THE RING AND THE HEART.

This ring, I give to you, my dear, Is passing quaint and old and queer; Two golden serpents help enthrone Its deep, seductive heart of stone. Pray, if the golden snakes were gone Might not the jewel heart throb on With sympathetic beat and thrill-Be not, as now, cold, hard and still?

Sometimes about the human heart The serpents play their selfish part, And in the pulseless grip of gold The heart, poor thing, grows hard and cold---

A jewel counterfeiting fire And flashing with entranced desire, That nevermore shall find a voice, To make some kindred heart rejoice.

Then let this talisman, this ring, Save you from such a deadly thing: Beware of golden snakes, and strive To keep your tender heart alive; And if you fear this may not be Without assistance, come to me, And in my love will I enshrine That deep, seductive heart of thine. -Chicago Record.



graceful and dexterous in their swift motions, and her head occasionally set to one side to watch more effectually and critically the result of her skill. A very pretty girl, Mr. John Granger had told himself and Mrs. Estey, his married sister, with whom Rose was making her home for a few months. But Mr. Granger did not hesitate to freely ventilate his peculiar views on the subject of love and marriage to Rose and Mrs. Estey, as they sat in the cozy sitting room. Rose with her triffe of lace and robbons, and the matron busy over a pile of juvenile stockings, whose apertures were fearful and hopeless to behold.

"But you surely never are in serious earnest, John?" Mrs. Estey said, with a little shocked accent in her tones.

"I never was in more serious earnest in my life, Anna. I certainly look upon love as a-well, a sort of sickly sentiment, that very few people of intelligence indulge in; whereas marriage is decidedly one of the worst mistakes of the times."

"Ob, Mr. Granger, that is a terrible declaration!" And Rose flashed him a reproachful

look from her shining, saucy eyes.

the case."

darning, wondered what could possess and just such a wife as pretty little her eyes shining, her dimpled lips all Rose Castellaine would make.

A fortnight later, instead of blue skies and balmy breezes, were several to," she said, cheerily. days of easterly winds and driving rain; and instead of Mr. John Granger, smiling, independent, an in the full flush of health and strength, was that your account, you see." same gentleman cross, irritable, to such the sitting room sofa, with a sprained an accident several days or so before.

"I never, never shall have the patience to nurse him through it," sobbed his sister. "He's-oh, awful disagreeable, and declares I do everything in my power to make him uncomfortable! He says I invariably knock the sofa every time I come into the room, and dressing his ankle, and he's-he's just ever I shall do I don't know, for he won't allow a hired nurse to bother dren, and all the sewing, and never getting a word of kindness from him--"

sobs. "I wouldn't cry," said Rose, cheerily. "There's no man living worth crying for. Just you go on with your sewing is there no hope now?" Pretty little Rose Castellaine sat at the window, making some triffe out of and your ordinary duties, and leave lace and ribbons, her plump, fair hands your bear of a brother to me to be fall. And I go home to-morrow to benursed. I'll take care of him, and he gin preparations." shan't make me cry either."

> went up to her own room to make a perhaps !- Saturday Night. few preparations.

"To-be-sure, 1 intended bringing my visit to a close this very week," she said, meditatively, taking down a soft gray wrapper from the wardrobe; "but I'd rather stay a little longer than wankee for the training of young womnot," and her cheeks flushed, and a happy light shone in her eyes.

Then she laughed softly to herself as vish welcome,

will have to be very docile and obed, more girls left to be educated." ent!"

It did not take many hours to conborn nurse. She moved so quietly and that town was wholly disproportionate so intelligently, never startling him by to the demand. Housekeepers were a sudden motion into a nervous horror | left often two and three months at a lest she should hurt his sensitive ankle, or crash against his arm.

She stepped lightly. She knew by a sort of intuition when he wanted a Other speakers corrobated this statecooling drink, and when it was agree- ment with a rapidity and earnestness

a neat, little hint as to my view in er, wrathfully, "Of course, there's no While Mrs. Estey, amid her pile of fools women are-married women!" And Mrs. Estey left him to his genial her brother, who, with his wealth and thoughts as soon as possible-just NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS position, and leisure, was so admirably twenty minutes before Rose came adapted to take good care of a wife, back, fresh as her nameskae flower,

> a-smile. "I didn't stay as long as I wanted

"Oh, you didn't eh?" he retorted, crossly.

"No; but I came back entirely on

"Oh, you did! Well," and he lapsed a degree that little Mrs. Estey cried into a smile of relief and content, "we every day about it-and a prisoner on won't quarrel, since you have come. Rose, see here-I can't endure to have ankle and a broken arm, the result of you leave me at all. I want you to stay always, Rose-won't you? Will you marry me?"

And Rose's eyes twinkled as she demurely bowed.

"I thank you for the unexpected honor, Mr. Granger, but I am already engaged to be married-to Mr. Cleve!" "No!" he almost shouted, in genuine that I haven't the least talent for dismay, "it cannot be! It is cruel to me! Why I-I love you, Rose, and I as cross as ever he can be; and what- couldn't be happy at all without you." Rose looked demurely at him.

"Harry's own arguments to a word, him, he says; and what with the chil- Mr. Granger, and the difference on my part is that I love him, and I don't love you. It may sound harsh, but you de-And she broke down, in a burst of serve it, Mr. Granger, because you said yourself that you looked upon love as

"I was a fool! I was a jackass! Rose,

"None. We are to be married in the

And all the satisfaction Mr. Granger And that very hour, Rose Castellaine ever had was-it was all his own fault,

Hard Times for Housekcepers.

After mentioning a proposition made by one of the speakers at the great convention of Woman's Clubs at Milen for domestic service, the Evening Post says:

Another speaker amused the audishe entered the door of Mr. Granger's ence with the remark, immediately fol-"prison-cell," as he called it, in his pee- lowing this statement, "First catch your hare. It is all very well to talk "I will do first rate for your jaller," about educating girls for service, but she retorted, gaily. "Rest assured you my experience is that there are no

The speaker went on to explain that she came from a large city in central vince Mr. Granger that Rose was a Ohio, and that the supply of girls in though both love and money were freely offered.

able to him to have the room darkened | that bespoke bitter personal experi-

imaginable reason why not! What NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX

FEMININE TOPICS.

St. Sophia Hospital in Athens -- Flower Carden Without Posy Beds -- Monograms Carved in Leather Purses-Pinky Prettiness-Etc., Etc.

St. Sophia Hospital in Athens.

A children's hospital has been openthe other members of the royal family ital.

Flower Garden Without Posy Beds. Mary Anderson Navarro's garden was planned by the artist Alfred Parsons. It lacks all regular flower beds and conventional arrangement, the flowers growing in the grass. Mrs. Navarro's home is in the little village of Broadway, near Evesham, in Worcestershire, England, five miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and not a long drive from quaint old Worcester.

Monograms Carved In Leather Purses. In place of the brass or silver monograms for the finger purses that are used so generally by women the letters now are carved in the leather. This is done only in the high-grade purses metal letters became too common to be satisfactory to the fastidious, especially as it was rather a conspicuous form of publishing one's identity.

Pinky Prettiness.

Among the very most fetching of the handsome heavy linen dresses which are seen upon the best dressed women are the occasional ones of coral pink. These are beautifully fresh looking, and very many of them show a white collar (sailor or otherwise) which is under-blouse.

One such dress is but a series of tucks, not tucks "on the straight," but rather, rascally, difficult tucks, which are very close together at the waist line, but spread to a distance of two may be. I do not believe Mrs Aguiinches apart where they cease, just below the knee, the fullness forming a flare round the feet.

of this little garment, as do those in the sleeve.

This dress is equally lovely in old blue or Wedgewood green.

and scientific experiments to the Board of Health, universities, colleges, hospitals and physicians.

"The little animals are peculiar in their habits, and need constant care and attention," says this woman. "They are extremely nervous, and a sudden jar or unexpected noise is liable to kill them. A single thunder shower will sometimes injure great numbers, and perhaps kill eight or ten of them. As I raise them strictly for the use of their blood, which must be absolutely pure, I feed them only such vegetables as are conducive to ed at Athens. The scheme originated that result, Beets, carrots, apples, with Princess Sophia, of Greece, and green peas, oats, hay and grass constitute their chief diet, with now and are deeply interested in it. The insti- then a little cabbage for a relish. They tution includes twelve separate build- are extremely susceptible to heat and ings. It is called the St. Sophia Hos- cold, and during these hot days it takes most of my time to regulate the temperature of their cages. Although they are so tiny their average weight is from five to seven pounds. Considering their size they require a good deal of food. The average age of the little fellows is two years. After that they become sickly.

Personal Appearance of Aguinaldo's Wife

The few Americans who have called upon her in Calle San Jose have found a good-looking Filipino woman of about thirty years, clad in the grace- robes, the skirt almost finished, an ful dress of the islanders, and resembling thousands of her less prominent sisters, says Harper's Bazar. She is better looking from the Filipino standpoint than from ours; she is plump, stick, pleasant-faced, and, to her country made of the best pig or calf skin. The folk, distinctively attractive. She will not talk Spanish with a foreigner; it is said that she can speak this language. but does not care to do so. To hold converse with her it is necessary to enlist the services of a Tagalog interpreter.

To-day "la Senora Presidente" has the appearance of a woman who has suffered, nor is the term of her unhappiness yet past. Her eyes, with their expression of sadnes and dejection, show her distress of mind. For this there is due cause. Her husband is rather cut out to display the soft, white probably a fugitive, hiding in the mountains, and every day lessens his chances of ultimate pardon at our hands if we capture him. He may be but the favorite one are now living dead; if he still lives he is in danger away from the old buck's tepee. every minute of the day, wherever he

Fads For the Fair. Stitching, row upon row, is an at

tractive finish. Belts of Mexican carved leather are among the novelties,

Green Egyptian beetles are one of the fads in hat pins.

Crepe de Chine is the favorite material for dressy gowns.

Eton jackets of red cloth, tri with bias black satin bands. Plain black silk stockings are a and ahead of the most elegant wear Handsome brodcloth boleros with the edges finished with bands of stitched taffetas.

Few women try to complete their tollette without some sort of a little French collar.

The old-fashioned blonde lace with a pattern scattered over it is revived again for veils.

Plainly-trimmed hats are positively refreshing after some of the heavy creations to be seen.

New patterns in circular flounces of Renaissance and Venetian, as well, other kinds of lace.

There simply is no color limit in matter of yeils, though blue and broy and white are in the lead.

Handsome white lawn appliqu materials included for the blouse. That sometime-since favorite, the unreliable stickpin, has been replaced by several sorts of pins that really will

Every so many actually dispense with gloves altogether. In this case they should remember not to overload their fingers with rings.

CHOSE OLDEST WIVES.

Indians Are Induced to Stop Practice of

Last week was a hard one for the old men of the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache tribes of Indians, says the Wichita (Kan.) correspondent of the Chicago Record. They had to give up all of their wives but one. Some of the medicine chiefs had as many as ten women whom they called wives. All

When the law was passed throwing open to settlement the Kiowa, Comannaldo herself knows where he is, nor che and Apache reservation, it was dethat she has beard from him since she cided that these Indians should be came to Manila. She is fully aware of more civilized. It was with this end Though graduated to correspond, the the dangers which surrounded him in in view that the Indian agent antime without any sort of helpers, tucks in the blouse continue the length the Igorrote country when she left nounced to all the men that they must him last Christmas, because it was the give up their numerous wives, or they unmistakable hostility of these same would receive no part of the land to Igorrotes that decided her to seek the be alloted, nor would they receive their protection of our lines. She lost her share of the money shortly to be paid infant daughter last November, and them. It was a hard blow to the

Polygamy.

"Is it terrible? I can't see how or why. Show me one happy marriage, and I'll show you ten thousand that are miserable failures, in which the contracting parties feel like slaves in the galley, and would give half their Jives never to have put their heads inside the yoke. Granted there are some that result differently-Anna's here, for I'll do her justice to say I believe her marriage was based on the only true foundation of esteem and friendship."

"And love, John? Yes, you know I just perfectly love Philip."

Mr. Granger gave a little frown, and Rose gave him one of her characteristic looks.

"Oh! so you do believe in esteem and friendship, Mr. Granger?"

"Oh, yes! but certainly not in love and marriage. I have remained a firm advocate of my views for many years, and I think I am happier than the majority of men to-day. In my opinion," and he marked off his words deliberate. ly with his finger on the palm of his other hand-"in my opinion, the man is a fool who will barter his freedom and independence for a pretty face and a wedding-ring. I never shall be guilty of such imbecility."

Rose flushed just a little, for away down in her heart she had more than once thought what a fine, handsome gentleman Mr. Granger was, and wondered if-if-whether-well, whatever vague thoughts she had had were certainly dispelled by that gentleman's dissertation on love and matrimony.

flushed, then paled, and the lovely, dusky head drooped nearer the work than was necessary; and then Mr. Cleve came in-a cheery, happy young fellow, who always brought sunshine with him, and who admired Rose Castellaine more than any girl he had ever seen-a handsome young fellow, with laughing blue eyes, and white teeth that showed pleasancy when he laugh- I require done." ed, and a heavy blonde moustache, and close-cut, curling blonde hair.

in the park, this afternoon? Mrs. Es. evening lunch served-" tey? Miss Rose? Will you make one of the quartette, Mr. Granger?"

not leave home, and Mr. Granger po- Rose attend to it herself?" litely declined, and the two young peo-Granger went off to his smoking room, in cap and gown, congratulated himself he was not a ladies' man.

"And I gave 'em a neat little hint this afternoon," he chuckled to himself. under the genial influence of a good a T if I'd marry her friend. Nice, her." pleasant, pretty girl enough, and all that sort of thing, and I dare say the | him. little thing herself has had her eyes on me; but I flatter myself I dropped | "'Why not?" mimicked Mr Grang. 900 rebels.

for his little, refreshing nap. She was cheerful, a little imperious, very charming, and certainly as pretty and graceful as could be desired.

She read to him, and read well, She opened the doors leading into the music room, and played and sang for him, once or twice, while Mr. Granger shut his eyes and enjoyed it. She played chequers with him, and-beat him, she ordered, and frequently made, such delicious little meals for him that he began to look upon her as an inspiration, and to quite reconche himself to the prospect of at least a month of such attendance.

"You're the most sensible little woman I ever saw," he said, toward the end of the first week, and he reached out his available arm and touched her head caressingly, as she sat beside him, holding the tray of food for him.

She smiled, and flushed, and dexterously removed her head from beneath his hand.

"Do you really think so? That's good. Mr. Granger; just see if this pineapple is sugared enough, please!"

When Rose had left the room with the tray, after dinner, Mr. Granger lay in an unusually gentle, meditative mood, and thinking of her, too.

"I never imagined there was such a difference in womankind," he music, "This girl is the concentration of all that is womanly and lovely, and the fellow would be a brute who wouldn't be happy in her society. If she can make a miserable sufferer feel contented and comfortable, she would certain-For one second the pearly cheeks ly make a strong, well man more than happy. I wonder why she don't come back? It isn't like her to neglect me so long."

> And Mr. Granger began to grow frether with the old cross fierceness;

It so happened that Mrs. Estey could accustomed to having it. Why doesn't among the aristocratic classes, and

quietly lighted the drop jet. "And usions, up in his sister's French roof floor, and | Harry Cleve sent her a note to invite | her to dine with him this evening, and so-she's gone."

with a grunt of disdain.

cigar. "Anna's cute, and it'd suit her to The next thing he'll be making love to tance such as he seldom attains.

Mrs. Estey looked wouderingly at

"And why not, Harry?"

ence. "In the little village where I live." said one, "nine families in one street are taking their meals at a tenth house, where a widow and two daughters, forced to earn their own living, do the household work. A few of us still have old servants, but when they die, as they must, in course of time, we shall join the profession of 'meal ers.' "

An Idiosyncracy in Trade

A company that sells over 230,000,-000 pounds of lard annually has queer experiences with customers in different parts of the world. For example: Much of the product is packed in tierces, which for economy's sake and for durability are held together with iron hoops. For a long time the sales in New Orleans amounted to nothing. though the lard was believed to be the finest in the world, and the price satisfactory, while the efforts to build up a trade in the Crescent City were strenuous. Finally it was learned by accident that the merchants would not buy this lard, because of the iron hoops. Wooden hoops were immediately substituted, with the result that enormous sales were effected. In Tennessee, on the other hand, the same firm is unable to sell a tierce bound with wooden hoops, but must use iron. Similiar idiosyncrasics are experienced in the sale of hams, sausages, bacon, etc.-New York Press.

Chinese Books of Instruction.

Chinese books of instruction for girls consist chiefly of exhortations to discharge their duties as daughters, wives, mothers and daughters-in-law. The "Girls' Four Books," to which two famous Emperors wrote prefaces, deful and impatient for her to come, so scribe how the female mind and charthat when Mrs. Estey entered the acter must be trained. Modesty, genroom, half deprecatingly, he welcomed tleness, self-sacrifice, wisdom, respect for elders and a virtuous disposition "Where is Rose? You can't do what must be a woman's equipment in life. There is no pressing need for intellect-"Oh, yes, John; surely I can light ual education. However, about one the gas and arrange the drop. And hundred in every ten thousand women "Who'll let me take them for a drive Rose told me just how you liked your read, and that means read with understanding the great books of philosophy "I tell you I don't want it! I won't and literature, the works of Chiua's have it unless it is arranged as I am sages and poets. Such cases are found equal distances, on uncut lengths, it their best days right now.

men of letters frequently teach their "She hasn't been out of the house for wives and daughters not only the art taffeta, buying a warranted sort, grumbled like anything because I he was. It is among this class of people had the drive and the exquisite af- a week, John." Mrs. Estey said, a little of reading, but of writing, and go so ternoon all to themselves, while Mr. reproof in her gentle voice, as she far as to publish their literary ef- that to be had ready tucked. A big She had a good place at one of the take free homes in the new country ta

> One policeman stationed at the doo. is all that is found necessary in Lon-Mr. Granger sank back on his pillows don to protect the Chinese embassy from the English populace. This gives "That idiot is a young jack-a-napes! the "bobby" an international impor-

> > The Chinese government, after putting down the last great revolution against its authority, beheaded 80,-

The Trailing Skirt Hangs On.

In spite of all the distribes hurled against it, the trailing skirt still drags its weary length along with a determination not to be supplanted by the skirt designed according to the laws of some of the recent importations show the breadths gathered or pleated about the hips in true old time fashion. One destroy all graceful lines, but when make the waist more slender and conceal noticeably prominent hips. Many new skirts fall apart at the centre elaborate garuitures of cut out linen embroidery, which, by the way, is to

The Right Tuck.

scason.

them." She knows what she wants, and she persists until she gets it.

distance they should be apart, to fit in them,' Maybe she could see the difwith her ideas.

Everybody agreed that what she store.

Soes.

adelphia Record.

Guinea Pig Farm Run By a Woman.

ment supplies the pigs for inoculative | Times.

Bacoor,

Gentility in Laundry Work.

"There is one thing," said the boardhealth and common sense. It clings who are getting up the Working Wom- which he set forth the fact already as closely to the hips as ever, although en's Hotel will be pretty sure to overlook, and that is a laundry where the plies. Rolling Pony, who had ten boarders may do their own washing, beautiful young squaws and one old When a woman has to practice economight conclude that this method would my-and you may be sure most of the giving up of his wives. He said them do who work for their living- that they represented him as a wealthy handled by an expert the result is to the first thing she seems to think about man and if he had to give all of them is cutting down her washerwoman's up but one the Indians would think bill

front, where a contrasting breadth is ers I ever had by telling her, when I ple. He said that for his wives he had placed beneath. frequently showing went into her room one day and saw a paid nearly 1,000 ponies and had been ed with clothes that had been hung his tepee. He made no mention of lovbe a feature among trimmings this up to dry, that that wouldn't do; if I ing any of them, but said they were The time is past when the feminine boarder I had, one who sported a seal- best. He made no reply, saying he did shopper "takes things as she finds skin jacket on the street, and was al- not understand the question. Then the All this was plainly shown by one of the bathroom, I said to her: 'I never and he looked at them long and earsher who hunted for tucked taffieta. Un- expected to find you doing your own estly. Finally he selected the oldest fortunately, she knew just the size of washing.' 'I ain't washing these one, she being shown in the photograph the tucks she wanted, as well as the things,' said she, 'I am only bathing

ference, but I couldu't. "Washing hard work? Not a bit of wanted was not to be found, until she it if anybody has got the strength to was, quite desperate, and, at last, de- go at it the right way, and it's recremanded of a firm if they did not get ation for those who don't go out much some of their tucking done in town. In the evening, and don't care for read-Such turned out to be the case, and ing. You may not believe it, but presently she was favored with the ad- there's lots of women taking in washdress of this firm, and, contrary to her ing here in New York City who have fears, found the establishment, where worn slik and seaiskin in their day. this tucking and shirring was done, to When a man dies without making any their many wives and they invariably be within a stone's throw of this very provision for his family, and his widow don't know enough to run a boarding- casting the youngest and prettiest Furthermore, they accommodated house, or even a sewing machine. her by tucking a few yards exactly to there don't seem to be anything left seried did not seem to mind it, but her mind, and all for "a cent a tuck for her to do but to take in washing were glad to be released from the hard a yard." Of course, this price would in order to keep a home for her chil- work in their husband's harem. The not hold if fancy tucking was required dren. Of course, though, while there old men were very much against giving on partly made garments. but for is one laundress of this kind, there are up the many squaws, first because they "straight ahead" work, in clusters, or dozens and hundreds who are seeing represented many ponies and, second,

"One of this sort was washing dian society. The more squaws a med-Besides, one may select one's own blankets for me yesterday, and she icine man possessed the more popular which will probably be better than wouldn't send out for beer for her. De that the white people who want to waist pattern may be done in all-over uptown hotels, where she was getting be given away soon will have to live. tucking for less than \$2. This would \$12 a month and three meals a day, They are peaceable Indians now, but come in convenient, too, if one could with all the tea and coffee she could they eling to their old customs with a not find silk in the right shade .- Phil- drink, and nothing to do but plain deathlike tenacity. washing; but she left because they

wouldn't furnish her with beer. She isn't doing any regular work just now, Milk is the only liquid that guinea baving left her last place because her ago was considered the most popular pigs drink. This is the testimony of hands were badly chapped through woman in town, has not one friend a Philadelphia woman who has a farm | not taking proper care of them. They | left; instead of sympathizing with her of six hundred guinea pigs in that city. are well again now, and she is looking friends, as she has heretofore, she be-The proprietor of this unique establish. out for another situation."-New York gan telling them her troubles,-

later her three-year-old son died in tribes, as they have always practiced polygamy without any interference.

In reply to a letter from Agent Mischare, the Indians gathered at Darlington on the first of the week. The old men had all of their wives with their. inghouse keeper, "that these people The agent made a speech to them ia stated. The medicine men made reone, was the principal talker against that he was a very poor man and he "I lost one of the best-dressed board- would lose his influence among his peostout twine stretched across it, cover- twenty years in gathering them around was going to put up with such as that good workers and tended his crops in I might as well move down to Avenue good shape. The agent asked him if B at once. And there was another he loved them and which one he liked ways telling me I ought to keep more agent told him he must make his servants; well, when I came across her choice then and there. The squawy one day washing out a lot of things in were all lined up before the old mag with him. Rolling Pony has been as Indian police for the last ten years, but he told the agent he was going to quit now, as the government had not given him a fair deal. The discarded squaws will be taken charge of by the Indian agent and made to work for their living.

> Nario, a Kiowa warrior, had five wives, but he gave up all but on. Gawkey, a Comanche policeman, ha.I eight wives and he kept the oldest one. About sixty old men had to give up took the one they had bought first, aside. The squaws who were thus dethey were a mark of influence in In-

Lost Popularity.

An Atchison woman, who three days Atchison (Kan.) Globe.