

## BE A GOOD BOY; GOOD-BY.

By John L. Shroy.

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day  
When I stood at our old wooden gate,  
And started to school in full battle array.  
Well armed with a primer and slate,  
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,  
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,  
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:  
"Be a good boy; good-by."  
"Be a good boy; good-by." It seems  
They have followed me all these years.  
They have given a form to my youthful  
dreams  
And scattered my foolish fears.  
They have stayed my feet on many a  
brink,  
Unseen by a blinded eye;  
For just in time I would pause and  
think:  
"Be a good boy; good-by."  
Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of  
life,  
Just starting or nearing its close,  
This motto aloft, in the midst of the  
strife,  
Will conquer where it goes.  
Mistakes you will make, for each of us  
errs,  
But, brother, just honestly try  
To accomplish your best. In whatever  
occurs,  
Be a good boy; good-by.  
—Saturday Evening Post.

## MRS. TROYER'S FIRST RECEPTION.

BY EDGAR TEMPLE FIELD.

The woman who at 20 marries a dreamer for love of his handsome face seldom believes much in love at 40, if she lives that long. Frances Armstrong was no exception to this rule.

When she married Chester Armstrong she was of the opinion that a straight nose, dreamy eyes and a tender voice outweighed in desirability ambition, energy and a bank account, when a partner for life was being considered. At the end of twenty years of poverty, disappointment and humiliation she had acquired the conviction that \$5,000 a year and a little backbone would glorify even the most malignant squire.

And, strangely enough, she took it for granted that Margaret would share her views. Margaret was her daughter and had inherited her father's nose and her mother's decision of character.

When Armstrong finally closed his dreamy eyes forever on this world his widow mourned him outwardly as decently as her limited wardrobe would permit, and inwardly faced the consciousness that nothing in his life had become him half so well as the leaving it.

Poor Armstrong! He never would have presumed to ask pretty Frances to share his poverty if she had not so obviously wanted him to. But, of course, she didn't know that. She had been a beautiful girl, and in spite of her long, soul-wearing struggle with misfortune was a beautiful woman still, which was perhaps the reason why Judge Troyer interested himself in securing for her the small life insurance which Armstrong, by a crowning act of carelessness, had jeopardized by a lapse in payment just at the close of his inefficient life.

The judge thought it was because of his old friendship with her father that he showed the handsome widow this and other kindnesses during the year which followed her husband's death. What the widow thought no one knew, but she accepted the benefits simply and gratefully. Judge Troyer's income was several times five thousand a year and his spirit was not aggressive.

When she also accepted the judge's offer of marriage some time later Frances Armstrong told herself she was marrying again solely with the object of giving Margaret the comforts and advantages her own girlhood had conspicuously lacked. We are so much less scrupulous about being honest with ourselves than we are with other people.

Margaret herself accepted the situation with an indifferent acquiescence her mother at once resented and admired. Was it possible, she asked herself, that after eighteen years of snubs and shabby gowns and scanty meals the girl did not really appreciate the home and position she was giving her? There was no question about her own enjoyment of the mansion of which the simple little marriage ceremony at a neighboring chapel made her the mistress.

How she expanded and glowed in the atmosphere of luxury which she found herself surrounded! After all, it was her native element. Her forefathers had been colonial planters, and she was well fitted to adorn her new station. Every fiber of her being thrilled with the consciousness that she had come into her own at last.

Margaret, watching her enviously, thought she received her guests with much the air of a queen holding a drawing room. She was very tender with Margaret. The one real affection which had survived the shocks and disasters of her hard life in Frances Troyer's heart was lavished on this tall, pretty daughter. She would do so much for her in the rich, new life that was opening out so splendidly before them both. Margaret should nev-

er know of the mortifications and hardships which had been her own portion. Her heart sang as she planned the girl's future.

Mother and daughter were addressing invitations to a large reception with which the judge's wife was to repay her already extensive social obligations, when their first difference occurred.

"Of course I shall send a card to Roy," Margaret had said.

"Nonsense," replied her mother sharply. "He would know no one here."

Roy Armstrong was a distant cousin of Margaret's, a young fellow with all the good looks, musical talent and general lack of force which distinguished the Armstrongs. Somehow Margaret's tone filled her mother with a sudden anxiety. They had played duets together in the old days, and Roy had been very kind at the time of their bereavement, but all that was well enough then. Now it was manifestly impossible.

"It is absurd to think of it," added Mrs. Troyer with decision.

"He shall be asked," cried Margaret hotly, "or I shall not come down. He is my cousin and I shall not have him slighted."

"Don't be silly," said her mother sternly. "Roy would not expect an invitation. He never goes into society."

Margaret said no more, but there was a little coolness between them after that, an estrangement which the mother felt keenly, but made no effort to break. Margaret would see her folly in time. And she would talk to her later when she was not so busy; the matter would wait. The girl would be all the better for a chance to think it over.

But when the night of the reception arrived and Mrs. Troyer in her clinging brocade took her place in the flower-lung doorway to receive her guests only joy and pride were in her heart as she glanced about her elegant rooms. They were quite perfect, and even the judge at her side looked unusually well in his evening garb. What a difference well-fitting clothes make in a man, she reflected, giving his necktie a little wifely pull, the old gentleman smiling, well pleased at the attention.

Margaret had not come down yet, and as the first arrivals began to rustle up the stairway Mrs. Troyer sent a servant to call her. What a pretty gown the child had to wear, she thought, her eyes lighting with a smile as she remembered how even Margaret, for all her haughty coldness, had not been able to repress a cry of admiration when it had been lifted in all its fragile elegance from its box the day before.

More guests were arriving, and a premature scraping from the orchestra on the stairway was piercing the air with a discordant promise of harmony to come, when the servant returned, looking perturbed.

"I couldn't find Miss Margaret, only this," he said, unasily holding out a little folded note.

Mrs. Troyer turned pale. But she took the note, and, opening it with steady fingers, she read it slowly once—twice; then it fluttered from her grasp and she turned, still pale, but splendidly self-possessed, to greet an entering guest.

"What is it?" the judge said in bewilderment, catching the paper as it fell and adjusting his glasses to read the hastily scrawled words.

At first he could make nothing of them, then they gradually assumed a meaning to his puzzled eyes.

"Dear mamma," it ran, "Roy and I were married this afternoon. I have gone to him, and when you are ready to receive him at your house I shall be glad—so glad—to come with him."

"MARGARET!"

The judge turned to his wife in alarm, but in spite of her ghastly face she was smilingly performing her duties as hostess to the crowds beginning to fill the rooms.

The indulgence of grief is the one luxury denied to those fortunate people—the rich.

**A Servant Not Worth Heeding.**

Florence Nightingale is still alive and active. Through inheritance she is rich, having an attractive home in London and a beautiful country seat known as Claydon House in Buckinghamshire.

Once Miss Nightingale herself set the example by nursing an ailing farm laborer who occasionally worked upon her estate. He was past middle age, and his wife, who knew nothing of nursing, took a deep interest in all that was done. It was not the interest of affection, but of wonder and bewilderment. One afternoon she curtsied and said:

"Your Ladyship, Thomas only got 8 shillings a week when he was strong, and now that he is old and worthless he doesn't get more than five. Don't you think it would be cheaper to let him die and get another man for the farm?"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

**Trees Are Not Ready to Use.**

A few years ago a Western railroad planted 600 acres of land with trees, with the idea of growing timber for railway ties and telegraph poles. The trees have made good growth, but are not quite ready for use as poles, and some of the trees are now being cut out and made into fence posts in order to thin the forest.

**A Curious Discovery.**

At a depth of twenty-seven feet a curious discovery was made recently, a Berlin paper says, on the island of Gotland—the skeletons of several knights in full armor seated on their horses. Archaeologists think they date back to the ninth century.

## NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### NEWS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.

#### Danger in Perfumes—A Favorite Wedding Gown—Dress Allowances of Royalty—Smart Winter Hats, etc., etc.

**Danger in Perfumes.**  
Many women are a great deal too fond of strong scents for the comfort of their friends and acquaintances, and also for their own safety. It is not half widely enough known that strong perfumes are injurious to the sense of smell, and that by their frequent use the secretory glands of the throat and nose are overtaxed and weakened. One day the lover of strong scents notices that the hearing is less acute than usual, and that the sense of smell is defective. This state of things is put down to a cold, and not much importance is attached to it. After a time the whole head is affected, and throat and lung complications follow, likely to end in chronic illness. Smelling salts are a fertile source of deafness, and they, as well as all other strong and pungent odors which act on the secretory processes, should be avoided as much as possible.

**A Favorite Wedding Gown.**  
Satin of an ivory-white holds its own year after year as a favorite material for a wedding gown. It may be covered with lace, trimmed with lace flourishes, or it may—as has been the case with two or three wedding gowns turned out recently—be absolutely plain, with only a bit of lace around the neck. In each and every case it is an exquisite material for the purpose. The long lines of the train that is now part of every wedding gown show the beauty of the fabric to the best advantage, while the lace or tulle of the veil that falls over the long folds of the skirt only seems to enhance the beauty of the satin. In this country, as in France, it is the fashion for wedding gowns to be made high-necked and long-sleeved. There are now a great many gowns made with yoke and sleeves of lace in gulf effect. These can be taken out and the gown left as a low-necked evening gown if so desired, but one of the objections to this is that it is difficult to make the gulf and sleeves fit correctly. It is nevertheless a fashion that has many followers.—Harper's Bazar.

#### Smart Winter Hats in Colors.

The degree of smartness of a hat depends this season less on the shape than on the color and trimming, and setting aside certain special shapes belonging strictly to the domain of the hatter (foremost among which stands the "automobile" with its wide, low crown, very narrow at the base, almost any shape may be converted into a smart article—sailors included).

Respecting capotes, there may be said to be no line of special shapes. The foundation shape of wire, or whatever chosen, has often little in common with the form once it is finished; either it has been so added to, as in the case of the saucer or mold forms, or it has been so modified out of its original hat shape, as to be unrecognizable even if there were no trimming to mark its outlines. Complicated methods of covering capote shapes are adopted, such as pipings, rouleaux or velvet sewn together spiral fashion, or small bouillons divided by narrow ruffled velvet ribbon. Many a capote, insignificant in size, comprises a vast amount of needlework. Herein resides the novelty of a good many of the new models, and in that of the trimmings, either prepared ready to hand or executed by the milliner herself. Among the medium-sized hats I have noted several lined with satin, machine stitched in regular rows. In some cases they are covered with velvet only, whereas others have the crown covered with satin surrounded by a high folded band of velvet. Cravats and kerchiefs made of thin silk with complicated hemstitched borders, and scarfs finished with hand-knotted fringes, are provided for trimming morning hats, and with the addition of a coteau a simple sailor is fully equipped.

Then there are flowers, such as roses, daisies and single and double dahlias, made out of piece satin, in the productions of which some millinery hands are wonderfully expert. These are generally put on in groups of three in different shades of one color, and form with couteaux a pair of wings, or a plume of feathers, a very attractive decoration.—Millinery Trade Review.

#### Entertainments for Children.

Interesting entertainments for the small folks may be arranged by drawing from the children's literature for ideas. In their world Motter Goose, Hans Andersen, Grimm and "Alice in Wonderland," are the central figures and some one tale from this multitude of nursery lore may form the foundation for a story in pictures in which some of the youngsters may take prominent parts. There is no form of amusement so thoroughly enjoyed by them as that in which they or their friends are participants, to pose or mimic as the case may be; and the little ones are almost delighted to recognize their fairy-tale friends. This sort of entertainment pleases them vastly more than any introduction of novelties which they cannot quite understand or which excites and worries them.

The second part of such an entertainment may consist of a fan, broom or Japanese drill in which the little ones are costumed prettily and with fans, brooms or umbrellas go through various manoeuvres to the sound of music. When drills are attempted, not more than a dozen children should take part. In arranging children's tableaux, drills or games one person only should be in charge, and should be able to control herself and keep quiet or she will be quite unable to control a number of excited little ones. Nothing is more contagious than certain forms of nervousness and the excitement of the person in charge soon communicates to those whom she is directing and assisting. It is her duty to be behind the scenes to help the children change their dresses and to put on the finishing touches, to give them a word of encouragement as they go on, and a word of praise as they come off the stage. She must attend to every arrangement before the audience assembles, as it is irritating to onlookers to see a lot of unnecessary running about and fixing just before the curtain is raised or between the parts of the programme.

If on the day or evening of the entertainment assistants are necessary they must be selected as even tempered and calm as herself or her previous work will count for naught.

Nursery songs may be sung just before the end of the entertainment by all the little participants as they are prettily posed, or as they march around the stage, and the curtain will finally descend on a much pleased audience and a happy company of small actors and actresses.—American Queen.

**The Czarina's Unpopularity.**  
The Czarina has never been popular in Russia. And of late the feeling against her has become much more intense. Whereas a few months ago she was merely disliked, she is now hated. She is spoken of constantly as "the foreigner"; as "the English woman" by one party and "the German" by another; and it is always taken for granted that she is more in sympathy with Russia's enemies than she is with Russia's friends.

The whole military party to a man are against her, with the Grand Duke Vladimir at their head; and so are the clericals, with the all-powerful Pobedonostz. Even at court she stands alone, for her own ladies-in-waiting join in the intrigues against her, and are never weary of extolling at her expense the Czarina dowager. What is perhaps still more serious, the middle classes, who regarded her at first with a certain amount of favor, are gradually deserting her; while the great mass of the people cherish against her a feeling of sullen resentment.

The unpopularity of the Czarina is the more remarkable as there is no sovereign consort in all Europe who does her work in life more conscientiously than she does, or who strives harder to win the love of her people. She is a woman of marked ability, one who might play an important role in the world were she to have the chance. She is kindly, too, sweet-natured, and has a fund of sound, practical common sense. On the other hand, she has what is for an empress a most disastrous habit, that of calling a spade a spade; and she is somewhat lacking in tact, as she proved too well in her famous anti-cigarette campaign.

Although a devoted wife and mother, she is keenly interested not only in art and literature, but in politics, and she is known to hold imperial views as to the lines on which imperial affairs should be managed. Indeed, one of the outcries raised against her—and most unjustly—is that she interferes in state affairs, and sometimes uses her influence over her husband to thwart the best laid plans of his ministers.

Much of the Czarina's unpopularity among the uneducated classes, i. e., the bulk of the population, is owing to an odd feeling they have that she is under an unlucky spell—that the Ikons do not smile on her. When she crossed the Russian frontier she was received with lamentations; for the Czar Alexander lay dying, and the whole nation was in sore distress. It was by his deathbed that she was betrothed, and the baked meats of his funeral might well have furnished forth her marriage tables. As a bride she had to listen to De Profundis instead of to wedding hymns, and to go about in mourning garments. The Russians are a superstitious race, and they shook their heads even then. Evidently this Western bride found no favor in the eyes of the fates. What good could come of a marriage celebrated in such circumstances? The birth of three daughters in succession, while the empire is left without an heir, is a proof, they now say, that their former forebodings were but too well founded.—London World.

#### Novelties Seen in the Shops.

Miniature gold bracelets with small watch attached.  
Cloth capes and pelisses richly braided and edged with fur.  
Many satin-faced cloths, with velvet spots variously arranged.  
Cashmere gloves in staple colorings for children's school wear.  
Rough woollen materials, woven with large transparent grenade dots.  
Girls' frocks made with plain wool skirt and box-plaited waists of velvet.  
Short walking coats of black, brown or blue cloth, with ribbon-bound edges.  
Box coats of seal, persian lamb, broadtail or sable, having satin revers, covered with rich lace.  
Celtic silver throat clasps for coats, beautifully enamelled or set with semi-precious stones.  
Large detachable collars made of mousseline de sole appliqued with Venetian guipure or rennaissance.  
Hats of Ruby-red tulle velvet effectively trimmed with richly-colored pheasants' breasts and ornaments.  
Elaborate shoulder capes of mink edged with two double frills of brown chiffon, which also form the long stole ends.—Dry Goods Economist.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The British temperament may be rather slow about seeing a joke, but it can spot gold mines instant.

"Chaussiergrubentapezierer" is what they call a tramp in Germany. If the name, in full, could be translated to this country we might have less tramps.

Why are large gifts to colleges or to charities called "princely"? Princes do not give largely; they think it better to receive than to give, and they live up to that inverted gospel.

The projected ship canal from Georgian Bay to Montreal would mean the saving of 725 miles in the transportation of grain from Chicago to Liverpool; all but twenty-nine miles is open river and lake waters.

The census of Germany shows that the population is increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. No wonder France is making up her mind to resign herself to giving up her old hopes as to Alsace-Lorraine.

A professor of the Johns Hopkins faculty is just starting in upon the work of collecting French fables. In view of the brevity of the human life he will probably decide to confine himself exclusively to past periods and eschew all researches into the myths of the Dreyfus affair.

Africa imported last year sundry matters to the amount of \$400,000,000, of which the United States furnished \$18,000,000. She exported during the same time \$350,000,000, of which this country took \$10,000,000. With all countries the trade balances seem to run in our favor.

President Loubet owns an \$89,000 chateau. His mother, however, prefers to live in the old peasant cottage in which the President was born. It is also said Loubet passes most of his time when at home with his mother at the cottage. No wonder the man loves the people, and stands up so nobly for the republic.

Give every child under the American flag a fair chance to be educated, give all men and women a fair chance to work at a fair wage, let no obstacles be put in the way of men or women of whatever class, then, finally nature and the needs of society will open doors or close them, and will make the career fit the person.

San Diego County, California, has the largest lemon grove in the world. It covers 1,000 acres, and the trees have all been grown since 1890. It is said to be now in full bearing, and the dividends derived from the orchard are enormous. This is a verification of the old saw that fortunes are frequently made by squeezing.

The Kearsarge is not only a triumph of American shipbuilding; she is also a proof that a demand for first rate battle ships can be met both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts whenever there shall be a necessity for such construction thinks the Philadelphia Record. If ships be needed shipyards will be forthcoming. We've got the iron; we've got the steel; we've got the skill; we've got the money, too.

The subversion of Finland's constitutional government as a result of the czar's ukase is complete. There is nothing for the Finns now in their native land but the despotic rule of the czar, unhampered by constitutional limitations. It is not surprising, therefore, that Finns are planning to emigrate in large numbers to the United States and Canada, where liberty is not held subject to the whim of a single man, exercising arbitrary power.

One of the most disagreeable features of life in modern cities is the constant presence of noise, or rather of a multitude of noises, some of the most excruciating kind, although people in time become used to them. To the sick and nervous, at least, they remain always torturing, and the wonder is that so many of the unnecessary noises are tolerated. That many of them are unnecessary every person who has taken note of the matter recognizes. Enormous as the traffic is of a large community, it might be easily conducted with less of the clangor and disturbance that now characterizes it.

At Pine Ridge, S. D., Conquering Bear, the old Indian chief who had been victorious in a hundred battles with the Sioux, has just been buried amid the wailings of six widows, with faces painted black for mourning, and 123 children and grandchildren, the most numerous direct family of any known Indian. It is rather curious that after going unscathed through so many battles he should succumb to the perils of the trolley system, having got off a car head foremost, showing a disregard of conventions much more independent than judicious.

Si'sk has been employed more generally during the last year or two than has ever been the case before, but we don't if the queen of fibres was ever used for such a purpose as it was put to by a Brooklyn physician the other day. A child having accidentally swallowed a screw the doctor induced the sufferer to follow up this diet with a quantity of raw silk. The delicate fibres, as a result of the rotary motion of the stomach, coiled themselves around the piece of metal. The raw silk, thus attached to the screw, was drawn up and the child relieved of what, but for the ingenuity of the

physician and the efficacy of the silk, would in a very short time have caused its death.

If it lack of money that keeps men from marrying? This is the reason often advanced; and it seems to be justified by the recent episode at Chicago, where fifty couples rushed to take advantage of a free performance of the ceremony—how they were to live afterwards evidently being a less important matter. Perhaps it is only in the higher walks of life that the blessed estate of holy matrimony is avoided on financial grounds. Society demands more and more of those who belong to it, and young men in moderate circumstances dread the burden of a wife and family, preferring their own selfish pleasure. This may be deplorable, but it is hardly strange, observes the Providence Journal.

Atheistic doctrines are said to have acted on the minds of Bohemians in this country so disastrously that an epidemic of suicide has broken out among them, and the Bohemian Brotherhood of America, a secret order representing a variety of religious beliefs, is meditating a plan to revolutionize the social customs and religious practices of that people, or at least that portion of them who have taken up their residence in the United States. The scheme is easier talked about than realized, but the new order professes to believe that it is the only way in which the American Bohemian can be saved from extermination.

Minnesota papers claim for that state the distinction of an exceptionally efficient administration of the institutions for the state's dependents. A constantly decreasing cost per capita for the last decade is offered as one proof of the measure of efficiency. The figures for the last fiscal year show reductions in the case of most of the institutions. Of special interest in these figures is the cost of food. In the asylums for the insane it was 10.8 cents a day per inmate, a slight increase over the 9.8 cents cost in 1897, and a considerable decrease from the 11 cents in 1895. In the institutions for dependent children the food expense was as low as 7.1 cents. It was 8.7 cents in the school for feeble minded, and varied from 13.9 to 15.3 in the school for the blind, "who cannot eat the same food as seeing people," the report explains. The next highest cost is 12 cents in the prisons, where the inmates need to supply the exhaustion and wear due to hard labor. Prisoners are not daintily fed, of course, but there is no complaint as to the fare, and the fact is established that a working adult may be wholesomely nourished under institution methods at a cost of 12 cents a day.

Electricity as a means of executing persons condemned to death seems not to be entirely satisfactory. No criminal who has tested it has complained, but observers in some cases have found some fault, says Harper's Weekly. One trouble with it is that its effects vary so much in different cases that it is impossible to tell beforehand how strong a current any case may require. The newest proposal for scientific execution is to have an air-tight lethal chamber, which may at any time be filled by hydrocyanic acid gas, which may be turned on at any time without the knowledge of the prisoner. At the first gulp of it he would lose consciousness, and would never know what killed him. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Columbus, Ohio, Professor W. G. Johnson, of the Maryland Agricultural College, advocated the use of this gas for killing criminals. No doubt it would be satisfactory to the criminals, but it seems doubtful whether a civilization which accepts so suave a method as this of enforcing a death penalty will not reject capital punishment altogether. Death is a rude remedy. Eliminate all its rudeness, and its remedial properties are likely to be more sharply questioned than ever.

**Japanese Aristocracy.**

Undoubtedly the most powerful and at the same time exclusive aristocracy was that of the Daimos, or territorial lords of Japan prior to the great social revolution of 1868. There were fewer than 300 of these great lords. Their power within their own provinces was almost absolute, and they owed merely a nominal allegiance to the sovereign. Yet in 1839, 241 out of less than 300 Daimos voluntarily surrendered their powers and their possessions into the hands of the emperor, in order that a centralized government might conduct the affairs of the empire in a manner more in accordance with those Western ideas which the nation was then making up its mind to adopt, and from this surrender the phenomenal progress of Japan as a world power undoubtedly dates.

**Up-to-Date Tommy Atkins.**

Tommy Atkins is still regarded in the Boer homestead as the poor man in a red coat and a white helmet who stands up to be shot at; whereas if the Boer were to see the Natal garrison in the field he would be thunderstruck to find that there is not a red coat or a white helmet among them; that Tommy is almost as clever as the Boer himself in taking cover; and that his uniform is such that he can scarcely be distinguished from the dry grass through which he is wriggling his way.—Transvaal Critic.

Of 140 large Jewish firms in Frankfurt, Germany, sixty have declared in favor of Sunday closing, while eighty are opposed to it.