

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

The winds kiss the tree-tops and murmur "good-night,"
Sleep, little one, sleep;
The sun bathes the mountain in warm mellow light,
Sleep, little one, sleep;
The birds hush their songs, the lambs cease their play,
The darkness of night steals the fast-fading day,
And fairy lamps twinkle in skies far away,
Sleep, little one, sleep.
The tired eyes close with their lashes so long,
Sleep, little one, sleep,
While mother sits rocking and crooning her song,
Sleep, little one, sleep,
The little hand loosens its hold from the toy,
And now for the land of sweet slumber and joy,
Where angels keep watch o'er my bright bonny boy,
Sleep, little one, sleep.
—Thomas H. Wilson, in the Woman's Home Companion.

An Evident Failure.

By Mabel Earle.
"Miss Marshall will see Miss Huntley in the office," said Thomas, the elevator boy, as he appeared opposite the door of Ward 3.
Then he went on his upward way, soaring to St. Mary's Ward on the floor above; and Agnes Huntley dropped the pillow cases she was putting away in the linen-press, and leaned her forehead against the great oak door for a moment, steadying her whirling thoughts.
This interview with Miss Marshall would let her know within the next fifteen minutes, if she was accepted as a nurse, to complete her training in the work she had chosen. It seemed to her, in the blind moment after Thomas had disappeared, that the hopes of a lifetime were to stand trial in those fifteen minutes. She looked back over the three months of her probation with dread and confidence alternating.
There were ugly little memories of occasions when she had been hopelessly stupid; encouraging bits of praise from one or two doctors; but above them all rose the face of Miss Marshall, inscrutable as always. Miss Marshall never gave hints of her decision. A probationer could never know before she was summoned to the fateful interview in the office whether acceptance or rejection was to follow.
Agnes roused herself in another instant, and walked down the stairs with such self-possession as she could muster.
For a minute after she entered the office Miss Marshall went on writing at the desk, and Agnes could not see her face.
But when those quiet gray eyes were lifted to her own, the girl said to herself, "It's all over!" Miss Marshall looked as she looked just before a capital operation.
"You are not the kind of woman that needs sugar-coated preliminaries," the elder woman said, in a tone that Agnes remembered hearing only once or twice by besides of great suffering. "I am very sorry to tell you that we cannot accept you."
Agnes did not try to speak. Her hands clutched the back of the chair by which she was standing, but she waited quietly while Miss Marshall went on:
"It's our rule, you know, that no rejected candidate ask the reason for her rejection. But something is due you in this case. You have a right to know that you are not charged with willful neglect of duty. You have worked hard, with every effort to be faithful.
"Certain questions of physique and temperament lie outside our control," she continued. "I have watched you with unusual care, because I realized something of your love for the work and your ambition. But it is better for you to know at once, trusting the experience of another rather than your own, that in the matter of physical strength alone you are not qualified for a nurse's life. Your health will serve you very well if you do not lay unnecessary strain upon it, in home life or some other profession. But I have no right to allow you to bankrupt it at the outset."
Agnes had lifted her eyes, and watched Miss Marshall's face intently while she spoke, noticing, as never before, its strength and sweetness. She thought with dull pain how completely Miss Marshall fulfilled the ideal she had set before herself—the life of successful ambition, of beautiful helpfulness. Beside that vision rose the image of the sleepy little town, the dull, stagnant life to which she must return with her defeat.
"You are kind to put it on that ground, Miss Marshall," she said, hopelessly. "But I know—I feel—so much more than you say; and it all amounts to this—I am a failure."
"Better, then, to realize that at once than a year from now, when some one's life is hanging on help that you are not able to give," said Miss Marshall, inexorably, but with a strange tenderness in her face and voice.
That tenderness broke down the reserve with which Agnes had meant to fence her misery. Suddenly without any conscious intention of such undignified action, she found herself kneeling at Miss Marshall's side, with her face buried in the folds of the gray dress.
Miss Marshall did not repulse her or laugh at her; she laid one hand on the brown hair, and stroked it softly.

"You are everything I want to be!" said Agnes, brokenly. "I don't want to go away from you! I don't want to go! But I'm just a wretched failure."
"My dear," said Miss Marshall, very gently, "this life of mine has grown out of a failure far more serious than yours. It isn't what I should have chosen when I was your age. Perhaps you are going back to the opportunities I missed. But you may take the word of an old doctor for this—there is never a failure up to the very moment of death, which does not bring with itself a duty, a fresh responsibility. And that means opportunity."
Agnes arose after a moment, and paused at the door of the office.
"My time is just up today, Miss Marshall," she said with some hesitation. "If you are willing, I should like to go home at once—it will be so much easier for me. I can leave on the one o'clock train."
"Very well, if you choose," Miss Marshall answered. She came a step nearer, holding out her hand; and Agnes, moved by a sudden impulse, did what no other girl in the hospital had ever ventured to do. She bent and kissed the border of Miss Marshall's cap and the gray hair beneath it.
The nurses were very kind when she went up-stairs to say good-bye. She had been popular with most of them and they were sorry to lose her. But there was no time for long condolences, and none of them could be spared to go with her to the station.
A drizzling rain was falling as her train pulled out. She looked from her window over a landscape full of commonplace and the discouraging unkempt cottages and ragged fields on the edge of the city.
Very different was the quiet country town to which she was going; but the dull misery in her heart grew sharper as she thought of it. To go back to emptiness of days, aimlessness of life! To say good-bye forever to the hope she had cherished for years!
A baby across the aisle cried with renewed persistence, and she roused herself to notice it. She had always a "knack" with babies, and the last month of her probation had been spent in the infants' ward.
This baby, helpless in the helplessness of his pale little mother, soon fixed his gaze upon Agnes and enunciated a fresh appeal, stretching out his hands. She laughed, and took him in her arms, while the mother sank back with a sigh of relief.
"I'm all worn out, miss. Yes, he's my first, and I'm not very handy; and I'm always careless."
"I think I have something here that will help you," said Agnes, eagerly. "It always helps me. There—let it dissolve in your mouth. Now lean your head back and shut your eyes. I'll attend to this young man."
In twenty minutes the baby was sleeping quietly, and the mother looked up, refreshed and grateful.
"You're the kind of young lady that's born to help folks, I guess," she said, as she left the train. "You'll be making some home a happy place."
Agnes laughed again, but a little sadly. Years before she had thought this ready helpfulness was part of her call to work. Did it only mean "filling up the chinks," after all? But, upon reflection, there were unnumbered chinks of human need to be filled in this world!
Her father met her at the little country station—slightly alarmed at her telegram, anxious to be sympathetic over her disappointment, but quite unable to conceal his delight at having her at home again.
"Your cough is worse," she said, reproachfully, as they drove home in the rain.
"A little," he acknowledged. "It's this raw weather. And somehow I haven't been feeling quite so strong lately. Viola tries hard, but she's only a young girl; and the new cook doesn't understand my dyspepsia. Didn't I write you that Bridget was married last month? You see, dear, I haven't had anybody to take care of me since you left."
"I'll make some broth for your supper myself," said Agnes, laying her cheek on her father's shoulder. "And I know just what to do with that cough."
How she blessed the course of dry lectures on bronchitis, and the days she had been allowed to help in the diet-kitchen!
"Her health was good enough for home life," Miss Marshall had said. How had she ever imagined that there could be a lack of duty and opportunity in her mother's home? And the little woman on the train—was not "keeping some one's home happy" a career large enough for any girl?
"Robert Carr is back," her father said, suddenly, flicking the whip over gray Mollie's tail. "He's finished his medical course and hung out his shingle. A fine fellow."
The color came to Agne's cheek and she turned her face away. She asked herself, in sudden bewilderment, whether she had been really forgetting Robert in the pressure or ambition and disappointment.
"A fine fellow," her father repeated. "Does me good to hear him speak. I wish you had a brother like that, Agnes; I'd like to have him in the house all the time."
This remark made Agnes laugh outright—and this time the laugh was not sad.
That evening, when the tea things had been cleared away and the firelight shone out brightly over the hearth, Viola brought a book to her sister for help.
"You don't know how good it is to

have you home again, Agnes! This algebra has been worrying me dreadfully; but that's nothing to the other worries."
Agnes kept the pencil in her hand a moment after Viola's problem was solved. She glanced at her father, reclining peacefully in his armchair, his cough already soothed; at Viola's happy face; at the room, many degrees cozier and neater since she had entered it; at a little note from Robert, which lay on the table beside her.
Slowly, with a smile dimpling her lips she drew a sheet of paper toward her and wrote:
"I Failure plus Opportunities."
"What are you writing, dear?" asked Viola.
Agnes crumpled the bit of paper in her hand and threw it into the grate.
"Just an equation I have been studying today," she said with a gay laugh.
—Youth's Companion.

What Happens to the Advance.

Experiments in Austria from 1896 to 1899 show that at 1,500 to 2,000 paces a line of 108 men in single rank loses in three minutes 50 per cent. of its effective, from a company firing five cartridges a man, and that sections of a company forming a line of skirmishers advancing over flat country can be completely annihilated in three minutes by two sections of the enemy firing about five cartridges a man; and yet the drillbook, under the head of field manoeuvres, allows single mounted men to approach to 600 yards of the firing line in the open and pack mules to 500 yards. If cavalry approach within 800 yards of infantry they will be held only to have suffered severely. Closed bodies of troops without cover when opposed to well-conducted service rifle fire can only get up to 800 yards.
The experiments in Austria and the experiences in South Africa both show that at least 800 yards should be added on to the distance given in our drill book. That is to say, troops advancing to the attack will be under a severe fire for at least 1,000 yards, or for say fifteen to twenty minutes; they cannot then rush over the zone of effective fire in three or four minutes, as they could in former days; they must take it quietly at the beginning, so as to reserve their energies for the final rush.—The National Review.

Attractions of New Orleans.

"Talking about cities," said an old-timer who was in Louisville during the convention of the chiefs of police recently, "makes me think of a thing that happened recently in connection with New Orleans. Some man was making a speech in favor of New Orleans as the next meeting place. He called attention to the fact that the National Bankers' Association would meet here; he said the manufacturers had decided to meet here, the Confederate Veterans would meet here, the International Association of Woman's Suffragists, and other organizations would meet in New Orleans during the year, and made a strong and eloquent plea for the association involved to hold its annual session in the city of New Orleans. This claim did not have any serious effect. But he recounted some of the peculiarities of the city, the love of music and the brass band, how the factory hand left his work to go to the windows, and all that sort of thing, and concluded by saying that New Orleans was the happiest city in the world. 'Why,' he said, 'New Orleans gets more pleasure out of life than any other city. We play and frolic like no other city. We have a good time all the time. The fact is,' he said, 'we simply work as a matter of amusement,' and this last phrase caught the crowd and New Orleans got the convention."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Spread of Peanut Culture.

The spread of the culture of the peanut is nothing short of phenomenal. A native, probably of Surinam, in Central America, it was introduced in Brazil and Peru in the days of that mysterious civilization of which evidences remain in records and monuments. Then it traveled, perhaps long before Columbus set out on his hazardous journey, and reached China. By that enterprising people (enterprising in those bygone days) it was carried to India, Ceylon and the Malay archipelago. Thus, Asian tropics were blessed with a truly American plant. Then, again, Portuguese adventurers, after the discovery of America by belated Europeans, carried the peanut in their slave ships to the African coast; and thus another continent was added to the conquests of the American. Later days have seen it invade Australasia, and its culture there is urged, not only for the sake of food for man in the nuts, but also for cattle in the foliage.—Outing.

Right in It.

"I have been making a tour of the South," remarked J. B. Joseph. "I was greatly amused on alighting from the train in Savannah. The station is surrounded in all directions with a lot of saloons and cheap restaurants in great illuminated letters over one of these saloons was the sign: 'Open all night.'"
"Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend, 'We never close.'"
"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumble-down hotel and upon the front of this building was the sign in great scrawling letters, 'Me wackee, too.'—Milwaukee Sentinel.

No man need expect to cut a dash by cutting his acquaintances.



REVIVAL OF CARNATIONS.

The carnation has been revived for decorative purposes, but instead of being massed as formerly the blossoms are artistically blended with their own foliage and maidenhair fern or asparagus. There are so many varieties of carnations that pretty effects may be achieved in any desired color scheme.

BEAUTIFUL FANS.

Fans are shown in a bewildering array of beauty and varied design, and while the old standards of lace, crepe, silk and ostrich feathers (mounted on mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell sticks) hold their own, very smart and dainty are the new Chinese and Japanese paper fans, both open and folding, with dainty little landscape and marine views, suggesting all manner of idyllic dreams of life in the mountains and at the seashore.

GET OUT OLD COLLARS.

If a woman has a trunk full of things that belonged to her grandmother or a great-aunt and have been laid by because they were out of fashion she may find among them some collars and undersleeves that will fit in excellently with the present styles. One woman who has been diving into a chest in the attic discovered some old embroidered batiste collars and sleeves which are the envy of her friends. They are slightly discolored, but otherwise are in perfect condition. These are suitable to be worn with light woolen and silk gowns as well as the batiste, linen and others of washable fabrics.—New York Press.

DRESS ACCESSORIES.

"Trifles" are of more importance than women sometimes think, for a very ordinary dress may often acquire an elegance which it has not by a well-chosen, pretty detail, be it only a waist belt. Gloves and boots cannot be called details; they are necessities, and cannot be too good in every respect. Details means collars, ties, belts, veils—everything, in fact, which is not of the dress, but which forms the tout ensemble of a perfect toilet. The very purse in her hand, the chain round her neck, the combs in her hair, proclaim the taste of the woman. In collars the latest is of embroidered lawn or lace over an under collar of black silk.

BEAD PURSES A FAD.

Once more the bead purse is in style. A popular actress is wearing one in her part on the stage and in the street. This purse is an old-fashioned sack purse embroidered with colored beads in a design of little pink June roses. The purse was worn by the lady of fashion one hundred years ago as an elegant article of personal adornment. This purse has been modernized with an oval gold band studded with diamonds which fits around the centre of the purse. The ring is fastened to a gold chain, which is pendant from a bracelet worn on her wrist. These purses were used at the time of Shakespeare and even at an earlier period.

WOMAN'S JOYLESS EFFORTS.

Protesting against woman's numerous "joyless efforts" to establish herself in an independent position, an Englishman says of women architects: "Architecture demands genius, mere talent will not do; mere talent produces the horrors we see in our streets every day in the shape of red bricks with white copings, or yellow bricks with brown glazed tiles as a relief. Now, as it happens, there never was a woman genius, either as a painter, a sculptor, or a musician, and if we are to have bunglers, let us have bunglers whom, in virtue of their sex, we can unreservedly tell they are bunglers and whose pride in their profession is not sufficient to make them inveigh against the principal law of modern society, namely matrimony."—New York Press.

HOUSE CLEANING CONTRACTORS.

"A new industry has opened up for the gentlewoman in reduced circumstances," said a society leader recently. "I know of one woman who has taken advantage of it, and I don't see why there should not be a lot more. I suppose you might call them house-cleaning contractors. The idea is that a lot of women who have large establishments do not care to be bothered with the supervision of house cleaning, so they give out the contract for having this done. The woman I know who has gone into this business is a widow, whose husband lost his money and then inconsiderately died. She had always moved in good society, had a positive genius for household affairs, and was blessed with a host of friends. So when her reverses came she conceived the idea of supervising the household details of other people, and she now has a number of clients, for I dare say you might call them such. She has a force of women working for her, and makes out very well, indeed."

RIBBONS FOR THE SPRING.

Ribbons are high in favor with the

New York girl, and she is using them in the most original of ways. At her corsage she pins a bunch of violets, the very latest substitute for the choux. But it is not composed of natural flowers, as one would suppose at a first glance. Instead it is made of ribbon violets, the sort that never fade. They are made of half-inch violet ribbon in two shades, and the effect is produced by tying the ribbon in tiny bow-knots. Sometimes they are bunched together, and then again they form the shower-ends for a cluster of shaded loops of ribbon. The bunch of ribbon violets makes a pretty corsage decoration, and it gives a new touch to a theatre-bodice. It also looks well worn as a substitute for real violets with the spring tailor-made gown. Some of the bunches of violets made of ribbon are as fragrant as the natural blossoms. This is done by using perfumed ribbon or hiding away in the bow-knots tiny bags of violet sachet.—Woman's Home Companion.

MISS ANTHONY AND THE BABY.

Those who are accustomed to see Miss Anthony upon a lecture platform and remember her many heroic struggles in behalf of woman's emancipation have little appreciation of the more tender side of nature which is called out in her personal intercourse with near friends. During the national convention, when her eightieth birthday was celebrated, among the friends who were present was a woman with an eight-months-old baby. One day when the mother of the child was called to Baltimore for a couple of hours on some important business a heavy snowfall which had astonished Washington, began to melt and in the room where the baby and nurse were staying, from a leak in the ceiling, the water began to drip. Drip, drip came the water into the wash bowl standing underneath. Miss Anthony, knowing her young friend was away, came to the room to see how the baby was faring. She discovered the dripping from the ceiling, was alarmed lest the baby should catch cold, had the manager of the hotel up in a moment to look after affairs and told him that a different and drier room must be given to the baby. So she and the nurse moved the baby and the family belongings to a more healthful apartment.

During that convention she would sometimes walk through the parlors or dining-room with this particular baby, exhibiting him to her various friends as a refutation of the notion that suffrage believers had no children.—Washington Post.

SOME NEW COIFFURES.

The radical change in hairdressing modes has resulted in the introduction of some admirable novelties in additional hair. One of the most attractive styles is the "true lover's knot." The hair is waved softly from ear to ear across the top of the head and combed back in a loose pompadour, not too high on the top nor too broad on the sides. The back hair is twisted in a large, loose, double knot, and the ends are arranged in a long thick curl, falling at one side just behind the ear. This coiffure can be arranged easily by those who are blessed with thick, long, wavy locks. There are also two other particularly desirable arrangements of front hair—the Undulation and the Marie Antoinette, both of which are perfectly adapted to the new modes. With the former the front hair is waved as before described and combed over the undulation, which is made of naturally wavy hair on a fine Normandy lace foundation.

The Marie Antoinette is designed more especially for those whose front hair is too thin for graceful arrangement. It is so made as to adjust perfectly over the front of the head without the possibility of deflection. This season there is quite a bewildering assortment of exquisite hair ornaments. Quite the newest thing is the "Juliet cap." This is a revival of the little netted cap of pearls or brilliants worn by Italian women of rank and fashion when Romeo wooed Juliet. It is charming with the low dressing, and is worn on the top of the head.

Another dainty novelty is the tiara shaped wreath of maidenhair fern, gleaming with dewdrops. Small ivy leaves, with tiny flowers intermingled, are used in similar fashion, and roses, buds and other floral arrangements are all fascinatingly pretty.—New York Tribune.

Stole a Ride on King's Auto.

While the King and another gentleman were riding in a fast automobile through a narrow street in a village near Windsor, and while the machine was not running very rapidly, a boy who saw a chance to steal a ride got on the seat behind King Edward.

The King glanced around and caught sight of the youngster. He pretended to take no notice of him then, but when the road was clear he signalled to chauffeur for full speed ahead. The car darted off with the urchin clinging on for dear life and not daring to jump.

After the motor had gone a few miles, King Edward signalled to the chauffeur to slacken speed, and the child climbed down and turned slowly and ruefully homeward, when he was cheered by a coin thrown to him by the King.—New York Sun.

A Boy.

The first six months that a boy earns his own money you can always find peanuts in his pockets.—Atchison Globe.

It sometimes happens that cheap notoriety is dear at half the price.

Household Column.

ENGLISH BREAD SAUCE.

Cook together in a double boiler for fifteen minutes a cupful of milk, an eighth of a cupful of bread crumbs, a half dozen whole peppers, a small white onion and a half teaspoonful of salt. Remove the onion, add a tea-spoonful butter, putting it in small pieces, and cook five minutes longer. Strain and add a half cupful of cream. Serve hot.

BREADED CHICKEN.

Take a young roasting chicken, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one level tablespoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper and half a cup of dried bread crumbs. The chicken should weigh about three pounds. Split it down the back, singe and wipe it dry with a damp cloth. Turn the wings back, skewer them in place, fasten the neck under the body with a skewer; press the chicken out flat and the legs back on the body, skewering them in place. Season with salt and pepper and place in a roasting pan; rub softened butter over the breast and legs and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Place in a hot oven and bake forty-five minutes, reducing the heat after the first fifteen minutes. Do not put any water in the pan; the chicken is placed in the pan with the split side down and no basting is done.

RHUBARB JELLY.

Take eight pounds of nice ripe rhubarb of the red variety, wash and cut into convenient lengths. Put into a stone jar or deep baking dish with the thin yellow shavings of yellow rind of three lemons. Cover the vessel and place in a moderate oven and let the rhubarb cook tender. Strain the juice from the fruit, add the strained juice of three lemons. Boil for half an hour. Then strain through a jelly bag and measure. To each cupful of juice allow one and one-fourth cupfuls of granulated sugar heated in the oven. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then let it boil until it will jelly when dropped on a saucer, skim carefully while boiling. When done, pour into glasses, filling them almost to overflowing, as jelly shrinks in cooling. When cold cover with paraffin paper and keep in a dry, cool, dark place.

SWEETS FOR BREAKFAST.

The custom of serving sweets on the breakfast table was originally an English custom. Now it is generally adopted in the United States, and a little bitter orange marmalade or some acid fruit jam is a pleasant finale to the American breakfast. The sweets should never be served at the beginning of the meal as fresh fruit is served. They would be too cloying and would destroy the appetite for more substantial food. They should be served after the meal is practically ended, and only a small amount should be eaten. When there is fresh fruit on the table marmalade or jam is unnecessary.

A favorite breakfast confection is made of tart oranges cut in pieces, with the outer and inner skin of the orange torn away from the pulp. Grate a little of the yellow peel of the orange with the orange pulp. Put the whole in a small thick jar and sweeten it to the taste and bake like beans—well covered with an earthen plate. It will form a thick marmalade and acquire a bright color in several hours' baking. Apples cooked in this slow way, with sugar added at the beginning, and garden rhubarb make excellent breakfast preserves. The flavor is entirely different from apple sauce or from stewed oranges cooked more rapidly on the top of the stove.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Silverware is best brightened by rubbing it with oatmeal.
For burns, equal parts of white of egg and olive oil will prevent blisters if applied at once.
A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid in the whitening process.
Pipe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.
Clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.
Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or a little gum arabic dissolved.
To clean articles made of white zephyr, put in flour of magnesia, changing often; shake off the flour and hang in the open air a short time.
Rub tins, faucets and nickleware with a flannel cloth dipped in kerosene oil, then in whiting or ordinary soda; polish with a dry flannel.
In baking bread with the dry heat of a gas range oven a pan of hot water should be kept in the oven during the baking to generate moisture.
So-called chocolate trifles are tasty for five o'clock tea. These are ordinary oblong oyster crackers dipped in hot melted chocolate, taken out in a skimmer or wire basket and left to cool on waxed paper.
It is not generally known that wringing out a cloth in hot water and well wiping the furniture before putting on a furniture cream will result in a high polish and will not finger mark.
According to one housewife, the tinnest pinch of salt added to hot chocolate or cocoa is exceedingly efficacious in bringing out the flavor of the beverage.
Scribbles worn by Russian officers are made of papier-mache.