WHAT IS, IS BEST.

I do not ask that life should be
  A bed of ease;
I am not like the child, who wants
  Each toy he sees.
And yet 'tis hard, I think, sometimes,
  To see and know,
When life seems full of bitter things,
  The why 'tis so.
'Tis hard to watch the ones we love
  Grow sick and die,
To lay them in the grave and make
  No moan or cry.
Yet those be loves God chasteneth,
  So we are told.
And each in some way doth believe
  The story old.
That in this world what is, is best;
  Although we see
A thousand ways in which we think
  'Twould better be
To have what we have longed for, but
  'Tis all in vain;
Each one must learn through care and
    grief,
  Sorrow and pain.
That God some trials sends to each
  That one and all
May come to him for sympathy;
  May heed His call,
"Come all ye weary ones to me,
  For here is rest."
And so we all would fain believe
  What is, is best.
Thus, though like others, I should like
  At peace to be,
I only ask that He, in time,
  Will give to me
A faith so sure, a love so great,
  So strong and true,
That I may look to Him for help
  In all I do;
Content to know, at last for me,
  Will come sweet rest;
When life's hard lesson has been
    learned,
  What is, is best.

Estelle Lennan, in Boston Globe.

A Husband Won.

By Lizzie T. R. Gilchrist.

"So Hal is married at last?" said Miss Belle Grey to her companion, Mrs. Paine, as they were seated in a pretty room overlooking one of our beautiful Wisconsin lakes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Paine, with a slight frown; "his wife is here."

"Here!—with you?"

"Yes. She went for a drive this morning. I expect her back every minute."

"What sort of a girl is she?" Miss Grey asked. Not that she cared, but one must show some interest in the bride of her hostess' son.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth, Belle?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, she's Hal wife, but she is tall and awkward, without the least element of style, ignorant of the most common accomplishments, with nothing to recommend her but a sweet voice and a pair of fine eyes."

"Dear me," said Miss Belle, "what could have possessed Hal to marry her?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Paine, in tones of despair, " and I don't believe he does, either. I asked him once, and the answer was, 'The fact is, mother, I am a little disappointed in Myrtle. But I'm married, and the ceremony can't well be annulled."

"Just like Hal," said pretty Belle; "always buying new toys and getting tired of them soon, even when we were children."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Paine, bitterly; "but this toy can't be got rid of so easily."

"But you say Hal is away in Europe?"

"Yes, he can get rid of her, but I can't. As my daughter-in-law I am bound to give her a place in my home, and—— But what noise was that?"

"Only the drapery of the window," said Belle, turning her head; "the fastening has given away."

But Miss Grey was mistaken. It was the rustle of a woman's dress. And Mrs. Myrtle Paine, who had heard the entire conversation from the next room, hurried away with hands tightly clasped and a hard glitter in her fine eyes.

For Myrtle Paine was only sixteen, and these revelations came to her like a thunder-clap. Many times in the few weeks of her married life she had fears and doubts, but nothing to compare with this. Hal was tired and ashamed of her. And Myrtle—who with all her faults had a woman's heart—threw herself on the sofa in her room and burst into a torrent of tears.

And yet she acknowledged to herself that it was all true. She had been an uneducated country girl when she met Hal Paine, who was spending his vacation in the country, and had asked temporary lodgings at the house of her uncle. He had loved her—or he said so, at least—and married her. And for a brief time she was happy. But now she almost wished that she were dead. Yet she could not die—she could not vanish out of sight. But of one thing she was sure—she would never be a blemish in the eyes of Hal Paine again.

"Mrs. Paine," she said, next day, "will you grant me a favor? I would like to go home a while."

Mrs. Paine hesitated, and at last said:

"I do not think that Hal would approve."

"Hal is not here, and I cannot stay here," interrupted Myrtle.

"Well, if you are determined," said Mrs. Paine, hesitatingly. "You will write often?"

"As often, no doubt, as you will care to hear from me," Myrtle answered, with a shade of bitterness in her voice.

"It is just as well," said Mrs. Paine to Belle Grey, while speaking of the departure of her daughter-in-law, some days afterward. "Now we can have Hattie Wilde with us for company. I was bored to death with that girl."

"I don't wonder," said Miss Grey, with a curl of her lips.

But Myrtle Paine did not go home. Her uncle and aunt imagined she had married into a sphere all roses and sunshine, and she had not the heart to dispel their delusion.

"I'l go to some boarding-school," she said to herself. I'll study hard—not only books, music, etc., but manners and style. I'll improve myself so that no devotee of fashion shall look down on me as Belle Grey did. Hal has given me plenty of money, and I shall be able to manage as I like."

Hal Paine remained in Europe four years. When he returned he was older and perhaps a wiser man.

"Wel, mother," said he; "where is Myrtle?"

"In Michigan, I suppose. Her last address was Grand Rapids. She has spent a great deal of her time there since you went away."

"All right," said Hal. "I suppose I ought to run out West and see her. Perhaps I will some day. By the way, mother, who is that beautiful girl at the Gilfords? I saw her as she passed this afternoon."

"That is Miss Mayne, I believe," replied Mrs. Paine.

"She is a royal beauty," said Hal, admiringly.

"So they tell me, and her manners are a model. She sings like a nightingale, I heard."

"I must get an introduction," said Hal.

"Kate Stewart knows them."

"Then I'll be agreeable to Kate Stewart. For I must know the beauty with those superb eyes and hair like spun gold."

"Fie, Hal! What would Myrtle say?"

"Mother, I was married too early in life to know my own mind. I believe I was a fool."

"Most men are, some time or other, I suppose," said Mrs. Paine. "But you are married now, and must make the best of it."

"I know that," retorted the young man. "But that need not stand in the way of my admiring a pretty girl when I see her."

"You must not be imprudent, Hal. It is dangerous."

"I don't care if it is," he returned. "There she is now, down by the lake, with Miss Gifford and Kate Stewart." And he sprang across the threshold of the low French window, and hurried away. He soon had an introduction to the beauty.

"You are trembling, Miss Mayne," he said, as she accepted his arm. "You are cold. Allow me to get you a shawl."

"Oh, no—thank you—I don't need it; I am not cold."

Something in her voice thrilled him. Surely he had heard that deep, rich voice before.

"Miss Mayne," he began, in a hesitating way.

She stopped him with a gesture.

"Let me correct you, Mr. Paine. I am not Miss Mayne. I am Mrs. Paine."

"Mrs. Paine!" said Hal, staring, and amazed.

"Hal, have you forgotten Myrtle? Oh, Hal, I meant to wear the mask a while yet, but I see I cannot. I am your wife, Mrs. Hal Paine."

Thus they met. Hal fell in love with her, as it were, a second time. And now Mrs. Paine is immensely proud of "my accomplished daughter-in-law."

Verily, Myrtle had conquered.—New York Weekly.

JUST LIKE BOYS

Being the Tale of Two Lads, an Aunt and a Fighting Rooster.

In the days when a brown-stone front was regarded as the outer and visible sign of "gentility," and when life in New York was a simpler matter than it is today, there lived in one of the orthodox mansions a certain highly respectable maiden lady and two nephews, cousins, to whom she was guardian.

A classmate and chum of the elder boy had become the happy possessor of a rooster, which the seller assured him, had a "big gamy streak in him." Inflamed by this eulogy, both boys were wild for a "match;" and not having the means wherewith to purchase an antagonist, they put their heads together to compass the borrowing of one, and with the following results:

The younger cousin, an unusually polite and gentle little boy, was despatched on the first holiday to the grocery where the family dealt, ostensibly to order a chicken for dinner. "But," he said, pointing to a coop of live fowls, "my aunt wants to see it before you kill it."

The grocer assented, and forthwith drew from the coop what he considered a desirable bird. But the boy would have none of it. He had set his heart on a rainbow-colored rooster with enormous comb and tail.

"Why," said the grocer, "that is the very toughest old customer in the bunch."

"My aunt likes them tough," said the gentle little boy.

In a couple of hours the rooster was borne back to the store—one eye shut, his comb torn and bloody, and but one feather of his beautiful tail left. But he was crowing so triumphantly that a small crowd followed him. He had suffered, but the bird with the "big gamy streak in him was nowhere."

"My aunt is much obliged to you," said the polite and gentle little boy to the astonished grocer. "She can't decide today, but she would like to look at him again next Saturday."—From "In Lighter Vein" in the Century.

A GERMAN CHICAGO.

Remarkable Rapidity of the Growth of Berlin.

Berlin, writes Sydney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly, is the Chicago of Germany in the rapidity of growth if in nothing else. To one who has not visited it for ten or twelve years the place seems to have trebled and quadrupled itself. Very likely it has; but what most impresses one is not the extent, but the quality, of its growth. It is the only modern city I know of that has managed to escape looking artificial. Most foreigners complain that New York looks as though it had been hit off at a stroke and dumped down on Manhattan Island by contract. They inveigh against its deadly uniformity, its Euclidian lines, its prosaic precision. They say that it has been far too obviously mapped out by architects and surveyors instead of by nature. None of these charges could be brought against Berlin. The city, or most of it, at any rate, is as modern as New York, but the labor of building it has been most dexterously hidden. In Berlin, the old days of plain living and high thinking seem well nigh over. There may be plenty of high thinking done the capital, but it certainly is no longer a city of conspicuously plain living. The rents are such as open even a New Yorker's eyes, household expenses are proportionately severe, and the clubs, the theatres, the stores, and above all, the hotels and restaurants, point in a direction that does not lead by any means to economy. There are hotels today in Berlin that rival and in some points even excel the Waldorf-Astoria and the Carlton.

Do We All Die Young?

The fact is, says Professor Metchnikoff in his "Studies in Human Nature," that only one man in a million at present dies a natural death. We should live till one hundred and forty years of age. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of accident, cut off in the flower of his days, and he unconsciously resents being deprived of the fifty years or so which nature owes him. Leave him a little longer, and in due time he will desire to die as a child at dusk desires to sleep. The sandman will pass!

All our instincts drop from us one by one. The child cries for mother's milk. The idea of such an ailment is repugnant to the adult. The desires for sweets, for play, for love and love making, for long walks and adventures, are all impulses that have their day and pass, and the wish to live is an instinct which fails also with satiety. Only at present none of us live long enough to be satiate with days.

Dinner Versus Inspiration.

Whistler's laxity in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he were coming or not to affairs. But his point of view is explained in his answer to a friend of his, who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some swells in a distant part of London, and who felt that it was most impolitic for Whistler to offend them. It was growing late, and yet Whistler was painting away, madly, intently.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "it is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Such-a One. Don't you think you had better stop?"

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler. "Stop, when everything is going beautifully? Go and stuff myself with disgusting food when I can paint like this? Never! Never! Besides, they do anything until I get there—they never do!" And the entire speech is most characteristic of the man.—Harper's Weekly.

Told About Phil May.

The London Mail recalls a supper party given two or three years ago in honor of the birthday of Mme. Amy Sherwin, on whose menu card the late Phil May made an exquisite little drawing. This was seen by a wealthy woman present, who sent the waiter with a £10 note to the artist, asking him to do a similar drawing for her Mr. May, disgusted at the woman's impertinence, took a good look at her and then made an appallingly truthful caricature of her features on the back of the bank note, which he returned. On one occasion in Romano's after dinner he sketched the portrait of each of his fellow guests on their respective shirt fronts, taking the stud or studs as a point to work from. These life-like drawings were the works of a few moments, but they should be valuable now, if any one of the diners had the forethought to preserve them instead of sending them to the wash!

Persistent insomnia, unwonted irritability and dread of grappling with business problems are danger signs of general nervous breakdown.

Refrigerator eggs are as wholesome as fresh eggs for cooking purposes.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Long coats make a feature of advance styles and will be much worn during the coming season. This one, designed by May Manton, is

THREE-QUARTER COAT.

well adapted to suiting material and cloth of lighter weight as well as to the silks and pongees of warmer weather, and to both the odd wrap and the costume. As shown, however, it is made of black taffeta stitched with corticelli silk, and is trimmed with handsome buttons and held by loops of silk cord. The long lines of the pleats are singularly becoming and the generous sleeves mean comfort as well as protection for those of the bodice.

The coat is made with blouse and skirt portions that are joined beneath the belt. Both portions are tucked to give a box pleated effect, and the blouse is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The sleeves are tucked to be snug above the elbows, but form full puffs below and are finished with flaring cuffs at the wrists. At the neck is a flat collar.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or three yards fifty-four inches wide.

SHIRRED WAIST AND TUCKED AND SHIRRED SKIRT.

A Late Model.

Shirrings of all sorts are notable features of the season and of the latest models. The smart May Manton waist, illustrated in the large drawing, shows them used in a novel manner, and is singularly well adapted to the soft and pliable materials in vogue. The original is made of white silk mull trimmed with cream guipure lace and is charming, but the many thin wools and silks are equally suitable as well as the fine linen and cotton fabrics.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining that closes at the centre front. The fronts and the back are shirred at the shoulders to give a yoke effect, and are again gathered at the waist line. The folds at the back give a tapering effect to the figure, while the front blouses slightly over the belt. At the centre front is a shirred vest-like portion that can be made high and finished with the collar, or cut off at the shirrings to form a square neck. The long sleeves are soft and full and are shirred to fit the arms closely above the elbows, but form puffs at the wrists. When elbow length is desired they can be cut off and gathered into bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and a quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, four and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, four and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with three yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

Nothing marks the season more surely than the shirrings and tucks that are so abundantly used. The very smart skirt illustrated in the large picture combines the two, and with them a full length front that adds greatly to its effect. Soft materials shirred are pretty beyond a doubt, but horizontal lines tend to entail apparent height.

The skirt consists of a foundation, the front gore, the yoke, the shirred portion and the flounce, all joinings being concealed by the tucks and the shirrings. The front gore is laid in two tucks at each edge that are stitched flat to flounce depth, then fall free. Both it and the flounce are tucked at the lower edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eleven and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, ten and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or seven and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with half yard of all over lace for yoke.

Trimmed With Blue Thistles.

Purple thistles beloved by donkeys are most familiar to wayfarers, but the requisitions of a fashionable milliner take a different view of natural history and botany. A blue straw hat is trimmed with bunches of blue thistles arranged on both sides of the middle and front. A scarf of white tulle is twisted loosely about the crown, and forms a sort of bed for the blue thistles to spring from. A green straw hat with a medium brim has an Algerian scarf as over-brim trimming. This is of changeable silk gauze, two shades of green, bluish and yellow green, one of white and one of blue. A bunch of white thistles is set at the left of front.

The Fitted Bodice Now.

The return of the fitted bodice is heralded. Women have been trying to get rid of the pouch effect in bodices and coats for some time, and the autumn and winter models show that they are succeeding.

Woman's Shirt Waist.

Variety in shirt waists appears to know no limit. Month by month and week by week new designs appear, each one seeming more attractive than than the last. The May Manton model illustrated shows a broad pleat at the front with tucks at each side, and also from the shoulders, that are arranged to give a double box pleated effect, and is exceedingly becoming at the same time that it is simple. The original is made of white cheviot, but all waisting materials, silk and wool, as well as linen and cotton are appropriate.

The waist consists of the fitted foundation, which can be used or omitted as preferred, the fronts and the back. The back is plain, being smoothly drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the front is tucked at the shoulders and gathered at the waist line to pouch slightly over the belt. The sleeves are tucked at their upper portion, but form full puffs below the elbows and are gathered into straight cuffs at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, four

SHIRT WAIST WITH BROAD PLEAT.

yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

Harry Lehr Annoyed.

Harry Lehr, the society exquisite to whom eastern papers devote so much space, does not object to such notice when it confines itself to his comings and goings. But Mr. Lehr was roused to righteous indignation the other day by the announcement in a Newport weekly journal that when one of its writers called upon him he appeared "in a dressing gown hitched up on one side," and that he wore "pink pajamas and a rose in his hair." Mr. Lehr called on the editor and made indignant protest against such allegations, but was so much agitated by the slanderous statements that he forgot to say which was the more objectionable the rose in his hair or the hitch in dressing gown.

Kidnaping and Infanticide.

Kidnaping in China, although prohibited by Chinese law and visited with heavy penalty, is still carried on to a great extent in certain of the provinces. Likewise the custom of female infanticide still exists, in spite of foreign influences that seek to stop it.