

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Behold her gown! How wonderful, how grand!
How deftly fashioned in each little part.
What hopes, what toil, before it could be planned;
What hardships led to its creator's art?

Think of the weary spinners at their looms,
The tired fingers stitching at the seams,
Think of the sewing girl in cheerless rooms,
Unvisited by happy, hopeful dreams.

Behold a masterpiece whereto each fold
And every dainty tuck sprang from deep thought;
Those laces made by fingers worn and old,
Ah, with what worlds of patience they were wrought.

Behold the gown, the masterpiece, and then
Consider her whom it adorns: Dull-eyed
And languid she sits idle. Unto men
She shows the thoughtless surface of mere pride.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Adjusting of Things

He was standing alone under the trees when he saw her first. She strolled slowly past, chatting to a man, her black dress a trail of shadow on the shaven lawn. And the sight of her, the sound of her laugh, borne to him carelessly on the wind, brought his heart to his throat.

The carriage of her head was absolutely unchanged, her choice of color was still the same. He realized every thing with a tingling of his nerves, and the desire to touch even her hand stung him like a pain.

"It must be quietly done," he said aloud. "She always loathed a fuss. It must come about."

The band was playing in the distance. People were crowding resolutely toward the tea tents, with their canopies of green and white. He was uncertain what to do.

He lighted a fresh cigar and took a rapid turn. But smooth things as he would his thoughts were swinging. "After all," he said suddenly, "a man can't wait to lose his chance because he's found it." And flinging the cigar away he strode on to the path down which he had watched her pass.

The nearest tent was in full sight when he caught her up. He slackened his steps. He saw her stand and indicate a seat; he saw the man beside her nod and turn away, and in imagination he heard the lingering tones of her voice and saw her smile of dismissal. He had known them both a hundred times.

Memory was rampant; and stifling fear and hope and even possibilities, he went forward to his fate.

She was drawing unreal patterns on the path with the tip of her parasol, and seemed engrossed. It was not until his shadow crossed her own that she raised her eyes.

"Joan," he said. Then he stopped. After four years few men make a striking start.

She lifted her head, and the color fled across her cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joan," he said again.

By a little accident her parasol slipped. In the moment of his stooping she recovered her mental balance. When he raised his head her smile was calm.

"Peter," she said. And the word seemed to carry everything and to imply everything that was most fit.

He realized in a flash that she was perfected and improved. He felt that she had learned the knack of things.

"Peter," she said, "and after all this age of time."

"Four years," he said laconically.

"How exact!" She blushed again and raised her hand, touching her cheek. "Am I very—very prehistoric, Peter?" she laughed.

He studied her. "In a sense," he said, "perhaps."

"Peter!"

"Well, some women make history, you know." He looked fixedly at the bed of mignonette by his feet.

She glanced up, but even to her accomplished eyes there was nothing to be seen.

"Well," she said, "what have you to tell me? The world is bigger to you now than it used to be?"

"And to you?"

"Oh, I find it smaller. Everything is concentrated so; even ourselves. Nobody is uncommon now, because nobody has time. But we have still to shake hands. Welcome back to England." She held out her hand. "And, Peter, when did you get social? You used to run from garden parties and things. What in the world brought you here?"

He took the extended hand, holding it in his own. "A lucky chance," he said slowly, "that was all."

Her smile trembled a little, but she corrected the indiscretion with a laugh.

"What isn't chance? Even one's clothes hang on the mood of one's dressmaker. Am I smarter, Peter, than I used to be?"

She stood back, and he looked at her with considering eyes. From her slim neck to the swing of her skirt she was

worthy of being seen.

"Wonderful!" he said quietly. "And it is still always black?"

She raised her eyebrows for a moment. "Why, yes," she said, "of course." They were silent for a space, and she moved uneasily. With them the time for silences had gone by and had not yet come back.

"Now, she said, 'let me see what climate has done for you.' She looked him up and down. 'You're thinner, you know, and scorched; but you're improved, Peter; decidedly improved.' He laughed. 'Joan,' he broke in, 'I've tons to ask; there's a better seat than this surely. Shall we search?' 'But I've sent Mr. Playfair for my tea, I couldn't be so unkind.'

"Don't worry about that. There are always women to drink other women's tea. Besides, we have debts of four years to settle. Come along."

She looked up at him and—it might have been the sun, but he could have sworn that there was a greater brilliance in her eyes.

Her lips parted in half-given consent. Then across the lawn came a cherry voice: "So awfully sorry, but the crush in the tent was ungodly; and—awfully sorry again, but all the walnut cakes are gone. I brought a cream scone. Please say 'twill do.'" Carstairs smiled. He knew the look in Joan's eyes. What he had yet to learn was the savvy with which she smiled.

"So good of you," she said. "But let me introduce you two, Charlie, this is Mr. Carstairs—quite my oldest friend."

Carstairs nodded. "Sorry, Joan," he said abruptly, "but I think I must be off."

"Oh, Peter, how horrid of you!" She paused. "But you will look me up. Come round tomorrow in the afternoon and I'll pay those debts." Her glance rewarded him for many things. He took her hand.

"Tomorrow, then. But remember, I have been buried alive, and one doesn't keep an address book in the grave."

She laughed. "How stupid of me," she said. "You scribble while I say. Or, better still—I believe I've got a card. Charlie, hold my cup."

She drew out a small gold case and handed Carstairs a card. "A permit to paradise," she said. "Don't forget."

He slipped it into his letter case and took her hand.

"Good-by," he said gently.

"Good-by."

"Interesting beggar!" said Playfair, after a three minutes' wait.

She looked up for a moment. "The only interesting man I've ever known," she said. And she sipped her tea.

It was after dinner that Carstairs took out the card. Before he had been too absorbed to need the usual little stimulus of fact. Even when he opened his case and the square of pasteboard lay in his hand he twisted it absently, lost in memories that verged incessantly toward dream.

"I wonder if it's still the same old house." His eyes wandered over the smoke that hung above the table in circling clouds. "How one sticks to old things and old times! Ah well!"

He turned the card and held it to the lamp. He held it for a long time, moving not a muscle of his face or hand. Then slowly, with a slowness that seemed almost overdone, he replaced it in his case. He had had his share of surprises in the world, and his share of knocks, and he had taken them quietly, as befits a man. But now, in face of this new test, he was more than ordinarily still; even his habit of speaking aloud forsook him, and he sat mute, his face in the red of the lamplight showing a trifle gray.

When Carstairs pressed the bell next day at the house in Eaton Square the grayness was still about his mouth. But when he gravely asked if Mrs. Villiers was at home he was startled at the calmness with which she spoke the name. It was its unfamiliarity, its total lack of personal sound, that struck him most.

He passed upstairs and vaguely heard himself announced. Then Joan's voice crossed the silence and everything else became subservient to that.

"Joan!" he said. It was his greeting of yesterday, but it came spontaneously.

"Yes, Peter, just the same Joan. Now I must give you my very best chair, and you must talk."

He dropped into the seat and sat staring at a bowl of roses by his side. All that he had meant to say seemed futile and absurd.

She carried a fragile cup of tea across to him and stood looking down.

"Peter," she said, "something has happened. I can feel it hanging about in the air."

Carstairs looked gloomily down at his boots.

"Peter, you never used to have secrets from me."

"Nor you from me." He took the cup from her hand. "You might have written and told me."

"Told you what?"

"That you had married."

"Peter," she said, "you don't mean. Oh, but that's absurd." She snook her head.

"I always was absurd, you see—more or less."

"But it was so long ago—the first year you went away. Peter, it is absurd. You must have known."

Carstairs smiled grimly. "I remember that first year," he said. "I was up and down with fever all the time. And—you forgot to write."

She moved back to her chair. "You are a little wrong, Peter—or forgetful." She blushed. "I did write when dad died." Her voice fell.

"When you father died?" He passed his hand over his hair. "Gad, I have dropped out of things! I never heard." He looked at her and his face changed. "Poor little Joan!" he said suddenly. "Oh, afterwards." She broke a piece of cake. "Well, you see—"

She looked straight across at him. "You didn't write and Alec turned up—and that was all." The words came in a whirl.

There was silence while Carstairs fitted events and their results. At last he laid down his cup.

"Of course," he said slowly. "I never got the letter. You give me credit for that?"

"Yes, Peter" (there was a quiver in her voice). "I give you credit for that."

"You know that I've always loved you." He took a dogged pleasure in watching the color rush across her face. Possibly it was the pleasure of despair.

"Won't you speak, Joan?"

"What can I say?" She moved her spoon, nervously, and again he saw the peculiar light shining in her eyes.

"Nothing, of course." He arose abruptly. "Are you happy here? I suppose a woman ought to be."

She arose as well. Her heart was beating quickly, and her excitement was singing in her ears.

"Women are capricious, Peter."

He steadied his mind. "Are you unhappy then?"

"A little lonely," she said, and her eyes gleamed.

"I don't think I understand," he said.

She watched him for a second; then she slipped close up to him and laid her fingers on his arm.

"Well, Peter—"

"I was good to Alec with all my heart, and grateful, but—"

Her fingers tightened. "But since he died—three months after we were married—I have prayed every day that some time you might come back."

Carstairs passed his fingers slowly over her hair.

"Peter, have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing," he said, "and too much." And very gently he took her in his arms.—The Tattler.

FIRST DINING CAR MADE.

It Was Called the "Delmonico" and Was Crudely Equipped.

The first dining car was called the Delmonico, of course. It must have resembled our present beautiful dining cars but slightly. Built by the Pullman Company at its pioneer works in Chicago, it was put into service in 1866, and after a short but distinguished career descended to the position of boarding car for constructors along the line, but it did not come to this, of course, until great improvements had been made upon it in subsequent models. It was built in two sections, with a kitchen in the middle. One end was reserved for ladies, and here no smoking was allowed, but the other end was a buffet arrangement, and got itself nicknamed "the beer garden" before it had been in service many months.

The floor of the car was uncarpeted, and the seats were ordinary low backed coach seats, upholstered in leather. The car was finished in walnut, but the ceiling was covered with oilcloth. The provision supply store room and refrigerator were under the center of the car, and access could be had to them only by means of a little brass ladder suspended from the side of the car. It was rather a precarious adventure for dining-car employees to make a visit to the larder while the train was in motion, inasmuch as there were a great many covered bridges and other obstructions along the line in those days which would undoubtedly have swept them into eternity had they not timed their trips down the little brass ladder strictly according to schedule. The kitchen was supplied with an ordinary soft coal range. Still in spite of all these peculiar disadvantages, the bill of fare for that time was considered most elaborate.

The most interesting thing, however, about the Delmonico was the way in which the employees kept tab on the receipts. When a passenger entered the car the conductor handed the waiter who was to take care of him a small pasteboard ticket, which the waiter straightway deposited in a padlocked tin box in the kitchen. At the terminal station the ticket agent came into the car, unlocked the tin box, and with due ceremony "counted up the house." The conductor and other employees, while not being required to give an exact account, were expected to make an approximate check in accordance with the number of passengers served.

Talk about your graft: Are there any opportunities like that nowadays? —Leslie's Weekly.

Mother of Her Country.

Six men held the title of "Father of His Country" before Washington. Few seem to know that there was a "Mother of Her Country." She was Maria Theresa, the great Empress of Austria, according to the New York Press. It is said she made only one mistake in the course of her reign—consenting to the partition of Poland. On the edge of the document given her to sign she wrote: "I consent because so many great and learned men will have it so, but after I am dead and gone people will see the consequence of this breaking through all that has hitherto been holy and just." Her daughter was the unhappy Marie Antoinette.

The selfish man may live for himself alone, and at the same time live on others.

Leading Sins of Society.

By Rev. Dr. Wm R. Huntington.

WHAT are these stories we hear about the spread of an uncontrollable passion for gambling? Is it possible that there are leaders of society in all the chief cities of the country who lend their countenance to forms of amusements that are against the very law of the land? What avails crusades in our leading cities against pool rooms and policy shops, if behind doors which no detective ventures to pass such things as these go on? In our modern society there is need of the spirit of discipline. If not, what is to become of society?

With Sunday lapsing into a mere tradition; with the day which a New England mystic: not over friendly to Christianity, made bold to call the "backbone of our civilization" turned by common consent from a holy day to a holiday; with marriage, the corner stone of the family life—which in its turn is the corner stone of the state—with holy wedlock generating into a mere fast and loose contract and with love of pleasure so omnipresent and omnipotent as to have obliterated the very landmarks of decency, who shall say that the call for a revival of the spirit of discipline is ill-timed? You may start at my speaking of the social life of our great cities as calling for renewal. But it is so.

Women and Men As Audiences

By Col. Curtis Guild, Jr.

AMERICAN audiences are strangely alike in some things and strangely dissimilar in others. A good committee will take as much pains in the arrangement of its speakers. An audience seated without crowding is seldom enthusiastic. Neither is an audience whose hands are occupied with bundles or umbrellas, an audience largely composed of women, or an audience in a cold room. The easiest audiences to address, the most responsive and inspiring, are those composed of men, crowded and packed together and warm.

Women naturally do not applaud or cheer. They are by instinct more self-restrained in the public expression of their emotions than men. Every public speaker is complimented by their presence, knowing that their quiet word at home is oftentimes more effective in results than the most enthusiastic shouting on the street-corners by the other sex. In a public meeting, however, the audience gets its cue from those nearest the speaker. I remember well two audiences, both from the same social class, both crowded, both in large theatres, and both largely attended by women. One happened to be in Colorado; one in Massachusetts. In one meeting the orchestra was reserved for women. In the other meeting the men had the orchestra and the women had the lower gallery and all the boxes. In both cases the audiences were entirely friendly to the speakers. The second meeting was marked by wild enthusiasm; the first one, by respectful attention. In the second case the mass of men in the galleries who started to applaud were checked because between them and the speakers was a mass of absolutely silent femininity in the orchestra. I do not say that one meeting was less effective than the other, but the difference in the strain on the speaker was marked.—From "The Spellbinder," in Scribner's.

Rich but Wretched.

By a "Miserable Millionaire."

PROVERTY is to happiness what hunger is to food; it is appetite. The simple pleasures delight the poor, and those are innumerable. Eight-and-fifty years ago I was born in a cottage, with no hope or prospect of rising above the position in which circumstances had placed me. As a laborer I passed my youth; would that my millions could reproduce that happy time! It is sufficient for the present purpose to add that I emigrated, prospered, and eventually amassed a colossal fortune. I now live in palaces, and am wretched!

Care is my master. I have a multitude of interests, and in many directions, and my mind is never free from anxiety. I am in continual dread of losing some of the money which I have so painfully acquired, and a thousand and one unexpected occurrences could materially affect my fortune. The raid into the Transvaal cost me a quarter of a million, though I was not concerned in that despicable attempt.

That is but one source of my misery. Money is made to be spent, and I do not know how to spend it intelligently. It requires special instincts, education, and training to enjoy the artificial pleasures which money can provide. I have collected many art treasures—which I do not understand. I only know what they cost, and the cost represents to me their value. In my library are stored the best editions of celebrated books, but I have neither the inclination nor the time to read them. My butler, gamekeeper, coachman, cook, and the captain of my yacht are masters in their respective departments, for I know little or nothing of the management of a big establishment, the rearing of game and the beating of covers, the art of cooking, and the government of a ship. The sense of inferiority is always active, though I am the nominal superior. The finest wines require the finest taste to appreciate them, and my taste is, like my nature rough. My friends have been chosen for their social value; they are companions, not friends. My wife, who formerly took so great an interest in whatever concerned me, now devotes herself to society. My imagination breeds disturbing thoughts every instant of the day; my wife is ashamed of me, my son is eager to succeed to my estates and fortune, my friends are designing, my servants are swindlers. I am alone and in the way. I was immeasurably happier when from day to day I dodged starvation.

But this misery is mostly caused by my being an upstart! I find those who were born rich are only apparently happier. The wealthy are always preparing to be happy. "When our new house is built," "When my picture gallery is complete," "When my vicarage has been changed into a parsonage," "When my daughters are married"—so it goes on, and death calls before the last element for happiness is secured.

A Friend's Influence is Worth More than Gold.

By O. S. Marden.

IT would be interesting to trace the influence of friendship in the careers of the successful men of this country. Many of them owed their success almost entirely to strong friendships. "Men are bound together by a great credit system," says a writer, "the foundation of which is mutual respect and esteem. No man can fight the battle for commercial success single-handed against the world; he must have friends, helpers, supporters or he will fail."

Aside from the importance of friends as developers of character, they are continually aiding us in worldly affairs. They introduce us to men and women who are in positions to advance our interests. They help us in society by opening to us cultured circles which, without their influence, would remain closed to us. They unconsciously advertise our business or profession by telling people what they know about our latest book, our skill in surgery or medicine, our success in recent law cases, our "clever" invention, or the rapid growth of our business. In other words, real friends are constantly giving us a "boost," and are helping us to get on in the world.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He answered: "I had a friend."

The tree on which grew the original Rhode Island greening apple is still in existence on the farm of Thomas R. Drowne, at Foster, R. I. It was a sapling 100 years ago, and now, though its branches have to be propped up with poles, it is ten feet in circumference at the base. Each year it bears a few apples, notwithstanding the fact that it was supposed to be dying a century ago.

The hat manufacturers of the United States import from England thousands of rabbit skins every year, the fur from which is used in making felt hats. But before the skins are shipped here, they are sent over to the Continent, where the long hairs are pulled out by cheap hand labor. No machinery to do this work has yet been invented. It is only the close hair that the manufacturers can use.

Over 200 boys attending one school at Dover, England, 100 learned to swim last winter at the corporation baths.

THOUGHT HE WAS HONEST

Unkind Comment Made on Unfortunate Lawyer's Story.

A young lawyer who had only hung out his shingle some months before came into the office of a friend, who had already made some money and quite a reputation at the bar. As the elder lawyer saw the visitor enter he said inquiringly:

"Well, how are you getting along? You look sort of seedy. You don't want to get that way. No matter how much you get behind in your accounts, always put up a good bluff and dress well. A lawyer who looks seedy shows by his looks that he can't be doing much business, and so a stranger don't have any confidence in him."

"Glad you give me some frank advice," said the young barrister. "That's the reason I came around to see you. And now that you have spoken about my looking seedy, I want to tell you an experience I had this morning. I was buying some bananas here in Park Row, and standing alongside of the pushcart pedler, when a well-dressed man came up to me, and holding out a dime said:

"Here, give me a half dozen bananas quick."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

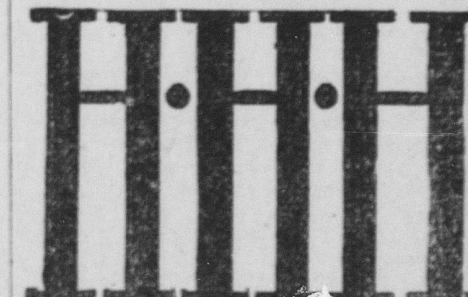
"Why," said the prosperous member of the bar, "he thought you were earning an honest living. That's all."

RARE JOY FOR A FIEND.

Mean Man Causes Mix-Up of Two Messenger Boys.

A small messenger boy ran down Fifth Avenue this morning, caroling a blithesome tune, his small heart at peace with all the world. Some thirty feet behind him sped a second boy likewise at peace with all creation, and whistling as he trotted on. Upon the sidewalk stood a heartless man nibbling a large apple, and apparently the last person in the world to pay any attention to the doings of a messenger boy. The boys passed him, and with a malevolent grin, he raised his hand. The half-eaten apple whizzed through the air, passed over the head of the rearward boy, and smote the leading lad full in the neck, and distributing its core, pulp and seeds over his shoulders and inside his collar.

With a yell of surprise and rage the insulted youth whirled around, and the second boy ran into him. The apple-battered one let go a fierce right jolt upon the innocent lad's visage, and then they closed. For five minutes they battered each other all over the sidewalk, while two telegrams fluttered in the trampled mud, and the heartless man, holding his ribs to prevent absolute demolition, howled with glee.—New York Exchange.



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