

THE TRIUMPH OF FORGOTTEN THINGS.

There is a pity in forgotten things,
Banished the heart they can no longer fill.
Since restless Fancy, spreading swallow wings,
Must seek new pastures still!
There is a patience, too, in things forgot;
They wait—they find the portal long unused;
And knocking there, it shall refuse them not—
Nor aught shall be refused!
Ah, yes! though we, unheeding years on years,
In alien pledges spend the heart's estate,
They bide some blessed moment of quick tears—
Some moment without date.
—Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's.

Mr. Thompson's Disappearance

It was about the time that the Buchanan theatrical troupe came to Blue Duck by stage for a week's engagement in that "popular playhouse, the Adelphi," that the community was advised of "Jake" Thompson's having resumed beating his wife. Thompson owned a grass range some three miles from Blue Duck, and his wife, Body and soul, the little woman who had given her frail self to him years before was possessed by the big, hulking proprietor of the range. So far as she was concerned Blue Duck would never have known of her troubles, but wife-beating was an unpopular sport in the new cow and wheat country and Blue Duck was not long in learning that Thompson indulged in it. He was quietly warned what consequences would follow if he did not cease, and for six months his wife enjoyed immunity. Then, of a sudden, Thompson let his temper gain the upper hand and one day knocked the woman down as she was getting into his wagon in front of Sloan's grocery. Blue Duck growled and waited. After that reports came in frequently from the south trail that Mrs. Thompson could be heard screaming and crying from within the shack, and Fulton of Flat Creek said it was his personal opinion that the woman would be killed before the year was out.

The afternoon of the night that the Buchanan company was to open with "Black-Eyed Susan," Blue Duck was lounging in the "No. 1 Hard" caravansary and listening to "Gentleman" Ed relate a personal meeting which he once had with Tom Karl of the old Bostonian organization. As was his wont, Ed was speaking slowly and clearly.

"Of course," he said, "if we could have the Bostonians in Blue Duck for even a single night they would make a fortune and we have a treat. When you hear Tom Karl sing in 'The Musketeers' you'll talk no more about your own voices. Why Knudson," addressing a big Scandinavian sprawled over the pool table, "you think you can sing a drinking song—you're not in it with Tom Karl. You're a jack mule braying at the coyotes compared with him."

Knudson shook his head defiantly. He had never heard of Tom Karl before, and he knew there was not a man west of the Red River, with a voice so strong as his—a voice that could yodel as his cold wintry nights when the sledges sped over the prairie wastes and far to the north the wolves howled at their own shadows.

"I tink," he growled, "Meester Karl come hear me try him some and sing. He tink me not speak very gude Anglish, but me sing so gude as Meester Karl when he come."

Blue Duck sympathetically laughed, for Blue Duck so far had heard no sweeter voice than the bellowing one of Knudson, but Ed shook his head. He knew. Smoke clouds curled above his head as he pulled at his pipe, and he was quite evidently bent on teasing Knudson when the double front doors of the "No. 1 Hard" banged open and Halvorson of Edwards half plunged, half fell in. He gathered himself thought, in time to save reaching the floor and gasped out:

"Thompson's killing his wife!"

"Gentleman" Ed jumped at him, shook him roughly and demanded a clearer statement.

"Vell," said Halvorson, "I ben making sum hay in the bottoms an' Meester Thompson he work with me. He work some gude when he tink so. Hees wife she come down to him with hees dinner in a pail, an' she set it down an' call him pleasant-like. Thompson he look in the tin pail an' he begin to swear most bad sure, I neer hear so much bad words before. Then he strike her right in the face an' she fall over, an' he jumped right on her with his feet both, an' I tell you quick."

"I don't believe, boys," said "Gentleman" Ed, speaking slowly, "that Thompson has killed or will kill her, but his beating her has gone far enough. The honor of Blue Duck demands that no woman be injured when we can prevent it. I don't believe in interfering between husband and wife as a rule, but in this case—"

"It's time to drop something or other," broke in Anderson, the cowboy, "I'll ride with you, Ed."

"No," replied Ed. "This is a case of Thompson meeting only one. I believe I will take the responsibility of seeing him, unless, of course, some gentleman present thinks he could

do better under the circumstances than myself."

No one ventured to take Ed's place. It was a foregone conclusion that he would meet Thompson and endeavor to convince him of the error of his ways. Ed had a pistol on each side of his belt, but as he started for his horse, standing in the street, he stopped and asked of Anderson:

"Have you got that sawed-off shotgun of yours yet—that slug dispenser?"

Anderson whipped across the street and was back in a jiffy with the dispenser.

"It's good for a thousand feet, Ed," he shouted, "if you have any chasing to do."

Ed nodded, and in a moment he and his horse were in the autumn dust of the trail to Thompson's. Halvorson still frightened over what he had seen Thompson doing to his wife, lingered in the town. A game of quills was started in the square, and was well under way when a shout from the head of the street attracted everybody's attention. Down the street came Thompson, riding a white Indian mare, himself hatless, coatless, blood streaming from his face and blood oozing through the back of his shirt. His mare was running like a prairie fire on the upland and Blue Duck made no attempt to check her. "Gentleman" Ed had charge of the game, Thompson flew through the square headed for the north, and a moment later Ed came in sight, his black horse running close to the ground, his ears sticking straight ahead, every leap bringing him nearer to Thompson. Ed was sitting erect, swinging lightly in his saddle, the sawed-off gun held at half rest in the crook of his arm, his eyes on Thompson and the white mare.

"A race for your life," shouted Anderson.

"Me tink Meester Thompson nevalr come back," mumbled Halvorson.

Both riders disappeared in the great maw of the plain and then faintly, whistling softly on the wind, came back a single report of a gun.

"That's the dispenser," said Anderson.

Half an hour later Ed rode into town and swung out of his saddle in front of the "No. 1 Hard." He tossed the "dispenser" to Anderson, who looked at it critically, exclaimed:

"Sure you didn't use it."

"No," said Ed. He turned to the crowd, and as the men stopped their chatter so that he might speak said:

"Thompson only knocked his wife senseless. I found her coming to when I got to the shack and Thompson saddling up. I covered him quick and he dropped his guns short. Then I had the woman cover him, and I laid the quirt on his face and back until I cut him to the bone. I told him the law of this country was that a woman comes first, and that the man that raised a hand to one of them was worse than a dog; that I came out to kill him, but thought, after all, a little of his own medicine would be best. The woman never peeped—only her eyes blazed and she never took her eyes off of him or the sights of his gun. I think she would have shot him if I had been away. She had him for the first time in her life."

"Well, I took his gun from her and was coming back when Thompson, who had been down on the ground, jumps up, strikes at her, leaps on his pony and starts pell-mell for town. He got a good 200 yards start of me, but I let the black have his head, and you saw us go through. Thompson's mare, after she left her, headed straight for the Mouse country, and I guess she's going yet. That's all there is to it, boys."

He slipped one of his guns out, flipped an empty shell from it, blew down the pistol's barrel, slipped in a new cartridge and snapped the cylinder in place:

"I tell you," Anderson, he remarked, "your dispenser is all right, but for hitting anything when you don't mean to miss under any circumstances these single actions take the prize."

And that was all we ever knew of Thompson. No one cared to ask Ed what really happened; no one ever looked for Thompson. Blue Duck was not inquisitive on some things. Mrs. Thompson in time married again, and married well. Thompson never came back.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

He Did Not Know Eugenie.

Early one morning a few days ago a commonplace landau stopped before the old Palais des Archives, in Paris, and two elderly ladies, garbed in dull black, alighted. One of them lent heavily on an ebony stick, the handle of which was in tortoise shell, inlaid with gold. She entered, and was proceeding up the stairs when the porter somewhat brusquely placed his hand on her arm and said, "Where are you going like that?" "I wish to consult certain documents about my own family," the lady answered meekly. "I have none. I thought—in fact, I knew—that everyone had the right to come here and look up the books on genealogy." "Ah!" grinned the man, "then you know wrong. But if you go there"—pointing to a door—"you may get permission to go up as a favor."

The lady nodded and went away. But on the morrow a man whose profession it is to search out the documents in the Palais des Archives, was seen busy looking through old parchments concerning a certain Balthazar des Chaves, who was once Spanish ambassador at the Court of Louis XV. He was sent there by the lady in black who had been snubbed the day before by the porter, and who was no less a personage than the ex-Empress Eugenie, great-granddaughter of Balthazar de Chaves.—Modern Society.

THE REVENGE OF ANIMALS.

This Unpleasant Sentiment Is Well Developed in Some of Them.

A number of authentic anecdotes have been collected by Le Tour du Monde to illustrate the fact that the sentiment of revenge is very well developed in some animals. Everybody knows that elephants, for example have long memories when they are subjected to treatment that hurts their feelings. Captain Shippe of the French army, discovered this fact to his sorrow six weeks after he had given an elephant a sandwich sprinkled with cayenne pepper. The Captain had almost forgotten the incident when he next saw the animal and at tempted to caress him; but the elephant, recognizing the practical joker suddenly absorbed a quantity of dirty water from a puddle near by and diffused it over the officer's uniform.

Griffith, the historian, tells a story of two Indian elephants at the siege of Burtopre. Water was scarce and in great demand which gave unusual value to a well that had not dried up. One day just as a small elephant and his driver were leaving the well, the animal carrying a pail of water a very large and strong elephant seized the pail and drank the water. The smaller elephant, conscious of his inferior strength, showed no resentment but bided his time. One day he saw his enemy standing broadside by a well. The little fellow suddenly rushed forward with all the energy at his command, butted the big one on the side and tumbled him over into the well.

An Indian missionary tells of an indiscreet person whom he saw teasing an elephant by pricking his trunk with a pin and then feeding him with lettuce salad which no elephant has any use for. The animal was rather slow in anger and he had not fully decided to be mad till a half hour had elapsed, when he suddenly seized man's hat from his head tore it into shreds and flung the fragments into the face of his tormentor.

A British magazine told a while ago, of a milkman's dog that was the terror of all smaller canines, as he was a fighter and never missed a chance to mix up in a row. Most of the dogs in the neighborhood bore scars as evidence of his ferocity and prowess. None of them could match him in a fight. The idea finally occurred to them, however, that there is strength in union, and so one night about a dozen of them went to the home of the tormentor and thrashed him within an inch of his life. The milkman found next morning that his dog was nearly dead from the wounds inflicted. When he recovered from the scrimmage he was a changed dog, having wholly lost his taste for fighting.

Sir Andrew Smith, a zoologist, told Darwin that one day he saw a tame baboon in South Africa bespatter with mud an officer, who, all spick and span, was on his way to parade. The officer had frequently teased the animal, which took this effective means of revenge. Parrots also are among the animals who do not soon forget persons who tease or mistreat them. They usually find some way to give some unpleasant moments to those who are unkind to them.

ELASTIC BANDS OUST STRING.

Cheaper Than String in Some Uses—Tons of Them Sold.

"No," said a rubber goods dealer, who had been asked about the sale of elastic bands, "we don't exactly sell them by the ton, but there are tons of them sold in the course of the year."

"Originally designed more especially for a convenient binder for bundles of documents and that sort of thing, they are now used for a great variety of purposes in place of string. They are used to put around packages and bundles in stores, more especially small packages, as in drug stores."

"They are used by many manufacturers to put around things of various kinds, which otherwise would be tied up. If many of these uses, aside from their convenience and their attractiveness as a part of the parcel, they are cheaper than string, because the use of them saves so much time. A rubber band can be wrapped around a package in much less time than it can be tied up."

"Rubber bands in old times used to be sold by the dozen, now, as you know, they are sold by the pound, but you don't have to buy a pound, you can buy an ounce, or a half ounce, for that matter."

"How many bands to a pound? Well, that depends, of course, on the size of the bands. The biggest, heaviest bands used run only twelve bands to the pound; the smallest, a tiny little band called an election ring, from their use around bunches of ballots, number thousands to the pound. Most people buy bands of gray rubber, but nowadays there are not a few who prefer the bands of the more modern terra cotta color."

"I never heard an elastic band play, but there's sure to be music in the air when the small boy gets out with his bean shooter, which he makes by attaching a rubber band to the prongs of a wishbone-shaped handle; this being one of the uses of elastic bands that I forgot to mention."—New York Sun.

Lincoln's Childhood a Happy One.

"Mr. Lincoln spoke of his childhood as a happy one," said Leonard Swett. "There was nothing of sadness, or pinching, nothing of want, and no allusion to want in any part of his story. His own description of his youth was that of a joyous, happy boyhood. He told the story with mirth and glee, and illustrated it by pointed anecdotes, often interrupted by his loud laugh."



SNOWPLOW INVENTED BY A WOMAN.

A railway snowplow is rather a strange thing for a woman to invent, but a New England woman's device has practical advantages which recommend its use by railways and street car lines. The chief feature of the apparatus is that it will cut through a drift of crust or packed snow about as easy as an ordinary plow removes a light drift. This is accomplished by first disintegrating the ice and snow with the revolving cutters mounted in the mouth of the plow, when it is an easy matter to dispose of the small sections.—Scientific American.

QUEEN'S FAVORITE FLOWER.

The lily of the valley is said to be Queen Alexandria's favorite flower, and in consequence lily blossoms will doubtless be much in evidence at the coronation festivities in June. Some people have considered that the lily of the field of the scripture is the lily of the valley, but apart from any other consideration the plant is a native of colder climates than those of Palestine. In the colder, damper regions of northern Europe, in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, the lily of the valley, or virgin's tears, as it is sometimes called, grows in great abundance. This reason may, perhaps, explain Queen Alexandra's love of the delicate flower, and it is probably associated with her girlhood.

NEW ROSA BONHEUR.

To an American girl belongs the honor of being proclaimed the second Rosa Bonheur of the world.

This American girl's name is Matilda Lotz. In early girlhood Miss Lotz showed indications of the talent that was to make her famous. When not drawing a horse or a cow on the school slate, Miss Lotz was industriously sketching a scene in a piggery or drawing a life-like representation of the domestic cat or dog. It was but natural, therefore, that when Matilda grew up painting should be her chosen vocation, and animal painting the special form.

After winning a gold medal in a school of design in California Miss Lotz was sent to Paris, where she studied for some time in Julian Academy, and later under Van Marcke. The young artist became a firm friend of Rosa Bonheur, and profited greatly by the valuable advice of that famous artist. Her work is marvelously life-like. The oxen in her paintings stand out from the canvas like living things. For the last sixteen years, Miss Lotz has lived abroad.—Philadelphia Press.

A PEAU DE SOIE SKIRT.

For those who wear a good deal of black a skirt of peau de soie is most useful, and an old-fashioned skirt can be gored and lengthened at the sides and back and the addition quite concealed by two or three shaped flounces. Two of these frills of five and a half or six inches deep can be cut from two and a half yards of new silk, or three narrower ones from three yards.

If the flills are rounded in front and left open and edged and headed with a pretty silk trimming the skirt is most effective, but a good quality peau de soie is desirable and can be unlined to wear over a glace slip. Such a skirt is wearable under a velvet coat and furs, with a shirt or vest, or in the afternoon makes a home toilet with a dressy blouse of black silk or chiffon.

It can be utilized in many ways for an evening skirt, but more important under a lace overskirt, and is not amiss with a full slash of lace or chiffon and a smart chiffon blouse decorated with turquoise velvet and parma violets. The new guipure insertions are charming when lined with color and are very effective on blouses of thin texture.

ENTERTAINING A HOUSE PARTY.

A hostess of experience, who has a reputation for having agreeable house parties, makes several suggestions to would-be entertainers, that might be followed with advantage. "Of course," she says, "it goes without saying that I am not speaking of great establishments, where there is generally a building devoted to squash, court tennis, and other sports, and where in rainy weather guests may amuse themselves, but of the ordinary country house, which, however capacious and comfortable, rarely, if ever, has a special apartment kept entirely for amusements, a sort of grown-up playroom, where the children of a larger family, who comprise the parties, can feel perfectly untrammelled, and romp, play games or dance without any fear of disastrous consequences."

"After having a large party on my hands for three dreary days during a fierce easterly gale, I realized the necessity of such a haven of refuge and had a room added to the house for the purpose. This I left comparatively bare, with a large, cheerful fireplace at one end, a stage for amateur theatricals, tableaux, etc., at the other, and a piano being besides a few solid chairs and tables, its only equipment. It has been dignified in the family by the name of 'music room,' but it is really nothing more nor less than, as I have already said, a big playroom."

"Another friend of mine who has experienced a similar need, has arranged her attic, which is very large, and well lighted, for a 'rainy day room,' and

finds it the greatest comfort, not only as an aid to entertaining her house guests, but also in affording her own family untrammelled space for exercise and pastime.

"Another small outlay has given me the means of providing an outdoor winter amusement which has become rather popular. This is simply a shingled wall about fifteen feet long and ten feet high in front of which a court is chalked out like squash. The ball is batted against the wall, which has a wire netting stretched across the top, making it ten feet higher, and preventing the balls from going over. This gives all the fun of squash without the indoor confinement, a concomitant which, in good clear winter weather, seems a pity. Young people are always happy if they are kept busy, and get bored as soon as they have nothing to do, and I find that the success of a winter house party is greatly dependent on just such trifles."—New York Tribune.

DISCOVERING FASHIONS.

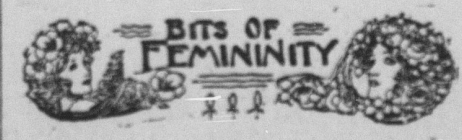
There is one woman in New York City who declares she never goes forth to buy clothes without first making a tour of inspection among the dyeing and cleaning windows. There, she maintains, are the prettiest things to be seen, and also the most "possible" ones.

The frocks and jackets and boas that fill the stores, the fashion plates which the humble dressmaker places alluringly before one and the models which the expensive modistes airily display, may or may not be what real people are wearing. The show in the dyers' and cleaners' windows is of garments that have been worn; that are pretty enough to be preserved and delicate enough to need careful handling. Hence, says this woman, they are admirable guides.

It is quite true that what women actually wear is sometimes quite different from what shops and fashion magazines declare they "are wearing." In a great city like New York City no more instructive and authoritative screed on fashion can be read than at the opera or theater, on the street, at teas, club meetings, committee meetings and all those places where women of a certain amount of leisure, money and presumable taste foregather.

At a conference no more exciting than a committee meeting to consider the work and wages of shop girls, there were two new shirt waists worn which were whole documents on the subject of the winter blouse. Both were quite baggy near the waist. The cuffs of both had sharp corners instead of the rounding ones of a few months ago. One fastened under a flap and one was closed candidly with buttons. One was a blue velvet, rather light, with polka dots in a very pale chocolate brown embroidered over it. It was closed with small velvet buttons of the pale brown. The stock worn with it was of the same shade of brown velvet, and turned over upon it was a fine white lawn collar with a hem of pale blue. One would have searched department stores a long time before finding a blouse so truly "elegant," to use a word of our grand mothers. Yet once having been seen it was easy enough to copy.

The other waist was of sage green flannel. Plaits about half an inch wide and about half an inch apart were stitched down each of their edges with black. These went clear around the waist. In front French knots were embroidered on them and between them in such a way that a narrow V-shaped yoke was formed, and French knots were embroidered all the way down the middle fold, beneath which the fastening was. The stock worn with this was of white silk, the ends embroidered with a small group of black French knots, and the turnover of white lawn had a fine line of black embroidery above its hemstitching.—New York News.



Boleros of jetted lace, cut in broad tabs at the end make handsome additions to lace or light tinted costumes.

White designs on colored grounds are the latest effects in fine handkerchiefs. They come in many shades to match light toned evening gowns.

A novelty in an evening gown of tucked chiffon made over silk, which comes ready to wear in many light shades. It is low necked and sleeveless, and has a garniture of flowers to match.

Collars of real Bruges gulleure lace in white and ecru, are wide, and extended over the shoulders and part way down the back. They can be worn with evening gowns or reception dresses.

Undulating brim hats of rather large size will be trimmed either in ostrich feathers or a profusion of flowers, the latter being preferred, as ostrich trimming in truth suits only the woman who can have a number of hats.

The fashion of decorating neckwear with flowers has been revived, and for this purpose a great variety of small blossoms, including heliotropes, violets and small roses can be obtained. These are fastened in tiny clusters at the side or back of the stock collar or ribbon.

A new shape that seems to have caught the popular fancy has a slight bend downward at both the back and the front. It is made of mousseline de sole. Roses of a delicate pink muslin arranged in wreath effect and knots of black ribbon are the favorite trimmings for this style.

For the Housewife.

THE CARE OF OIL CLOTH.
Oil cloths should never be washed in hot soapsuds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to a stor or slate hearth.

FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.
Where a sewing room is not available the seamstress will find a rug of linen crash perhaps two yards square a great convenience. This may be put under the machine, sewing chair and cutting table, and will keep scraps and bits of thread from the carpet, and in turn protect delicate fabrics from the dust of the floor. It can be laundered spring and fall, and kept in service indefinitely.

THE "UNLUCKY" ROOM.
It is the boast of the up to date girl that she is not superstitious, and in proof of this some young women have what is termed an "unlucky" room, where all kinds of time honored superstitions are set at naught. A ladder is so arranged that any one entering the room must pass under it, and above the bed, as a canopy, is an open umbrella. The articles of furniture number thirteen and peacock feathers abound in the decorations.

HOW TO TREAT A CUT.
Wash the part with cold water and press the finger over the bleeding point, thus closing the cut vessels and helping to stop the flow of blood. Dip a piece of old linen in water that has been boiled and cooled. Lay it over the cut and fasten it on with a narrow strip of cotton wound around and around. Silt the end of the bandage and tie it around the part. Leave the dressing undisturbed for two days unless the blood stains through. Nature will do the work of healing rapidly if the wound is left alone.

TO FRESHEN THE HOUSE.
A few drops of oil of lavender in a silver bowl or ornamental dish of some kind half filled with hot water and set in the dining room just before dinner is served give a delightful and intangible freshness to the atmosphere of the apartment. Hostesses often put a small vessel in the parlor and dressing rooms when arranging the house for a festivity. The suggestion is especially valuable to the hostess in a small apartment, which sometimes in the bustle of preparation becomes stuffy.

DRAPERY FOR THE PIANO.
The prettiest drapery for the back of an upright piano is some rich stuff, brocade or church embroidery, or a piece of not too gaudy Eastern stuff. Throw it over the top of the piano and let it fall straight over the back without rod or rings. If something thinner is used it should be hung, very slightly full, on a fine wire or rod that is made invisible. In the case of a simple material it is better to choose one not too flowery, letting its purpose, that of concealing the unfinished back, be freely seen. A low-backed sofa or a table may stand in front of the piano, preferably the latter, as a sofa frame against the back is apt to pull and disarrange the drapery, while the use of the piano itself as a seat back may interfere with the sound if not actually injure the instrument. A square piano is better undraped unless a particularly choice piece of rare stuff is owned.

A HANDY MATERIAL.
A very handy thing to have about the house is a strip of the rubber tissue such as is used in hospitals. Not only is this an excellent cure for scald or burn, a rheumatic muscle, a sore chest or tired or aching joints and feet, but it is a valuable adjunct to the mending basket. If there is a three-cornered tear in Bobby's jacket or Bellinda's skirt, draw the edges together, lay on a little square of the tissue, cover this with a patch and press with a moderately hot iron until the tissue—which is of pure gum—is dissolved. If care is taken of this tissue it will last indefinitely. It must not be kept in a hot room or shut up away from the air in a tight box or drawer. Put it between two sheets of paper and lay where the air can circulate around it. It is not expensive. Fifty cents will buy a strip over a yard long and a quarter wide—an outlay that will pay for itself many times over. It can be bought at almost any druggist's.—Washington Star.

VARIOUS RECEIPTS.
Alabama Biscuits.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed, one teaspoonful of salt; mix into a stiff dough with ice water, work until the dough blisters; roll out the dough three-quarters of an inch thick; cut with a small biscuit cutter and bake in a moderate oven.
Tomato Fritters.—Put in an agate pan one pint of stewed tomatoes, half a teaspoonful of sugar, and salt and pepper to season; bring to the boil; rub together one tablespoonful each of butter and flour; when smooth add it to the tomato mixture, stirring until thickened; cook for five minutes and pour over four or five slices of stale bread; turn the slices, dip them in beaten egg, then in dried bread crumbs. Fry in very hot, deep fat; drain and serve hot.
An American rolling mill is building in the City of Mexico, which will utilize scrap iron.