jags." This question of the utilization
of talent had been logically met and
settled a good while before, but the
hindrances in the way of putting her
theories into practice had been hard to
overcome. Her sisters had aimed high,
and brought down their game. It was
no more than fair that she should do
the same, her relatives had frequently told
her, instead of occupying the fourth-
story back in a crowded boarding-
house, and making them a world of
trouble in explaining and excusing her
anomalous position. Their frequent
assertions that sister Florence was ex-
ceedingly peculiar, and could not be
induced to make a home with either
of her relatives, were in the main true.
Miss Annable could have made her-
self useful in either of these establish-
ments, but her liberty was far too
precious to jeopardize by any such ar-
rangement. Here in the sky parlor
certain hours of each day were her
own, her very own.

A few hours later Miss Annable
was driving in the park with some friends.
She passed both of her sisters, and
their recognition, though calculated to
deceive her companions, was well un-
derstood by her. Julia had communi-
cated with Blanche, and they had
both shown their displeasure in as
marked a manner as the circumstances
would permit. This recalcitrant mem-
ber of their aristocratic family was to
be brought to terms. Florence Annable
smiled as she thought of it.

Clarke Durivage rode along by the
side of the landan, and chatted with
the young ladies. For the first time
since Florence had decided not to wear
any more "cast-offs" her courage
faltered. She felt it to be a humili-
ating truth that she cared more for
this man's good opinion than for any-
thing else in the world; to think that
she was quite independent of remark
or criticism from any other quarter,
but not from him, filled her with con-
fusion and alarm. Mr. Durivage had
been the only man she had met in so-
ciety who had talked to her as if she
were possessed of an equal intelligence.

Miss Annable canvassed the subject
very thoroughly in these few minutes.
Her scorn of her own weakness, as
shown by the presence of this man,
acted like a spur to her conscience.
"The die is cast," she told herself,
as Mr. Durivage bade her good even-
ing. "I will not wear jags, and so
must play jigs."
The young lady did not estimate her
musical talent at its true value. It
was almost a case of genius. She
could play the works of the most
favored composers, and with a power
and expression which delighted the
most critical. And so it came to pass

that Miss Florence Annable was en-
gaged at regular professional prices to
play for a party at the house of the
wealthy and distinguished Mrs. Van
Courtland. Her sisters were both
present, but neither of them came near
her during the evening, and in this
way the world found out that there
had been a quarrel.

"Good evening, Miss Florence."
"Good evening, Mr. Durivage."
"Is it rather singular there is no one
here to play but you," the gentleman
remarked. "I have been waiting a
half-hour to invite you to dance."
"It is not in the least singular, Mr.
Durivage," said the musician, smiling
heroically, "for I am regularly em-
ployed to play for Mrs. Van Court-
land's guests this evening."

The plunge was made, the worst was
over, and Florence felt that she could
look herself squarely in the face when
the evening was over.
"Thank you—you have struck out in
this way for yourself?"
There was a strange quality in the
gentleman's voice that his companion
did not understand.

"Struck out?" Miss Annable laugh-
ingly answered. "That is a good
phrase. It requires muscle, I assure
you."
"But your sister, Miss Florence?"
"Are you here. You must have
seen them. The next piece is a quad-
rille, Mr. Durivage. Please listen to
it critically. It is my own composition."

The music was a success. The ap-
plause and excitement that followed
its conclusion amounted to an ovation.
Mr. Durivage drew near the piano and
read the title.
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in
loud, clear tones, "the name of the
original quadrille which has so deligh-
ted us is 'Rags and Jags, and Velvet
Gowns.'"

There came a time when Florence
Annable could tell her friend, Mr.
Durivage, the whole story, and the
following is the substance of his
reply:
"I determined," he said, "to woo
and win you that night at Mrs. Van
Courtland's. I had cared for you from
the first day of our acquaintance, but
how could I help feeling that you
might be like your sisters—ultra-
fashionable, purse-proud, regardful
only of appearances. What kind of
helpmeets would your sisters make
if misfortune should overtake their
husbands? And then, Florence, I
have always maintained that it was
just as reprehensible for a woman to
be idle and dependent as for a man.
As my wife, there will be no need for
you to continue your professional
career, but your talent must never be
neglected, and for two reasons: First,
because it will always be our greatest
source of enjoyment, and next, because
every woman should always hold in
her hands the means of support."

Out of the Ordinary.
Two former Vassar students are
the editors and publishers of a weekly
paper at Atlantic Highlands. They
are said to be practical, enterprising
girls who are running their journal on
strictly business-like principles, and
are making a success.

One of the flourishing trades of San
Francisco is shark fins. The Chinese
residents pay ten cents a pound for
these delicacies, and it is said among
"first-show" Celestials "shark-fin soup
ranks as high as that made from 'edible
birds' nests."

The tallest chimney in this country
is the new stack of the Clark Thread
Company, at Kearney, near Newark,
N. J. It is a circular shaft 335 feet
high and 28 1-2 feet in diameter at the
base. This chimney cost \$300,000, and
contains 1,697,000 bricks.

Miss Simpson, of Ayr Township,
Eulton Co., Pa., placed eight eggs un-
der a turkey hen that was setting in
a field of grass on the farm, and a few
days ago she found mother turkey de-
murely sheltering eight plump young
turkeys and two frisky young rabbits.

A TATTOOED RACE.

EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN
SAMOA.

Come of the Handsomest Women on
the Earth.

A middle-aged gentleman, of rather
notable appearance, sat in the rotunda
of the St. James Hotel, St. Louis.
"Mr. Hanson of England," said the
clerk, by way of introduction. "Mr.
Hanson is on his way home from an
extended visit to the Samoan Islands."

"As a race, said the traveler, in the
course of an interesting chat, 'the
Samoans have the finest physiques of
any people I have ever seen. Their
height is about an average of five feet
ten inches. Their shoulders are broad,
their chests deep, and their arms show
muscles which would do credit to a
Sullivan. They are of a color that is
hard to describe, being neither brown
nor copper-colored, but rather a sort
of tincture of both.

"The women up to 20 years of age
are very handsome, but at 23 they be-
gin to grow wrinkled and homely.
Very little clothing is worn by the
natives. A man's wardrobe consists of
a breechcloth made of a wooden fiber
which feels and looks like a Chinese
napkin, only of coarser texture. The
women wear a skirt, but are bare from
the waist up, with the exception of a
shawl of the same material which is
simply thrown over the shoulders."

"About ninety-nine out of every
hundred of the men are beautifully
tattooed from their waist to their knees
with pictures of wild animals of var-
ious kinds. This was a custom with
them long before the first white man
set foot upon their island, and they
still observe it religiously. They cul-
tivate rice and raise a few vegetables,
but their diet is principally rice, coco-
anuts and fish. Other than this they
eat no meat of any kind."

"They are very bright and quick to
learn, and with very few exceptions
can understand English with the aid
of a few gestures. They can also make
themselves understood in the same
way. The houses, or rather huts, of
the natives are one story in height,
and built of cane interwoven loosely
so as to admit of a free circulation
of air. A thatched roof completes
the structure. They do not use any
furniture, the ground serving for table,
bed, chairs, etc."

"Like most wild tribes, they have
their war dances, but these differ from
all others I have seen in that instead
of standing up they sit down and make
peculiar noises, chanting and humming
and keeping time by a peculiar move-
ment of the upper part of their bodies."

"Some enterprising Yankee has
spent six years in training a number of
these natives for an exhibition tour in
America and Europe. His troupe came
as far as the Sandwich Islands on the
same ship with our party and gave
several very interesting entertainments
on shipboard."

"About ten years ago the natives of
Samoa were cannibals, but through the
efforts and good influence of the mis-
sionaries they are now practically a
civilized race. They attend the Chris-
tian churches and are rapidly learning
the English language and becoming
proficient in the arts of husbandry and
thrifty. Many of them, indeed, have
accepted the manners and customs of
Christendom and have settled down to
farming and the trades in a manner
that betokens much for their future."

ONE OF THOSE SCHECKS.

There Were Plenty of Them and They
Were a Jolly Lot.

When the war of the rebellion broke
out, Gen. Robert C. Schenck had been
so long in public life and away from
Ohio that he didn't know, even by
sight, half of the numerous nephews
who were the sons of his half-dozen
brothers. He was appointed brigadier
general, and it so happened that one
of the regiments assigned to his brigade
over in Virginia, was the Twenty
Second Ohio, commanded by Colonel
Alexander McDowell McCook.

Several of the companies of this re-
giment were raised in and around
Dayton, where the Schencks lived in
swarms, and as the family was loyal
all through, there was a goodly num-
ber of Schencks in Company B and
Company F of that regiment. It so
happened that the Schenck contingent
in the regiment was thoroughly im-
bued with a love of fun, and when any
mischievous mischief was afoot the Schencks were
sure to have a hand in it—if a party
was hauled up for discipline, one or
more Schencks was sure to be of the
number. This fact was very annoying
to the general, as might have been ex-
pected, and he did not try to conceal
his annoyance. While the brigade lay
near Fairfax Courthouse strict orders
against foraging were issued; I believe
it was even threatened to have foragers
shot. One morning a party of five
foragers, captured the night before,
was brought before General Schenck
for examination. The general looked
at the faces closely, but recognized
none, and then asked the first man:

"What is your name and regiment?"
"Peter Brown, Second Ohio, sir."
"O-h!" (in a relieved tone of voice)
"I was afraid you might be one of
those Schencks."
"Whose name?" he inquired
of the next.

The youth looked the general straight
in the eye and answered cheerily:
"Why, general, I'm one of those blank
Schencks."
The officers standing by did not try
to restrain their boisterous mirth,
while General Schenck glared furiously
at the unabashed Buckeye youngster.
In a moment he shouted to the officer
of the guard:

"Take these scoundrels away; I will
attend to them another time."
The culprits were marched off and the
general had time to get into his tent
before he broke out into a prolonged
fit of laughter.—New York Tribune.

Children in a Den of Snakes.
A party of sportsmen from Fort
Stockton, Tex., while hunting ante-
lopes in the Sierra Charrote a few days
ago, made a most singular discovery.
Riding up a narrow gorge they caught
sight of a gigantic rattlesnake trailing
his hideous length along the steep
side just above their heads. Several
of the party, states the truthful corre-
spondent, fired at the reptile, but none
of the shots had any effect beyond
causing his snakeship to accelerate his
leisurely movement. The sound of
their shots brought a man out of a cave
in the rocks, and after some talk the
hunters were invited to enter. They
found a woman and children there.
The woman lighted a torch, revealing
the cave swarming with snakes of
every description and size. They hung
from rocky projections in the roof and
sides of the cavern, glistening at the
unwonted light, and hid about from
one corner to another. One great
slimy black monster lay across the
throat of a sleeping infant, gently
waving its horrid head above the
child's mouth. An older child was
eating something from an earthen-
ware vessel, and a large rattler leaning
from his shoulder would swing over
and eat from the dish, while the child
would strike it with its bare hand
whenever its strange messemate seemed
getting more than its share."

Electricity's Freaks.
Electricity can add more oddities to
a fire than any other thing in creation.
A conflagration is had enough at any
time, but when added to it electricity
starts out to have some fun, the result
is disastrous. During the storm in
New York one of the electric wires
broke on a house on Grand street, and
rested on the wet tin gutter. The re-
sult was that it not only set fire to the
house, but it made things exceedingly
lively for the whole neighborhood.
The first one to discover that electricity
was loose was a man who began to
arrange his fruit shelves at 4 o'clock
in the morning. Everything was drip-
ping wet, and of course the electricity
had a perfect conductor to travel on all
over the place. The moment the fruit
man touched the fruit he began to re-
ceive shocks. He thought the pears
and apples were bewitched. When the
proprietor of the house attempted to
open his shutters he received a shock
that knocked him down. Then, when
passers-by began to tread on the wet
pavement they started to dance and
got out of that immediate neighbor-
hood as quickly as possible. Sparks
were flying all along the gutter, and
pretty soon the house took fire. Even
when the firemen came round they had
to dance around pretty lively with the
repeated electric shocks."

Fleas on Boston.
Boston is afflicted with fleas. They
are of the wickedest kind and bite with
a savageness that has a tendency to
drive the average resident of the Hub
into something like frenzy. The ob-
trusive insect seems to make his ap-
pearance in the best quarters of the city
and naturally enough people are slow
to confess the fact—but this sort of
thing will out. The companions in
misery one after another confess, and
then the drug stores experience a boom
in insect powder. But the flea contin-
ues to flourish in spite of the rigid
measures to suppress him."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

All men die poor.
As you get, give.
Jealousy doesn't pay.
A light heart lives long.
As you receive, distribute.
Do not be ashamed of work.
No life is exempt from trials.
The moment past is no longer.
Every fox takes care of his tail.
Think only healthful thoughts.
The wise man always hesitates.
A rolling stone gathers strength.
When love is dead there is no God.

All honorable labor is praiseworthy.
Strong reasons make strong actions.
It is better to be right than be caught.
Welcome is better than pie for dinner.
Secrets are a mortgage on friendships.
Words may pass, but blows fall heavy.
One cannot hide a bradawl in a bag.
Vanity is the superstition of pride.
The only cure for indolence is work.
A present is cheap, but love is dear.
Trust in God, but mind your business.

When money speaks the truth is
silent.
Who plants potatoes must dig pota-
toes.
Charity is the smooth way of the
fur.
Piety, like beans, does best on a poor
soil.
An untried friend is like an uncrack-
ed nut.
A dwarf can tell just as big a lie as
a giant.
Your elbow is near, but you cannot
bite it.

The present is all of which man is
the master.
A good wife is a sweet smile from
heaven.
Truth is straight, but judges are
crooked.
It is not the crown that makes the
king.
Many a genius is a harp with only one
string.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes
to dinner.
Discretion of speech is more than elo-
quence.
One good liar will poison the whole
country.
True politeness is perfect ease and
freedom.
Religion and money will overcome
the devil.
Many have been ruined by buying
good pennyworths.

A man's brains vary inversely as the
size of his mouth.
Marriage is a lottery that the law is
powerless to handle.
Opportunity is a horse that must be
mounted on the jump.
The man who lives only for what he
can see is very short sighted.

Beware of the whispering man and
the loud-talking woman.
Beware of the man who is always
suspicious of other people.
Money has some human characteris-
tics—it talks and it gets tight.
Be quick. You can't use a minute
but once—make the most of it.
You can't teach an old dog new
tricks, but you can buy a new dog.

Keep yourselves from opportunists
and God will keep you from sin.
A very large percentage of people
outlive their usefulness at an early age.
Pure religion is like good old Hyson
tea—it cheers, but doesn't intoxicate.
The man most willing to loan you
money—when he has it—never has it.

Every dog has his day and the cats
soon to be quarrelling over the nights.
Is life worth living? We cannot
know until it is over, and then it is too
late.
We are all the time making charac-
ter, whether we are doing anything
else or not.
When the man who wants the earth
goes into politics, he begins by taking
the field.
A man never becomes so homely
that he is not handsome to the woman
he is good to.
Let your zeal begin with yourself;
then you can with justice extend it to
your neighbor.
Many a man worries about ghosts
that never appear to him.
Flattery is like cologne—to be
smelled, not swallowed.
Many of our cares are but a morbid
way of looking at our privileges.
With a great many young men love
is a matter of losing the head rather
than the heart.
Without friends and without enemies
is the last reliable account we have of a
stray dog.
Hope is a draft on futurity, some-
times honored, but generally extended.
Great hearts alone understand how
much glory there is in being good.
If the world despises a hypocrite,
what must they think of him in heaven.
Only a great musician can make good
music with string to his fiddle.
Sensationalism in literature is closely
connected with sensuality in society.
Men exist for the sake of one another.
Teach them, then, or bear with them.
With nothing to conquer we should
never feel the grand triumph of the vic-
tor.
It requires pious gall to play all day
with the devil and at night ask God to
ave you.