

NIGHT.
In the night, in the night,
When thou liest alone,
Ah, the sounds that are blown
In the freaks of the breeze,
By the spirit that sends
The voice of far friends
With the sight of the seas
In the night!

In the night, in the night,
When thou liest alone,
Ah, the ghosts that make moan
From the days that are sped:
The old dreams, the old deeds,
The old wound that still bleeds,
And the face of the dead
In the night!

In the night, in the night,
When thou liest alone,
With the grass and the stone
O'er thy chamber so deep,
Ah, the silence at last,
Life's dissonance past,
And the only pure sleep
In the night!

—William Watson.

Violets and Chocolates

By Paul Cheswick.

It was not chance alone that brought Kennaby to Clapham on the afternoon in question. Four o'clock saw Kennaby finished for the day.

He had memory of afternoons, similar in atmospheric texture to this one, that were now many years ago. Five or six—nay, seven—years had passed by since then.

Along this south side he had walked then to meet Someone—how often? Brushed up, happy, shyly excited—with his coat fastened tightly over a light heart, a bunch of violets in his buttonhole, a paper bag of chocolates in his pocket.

Seven years since, eh? Well, we grow older and grow no worse!

Past and done with? Possibly—like so many other happy memories. Someone had been too afraid to marry a poor man.

"We mightn't have been happy together after all. Probably quite the reverse," he mused.

With a bunch of violets in his coat and chocolates in his pocket—how very young!

He smiled to himself even more as a faint perfume reminded him that old Kingdome had insisted on giving him a bunch of glass-house violets.

Kennaby decided that he now only needed the chocolates. "Upon my word," thought he, "I'll get them. It's good to be young again after all these years."

He turned toward a shop on his left hand. The shopman was busy with a customer, a girl neatly dressed and clearly in no hurry to be gone. "I want some of that especial cake," she was saying. She glanced swiftly at Kennaby, then her face was hidden from him altogether. "Some of that wedding kind of cake, you know," she went on explaining.

"We only make it at Christmas, madam," answered the man.

"Must I wait until Christmas for it, then?" asked the girl, in a droll voice. She gave a little half-smiled laugh, and Kennaby felt his heart stand suddenly still. In an instant of time—seven years slipped off his shoulders.

"Well, of course, if you haven't any," she went on, "I shall have to possess my soul in patience."

Kennaby opened the glass door in a dazed sort of way.

"Thank you," she said prettily.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Oh, yes. Chocolates, please; a pound of them. The best. Do you know that lady?" he asked.

"You'll excuse me, sir."

"It's Miss Greenlade, is it not?"

The man vouchsafed no direct answer.

Which way had she gone? In olden days the Greenlades had lived in Hartington road. It was just possible that they lived there still.

The old houses had given place to new ones. Dozens of them; all alike.

Why hadn't he spoken at once? Then he smiled again. Once, when they had quarrelled, he had been left just like this, with his violets and chocolates, and his anger.

So he strolled back to the Common and along the south side Claphamward, smiling often. "I'll give the chocolates to the first child I meet," he concluded; "but the violets I'll keep."

Some one from behind passed him—with an oblique glance; he seized her by the arm, with headlong words.

"You did startle me!" she cried. "Fancy it being truly you! Yes, I thought I saw you in the shop. . . . You've not altered a bit!"

"Nor you, save to look younger and prettier," he said. "It is good to see you, after all these years. . . . Here are some chocolates for you. I was going to buy them. . . . It is good seeing you again."

"The water will be surprised," said the girl, laughing and blushing. "Chocolates? and for me, too! Thanks, very much. Come along in to tea with us. We live in a flat near the station. It's easy for mater, and better for me."

"For you?"

"Oh, yes; I'm an artist, you know, or, rather, a sort of an artist."

So they chatted, becoming more at ease. Kennaby told her his news; how he had prospered. "I'm awfully glad," said the girl in her jolly way. "I have only been contented for

the last ten minutes," said Kennaby, "only since I met you. . . . That's really why I came back."

She looked at him again with perplexed eyes, but said nothing. "Yes, it was in the hope of seeing you, dear, that I came back."

"You've said that to ever so many American girls, Douglas, haven't you?" Her eyes smiled into his.

"No, honestly, I haven't," he protested. "I have *stupidly* worked during these years. You, at the end of a long, dreary probation. That was my heart's ambition."

"When did you come back?" she asked, quietly, almost drily.

"Last Tuesday. You see, I have lost no time. But I scarcely expected to find you so soon!"

"You speak as if you were disappointed!" she cried merrily. "I believe you are. Here we are."

"Lead the way and I'll follow you to the sky, if need be," cried Kennaby.

As she slipped her latchkey into the lock his arm went about her. "I do deserve just one," he pleaded hastily, and bowed his head to hers.

The girl hesitated and was lost. "Oh—oh!" she murmured, fighting him. "I'm paying for the chocolates, after all! It's too bad of you, Douglas; you're changed dreadfully—terribly!"

"She twisted the key and slipped into the passage. 'I've a good mind to shut you out,'" she cried. Then, relenting, stood on one side for him to enter.

"It's all very tiny, you know," she explained, as he took off his hat and coat.

Kennaby settled himself cosily in an arm chair beside the fire. He felt at peace with the world. Well, it had been worth waiting for this.

The light fell revealingly upon her. The vision of that dear face which had been with him so often in dreams was now a glad reality. How pretty she was—how pretty!

He almost bounded out of his seat. What—what? Her hair was waved in black, shining masses about her head. Black as the raven's wing, black as night itself. "Why, Maude," he stammered, "what ever have you done to your hair?" Dismay and suspicion shone in Kennaby's eyes, the former taking utter possession of them as the meaning of the girl's reply went home to him. "My hair? It's the same as it has always been. Only, you know, my name doesn't happen to be—Maude."

Kennaby's brain worked laboriously. "No," he said, at length, "you're Marie."

"Yes."

"Yes, of course. It was only in the light that I mistook you!"

"Then, or now?"

He compromised. "I should have known you at once, only—" "Only you didn't. I quite understand."

"Any way," retorted Kennaby, "you must admit that I was very glad to see you!"

"You were," she assented roguishly, "very glad, so long as I was Maude. I shall eat her chocolates just to spite you."

"I really bought them for you, after all," he argued. "It was you I saw in the shop trying to buy impossible cake."

The girl laughed again, and at memory of his kisses burned. "It's not very nice of you, Douglas, for all that, to have forgotten me so entirely. . . . Maude used always to give me your violets. It was only the chocolates that she kept."

He smiled at this. "I was a bit young in those days!"

"You were rather nice, I thought," she told him.

She was gone ere she had finished; her last word coming to him from the darkness of the passage. Kennaby called after her. "Don't be long, Marie; I have a heap to say to you."

Somehow that comfortable feeling which had been his today ever since he had had speech with Maude's little grown up sister, remained with him.

Suppose—suppose Maude to be married. Such a thing might have happened. She was pretty enough, and charming enough—although she had never written him a line since the engagement had been broken off—by herself. His notion of coming back wealthy in order to marry her had been quite Kennaby's own.

He got up to examine a row of portraits on the mantelpiece.

Here was little Marie. How could he have mistaken her for Maude?

Here was Maude; handsome, disdainful—decided. Yes, that was Maude. . . . bless her!

But now he perceived another picture—that of two, small, chubby youths, hand in hand, with sturdy legs and resolute eyes.

Maude's eyes. Kennaby knew them too well.

"That's Roger," said a voice behind him, "and the other is—Douglas."

"So Maude is married," said Kennaby, slowly and evenly stating a fact.

"Yes—the same year that you went. Didn't you really know?"

His eyes held Marie's in her reflection in the overmantel as he put back Maude's picture. "I hope that she has had—and may continue to have—all the happiness that I hope to find," said Kennaby, enigmatically.

But Marie blushed, while her lashes hid all that might have been in her eyes.—Lady's Pictorial.

TWENTY ACRES OF CARNATIONS.

Average Yield is From 6,000 to 10,000 Flowers Every Day in the Year.

Commercial carnation growing in

the northern, middle west and eastern parts of this great country of ours has been a problem in economics. Outdoor growing in the sections named is always confined to limited times, or rather seasons, and so much of it has necessitated hothouse adjuncts that theories vanished before the attacks of conditions. The flower is one that has always been popular, and has been cultured and specialized to almost a perfection, but never commercially satisfactory, excepting to the interested grower whose efforts became remunerative upon the extreme demand and limited supply.

To the stranger within the gates of this State, the carnation growing of California becomes an object of the greatest interest and a most satisfactory sight. The success of the enterprise and the very simple and effective style of cultivation make it another marvel in this land of natural wonders.

When E. J. Vawter retired from the active life of a banker he sought recreation in ranching. Part of the land in the confines of Santa Monica, the particular section of this city claiming title as Ocean Park, he experimented with, five years ago, for a more remunerative crop than that of barley. A tract of about two acres was planted with pure California seedling carnation plants. Since then the acreage has increased to twenty, and at the close of the planting work this season the ranch will have 200,000 plants in active growth. Ultimately the most of a 200-acre ranch will be devoted to the culture of this flower.

In brief, the carnation fields are yielding on an average from 6,000 to 10,000 flowers every day in the year, with a market in which the demand is at all times greater than the supply. The plants are perpetuating in a sense, are propagated in the open fields, cultivated with less labor than ordinary crops, and are exempt from insect pests, and but rarely troubled with disease, excepting ordinary fungus attacks.

The average life of a field carnation varies from two to three years. New plants are taken in cuttings from the old one and put directly into the ground. They take root in about four weeks, and in about ten months are in bloom and continue to give their daily quota of blossoms until they die out. In planting the carnations are placed in rows three feet apart and the plants two feet from each other. This permits the cultivation with horses, and after once in healthy growth they require only watchfulness for disease and insect pests, irrigation about every two weeks and daily picking.—Los

Siberian Butter.

If it be true that Siberian butter of good quality, despatched from Ohi by rail, has recently been sold in London at profitable prices, the unfortunate British dairy farmer may well feel troubled in mind. There are, as he knows, practically no limits to the Siberian supply, the enormous area served by the great trunk line is always purely pastoral, and milk commands hardly any monetary value. The initial cost of manufacturing butter must, therefore, be much less than in most parts of Europe, but when transport charges are reckoned in it is difficult to make out how the business of exportation can be profitably transacted. In the case of Australian butter, not only has it the advantage of cheap water carriage without any handling between port and port, but all consignments fetching a specified price are subsidized by the exporting colony. It seems highly probable, therefore, that the Siberian export is also bounty-fed, while the State, being the owner of the railways, can so modify the usual freight charges as largely to lessen the cost of transmission. Be that as it may, experts in the trade confidently predict that this new addition to the food supplies of the United Kingdom has come to stay, and arrangements are already perfected, it is said, to insure regular importations on a continuously increasing scale—unless, that is, England resorts to such fiscal expedients as are essential to beat back the threatening invasion and so save her dairy farmers from utter ruin.—London

The Mystery of a Brigand's Head.

From Sicily comes a ghastly story reminiscent of the Middle Ages. A man's head in an advanced state of decomposition was found impaled on a post outside the walls of Palermo. Attached to the post was a card bearing the words: "This is the head of the infamous brigand Varsalona."

This curious discovery was made on the property of a certain Paron Anello, who took a prominent part in the trial of the notorious Varsalona for murder, and offered a large reward for his capture.

When the daughters of the brigand were confronted with the head one declared it was that of her father, but the other denied it. The brigand's sweetheart, however, recognized the head by the filling in a front tooth.

Great excitement prevailed in Sicily as the result of this strange occurrence. The inhabitants in the neighborhood divided into two parties, one believing in the death of the famous bandit and the other declaring the event to be merely another trick to make the police believe that he was dead in order that he might continue to rob undisturbed.—London Daily Mail.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas is a fruit grower, and is said to have the finest fruit farm in his section.



WOMAN'S WORLD

THE 1904 GIRL.

Langishing Lydias are the summer girls of 1904. The hale, sun browned, tailored, off hand girl, whose pose was that of the good fellow, has been bleaching her skin and trimming her manly stride to a neat and mingling gait. Her severely scant skirts have expanded into billowy flounces, and the shirt waist that was almost twin to a man's summer shirt has been frilled and puffed to the extreme.

Just as the mannish miss had acquired the knack of crossing her legs and smoking a cigarette with ease and equanimity the fashion makers gave the order to about face. The apotheosis of femininity, the voluminous folds, the endless frills and the flamboyant trimmings of 1830 were to be the order of 1904. In a twinkling the manners of the tailor-made girl became as passe as her garments.

If fluff frocks were to be in vogue the return of the peculiar graces that belong to such a style of dress was inevitable.

It is little short of a revolution, but the American girl is equal to it. Casting aside her heavy boots, she has slipped on the dainty shoes of her grandmother's day and has accommodated her bold stride to the pattern set by the leaders of two generations ago.

The girl of 1904 has not done the thing half heartedly. She is more lacy, more bouffant than her prototype. If she is not soon curbed men may have to step into the gutter to let the girl pass on Fifth avenue, for already has crinoline appeared beneath the ample skirts, and the resurrection of the hoop skirt is rumored. It is an extravagant age and style in its demands upon the pocket as well as in its eccentricities. Enough goes into a sleeve nowadays to have made an entire dress a few seasons ago.

Nor is one sleeve sufficient for an arm. There must be an over and an under sleeve, and often a bountiful fall of lace below that.

The blouse—we shall soon have to drop the American term shirt waist, and adopt therefor the foreign blouse—is so voluminous that there are no thin girls in evidence any more. It is only a question of how much larger one person is than another. True to the demand for strictly feminine properties in dress, however, the waist is drawn in tight with fitted girdle. It is as truly unfashionable to have a large waist as to be severely gowned. A top of the full blouse are ruffles and collars and capes galore. Even coats are not exempt. Silk cloth, and lace upon that, layer upon layer, are found upon jackets and wraps of all description.

Hats are correspondingly ornate and the arrangement of feathers and flowers has passed from the picturesque into the fantastic. Stockings are elaborately painted and embroidered, and parasols are bewilderingly decorated.

All of this has had its due effect on the pursuits and pastimes of 1904. Golf greens have a large preponderance of men. At the country clubs girls are wont to float in at tea-time, with airy manners and dresses, but their part in sports has fallen off surprisingly.

Tennis has largely supplanted golf in popularity. It lends itself more easily to the sartorial demands of the season. The creations of linen, pongee and silk, with embroideries and ruffles, worn with lace trimmed hats, are only "outing costumes" by courtesy.

Even for bathing the rage for things ornate makes itself manifest. Red is easily the popular color, as it is for other dresses, and the style and trimming of the bathing suits makes them far from modest in their appearance. Partly for their decorative effect and partly by way of protection, straw bonnets trimmed with flowers that will endure the salt water are worn, being tied under the chin in a manner that makes them peculiarly chic and becoming.

DRESSMAKING HINTS.

A smart traveling suit of black and white mohair is trimmed with dainty touches of blue passementerie and brass buttons.

Cream colored point d'esprit, combined with a touch of real lace, is used to great advantage in the manufacture of the separate waist.

Linen etamine is one of the coolest and most satisfactory materials for wash suiting, as it is positively declared to be non-shrinkable.

Scalloped nonces are a new idea brought in by the craze for elaboration. Often the upper edge is scalloped also, and each scallop fixed to the skirt by a tiny button.

Circular skirts, cut in three or more sections, are among the latest models.

Tortoise shell is the newest shade of brown.

A pointer for clever home fingers is that of a girdle cut with the centre back on a bias fold of the material, fits closely to the figure at the waistline and is straight in the centre front.

For wash gowns, girdles of colored linen or duck are very fashionable. These are ornamented with many rows of white cotton machine stitching about a quarter-inch apart.

Costly gowns of voile, diaphanous as mist, are worn over underdresses of gold or silver gauze veiled with thin mousseline.

Separate lace motifs are now sewn with crystal beads, tiny silver spanles, opal paillettes, etc., to cater to this season when apparently femininity has gone trimming mad.

HOW TO BE LIKED.

It is the girl who does things in this world who is attractive, both to men and to her own sex, which last counts a little, too, in the long run. You may not be able to do great things, to paint great pictures or to sing in grand opera, but you can learn to make bright little things for your self and your friends and perhaps to play the light, "catchy" airs of the day so that your friends will enjoy them, and if you can't do anything else cultivate the art of talking brightly and of being sympathetic.

Every girl can do one thing well if she will only take the trouble to find out what that thing is. The difficulty is that she often looks in the opposite direction; she wants to do something great and showy or nothing at all. But there are other talents within reach if she will only look, and these talents may be such a comfort to her in her dark hours that they will make life better and happier both for herself and those about her.

How the world likes a cheerful, plucky girl who makes a brave fight and hides her skeleton in a closet instead of folding her hands and whining because things don't come her way—the girl who puts her own griefs as much as possible aside and who takes a wholesome interest in life—is the one who wins out every time.

A BEAUTIFUL NECK.

The manner of dressing the neck for the past few years has been most disastrous to beauty, the high close-fitting collar not only discoloring the neck but preventing the free use of the muscles.

The high collar, first worn by one of noble birth to hide a deformity, was immediately adopted into fashion and has helped to destroy the grace and exquisite coloring of countless thousands of necks.

In order to have a beautiful neck, one must first pay due attention to the general condition of the system.

The neckdress should be loose and reasonably low, the soft crush collars being a step in the right direction. Vocal exercises should be practiced faithfully, either in music, or elocution, and deep breathing should accompany these exercises.

As a means of bringing the muscles of the throat and chest into play nothing excels the use of dumbbells and Indian clubs. Swimming is also an excellent exercise for this same purpose, and it assists in giving a good carriage to the head.

GRAPES AGAIN THE VOGUE.

The grape is again the vogue for hats, writes a Paris correspondent. Two years ago it arrived, and for anything to have more than one season means that it has been excessively popular. Now grapes are used in immense bunches, depending from the backs of the hats. If they were as heavy as they look it would be impossible to wear them, but the shams are of cotton and are very light. Camomile and wall flowers are acceptable with ordinary hats.

POSTMISTRESS IN COLDFOOT, ALASKA.

The only woman postmaster in Alaska is Mrs. Agnes E. Plummer, and her office is Coldfoot, on the Koyukuk River. It is the most northerly post office in Uncle Sam's dominion where a woman handles the mail.

Success and Success.

It was said of the late Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self-Help," by a thoughtful Boston obturarian, that he undoubtedly originated the "success school of literature." This is a serious charge, but it is modified by the admission that his "success" books were sound in morals and ideals, and greatly superior in those particulars to the grist the contemporary "success" mills grind out. There is a distinction between the self-help which is manly and praiseworthy, and the kind which consists in helping yourself first, and to all there is in the dish. Dr. Smiles was thrifty, but he was human. The kind of success he preached was consistent with humanity and the development of high character. We have come to see extolled a success of a much lower sort, the sole measure of which is money, and whose archetype is the successful monopolist, daily adding to a vast store, crushing rivalry by foul means when fair means fail, sapping the integrity of his human tools, and conscientiously—yes, religiously—making honor of no account compared with gain. Our "success" literature does not directly inculcate rascality, but pretty constantly it holds up as examples fit to be imitated men whose most remarkable achievement it was, after all, to have done what they did and kept out of the penitentiary.—E. S. M., in Life.



SEWING AT NIGHT.

The best of all lights for sewing at night is the good old-time lamp well filled with kerosene oil, the well trimmed blaze covered with an opaque white porcelain shade. Having settled the question of light, use some judgment in the selection of the material on which to sew. On black and very dark colors, and red, are particularly trying to the eyes, as is material with fine stripes or checks. Reserve such goods for daylight work, and at night work on white and delicate colors as much as you can. By right planning, the different colors can be made up under the best light, and thus save much needless exhaustion. Changing from one color to another in sewing at night will sometimes prove very restful if the eyes are becoming tired.

TO JUDGE A WATERMELON.

It is a specially difficult matter to judge the quality of a watermelon from its appearance, because the edible portion is so far from the outside. Weight is the first consideration, the heavier the better, indicating that the melon is full of juice. Some persons affirm that if in pressing the sides together a peculiar crispy sound is heard, the chances are the melon is ripe and sweet, while a well known expert says that his method is to lay a melon on its back with the white part up, then scratch the skin of the lightest part. If this seems tender and the melon is yet firm to the pressure of the finger so that he can with difficulty pierce it with the nail, it is probably a good melon.

HOOD FOR THE STOVE.

Every woman should have a hood to hang over her kitchen stove to carry off smoke and unpleasant odors. A tinier may be instructed to make an inexpensive one after these directions:

Make a tin box, 24 inches square by 22 inches deep, and without top or bottom. Eight inches from the bottom trim the corners and bend them into the shape of a square pyramid. Bend the tin backs at the top, leaving an opening eight inches in diameter. Around this hole rivet a four inch iron pipe 12 or 14 inches long. Rivet a four-inch pipe four inches long at right angles into a joint of the stovepipe or into the elbow, if the stovepipe enters the chimney in the kitchen. Fit the other end of this pipe with a stopper or cap which can be taken off.

In one side of the box make a door four inches high and eight inches wide to serve as a flap to raise while turning pancakes on the stove, and a small elbow and with a piece of tin pipe to connect it with the stovepipe. This useful article is complete.—Gertrude Dawson in The Housekeeper.

TO KEEP VEGETABLES FRESH.

I am sure we would all like to help keep the vegetables nice and fresh, until late in the spring. This may seem an impossibility to some, so I will tell you how I helped to keep them. Have the apples put into crates and set in the coolest part of the cellar. If they are kept where it is cool they will not wilt or rot so quickly. The potatoes should be put in the warmest and darkest part of the cellar, and, if they are liable to freeze, old carpets or papers can be wrapped around the crates. This makes a good protection for them. Potatoes and apples are much easier to handle if put into bushel crates. When the outside leaves of the cabbage heads get wilted they may be taken off and the heads wrapped in papers. This will keep them nice and fresh. The celery, too, can be kept a long time if properly cared for. When it is taken from the ground see that it is not pulled up by the tops, but carefully lifted out without bruising the plant. It should then be put in one corner of the cellar, with the tops up straight and the roots well covered with dirt. If the dirt is occasionally watered it will help to keep the plants. If one will but take only a little extra care to see that the vegetables are properly cared for in the spring—Bessie Van Horn, in Tribune Farmer.

RECIPES.

Saute Bananas.—Remove the skins from the bananas, cut in halves, lengthwise, then in halves crosswise; dredge them with flour; put in a little butter in the frying pan, lay in the bananas; when browned slightly remove, sprinkle over powdered sugar; serve with half a cupful of sugar, one-fourth cup of lemon juice and one teaspoonful of butter warmed over the fire.

Potato Gems.—To one cup of warmed mashed potatoes add tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of three eggs well beaten and one cupful of milk; pour this over one and one-half cupfuls of flour; beat well and add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; fill greased gem pans two-thirds full; bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Hollandaise Sauce.—Heat four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and when boiling pour it over two well beaten eggs beating well; return to the fire and stir constantly until it thickens; then remove immediately and add two level tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and cayenne to the taste.